THE TURF.

THE GREAT WEIGHT-FOR-AGE RACES OF 1871.

No. II.—THE TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS.

CONCLUDING OUR NOTICES OF THE TWO THOUSAND HORSES, we resume with John Day's lot, which includes Balvenie, Hurstbourne, King Offa, and Pallas. Balvenie, by Blair Athole out of Miserrima, has done great things in private, but in public he never ran up to his ascertained form. He is now a big handsomest and finest-actioned horse in training, but, like many of Blair Athole's descendants, Balvenie has a soft appearance, and there can be no question he is one of the rankest cowards ever foaled. Since he performed so indifferently in the Criterion Stakes, Balvenie has been castrated, but we have no faith in this "shifty" animal for any of the great races of the approaching season. Hurstbourne and King Offa are "dark;" and Pallas is a moderate horse. Danebury does not, therefore, promise to be dangerous for this race. William Day has a solitary representative, Precision, by Citadel out of Precise, who may distinguish himself in handicaps, but not in the Two Thousand Guineas. In Dover's lot there is not a second Lord Lyon, as it consists of Ellesmere, by Anglo-Saxon or Elland out of Lady Audrey; St. Aubyn, by St. Albans out of Crockett, and Tam o' Shanter, by Blair Athole out of Village Lass. The latter pair have been tried in public and found wanting; and the only win Ellesmere was enabled to score last season was in the Gladiateur Stakes, at Newmarket July Meeting, where he defeated the Scrubbing Brush colt, Norfolk, and two others. Gilbert's pair are Ripponden, by Parmesan out of Vertumna, and the colt by Parmesan out of Columbine, the last of whom may be dismissed without comment, as he is simply a bad horse. Ripponden, however, is a colt of a different stamp, and his brilliant performance against King of the Forest, in the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster, must be fresh in the recollection of all racing students. He never, however, could be induced to run up to that form again, as Ripponden only got fifth to Albert Victor in the Middle Park Plate, though he took all allowances, and he again suffered an easy defeat in the Home-Bred Sweepstakes and Troy Stakes. Like his brother Ryshworth, there is little doubt Ripponden is a first-class horse when in the humour to try, but he is very uncertain; and though he may again show fine racing powers in the spring, Ripponden may be cast aside for the Two Thousand Guineas. Sir Francis, Jarnicoton II., Headingley, and Auburn—trained respectively by Drewitt, Haine, Lowe, and Osborne—may be passed over, as they belong to the "plating" school, and are not likely to be seen running for such a race as the one under notice. Hayhoe has a brace of representatives—Cottesloe, by Yoni out of Agnes, and Norfolk, by North Lincoln out of Protection. Cottesloe has not yet run in public, and his trainer acted wisely in not attempting to prepare such a big two-year-old on the hard ground we had last summer. Should Cotteslow winter well, however, he may turn out a racehorse, as he is a powerful, nice-actioned colt, that appears to want only time to develope his latent merits. Norfolk is merely a second-class horse, though a remarkably good-looking one. T. Jennings has the "dark" and highly-bred Eole, by Gladiateur out of Fille de l'Air, and Jacques Cœur, by Hospodar out of Jeanne d'Arc. The latter has had three public trials, in all of which he has failed, and we have heard nothing to induce us to believe that Eole will turn out a second Gladiateur. Stockwater, by Stockwell out of Fairwater, trained by T. Oliver, has not yet appeared in public; but, as she is owned by a gentleman who does not allow his horses to "eat the bread of idleness," we apprehend Stockwater has been found to be moderate. In R. Peck's trio we find King of the Forest, by Scottish Chief out of Lioness; Tancredo, by Dundee out of Shot; and the colt by Stockwell out of Sunflower. The latter is a bad-shouldered, heavy-topped horse, and a rogue to boot, in addition to which he was half dead during the autumn months from influenza. This gigantic brother to Sunlight may, therefore, be dismissed so far as the Two Thousand race is concerned; and as Tancredo, by Scottish Chief out of Lioness, is a second-class horse, Mr Merry will, if he means winning this great event, have to rely on King of the Forest, who has never been disgraced in any of his ten races, notwithstanding the fact that he was defeated by Bicycle and Digby Grand at Epsom and Stockbridge. Staying appeared to be King of the Forest's *forte* rather than speed last year, although he cannot be a slow horse, judging by the close contest he made against the fleet Bicycle in the Stanley Stakes at Epsom, for which he was only beaten a head on the half-mile course. Several of the King's victories—notably those over Cricklade at Stockbridge, Mlle. de Maillou at Stockton-on-Tees, and Ripponden at Doncaster—were hard-fought achieved; but in all his struggles King of the Forest displayed indomitable pluck and stamina. His race for the Queen's Stand Plate at Ascot, over the severe 5 furlongs 136 yards course, was the best performance King of the Forest achieved last year; and we shall not readily forget the gallant style in which he cut down Perfume, Digby Grand, Pâté, Rosicrucian, Hawthornden, and others on that occasion. The subsequent running and close races with King of the Forest made with comparatively moderate horses after Ascot we attribute to the fact that Mr Merry's colt had been indulged, and consequently was not thoroughly fit. King of the Forest is a remarkably true-shaped, handsome colt, sound in every respect, and, as he is doing well at present, it is more than probable this son of Scottish Chief and Lioness will be prepared for the Two Thousand Guineas; and, should such be the case, we should wish for no more trustworthy representative than the King, who will, we hope, escape the ills which usually befall Mr Merry's winter favourites. W. Planner has only one representative—Général, by Monarque out of Tolla, who commanded a long figure when sold at Cobham Grange's sale. The public performances of Général have not, viewed in their entirety, been of a particularly brilliant description, although he is considered a wonder by more than one trainer. In the July Stakes, at Newmarket, Général made his *début*, and, as he was quite fit and backed at 5 to 1, we presume he carried the confidence of Jennings and his friends. Nevertheless, he succumbed to Hasheesh, who won by half a length. We next find Général at Goodwood, where, after a desperate race with Balvenie, who conceded him 3lb., the French colt won by a neck. A head behind Balvenie came Steppe, and a similar distance in her wake was Pink. Subsequently, at the ducal meeting, in the Molecombe Stakes, Général easily defeated Lotilia. It is difficult to imagine a horse a "flyer" who had his neck so thoroughly stretched by Balvenie; and when four horses finish in such close proximity as this pair, Steppe, and Pink did at Goodwood, it is safer to infer that all are moderate rather than first-class. In the Middle Park Plate Général ran badly; but there was no excuse for him on the score of fitness, and he had the advantage of Custance's riding. On this occasion Général finished eighth, and never looked formidable in any part of the race. For the Criterion Stakes, however, at the Houghton Meeting, Général came out in flying colours, and, carrying 5lb. penalty, beat Noblesse, Bothwell, Corisande, Ripponden, Tullibardine, and five others. Though his victory was only achieved by a neck, it was a meritorious one, considering the 5lb penalty, and Général at once touched 10 to 1 for the Derby. Général, however, is not a favourite of ours, as he stands rather high on the leg, is flat-sided, and, worse than all, weak-loined. Moreover, Général has not particularly strong hocks, and it is rumoured he has recently been physicked for curbs. Général will not, therefore, be our selection for this race; and, though we willigly admit the excellence of his Criterion victory, the admirers of the French-bred colt may do well to remember that the winner of that important two-year-old race has not—if we except Thormanby in 1859 and Lord Lyon in 1863—won either Two Thousand or Derby during the last twenty years. Sir Joseph Hawley's lot, trained by Porter, comprise Bozzle, by Asteroid out of Protée; Jocosa, by Fitz-Roland out of Madame Eglentine; and Stray, by Fitz-Roland out of Vaga. All these have been tried in public, and found to be moderate, and there is nothing of the Blue Gown or Pero Gomez stamp here. Peter Priest's couple are Blenheim, by Oxford out of Miss Livingstone, and a colt by Rapparee out of Delilah. Neither of this pair, however, nor Orangeman, trained by Rayner, are of the least account, so far as the Two Thousand contest is concerned, though Blenheim, if not worked too hard in the spring, will win many races for Mr Beverley. Whitewall is represented by the good-looking but moderate Field Marshal, by Rataplan out of Go-ahead, who is never destined to restore the fading fortunes of the famous Malton establishment. In the Fyfield contingent are Chaucer, by Cambuscan out of Plush; colt by The Prime Minister out of Frailty; Dalnacardoch, by Rataplan out of Mayomaisy; Jubilee, by St. Albans out of Allegra; Mahomet, by Knight of St. Patrick out of Besika; Naaman, by St. Albans out of Leprosy; and Thunderer, by Thunderbolt out of Homily. Neither of the latter pair nor Dalnacardoch has yet run in public, and the best of the remaining horses in Alec. Taylor's string are Mahomet and the Frailty colt, both of whom have good looks and breeding to recommend themselves to favourable notice. We do not, however, appreciate the chances of Savernake or St. Albans will spring from the Fyfield lot this year. In Henry Woolcott's division are Church Militant, by Newminster out of Battaglia; Colonel Ryan, by Buccaneer out of Ambassadress; Crinon, by Newminster out of Margery Daw; and Digby Grand, by Saunterer out of Miss Digby. Crinon was a high-priced yearling, but neither he nor Church Militant have yet been sufficiently good enough to run in public, which does not augur well for their future career. Colonel Ryan is merely a second-class horse, judged by his solitary performance in the Hopeful Stakes, for which race he finished a long way behind Herod and the Heroine filly. Digby Grand, although a fast horse, is a rogue; and he is too small to beat the best animals in training, under racing weights over severe courses. In some respects Digby Grand bears a strong resemblance to his sire, Saunterer, who has not yet begotten a Two Thousand winner, and we do not believe Digby Grand is likely to carry off that great race. The horses trained by Isaac Woolcott, Wadlow, Weever, and in private—Julien, the Lady Evelyn colt, Moonraker, Clotaire, Festival, and Granville—are not likely to trouble any of their owners, who have to pay their forfeits. The pick of the horses nominated for the Two Thousand Guineas are King of the Forest, Général, Sterling, Tullibardine, Bothwell, Ripponden, Digby Grand, Fisherman, Pearl, Draco, Cleveland, and Cotteslow. A worse class of horses, in our opinion, was never entered for this important race, as all of them, with the exception of the "clerk" Cleveland and Cotteslow—have sustained defeat. To select the best of the above lot, however, is not a task of difficulty; and, believing that

