THE JOCKEY CLUB.

SECOND DAY'S SPORT.

THE ROAD, THE RAIL AND THE RIVER.

Brilliant Assemblage in the Ladies' and Grand Stands.

Great Excitement During the Running.

Four Races Yesterday—The Favorites, the Starters, the Betting and the Winners.

&c. &c. &c.

The second day of the first annual meeting of the American Jockey Club at Jerome Park, Fordham, took place yesterday. Postponed from Thursday last, it seemed yesterday morning as though the club had scarcely done a wise thing in deferring too much to the weather; for the wind was from the northeast, and the clouds looked ominous. Later in the day, and towards the hour at which the excursionists from the city proposed to start, the horizon grew brighter, and sporting men looked confidently forward to a brilliant meeting. It would be unfair to expect that Fordham should vie in brilliancy or importance with Epsom or Longchamps from a sporting standpoint, for racing in America is still in its teens; but in the matter of fashionable attendance our young Jockey Club may compare not unfavorably even with that presided over by the pachydermatous Admiral Rous. The first gathering of the American Club has been extremely auspicious up to the present, and the best results, both as regards the breeding and keeping of horses and the elevation of horse-racing into a scientific and national sport, may confidently be expected to accrue from its establishment.

GOING TO THE RACES—THE ROAD, THE RAIL AND THE RIVER.

People setting off for a race-course pretty generally regard those who are obliged to stay at home with the same feeling of lofty compassion with which David Copperfield deigned to consider the shopman when he was going to be married. In boisterous cockneydom this feeling finds expression in "chaff," which is distributed with rigid impartiality between the nobs and the snobs, in the throwing of flour into the eyes of pedestrians, in the wearing of wooden dolls in the hatband, and in various other absurdities which, on any other but a race day, would be considered sufficient ground for an incontinent commission *de lunatico*. But our people have not yet reached this sublime height of enjoyment, and the going to the races at Fordham was necessarily rather tame by comparison. Still, there was plenty of enjoyment. By road the fours-in-hand of Mr. L. Jerome, August Belmont, the genial Sim Leland and others were tooled briskly, bearing precious burthens to the course. The gentlemen wore blue veils round their hats, and velvet coats of irreproachable make and texture. Appended to their buttonholes appeared the medal denoting membership of the club, and bearing its neat monogram, composed of a horseshoe, stirrups and whip. Sporting pantaloons (*i. e.*, pantaloons that are very tight in some places and very loose in others, like those of the traditional sailor), were also *de rigueur*, and dog-skin gloves, colored scarfs, and boots showing a graceful compromise between strength and elegance were universal. There were very few equestrians, but hundreds of teams and sporting wagons, the pride of the surrounding villages, which were driven at true sporting speed with the view of inspiring terror in the hearts of all competitors.

By water the chief visitors to the race course were families, which patronized the family stand, and were always supported during the day by the contents of a bulgy package and a fat bottle. Sports, as a rule, disdained to waste their time on the tedious boats, and made for the steam cars at Twenty-sixth and Forty-second streets. In these they smoked till literally all was blue, and betted on the races of the day with a philosophic calmness beautiful to behold. There were, besides the sports proper, judges, lawyers, sea captains, officers and journalists. There were people in all kinds of dresses—from the gentlemanly gray to the snobbish bright brown. When will people learn the fact that blue coats with brass buttons, bright brown vests and pantaloons, patent leather boots with white gaiters, a felt hat turned over one eye, a big cigar in the extreme corner of the mouth, and dirty finger nails, do not constitute full dress? They who "follow the sea" perhaps looked neatest and best. They all have heavy blue coats and heavy brown complexions utterly regardless of the season of the year, and make no pretence to dress *à la mode*. Happy sailors, to whom the "gentleman's magazine of fashion" is a stranger. There were people at the races yesterday who seemed to study nothing else. Fancy how great a calamity it would be for that exquisite in the lemon colored kid gloves to have a pimple at the end of his nose! But he is an adept in the art of making up, and would conceal it or turn it from a blemish into a beauty. See; his whiskers are dyed, for the roots are as red as the false color in his cousin Scarlatina's cheeks, and if those teeth don't pass their nights on his looking glass, we are much mistaken. Now what must be the feeling of such a man at night, when he divests himself of his borrowed plumage, and admits to himself that he has been endeavoring to obtain admiration under false pretences?

AMUSEMENTS OUTSIDE THE COURSE.

