

TURFIANA.

THE Stud Company are determined to retain the reputation so early gained for enterprise and liberality, and accordingly when it was found that certain yearlings of the late Count Renard's were shortly to be disposed of, they despatched their manager to the wilds of Silesia, with orders to bring back the "pick of the basket," should prices not rule exorbitantly high. After numerous adventures Mr. Bell reached his destination in safety, and soon had the pleasure of telegraphing back the happy results of his mission, undertaken under almost equal difficulties as that of General Ignatieff, and requiring almost as great diplomatic adroitness. Out of the 16 yearlings offered for sale, four are now on route for Cobham, where we hope to see them shortly, and they will doubtless prove features in the forthcoming June sale. One is by Cambusan, out of Vesta (the dam of Vespasian) and another by Blue Gown from Contadina (dam of King Hal and other good ones), so that our own blood is returning to us with a vengeance, and as it is as popular it is well known, the speculation is pretty sure to turn out a profitable one. At Cobham they are getting rather a high proportion of fillies to colts at present, but the manager's eyes have been recently compassed by the appearance of a capital colt by Blair Athol, from Ladylike (the dam of Rosebery), and they have every reason to be satisfied with the first fruits of Carnival and George Frederick. We hear rather dispiriting reports concerning Galopin, many of his mares being barren, and this is doubtless the reason why his subscription has remained open so long. The cause, we

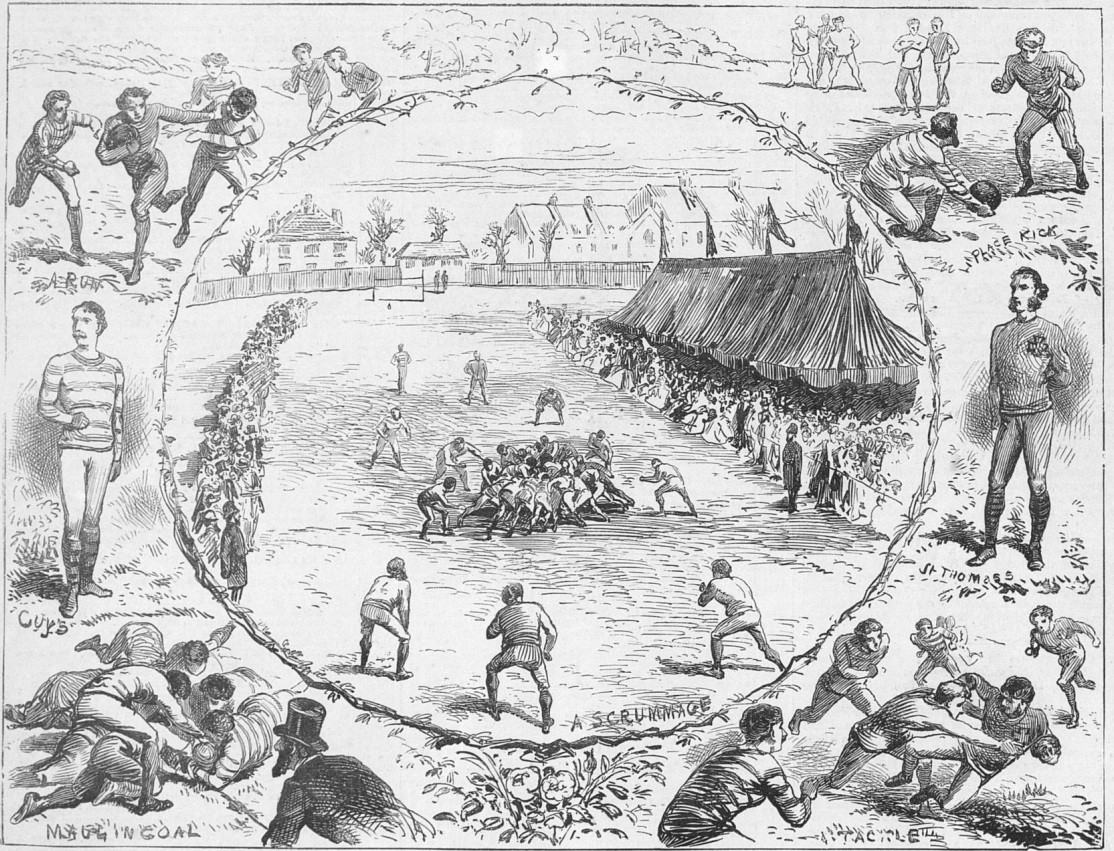
fancy, is not very far to seek, and furnishes another instance of the tendency to overtax the powers of young stallions, but we have no doubt all will come right in the end. A severe strain is, we hear, the reason of the temporary withdrawal of St. Albans, but it is not of so serious a nature as to render it probable that his services will be altogether lost to the stud.