KING OF THE FOREST

Will be prepared for the Two Thousand Guineas, we shall rely solely on Mr Merry's game colt. We have no second choice, because, in the absence of the King, anything may win, so indifferent are the horses specially named above.

TATTERSALL'S.

MONDAY.—There were not more than half a dozen members at Albert-gate to-day, and not a bet of any kind or description was laid.

DATES OF FLAT RACES FOR 1871.

MARCH.					
Liverpool	20	Warwick	23	Lewes	30
Lincoln	20	Northampton	29	Croxton Park	31
Nottingham	23	Chester	30		
APRIL.					
Durham	10	Eastbourne	17	Knighton	25
Lichfield	10	Epsom	18	Newmarket First Spring	25
Newmarket Craven	11	Croydon	29	Abergavenny	27
Waterloo Bridge	11				
MAY.					
Chester	2	Salisbury	18	Wye	30
Newmarket Second Spring	9	Harpenden	19	Croydon	31
York	9	Epsom	19	Manchester	31
Doncaster	11	Margate	26	Winchester	31
Bath	16				
JUNE.					
Ascot	6	Bibury Club	21	Newcastle-on-Tyne	27
Windsor	13	Stockbridge	22	Sutton Park	28
Newton	14	Weymouth	20	Worcester	29
Hampton	17	Chelmsford	27		
JULY.					
Newmarket	4	Nottingham	11	Kingsbury	20
Carlisle	4	Derby	13	Goodwood	25
Southampton	11	Huntingdon	18		
AUGUST.					
Brighton	1	Wolverhampton	15	Plymouth	24
Brighton Club	2	Doncaster	15	Newmarket	25
Lewes	4	Oxford	17	Margate	25
Egham	8	Radcliffe	17	Liverpool	30
Windsor	8	York	23		
SEPTEMBER.					
Warwick	4	Richmond	19	Monmouth	21
Abingdon	6	Sutton Park	19	Manchester	22
Doncaster	12	Western (Ayr)	20	Lanark	26
Canterbury	13	Hendon	21	Newmarket First October	26
West Drayton	19				
OCTOBER.					
Redford	3	Windsor	5	Bromley	19
Hampton	3	Newmarket Second Oct.	5	Hereford	19
Royal Caledonian Hunt and Kelso	3	Stamford	17	Newmarket Houghton	23
Leicester	5	Shrewsbury	17	Worcester	31
		Gloucester	17		
NOVEMBER.					
Lincoln	2	Shrewsbury	13	Leamington Hunt	16
Liverpool	7				

DATES OF STEEPLECHASES AND HURDLE RACES.