Card sharping, we deferentially infer, is an amusement. At all events, if not to the principals, it is to the outsiders, as was evidenced by the crowd around a little deal board, on which three cards, bearing figures, were placed, just outside the course at Fordham yesterday. The genius presiding over this shakey erection seemed to have quite a peculiar process of arriving at a numerical result. Arithmetic isn't the word; it was something much more brilliant and dazzling than the efforts of the calculating boy. This is a specimen:—"Now, gents, you'll observe that two and four don't win, and eight does. Thank you, sir. Seven and five is eighteen, and four is twenty-seven, and six is forty; two is forty-two and eight is fifty-six, and eight again is seventy. I'll trouble you for thirteen dollars and seventy-five cents." All this is said with such extreme rapidity, the genius all the while shuffling the cards, that the bewildered victim gasps for breath, acquiesces in the conclusion without a murmur, and produces the money with a comically wry face. Then there was, a few paces further on, the itinerant squad of blind men who sit by the pathway of Jones' Wood on fine Sunday afternoons, and cry "Help the blind" in every querulous note in the gamut. Was this an amusement? Why, even these poor blind old fiddlers were chirping away at comic songs as though their hearts were merry as their laughs were light.

THE REFRESHMENT STANDS

outside the course were numerous, but scarcely select. The principal viands at these peripatetic shops were dubious looking ham sandwiches, consisting of decidedly more sandwich than ham, and the inevitable lager beer. Oysters were also plentiful, and dispensed at the moderate rate of halfadozen for halfadollar. Inside the stand the refreshments could not reasonably be cheaper, but it is decidedly within the range of applied science to make them better. It was here, at the counter, that an incident occurred worth noting. During the rush to the stand for refreshments in one of the intervals, five ragged little urchins, who had managed to get into the course despite the jealous watchfulness of the police, and who were afraid to go too near to the shadows of the stalwart men of clubs, stood at the counter eagerly eyeing the refreshments. Sharp little fellows, all of them, with very big and wistful eyes—the eldest just able to catch a sight of the viands over the counter, the youngest raising himself up by his dirty little hands. Oh, such a woe, little fellow, hardly able to toddle along, and almost crying of hunger. The sandwiches were fifteen cents each, and fifteen cents was a sum which the five little city Arabs couldn't raise between them in a month legitimately. Presently there came along a big, good-humored looking man, with long strides. He may have made a hundred dollars on the previous race, or he may have been naturally philanthropic, but at all events he gave the eldest of the dirty urchins twenty-five cents. Twenty-five cents, and the sandwiches fifteen cents each! The biggest little fellow showed the money to the little fellow a size smaller, and so on, until the least little fellow of all saw it, and all their eyes seemed to grow bigger and more wistful still. Then the leader advanced timorously to the bar and addressed the barkeeper as "sir." "Would he let them have two sandwiches for a quarter?" Two for a quarter, and those two smoug five! Think of that, ladies and gentlemen, who spend fortunes on rich silks and satins, and velvet coats, and splendid carriages! It would have melted your hearts to see the little fellows dividing the two sandwiches for a quarter among them—impartially dividing them, nor quarrelling over the division, and going away hand in hand with their appetites not a tithe appeased, looking up in wonder and awe at the rustling silks of the fine ladies as they went.

THE LADIES' STAND.

The stand specially devoted to the use of the ladies in the company of members of the club is situated immediately opposite the club stand, upon a hill of considerable height, overlooking the most part of the course. Upon this stand yesterday there were some two or three hundred ladies elegantly dressed, and accompanied for the most part by gentlemen whose connection with the club secured for them the *entrée* to this privileged part of the track. Noticeable among the ladies were two beautiful Cubans, between one of whom and an Englishman a conversation something like the following passed:—

GENTLEMAN—You have no races, I believe, in Cuba, Miss X.?

LADY—No; but I'm devoted to it, and it is such fun isn't it? I wish they had them there, as I am soon to go back.

GENTLEMAN—(With a sigh which might be taken for a rising tornado)—Soon, did you say? Then I am sure we must come over there and transplant some of the races in the West India Islands to Cuba. And have you enjoyed yourself while here?

LADY—Oh, everything is charming. We've been to all the races; to Saratoga, to Newport, and to several seaside places. I never enjoyed myself so much.

GENTLEMAN—[illegible] for admiring the course. Come, what shall we bet upon this race? We must have a bet of some kind, you know.