The disgraceful "horse painting" business at Wolverhampton is a sort of mixture "Kunning Rein esse," but in place of General Peel and Lord George Bentinck, we had the Jockey Club prosecuting, and a couple of "farmer chaps" enacting the rôle of Goody Levy. As Mr. Justice Lindley remarked, "a more nefarious case of its kind had never been brought before a court," yet the terms of imprisonment inflicted seem inordinately mild, and it will be but nine months before the worst offender is once more at large, and at liberty to concoct other "little games" to his own advantage. We trust that both culprits may be summarily ostracised by the Jockey Club, who deserve the thanks of the racing community for taking up and carrying through the prosecution. The trick must have been very clumsily performed, as it was quickly "tumbled to" by Mr. Howett, and it is a pity that the Exeter Hall anti-turf party should have omitted to improve the occasion by a high-moral tone sort of tract, tracing the finger of Providence in the down-pour which annihilated the effects of caustic on the mare's nose. Let us hope that we have heard the last of these wretched "gangsters," which drag a noble sport through the mire, and cause suspicion to attach to everything connected with its followers, be they never so free from the demerit of the pitch they have dared to touch.

It is not often that we are called upon to place upon record any

facts in connection with lady supporters of the turf, but the late Baroness Mayer de Rothschild was a breeder in more than name, evincing the most lively interest in the finest stud near Markham's charge at Mentmore, and taking counsel with the head of affairs upon all matters of importance in connection with its management. There is so much racing blood in the great Hebrew family, that we need not entertain any fear of so interesting and lucrative a pursuit being given up, and the prices realised for the Mentmore yearlings for the last season or two have been a "caution." One of the finest collection of blood sires in the country is that which includes Macaroni and Favonius, those distinguished pillars of the house of Sweetmet, the venerable King Tom and his son Restitution, to say nothing of Carnelion and other promising sires.

The popularity of the Grand National Hunt Steeplechase would appear to be on the wane, as only a paltry half dozen could be found to face the starter, almost the smallest number of competitors on record since the establishment of the race seventeen years since. On the first occasion thirty-one runners were telegraphed, and its palmy days saw monster fields and proportionately large attendances. The Bear came home a very clever winner, and then we saw l'Anson bringing Palm along for the hurdle race, but it was rather a tight fit at last, and the favourite was not even placed. Worcester also held its spring gathering with much the same success as usual; indeed, there were more people present there than at Cottenham, despite the more solid attraction in Cambridgeshire, and the rumour of Royal patronage, which, however, could not be accorded to the meeting. The Prince of Wales has lately been making a series of visits to



INTER-HOSPITAL CHALLENGE CUP—GUY'S v. ST. THOMAS.

our most famous hunting centres, and has been favoured with fair average sport, and though the Royal colours (which have figured on Messrs. Wetherby's register for some time), have never been unfurled, there can be no doubt that the Prince's heart beats true to the cause, which has found more than one regal supporter in times past.