JANUARY.					
Finchley	7	Hurst Park	26		
FEBRUARY.					
Midland Counties	7	Birmingham	14	Bromley	21
Carmarthen	7	Monmouth	17	West Somerset	23
MARCH.					
Kingsbury	2	Baschurch	16	Liverpool	30
Grand National Hunt	7	Derby	14	Nottingham	23
Grand Military and Windsor	7	Hurst Park	14	Warwick	23
		Brocklesby	17	Queen's County Hunt	23
Cambridge	9	Lincoln	20		
APRIL.					
Royal Artillery (Woolwich)	1	Cheltenham	13	Croydon	20
Enfield	1	Southdown Hunt	13	Gatherton	21
Lichfield	10	Eastbourne	17	Knighton	25
West Norfolk Hunt	10	Irish National	18	Abergavenny	27
Bridgnorth	10				
MAY.					
Margate	29	Wye	30		
SEPTEMBER.					
West Drayton	16	Hendon	21		
OCTOBER.					
Croydon	17	Bromley	19	Worcester	31
Gloucester	17	Hereford	19		
NOVEMBER.					
Lincoln	2	Shrewsbury	13	Croydon	21
Liverpool	7	Leamington Hunt	16	Kingsbury	29
DECEMBER.					
Bromley	5				

Stud News.—Jan. 9, Mr Wright's Daisy, by Touchstone, a chesnut colt, by Young Birdcatcher; Jan. 10, Mr Flying's Chilness, a filly to the same. Both mares will be put to Young Birdcatcher again.

The Grand National Hunt Meeting.—We heartily congratulate the National Hunt on its new lease of life, as exhibited in the selection of local for the next meeting, and the fixtures and programme the committee have recently issued. The course is at Burton, about two miles from the city of Lincoln, over as fine a bit of country as can be found in that hunting shire, with every fence visible from the stands to be erected there. The 6th, the 7th and 8th of March (the two previous days to the Grand Military gathering at Windsor), will, we trust, find the going good, and all fear of interruption from frost or snow will be at an end. The great stake of the meeting, the Grand National Hunt Steeplechase, has already received 37 subscribers, headed by the Prince of Wales, and containing among other names those of the Duke of Manchester, Earl Brownlow, the Marquis of Harlington, the Earl of Coventry, Lord Calthorpe, Lord Carrington, Baron Rothschild, Lord Downe, Lord Dufferin, Lord Roseberry, Lord Royston, Lord Yarborough, Lord C. Kerr, Lord Folkestone, Sir George Wombwell, Sir A. Payton, Mr Chaplin, Mr Gilmour, Mr G. Stirling, Sir G. Chetwynd, Sir F. Johnstone, Capt. Machell, &c. The remaining stakes close, some on the 17th of this month, others on the 7th and 21st of February; and for particulars we refer our readers to the advertisement. The liberality of the committee has been shown in the formation of a new stake—a second "Grand National"—the Lincoln Steeplechase, with the munificent sum of £500 added, for the second day. This, a sort of Liverpool Trial (if it does not indeed rival it), will be sure to attract a large and good entry; and we anticipate two days of brilliant sport at Burton. Steeplechasing is decidedly looking up. There is every inducement held out to the sport; horses only are wanted, and these we hope the coming season will show us.

Remarkable.—This is a strange tale of an alligator: "A Florida alligator, recently deceased, is reported to have had two billiard-balls in its stomach. The directors, however, could not 'find the cue.' Nor can we! If it had been a crocodile we might have made a connection with 'pyro.' Pshaw!" Though for that matter we do not see why the deceased alligator might not have lost his life in a "public pool."—*Fun.*

Apropos of the Season.—We beg to draw the attention of those of our readers who purpose visiting London at this Pantomime season, that by sending a letter or telegram to Mr Haxell, Royal Exeter Hotel, West Strand, he will either secure private boxes for them at any of the theatres. At this particular period, when all the seats are bought for some days in advance, this well-timed notice may save them much disappointment.

Fishing at Malta.—An absurd story was current in Malta and Gozo a short time ago, of some fishermen having, while fishing for "lampuki" at Gozo, met with his Satanic Majesty in *propria persona*, with all the supposed concomitants of fire, sulphureous vapour, &c., and that one if not two of them had died in the hospital from fright. Seafaring men and fishermen are notoriously superstitious, and the story received implicit belief amongst the ignorant and lower classes. It was stated that the reason of this unnatural apparition was their fishing on a Sunday without having first observed the religious duty of hearing mass. On inquiry we find that the ground for the false was that the sailors had left the church before mass was alluded to, without much success, and the few fish they caught were torn from their very hands by other large fish, which often occur in that kind of fishing, the shoals being closely followed by bold members of the shark tribe. Disappointed at their ill-luck, they said on returning to shore that they had caught and seen nothing but "devils." A young woman, taking the meaning of the words literally, reported what she had heard to her friends and everybody she met, and thus the tale went round. It is satisfactory to learn that the fatal consequences to the fishermen only existed in the excited minds of the credulous people who spread the report.—*Malta Times.*

SHOOTING.

A TRIP THROUGH THE SIKHIM HIMALAYA TO THE KONGRA LAMA PASS.

IN THE EARLY PART OF LAST YEAR my regiment was ordered from Fort William to J., one of our stations on the eastern frontier. As it was our single corps station and we were quite alone, the change from the gaiety and bustle of Calcutta to the utter solitude of J. was very great, but in my opinion was more than compensated by the glorious sport afforded. Truly it might be called the "happy grounds" of the East. Tiger, rhinoceros, leopards, buffaloes, and deer of all kinds abounded. All the sahibs, owing to the height and density of the jungles, had to be done off elephants; but, as we had eleven of these valuable animals attached o the regiment, and were allowed to use them whenever they were not required by the commissariat, we soon gave a good account of the big game in the neighbouring jungles. To me, however, the proximity of the Himalayas, distant only sixty miles, made me long to try what their valleys afforded in the shape of game. Darjeeling, a hill sanitarium, could be reached in two days, and I set about making inquiries regarding the interior of Sikhim. I found no one knew anything about it. All that I did learn was discouraging, and against my chance of getting sport. However in April, having obtained two months' leave, I started my baggage on the following day to Silliguri, thirty-six miles, and found my traps had only just arrived. With some difficulty Egot two elephants from the commissariat, and, putting my servants and baggage on one, rode the other on to Punkabarry, distant fourteen miles, the road gradually ascending through a pretty undulating country, the station of a bungalow being 1400 feet. The temperature was cool. My servants came in late. Next day I breakfasted at Kurseong, at an elevation of 5000 feet, a steady ascent of six miles. Rode the remaining eighteen miles to Darjeeling (6500 feet).