LADY—Oh, what fun! (Innocently)—Please do tell me what to bet.

GENTLEMAN—Well, there are four horses in the race—Arcola, Knighthood, Delaware and Julius. I will take two, and you shall take two, and I will bet you a box of *bonbons* against—against—

LADY—Against what?

GENTLEMAN—Well, we will settle that after. Which horses do you take?

LADY—Oh, I will take the prettiest names. Julius and Knighthood.

Just at this moment Arcola galloped past the stand, with arched neck and shining coat.

LADY—Oh, do tell me what horse that is. What a darling he is!

And on being informed that it was Arcola she selected him instead of Knighthood, and consequently won her *bonbons*. This race, in which Delaware and Knighthood ran so closely, caused a great deal of excitement among the ladies, and the clapping of tiny gloved hands and the waving of laced kerchiefs, as the horses came to the post, were very general.

THE TOILETTES OF THE LADIES.

An uncouth male is apt to get bewildered in an attempt to decipher the costumes of a number of ladies, and especially when they are grouped together on the grand stand of a race course. The brilliancy of the *tout ensemble* is apt to dazzle the poor devil, and it is only in a special instance of bad taste, perhaps, that he can grasp details. For instance, obtrusively prominent on the grand stand yesterday was the dress of a lady, composed of bright red and lavender silk, with—ye gods!—green trimming, the whole surmounted with one of those hideous little black pancake hats, with a huge feather, just come into fashion! The ladies smiled with ill-concealed sarcasm, and the gentlemen stared, but the loudly-dressed lady, who, in addition to her outrageous costume, had her dress looped up to its maximum height, sat down with a self-satisfied ignorance of what was passing around her that sufficient. [illegible] As a whole, however, the was quite engaging to see. [illegible] occasion, and it is not once in a thousand times that an American lady would dress in bad taste.

THE POOLS AND THE BIDDERS.

Dr. Underwood is an extraordinary man. He's an institution. So is his lemon now, for the Doctor's voice is nearly "played out," and would be almighty weak were it not for the reviving influence of the fruit. Yesterday the Doctor exerted himself to almost a painful degree, but the pool selling was exciting in the extreme. Round the rostrum an excited crowd congregated, and chaff flew about between the seller and the buyers of pools with extreme rapidity and good humor. It was amusing to notice the different styles of these about the course. One poor fellow irresistibly reminded the observer of the very thin man whose legs are termed "pipe stems." His body indicrously overweighted his legs, and the expression of his face was apparently one of fear lest at any minute they should give way under him. Alas! he was a victim to the mode.

An interested spectator of the sale of pools and of all connected with the races was Admiral Farragut, who arrived early in the day, accompanied for some time by Mr. Jerome, Mr. Belmont, Mr. Hosea B. Perkins and others. The Admiral skipped about from the stand to the judges' post, through the quarterstretch and over to the ladies' stand with the lightness of a man of twenty. Handshaking and introducing he evidently considered a bore, and it was agreeable to see that he was left alone by the people to enjoy himself in his own way.

THE CROWDS ROUND THE TRACK.

Although the attendance in the grand stand was not so large as on the first day of the meeting, it was apparent that many thousands enjoyed a view of the whole race who did not pay for that privilege. On every hillock round the stand crowds of people were congregated, picnicing in carriages or on the turf, gayly passing bottles of bibulous refreshment and expatiating in very interested terms upon the result of the various races. Many of these people came miles to see the race, and this is another evidence of the growing popularity of the meeting.

DODWORTH'S BAND

was again on the course and delighted the ladies by some of the choicest *morceaux* from the operas and the compositions of celebrated composers. The ladies especially admire the beautiful Mabel and Guards waltzes, and are strongly of opinion that Mr. Godfrey, their composer, must be "a duck" and "a darling." The engagement of the band is one of the happiest thoughts of the stewards.

THE POLICE ARRANGEMENTS

on occasions like this are not unfrequently better calculated to impede than accelerate the progress of order. But the Fordham race course is happily an exception to this, owing to the perfect discipline of the Manhattan Police, who are on the ground daily. This is an independent body of police, at the head of which is Captain A. S. Wilson, who has two hundred men under his orders. Captain Wilson made all the arrangements for keeping order, and made them admirably. There are no rowdies, and everybody is kept as quiet as possible by his well disciplined men. No race course in the world could be better kept than the Fordham race course under Captain Wilson and the independent police of Westchester county.

The Races.