As regards the great races at Lincoln and Liverpool, we have a few last words to say, but as there will probably be many chops and changes before they come to be decided, we can only hint at the most genuine candidates, and make our selection accordingly. For neither Petrarh nor Poursuivant have we ever entertained any special fancy, doubting the temper of the one and the ability of the other, but backers of Lord Dupplin's horse may reap consolation from the fact that if he runs it is sure to be with winning orders, for no one out of Colney Hatch would be rash enough to muddle a great winner about in handicaps, until his value as a stud horse is reduced by about one half. Our original choice, Bruce, has been one of the steadiest horses in the market since books were opened on the race, and we know him to be a real good horse, not altogether unfauvourably weighted. As a two-year-old, he gave every promise of ripening into a stayer of sufficient calibre to compass the Lincoln distance; and next to him we esteem the chance of Lollypop, who, after all the ups and downs experienced by Blanton's candidates, is likely enough to be the trusted one at last. Touchet has come with a rattle, but we feel pretty certain of Bruce's superiority, and shall give an undivided vote to the Bedford Lodge candidate, leaving Lollypop, and the best of the Osbornes' lot to be close up at the finish. For the Brocklesby Stakes Fair Penitent is highly thought of, and should

be followed if supported in the right quarter, and the result of this race may possibly foreshadow that of the Cup. On the downfall of Chandos, Regal became our Liverpool champion, and if we venture to name him as the winner, with a suggestion not to let Palm run quite loose, we may not be far off the mark. The remaining stakes had better be left alone until the probable starters are known, but we shall expect to see fewer mistakes made than usual, owing to the open weather, which has given trainers the chance to prepare their horses without hurry, thus affording more reliable ground for their "previous animinations."

SKYLARK.

MR. STREETER, the eminent goldsmith, of New Bond-street, who recently published a work on Gold, which has been accepted as an authority by the Government, and sent the Judges, all the justices of the peace in London, and to many other officials, has now in the press a work on Precious Stones and Gems. It will be illustrated with colored engravings, showing the precious stones in their matrices and in their native state. The work will be published at Easter by Chapman and Hall, Piccadilly, London.

A droll sight may be expected at Lillie-bridge on the boat-race day. Gangs of men, beginning with fifty, are to pull against an elephant. The Coldstreams are to play polo down there this season.

THE SOUTH LINCOLNSHIRE STEEPLECHASE MEETING.—In our advertisement column will be found full particulars of the above meeting, which will take place at Holbeach, Lincolnshire, on Monday, April 16.

HUNTING THE RHINOCEROS.

The rhinoceros, with its curiously massive and unwieldy proportions, if not absolutely ferocious, is no mean antagonist to tackle in its native wilds. Neither the lion nor the tiger care much about invading the territory of the rhinoceros, upon the thick "cudgel-proof" skin of which even their powerful claws and teeth could make but little impression. Its hearing and sense of smell are very acute, its simple prehensile teeth are admirably adapted for killing and rending, its actions when roused to anger are startlingly violent, and altogether it is extremely difficult and dangerous of approach. It is only by drawing near the rhinoceros from the leeward that the hunter has any chance of coming up with the beast to get a shot at him, and in so doing his progress must be of the most cautious and quiet description. If unmounted it behoves the sportsman to preserve all his coolness and presence of mind, for, when furious, it is not easy to escape the wild impetuosity of this savage animal's charge. Luckily for him the powerful beast is not as quick of sight as it is of sense and hearing. Mr. Bradley in his recent work on travel and sport in Burmah, Siam, and the Malay Peninsula, published by Tinsley, describes very forcibly the dangers of hunting these formidable beasts, one of which was killed with considerably difficulty, taking no less than seven well planted bullets into his heavy carcass before he was brought to his knees. In Burmah the rhinoceros does serious damage in the rice and maize fields, where they destroy far more than they devour; and in this country they are often hunted with elephants, from the backs of which the huntsmen discharge their pieces.