The next three days I was occupied in making arrangements for a trip into Sikhim, collecting supplies, coolies, &c. I could, however, get no information of the country or its capabilities for sport, the natives that had been in having gone only as far as Toomlong, the capital of Sikhim, and from thence to the Chola or Yakla Pass, due east—a trip that could be done in a fortnight or three weeks. By accident, however, I stumbled on an old volume of Dr Hooker's "Himalayan Journal," and found that he had in 1849 penetrated, but beyond Toomlong up the Lachen and Lachoong routes, over the Kongra Lama Pass as far as Cholamoo. A short description of the game they came across—Ovis ammon, the Himalayan chamois, and Thibet antelope—determined me to try the same route, though my time was limited, and the natives that accompanied me had never been there, and stated that no Englishman had been to Cholamoo since '49, and that neither Dr Hooker nor Campbell had ever fired at game. I had some difficulty in getting the men to come with me.

On the 20th I started, taking two small tents, 8ft. by 6ft., one month's supply of flour, tea, a few tins of soup, and three or four bottles of brandy. Having heard discouraging reports of the Sikhim game, I had only brought up my central-fire 12-bore gun and a single Snider, and left my double rifle behind—a great mistake, as I afterwards found. My baggage was carried by eight men, principally Lepchas and Bhootcas. I took one interpreter (as I could not speak the Lepcha language); a gun carrier and my two servants completed our number. The loads were all light (under 70lb.), and carried on their backs in kiltas or wooden frames. A short description of Sikhim may not be amiss.

The country is independent, and the rajah gets a subsidy from our Government of, I believe, £900 a year. The people are a wretchedly poor race, and carry on a very small trade with Thibet, as far as I could see, in dye and a few fruits; a few ponies and yaks. There are very few villages, and all very small; the country, as the crow flies, is only about seventy miles by twenty-five, but comprises in it the highest mountain ranges in the world. The inhabitants are mixed, the Lepchas or original inhabitants being now intermingled with Bhootcas from the neighbouring state of Ilibon, and also with the Tartars from the north of Sikhim. The Lepchas are distinguished by an effeminate cast of countenance from the fiercer-looking, square-jawed Bhootanese and Tartars. The men wear the pigtail in one plait, the women are distinguished by two; the prevailing dress is the serge frock, colours suited to taste and fancy, taken in at the waist; pork seems to have a wide Scots and fancy, taken in at the waist; pork seems to have a wide Scots fancy. The women have worsted bools with hair soles. The men all carry a long, straight knife in an open half scabbard. All profess Buddhism, are hard drinkers, and extremely dirty in their habits. With these two exceptions, I found little to complain of in them. My men worked hard and marched long on very meagre food, never grumbled, and, even after a tiring day's work, always gave a helping hand to pitching camp, &c.

On the 20th I descended from the station to the Rungeet river, the boundary of ours from the Sikhim country, and, crossing the river by a swinging bridge, encamped on the opposite bank near the Sikhim guard-house, held by an imposing force of four men. The distance of the day's march was fourteen miles, the elevation of camp 1100ft. The Rungeet river holds mahseer, and there is good fly-fishing; but I had no time to spare. My men came in late, and next morning I started for Namtchi, twelve miles, a steady, long ascent at commencement of march through fir forest, and arrived at Namtchi (elevation 5000ft.) at twelve. Men came in at sunset.

The next five days I marched steadily by regular stages through dense forest, and generally at a low elevation; crossed the Teudong Range on the 22nd, getting a glorious view of the Snowy Ranges of Kinchinjunga from its summit. A march and a half up the gorge of the Teesta river brought me to Nampuk, a small Bhootea village, where I obtained the only supplies ever procurable, fowls and milk. Crossed the Teesta next day by a swinging cane bridge, and made a long severe march to Samdong; from thence my route turned sharp to the east, bringing me into full view of the Chola mountain. The weather, which had been fine, now changed, and I had two days of heavy rain, which brought out the leeches in perfect swarms; they swarmed up the path, and clung in dozens to one's legs and ankles. In the rainy season the nuisance is increased a thousand fold.

On the 27th I marched into Toomlong, the capital. Notice of my coming had to be sent to the rajah, and I was requested to halt at the "mendong" or temple, one mile above the palace. I inspected the interior of the temple, the lamas or priests very civilly showing me over, and bringing presents of "murwa," or fermented beer. The room was divided into compartments, the centre being entirely filled up by Bhuddist images, with a large throne or altar at the head. The other rooms were devoted to the manuscripts and holy relics. Incense was burning night and day before the altar, and at the door a monster praying wheel was kept constantly revolving by one of the Lamas.

After an hour's delay, an orderly of the rajah came up and conducted me and my two interpreters to the palace, a large double-storeyed wooden house, painted red and white, with upper balcony and gilt cupola on the roof; a high stone wall ran round the house, and in the courtyard inside I was met by the Dewan, or prime minister, who took my rifle and hunting knife, and conducted me upstairs to the reception hall—for all the world like a den of the Inquisition, and as dark. A large altar, with the usual inhages and incense, took up one end of the room, the rajah being seated on a raised dais to the left of the altar. Three lamas, with their praying wheels in their hands, stood near him. On entering I was requested to sit on a stool in the centre of the room, and murwa and some sweetmeats were offered to me. My interpreters, who had prostrated themselves before the rajah, were ordered to rise, and a short dialogue took place between me, my object being to get a pass for myself and men, and a guide to show me the route northwards. All this was soon effected, and, after stating his surprise that an Englishman should care to go to such a bleak part of the world for pleasure or sport, the rajah signified to the interpreters that I might leave, which I did, I being very much amused at the manner in which I was treated.