The second day's racing at the Jerome Park was most excellently conducted, and afforded the greatest satisfaction to all who witnessed the running. Four events came off during yesterday afternoon, the first being a one mile dash between six two year olds, Mr. Morris' b. f. Ruthless, by imported Eclipse, out of Barbarity, winning a most capital race in extraordinary time over a heavy track. Mr. Belmont's imported filly, Maid of Honor, by Newminster, out of Himalaya, being second, and Mr. Morris' b. c. Monday, by Colton, out of Mollie Jackson, third. Ruthless is a racer now, and if she improves with age will stand a good chance for the next Jersey Derby. She is rather leggy and seems a little slack about the loins, but as race horses run in all shapes her prospects are good. Monday is a stout, well formed colt, with plenty of substance to make him a race horse. Maid of Honor wants time for improvement, and will improve. She seemed to have been forced in her growth. Of the other young ones in the race Hampton Court is the best. The second race was between Arcola, Delaware, Julius and Knighthood, and a most spirited affair it was throughout. Arcola won the first heat in good style, was beaten badly in the second by both Delaware and Knighthood, and won the third by the superior jockeyship of his rider. The third race was won by Richmond in a hollow manner, the distance being a mile and a half. The last race of the day brought five to the post, and was most exciting throughout, Aldebaran running through all the others on the last mile, and winning in a canter.

THE FIRST RACE.

THE NURSERY RACE.—Dash of one mile for two year olds, to carry ninety pounds. Closed with twenty-nine entries.

F. Morris entered b. f. Ruthless, by imported Eclipse, dam Barbarity	1
August Belmont entered b. f. Maid of Honor, by Newminster, dam Himalaya	2
F. Morris entered b. c. Monday, by Colton, dam Mollie Jackson	3
Mr. Cameron entered b. c. Hampton Court, by Young Melbourne, dam Duriudana	4
T. B. Read entered b. c., by Breckinridge	5
Col. McDaniel entered ch. f. by Planet, out of Carolina	6

and twenty-three others, which were withdrawn before the start.

Time, 1:49.

Maid of Honor was away first, Ruthless second, Monday third, Hampton Court and the chestnut filly colliding soon after starting, which threw them out of their stride, and consequently behind. They ran to the quarter-pole without changing positions, but in making the bend around the bluff Monday went to the front, leading Ruthless a neck, who was half a length ahead of Maid of Honor, Hampton Court and the Planet filly head and head two lengths behind, the Breckinridge colt bringing up the rear. Leaving the half-mile pole and going around the lower turn Ruthless took a commanding lead and came home an easy winner by six or eight lengths, Maid of Honor second, three lengths ahead of Monday, four lengths separating him and Hampton Court, who was five lengths in advance of the Breckinridge colt, the Planet filly last. Time, 1:49.

THE SECOND RACE.

Two MILE HEATS, for all ages.

John Hunter entered Travers & Osgood's b. h. Arcola, by Lexington, dam Topez, by Glencoe	1	3	1
James S. Watson entered br. c. Delaware, by Ringgold, dam Ariel, by Sarpedon	2	1	2
Colonel McDaniels entered b. c. Julius, by Lexington, dam Julia, by Glencoe	3	4	3
J. W. Weldon entered b. c. Knighthood, by Knight of St. George, dam Glycera, by Sovereign	4	2	4

TIME.

	First Heat.	*Second Heat.*	*Third Heat.*
First mile	1:59	1:56	2:00½
Second mile	1:51¼	1:51¼	1:52
Total	3:50¼	3:46¼	3:52½

First Heat.—Julius jumped off with the lead, closely followed by Arcola, Delaware third, Knighthood fourth. At the quarter-pole they were well strung out, Julius leading two lengths, Arcola second, four lengths ahead of Delaware, who was two lengths in front of Knighthood. Going around the bend of the bluff Arcola took sides with Julius and they ran yoked to the half mile pole, when Julius again went to the front, Arcola second, Delaware third, Knighthood trailing. On the lower turn Julius led two lengths, Arcola second, three lengths in front of Delaware, who was four lengths in advance of Knighthood. Coming up the homestretch they drew closer together, and as they came to the grand stand were nose and tail. As they went under the string at the finish of the first mile Julius led half a length, Arcola second, a length ahead of Delaware, who was four lengths in front of Knighthood, the latter being pulled double by Old Abe. Time, 1:59. At the quarter-pole Julius still led a length, but as he came to the bend Arcola challenged him for the lead, and after a pretty sharp struggle which lasted all around the lower turn and on the homestretch, Arcola beat him and began to leave him; but just then Delaware made his brush, and also passed Julius, and for a short time looked very much as if he would overtake Arcola. The rider of Delaware, finding that he could not beat Arcola to the stand, pulled up and was beaten two lengths, Julius six lengths behind and one length in front of Knighthood. The last mile was run in 1:51¼, and the heat in 3:50¼.