The rajah is a small sickly-looking man of forty, and occupies himself chiefly in writing manuscript; he is a rigid Bhuddist, and scarcely ever goes out, except to go to the neighbouring temple. In June every year he moves his quarters to Choombi in Thibet, thus avoiding the rainy season. I saw hardly any sepoys about; in fact, he has no standing army. In the courtyard were two small mountain guns, but no ammunition. My breechloaders were much admired and whilst pitching my tent a large crowd inspected my

scanty baggage with the greatest interest. During the afternoon, a present of flour, eggs, and a large leg of cow was brought from the palace; in return for which I gave the dewan ten rupees.

Toomlong consists of about thirty detached wooden houses, all well built in the Swiss cottage style. The elevation is about 4500 feet, and overlooks the gorge of the Ryot stream. A fine view of the Lachen snowy peaks is obtainable on a clear day. My tent being pitched in a small grassy plot, I had less difficulty in getting rid of the leeches, which swarmed everywhere.

On the 28th I left Toomlong, shaking off two loads and leaving my camp bed, table, and chair in the dewan's charge. The guide turned up at 6 a.m., armed with his bow and arrows, and at 7 we started up the wooded spur west of Toomlong. The morning was cloudy, and anything but promising; more glorious than the view of the snowy peak of Chola (17,325ft.) could not be conceived—not even to hide the magnificent prospect. Two hours' steady walking through dense forest brought me to the summit of the spur, and I then rapidly descended to Salim, distant twelve miles, and halted. My baggage did not arrive till sunset, and I employed the time in cutting wood and reading old scraps of THE FIELD.

My usual plan in marching was to start ahead of my coolies, taking my guns and two men, and a light breakfast, and on arriving at the day's halting place to make arrangements for food for the men. This was always a difficult matter, and the poor fellows were often hard up.

On the 29th a long march brought me to Singtam, north-west of Toomlong. Pitched my tent on a spur overhanging the gorge of the Lachen or Teesta river; another stream running down from the Kirsom peaks (22,000ft.) joined the Lachen just below my camp. The villagers were civil, and brought me murwa in wooden vessels. On the 30th I marched twelve miles to Namgah, the sunrise on the snowy peaks of Kirsom rewarding me for early rising. Crossed several awkward landslips, and passed a party of Chinese Tartars with wear flocks of goats carrying salt to Thibet. At Namgah a broken-down hut afforded shelter to my men. Next day's march was entirely up the gorge of the Lachen, a very hot, tiring march. We crossed several mountain torrents by swinging bridges, and pitched camp amongst the boulders of the Lachen; about twenty yards from the water an overhanging rock gave shelter to the men. In the course of the day I came across a Lepcha, who professed himself to be a shikaree, and to my delight stalked a wood pigeon, the whereabouts of Ovis ammon and gooral, the Himalayan chamois. The latter I had shot before in Cashmere. This man engaged to go with me, and said he would join us next day. I kept his matchlock as security. Not having as yet seen a head of game, I was getting anxious to begin. The people were one and all averse to my shooting in their country, and it was only by constant inquiries that I ever learnt anything at all.

The 1st of May found me breakfasting with the Lama of Choongtam, a village five miles from yesterday's camp, and at the junction of the Lachen and Lachoong rivers; here the two routes into Thibet branch off. The lama brought me eggs and flour—was very civil—and talked of Drs. Hooker and Campbell's visit in '49. I tried hard to find out which route was the most promising for sport, but, having to talk through my interpeter, who was also a Lepcha, I could not get much information. I decided on the Lachoong route to the north-east, and went on at mid-day, reaching Keadom (7000ft.) at 3 p.m. Here the aspect of the country changed from the denser vegetation of the lower hills to the fir and rhododendron of the higher ranges.

In the evening I went up the mountain slopes with my newly-engaged shikaree to shoot what he called "ragout." We could only talk by signs, as he did not understand even Hindostani, the language I used with my interpreter. A steady ascent of an hour through fir forest brought us to the grassy slopes above; the walking was fairly easy, and we soon discovered two different herds of the gooral Himalayan chamois, the goral of Cashmere. Both stalks, however, failed, as did an attempt to drive. Later on, I saw a single male, and, being above him, I had an easy stalk to within 300 yards. I let him feed up another two hundred, and then fired; he galloped off at full speed for a few yards, then rolled over, and was dead when I reached him—a fine male with 6in. horns. The shikaree took him down to camp—a job he could only just manage. This gooral fed camp for some days, and was most welcome, as I had begun to get tired of my daily fare of fowls and chupatties.

On the 3rd we marched to Lachoong, an easy day's journey along the banks of the Lachoong stream. The north slopes of the hills were bare and topped with snow; rhododendron in full flower covered the lower bases of the hills. Passed several families of Tartars with large herds of yak and ponies. Reached Lachoong (8000ft.) at 1 p.m. (distance of thirty hats) at 1 p.m.; and, as I wanted to be near my shooting ground to-morrow, took my blankets and went up a large valley to the east, ascending about 2000ft., and camping for the night, together with my shikaree and gun-carrier, under a large rock; the elevation, according to Hooker, being 15,500ft. above the sea. We did not find it cold, and before leaving I took a short stroll along the crest of the spur, and had a good look at the ground, which consisted of dark pine wood, topped by bold rocks and peaks of snow, rather too precipitous for Ovis ammon. My shikaree persisted that we should find "gnow" there to-morrow, on which comforting assurance I went to sleep, first piling up fir branches in lieu of bedding. My two men, and a villager who came up with us, spent the night in talking and drinking brick tea, in consequence of which we were late at starting in the morning—the precursor of bad luck; for it was eight a.m. before we reached the crest of the hill above us. Dense mist now kept rolling up from the valleys, and delayed us for an hour. Directly it cleared I carefully searched all the ravines below us, and in the furthest one found a flock of fourteen Ovis ammon, one good ram only amongst them. The stalk was a most difficult one, as the flock were on the far side of a very broad ravine. As they were feeding away, and were much scattered, I began to stalk from above, leaving two men behind. Ascending for a few hundred feet through deep snow, we then turned along the crest till just over our game. They were about 1000 yards below us, and I was just getting ready to descend to easy ground, when they all sloped down a steep rock. Most provoking it was, for I had been two hours over the stalk, and had got over the difficult part. On rejoining the men I had left, I soon found out the reason of my failure; the villager had shown himself to the flock and sent them off, fearing, as he said, that if I fired at them his village would be visited by the "Bhoot," or evil spirit, with a deluge! Although much inclined to thrash the evil spirit out of him then and there, I fortunately refrained, remembering I had as yet received no supplies from his village. Intensely disgusted, I descended to the rock where we had passed the night, and, as there was no other ground to go over, I came down to Lachoong, and had the usual difficulty in getting supplies of flour. Had to make my own dinner off doves, a brace of which I potted near the tent. Large herds of yak and ponies, with a few goats, were picketed about.

On the 5th of May I marched to Yeamtong (elevation 11,900ft.), the path lying up the Lachoong valley, and over large flats covered with rhododendron in full flower. Here and there others of boulders and gravel alternated. My cook was taken ill in to-day's march, with every symptom of jungle fever, but managed to struggle in, and I put him in a cattle shed and dosed him. In the evening shot a few blood pheasants amongst the underwood, in a small gully near camp. They were abundant; but I failed to bag the only moonal pheasant I saw. The season not being as yet far advanced, there was much snow in the valleys, and the place itself was deserted; the huts were all closed. I broke into one, and passed the night there in preference to pitching my tent. The next morning I marched up the valley, crossed the Lachoong, and ascended over large boulders and steep landslips to within five miles of Momay Samdong, the highest yak grazing ground of Sikhim, elevation 16,000ft. I halted under the cover of some rocks, for it blew a bitterly cold wind from the north-west, and I ate my breakfast of chutties and cold pigeon. Saw several pheasants (name unknown to me), and shot a brace, also some Thibetan pigeons. As soon as I saw my coolies coming up, I went on over a very stony, sterile valley, leaving all signs of vegetation behind. Heavy snow on the path, which increased as we neared Momay, bothered us much; and on reaching the huts I found them all buried in snow! The valleys and the mountains on all sides were also thickly covered. There was not a sign of any living animal near, and my prospects of sport at once were at zero; for here I expected to have found Thibet antelope and Ovis ammon, and in lieu there was nothing but snow and ice. I was too early; all around the prospect was gloomy in the extreme, not a living being in sight but myself and shikaree. It was bitterly cold, and there was nothing to light a fire with. However, as it was yet early in the afternoon, and shikaree had to be provided for my men when they came up, the shikaree and myself set to work to clear the huts of snow. Inside they were full of ice, which we found impossible to break. After a couple of hours' work we cleared two out of the three huts, and tore down the wood from a third and lit a fire. My men came up at sunset; the snow had delayed them, and they were thoroughly done up. A bottle of brandy—the only one I had—was distributed amongst them; and a brace of cock (Brahminee), which were discovered in a pool below, were speedily potted and handed over to the cook. My servant was very ill, and his feet were frost-bitten. I put him in the hut, placed some planks over the ice inside, and made him comfortable for the night. My tent was soon pitched, and one of the coolies made me some tea and cooked a chupattie. I turned in all standing, with my spare suit on, for it was very cold.

Next morning the sun shone out, lighting up the snowy mountains around, and also proving the gloomy anticipations of yesterday unregarded sport. The path to the Donkia Pass (18,500ft.), and thence on to the Cholamoo Lake (both distant ten miles only), was impassable from the deep snow. I ascended a small valley to the north-west, saw nothing—not even a footprint—and, coming down along the bed of the Lachoong stream, shot three brace of Thibet pigeons for the pot. At noon I struck camp, and made a long and fatiguing march back to Yeamtong, having determined to try the second or Lachen route up into Thibet. Shot several green blood pheasants and a brace of argus; also saw a musk deer. The "Pipun," or head man of Lachoong, met me on my way back, bringing up a present of a goat and some wild honey—both very acceptable.

On the 8th I spent the afternoon shooting "gooral," which were plentiful on the hill facing Lachoong. Yak were grazing on the lower feeding grounds, so we had to ascend high up. Although the game here had never been fired at, and the mountain itself never been ascended by an Englishmen, I found it took me all I knew to circumvent the gooral. The first I bagged by a close shot whilst stalking a lot of three does, coming suddenly on him in a deep ravine. Went on with the stalk, and, after an hour's work, got within 150 yards of the herd. Missed my first shot with the Snider, but, as the gooral simply ran a few yards and stood, I reloaded sharp, and knocked the nearest over. He rolled down 1000ft., till brought up by a rock. On going down to him, a third gooral made off; I broke his leg by the first shot, and a second bullet rolled him over. Leaving my shikaree to look after him, I went down to No. 2, nearly getting a severe fall whilst crossing a long precipice, and only just saved myself going over. On reaching the gooral, to my surprise he got on his legs, and, rolling and stumbling, made off downhill to the Lachoong flat. We secured him within a few yards of the village. I found my bullet had gone clean through his neck; the visibility this gooral presented was therefore the more surprising. The villagers, delighted at the idea of getting meat—though they will not kill game themselves—readily helped to bring down the remaining two gooral I had shot. I gave the village two, keeping one for self and coolies.

On the 9th I tried again for Ovis ammon on the old ground of the 4th. Morning camp up to the spur towards Tunkra, a large clump of rhododenron and birch hid our fires from the hills above. I and the shikaree went up in the afternoon. Coming suddenly on Ovis ammon whilst still below them, we dropped at once and lay like stones, and almost benumbed with the cold, till the Oves fed out of sight. The stalk failed; and, to complete it all, I made a bad shot at eighty yards at a female which stopped behind. At dawn next day I tried again, and, before the sun rose, saw a flock of Oves far up at the head of the valley. At this flock I never got a shot, though I made a long stalk through deep snow in order to get above them. The wind changing gave them our scent, and off they went at racehorse speed. In returning, I came on four females and one small ram, and ought to have bagged the latter if I had only shot fairly, for he gave me a chance at 100 yards. Disgusted with my bad shooting, I descended to camp, and thence to Lachoong.

The 11th saw me again at Keadom, and here I made good shooting at gooral, killing three in rather difficult ground; two of them rolled over down to the stream below, but were brought in by the Keadom villagers. On the 12th marched to Choongtam, at the junction of the Lachoong and Lachen, and from thence three long marches up the Lachen valley brought me to Tunga, the furthest village up this route. It rained and snowed incessantly each day, and we were delayed by the numerous mountain torrents. At Lamteng the people refused to give us supplies, and it was only after threatening to shoot one of their yaks that I was enabled to get enough flour for my men.