Second Heat.—Arcola having won the previous heat, was backed to win the race at two and three to one, and Knighthood and Delaware were laid against each other at evens. Delaware was first away, but soon the lead was taken from him by Knighthood, who cut out the work and passed the quarter-pole two lengths in front of Delaware, who was one length ahead of Julius, the latter leading Arcola a length. At the bend of the bluff Knighthood was still on the lead, the others being two lengths apart. There was no variation of distance between them around the lower turn, but coming up the homestretch they drew closer together, and passed under the string at the end of the first mile with Knighthood leading Delaware half a length, the latter being three lengths ahead of the other two, who were side and side. Time of the mile, 1:56. Going round the upper turn they were nose and tail, and at the quarter one length divided them, Knighthood being first, Delaware second, Arcola third and Julius fourth. They passed around the bend in this way, and on to the lower turn, when Delaware was put to the tax of his speed for the grand struggle. Abe heard him coming, and shook up the little horse, and they came on the homestretch with Delaware's head on Knighthood's flank. Every art of the jockeys was then put in requisition, and as they came up the stretch Delaware's longer stride soon brought him parallel with Knighthood, and they ran yoked from the lower end of the grand stand to within a few lengths of the finish, when a severe cut of the whip sent Delaware under the string a winner by a short neck. A more exciting or brilliant finish cannot be conceived. The other two were not thought of, Arcola being five or six lengths behind Knighthood, and Julius four lengths further off. Time of the last mile, 1:51¼, and of the heat, 3:46¼.

Third Heat.—It was then thought that Arcola's chances were entirely gone, and those who had laid money on him were hedging all they could at one hundred to ten against him. Delaware was the favorite at one hundred to twenty, Knighthood having cramped badly after the heat. A little blood taken from the bars of the mouth, however, brought him about so that he was able to start again, but his chances looked small as a winner. Delaware got away first, Knighthood second, Julius third and Arcola last. At the quarter-pole Delaware led a length and a half, Julius second, three lengths in front of Knighthood, who was two lengths in advance of Arcola. There was little change of distance between them around the bend, past the half mile pole and around the lower turn, the horses running at a very moderate pace. As they got into the homestretch they began to sharpen up a little, and drew closer together, Delaware leading one length up the stretch, Julius and Knighthood head and head, two lengths in front of Arcola. As they passed under the string Delaware led one length, Knighthood second, half a length ahead of Julius, who was two lengths in front of Arcola. Time, 2:00½. The pace grew better around the turn, and the horses got farther apart; but as they passed the quarter-pole a general rally took place. Julius ran up and cut Knighthood down and set all sail for Delaware, but could not yoke him. He tried it again and again around the lower turn without success; and while all eyes were watching the struggle between these two, Arcola and Knighthood were forgotten. A shout of "look at Arcola," drew the eyes of the multitude back to the stable companion of Kentucky, and they found that he had passed Knighthood and was coming [illegible] with a rush for the others. At the quarter-pole he was within a length of Julius, and as he came on the homestretch was at the tail of Delaware. Little field forced Arcola along, and soon Delaware and he were head and head, the latter receiving the persuader with all the energy his rider possessed; and as they dashed past the grand stand the struggle was as exciting as it was in the previous heat. In the exertions of the rider of Delaware to force him to the finish the boy twisted the saddle over the side of the horse, and as he passed the stand he pitched headlong to the ground, but, fortunately, was unhurt. Arcola won the heat by a neck, Julius third, two lengths behind Delaware; Knighthood four lengths further off. Time of the last mile 1:52½ and of the heat 3:52½. Arcola's victory was hailed with shouts of applause by those who had invested heavily on him, and who had looked upon their money as lost.

THE THIRD RACE.

"SELLING PREMIUM" for all ages, 1½ mile dash; horses entered to be sold for $2,500 to carry proper weight; $1,500 allowed 7 lbs.; $1,000, 12 lbs. The winner to be offered for sale on usual terms.