Tunga is situated in a broad valley, everywhere covered with rhododendron, juniper, roses, and pansies, all of which were in full flower. A single family of Tartars occupied the wooden huts; tame yak were grazing on the lower slopes of the hills; elevation of camp 13,000 feet. In the afternoon went up the hill to east of Tunga; the nearlection of the air made walking very difficult at that altitude. We saw one flock of Oves, but a dense mist spoiled our stalk, and it was too late to go after them. A cold wind springing up made our return to camp at sunset rather trying; the men with me were nearly dead, and would halt every half-mile and warm themselves in the most eccentric manner, doubling themselves up into a knot on the ground.

On the 17th again tried for Oves on the previous day's ground. A heavy mist clung to the hills all day, and I could do nothing; the cold was intense, and at last drove me down to the camp. On the 8th we moved camp up to Sittong, a cluster of rocks close to the Kongra Lama Pass; the path lay up a broad sterile valley, for the most part covered with snow. As we had left all signs of vegetation behind, each of my men brought a bundle of firewood with him, and they made themselves comfortable amongst the rocks. I only saw a few snow pheasants, and bagged a brace. Two Tartars, who had been observing our proceedings in the evening, made off towards the pass, and I concluded that there were more of them ahead.

Next morning, with two men, I went over the Kongra Lama Pass (16,500 feet), and sent back the camp to Tungu, as, owing to the quantity of snow, I saw the impossibility of getting any game, and it was useless to expose the men. The pass is low, and runs between the Kanchinjow and Chomiem Glaciers; a biting wind blew down the valley, almost benumbing us. The pass, marked by a few stone cairns, was held, as I expected, by a Tartar guard, consisting of fifty men from the Jongri and Kanchinjow in East Thibet. They occupied blanket tents, and were suffering much from the cold; they had been encamped for the last fortnight, having received orders to prevent my going further. The guard were all Tartars, fine powerful men, and, as far as I could see, only armed with the usual broad knife. I sat in the tent of the commander of the guard for two hours, drinking brick tea with butter, at the peril of my life, for it was horrid stuff, and he would persist in filling up the cup. The commander wore the mandarin cap with glass button, and was covered with turquoise ornaments; his cooking utensils were most handsome, being of silver inlaid with turquoise. He had never seen an Englishman before, and was therefore very loquacious. He never ceased admiring my rifle, and, finally, yet would take nothing from me, but gave me a most acceptable present of seven sheep, two bags of flour, and some apricots. After his men had sufficiently admired my belongings, I started back, taking as a parting token the brass pipe the commander and I had just smoked together. Six of his men went with me, partly to drive the sheep down and partly to see me out of Thibet. The sun was just setting as we reached Tungu.

On the 22nd I marched down to Lamteng (9000 feet), and encamped in heavy rain. As soon as it cleared went up the hill after gooral, killing three in two stalks; also bagged an argus and three red-legged pheasants lower down.

My leave now drawing to a close, I marched back in eight long marches to Toomlong, and, after a second audience with the rajah, made seven more marches into Darjeeling, finding the swinging bridge over the Rungeet river broken, and having to cross by raft. Though in this trip, owing to the time of the year, bad information, and my not knowing the ground, I did not kill what I principally went after—Ovis ammon—I felt no regret at having travelled over parts that had only been visited by two Europeans before, and that twenty-one years ago, made me not regret the journey; and certainly no Englishman before me had ever fired a shot in the shooting grounds of the Lachen and Lachoong valleys.

WANDERER.

EXTRAORDINARY SHOT.—I think it is worthy of recording that a most extraordinary shot was made by John Filkin, under keeper to the Rev. James Williams, Tring Park, killing, with 1oz. of No. 6 shot, single gun, in one shot: Pigeons, 14; jackdaws, 10; rooks, 4; carrion crows, 2; weasel, 1—total, 31 head.—J. H. Snows (The Brewery, Tring). P.S. They were shot where the feed was laid for his birds.

GOOD SHOTS.—NO. II.

SIR,—There is no disguising the fact, many of our best shots are getting very idle—I may say lazy. The good things of this life have overtaken them and hold on them. They cannot walk after the partridges, so they make them come to them, and have thoroughly introduced the system of driving. This has been brought about chiefly by the large number of French birds preserved and the clean new system of farming: except in certain districts, there is no covert after October, and the birds become unapproachable. The ordinary shot will find driving most difficult, especially as he will be hampered by guns on his right and left of him. This will cramp him at first. There can be no doubt, when once the knack of driving is found out, it is much easier and more regular than walking up partridges at the same time of the year. It is generally allowed that a short gun does not assist the other. In driving, the chief difficulty is to allow sufficient, that is, to swing the gun forward enough of the bird, which generally affords a cross shot. The distance and pace are also very difficult to judge. The size the bird appears is about the best test of distance, but this requires much practice. It is worthy of note that out best shots do not require to allow so much forward as the ordinary shot; he is quicker, swings his gun faster—and it is be well understood, the faster the gun moves after the bird, the less he will require to be before him. The gun may be rather longer in the stock and barrel, and a trifle heavier; the shooter, standing still, can command a stronger weapon and use a larger charge. It is impossible to give more than general instructions. All depends how the bird is flying the distance space; but, as a rule, swing the gun as fast as the bird is going—a little faster—keep his line, and while the gun is in full motion, a few inches ahead, pull the trigger. It will all depend upon swing; this must be kept up till the shot is over, and the trigger is pulled. This is the grand secret of success; no matter what the distance, the shot must leave the barrel while the gun is in motion. The least check, even after the trigger is pulled, will make a difference, possibly very slight, but quite sufficient to wound instead of killing, if the gun is not held much more in advance than the good shot finds by experience is necessary.

Q. N.

SIR,—In a letter headed "Good Shots," last week, I think your correspondent gives a great many sportsmen more useful information in the art of shooting than they would have obtained had they carefully perused and digested all the pages of the generality of treatises on the same subject. The "tip" he offers them on the art of "swing," *is everything*, and most clearly does that one word define his meaning. I do not think, however, that in the case of the red-legged partridge going straight away from the shooter he gives such a good example of his meaning, as he would have done had he selected a rocketing pheasant or a rabbit racing past the gun.

An old and certainly very deadly rabbit shot once said to me, on witnessing my failures at sundry of these smart little animals, "Where do you aim when a rabbit crosses you?" "About a foot in front of him," said I. He then told me I was on a wrong system, and for the future not to aim an inch in front, but always at the centre of a rabbit crossing, being careful at the same time to swing the gun with it, and not to stop the gun at the instant of pulling the trigger. I have always adopted this plan since, and almost invariably find that my shot takes effect on the head, or not on the hind legs, as used to be the case, if I did not miss altogether.

In the case of a rocketing pheasant, if a man tries to keep his gun steady and shoot a foot, or whatever distance he deems sufficient, in advance of the bird, he will, in my humble opinion, find his average at the end of the day far short of his wishes, and possibly his expectations. If, on the contrary, he puts his gun up on the bird, and swings it with it, pulling the trigger at the same moment, neither stopping his piece nor attempting to shoot in front, I fancy the longtail will have but a poor chance of escape. The only point on which I presume to differ from your correspondent is the length of the stock. He recommends a short straight one; whilst I say as straight as you please, but with guns of medium weight as long as you can comfortably bring them to your shoulder.

CHARLTON R. ADAMS.

Elmhurst, Croydon, Jan. 11.

THE GUN LICENCE ACT.

SIR,—Will you kindly, through your valuable paper, endeavour to ascertain from its numerous readers their experience as regards the working of the Gun Licence Act? The superintendent of constabulary for the district in which I reside informs me that, although he has reported numerous cases of the infringement of the Act to the officers of Inland Revenue, they have (except in one solitary instance) failed to prosecute the offenders. I am anxious to know if this is the case in other districts.

A COUNTY MAGISTRATE.

SIR,—The advocates of the tax on guns will be glad to hear that it has had (at any rate so far as this neighbourhood is concerned) the desired effect in putting a stop to the hedge popping of former years—and this notwithstanding the severity of the weather. In former years a fall of snow has been the signal for every scamp in the country to turn out, armed with some kind of blunderbuss, to the great damage of himself and others. This year, on the contrary, I have hardly met anyone employed in this pastime. It is a pity that licence-holders and keepers have not the right to demand the production of a licence, as the Excise officers do not seem to take much trouble to see that the law is carried out.

W. D. M.

[Our own experience confirms the above statement.—ED.]

NOTES AND QUERIES ON SHOOTING.

GROUSE SHOOTING.—A gentleman in this neighbourhood during the past season has bagged, with fair shooting, 223½ brace of grouse, of which 867 brace were killed over dogs and with stalking. May I ask through your columns if any one in England during the season has exceeded this bag?—JAMES CARTER (Burton House, Masham).

GAME AS WELL AS FOXES.—The place mentioned in THE FIELD last week is not the only one in Cheshire where a keeper can show foxes and game. The coverts here were shot by a party of hunting gentlemen, the master of the Cheshire hounds, who killed 216 head, of which 216 were pheasants, and I am happy to say we saw four foxes. If both master and man really wish to have both foxes and game, it can be done.—JOHN WILLIAMS, Head Gamekeeper (Dernhall, Winsford).

GROUSE ON BAGSHOT HEATH.—Can any of your correspondents inform me whether grouse were ever given on Bagshot Heath, and if not, if their introduction has ever been attempted? It seems curious that in a place so well adapted for them they should not be found, especially as black cock are by no means rare. Is there any reason anything to do with the quality of the heather, or is the same to be accounted for by climatic influences? I have also never heard of grouse on Dartmoor, but they are to be met with in nearly as low a latitude in Ireland.—33 (South Camp, Aldershot).

STOCKING A RABBIT WARREN.—I see in this week's FIELD a letter from A. B. L. inquiring as to the best means of stocking a rabbit warren. Will some of your correspondents kindly inform me whether the same rules hold good for a hare warren, and what I should do to stock such a one? My warren is large, and consists of a piece of ground is nearly six foot high; the ground is covered with underwood similar to that in an ordinary pheasant covert. It has on one side of it fields, and on the other three open downs partly covered and partly covered with furze; the turfed part would, I fancy, make an excellent coursing ground, if well stocked with hares.—LEPUS.

FOOTBALL.

MATCHES FOR NEXT WEEK.

Wednesday, Jan. 18, at the Oval.—Wanderers v. Crystal Palace
Saturday, Jan. 21, at Clapham.—C.C.C. v. King's College
Saturday, Jan. 21, at Chislehurst.—West Service v. Oakfield
Saturday, Jan. 21, at the Oval.—Wanderers v. West Kent
Saturday, Jan. 21, at Battersea Park.—Crescent v. St. Bartholomew's Hospital
Saturday, Jan. 21, at Belsize-road.—Belsize Park v. Belsize
Saturday, Jan. 21, at Blackheath.—Blackheath v. Marlborough Nomads
Saturday, Jan. 21, at Blackheath.—Red, White, and Blue v. Clevedon
Saturday, Jan. 21, at Richmond.—Richmond v. Gipsies
Saturday, Jan. 21, at Cheshunt.—Cheshunt v. Hertfordshire Rangers
Saturday, Jan. 21, at Borrowash.—Derby v. Ockbrook and Borrowash
Saturday, Jan. 21, at Peckham Rye.—Clapham Rovers v. Peckham Rye
Saturday, Jan. 21, at Victoria Park.—London Hospital v. Clapton
Saturday, Jan. 21, at Lillie-bridge.—West Service v. St. Thomas's Hospital
Saturday, Jan. 21, at Highbury Vale.—Harlequins v. Wimbledon Hornets
Saturday, Jan. 21, at Edmonton.—Sydenham v. Mohicans
Saturday, Jan. 21, at S'amford Brook.—Ravenscourt Park v. Clapham Rovers
Saturday, Jan. 21, at Upton Park.—Upton Park v. Crystal Palace
Saturday, Jan. 21, at Walthamstow.—Walthamstow v. Wanderers
Saturday, Jan. 21, at Rosemary Branch.—Lausanne v. Queen's House
Saturday, Jan. 21, at Battersea Park.—Albion v. Royal Naval College
Saturday, Jan. 21, at Battersea Park.—Crescent v. Black Rovers
Saturday, Jan. 21, at Battersea Park.—St. Thomas's Hospital v. Guy's Hospital
Saturday, Jan. 21, at Norfolk Park.—Garrick Sheffield v. Perseverance
Saturday, Jan. 21, at Hampstead.—Wasps v. St. Andrew's Rovers

[Advertisement.]—During the extreme cold weather gentlemen should provide themselves with Elstob's Argola Band. As a comfortable support, and at the same time affording great warmth, it is unequalled. Can be had through any tailor or friend in London, or direct from the maker, if the size of waist and a P.O.O. for 10s., are sent to Wm. Elstob, Riding Breeches and Trousers Maker, 42, Maddox-street, Regent-street.—N.B. Thigh Bands, Drawers, and Suspensories. Specialities.