R. Ainsley's g. c. Richmond, 4 yrs. old, by Two Bits, dam Faith, by Childe Harold; to be sold for $1,500. Dress, white body, blue sleeves, black cap. T. Steele	1
I. W. Pennock's ch. f., 3 yrs. old, by Vandal, dam Maid of Monmouth, by Traveller; to be sold for $1,500. Dress, scarlet jacket, white cap. J. Berry	2
D. Mcdaniel's ch. m., 5 yrs. old, by imp. Knight of St. George, dam Zenith; to be sold for $1,000. Dress, blue jacket, red sash, red cap. Albert	3
A. W. Marshall's gr. h. Fordham, 5 yrs. old, by imp. Eclipse, dam Fidelity, by imp. Glencoe; to be sold for $1,000. Dress, orange and blue sash. Gill	dr.

Time, 2:51½.

Richmond was the favorite against the field at one hundred to twenty. The race being a mile and a half, the horses were started from the half-mile pole, around the bend of the bluff, and were out of sight from those on the grand stand at the upper end. The chestnut mare got away with the lead, but before they got half way around the lower turn Richmond was several lengths in front, under a strong pull, waiting for the others to make a race with him. They could not, however, and the little gray galloped around to the finish in the hollowest style, ten lengths ahead of the Vandal filly, who was one hundred yards in front of the get of the Knight of St. George. Time, 2:51½.

THE FOURTH RACE.

POST RACE.—A dash of three miles, for all ages, all horses to carry 100 lbs., except three year olds, who had to carry their appropriate weights, three pounds allowed for mares and geldings. Closed with seven subscribers.

Jas. S. Watson entered ch. g. Aldebaran, by Commodore, dam Nanny Lewis	1
R. A. Alexander entered b. m. Idlewild, by Lexington, dam by Glencoe	2
P. S. Forbes and Leonard Jerome entered ch. h. Fleetwing, by Balrownie, dam Rhoda, by Glencoe	3
R. B. Forbes, Jr., entered br. h. Climax, by Balrownie, dam by Arab	4
M. H. Sanford entered g. c. Loadstone, by Lexington, dam Blue Bonnets	5

Time, 5:45½.

Idlewild sold highest in the pools, Fleetwing, Aldebaran and Climax bringing about the same prices, while Loadstone was knocked down at a low figure. The latter took the lead at the start, followed next by Fleetwing, then Climax, Aldebaran fourth and Idlewild last. At the quarter pole Loadstone led two lengths, Fleetwing second, half a dozen lengths ahead of Climax, the old mare and Aldebaran inking their time. Climax made a dash around the bend and closed well up to the leaders. At the half mile pole Loadstone led two lengths, Fleetwing second, one length in front of Climax, Idlewild fourth, six lengths ahead of Aldebaran. At the three-quarter pole the three leaders were lapped on each other, Idlewild two lengths behind, then Climax, with Aldebaran far in the rear, hiding his time. They came up the homestretch and passed under the string in the following order:—Loadstone half a length ahead of Fleetwing, who was three lengths in front of Climax, the latter leading; Idlewild three lengths, Aldebaran still half a dozen lengths in the rear. Time of the first mile 1:51½. Going around the upper turn their positions were unchanged. So around the bend each horse held his own; but as they reached the lower turn Climax made a dart and went to the front, Loadstone second, Fleetwing third, close up, Idlewild fourth, a few lengths behind, and Aldebaran last. As they passed under the string at the finish of the second mile Loadstone was first by a length, Climax second, a length ahead of Fleetwing, who was one length ahead of old Idlewild, she being two lengths in advance of Aldebaran. The two miles were run in 3:47. Going around the upper turn a change of places ensued. The old mare made a brush, and in a short time led the party, and as they passed the quarter pole she was one length in front of Aldebaran, who had also been putting in the double shuffle, and cutting out all the others. Idlewild led one length around the bend of the bluff, Aldebaran second, two lengths ahead of Fleetwing, who was a couple of lengths ahead of Climax and Loadstone, who were running side and side. Going around the lower turn Aldebaran dashed to the front, and the race was over. The struggles of Idlewild, Fleetwing, Climax and Loadstone were at an end, as Aldebaran at every stride widened the gap between himself and his followers, and he came up the stretch like a race horse, five lengths ahead of Idlewild, who was three lengths in front of Fleetwing, the latter leading Climax four lengths, while Loadstone was pulled up ten lengths further off. Time of the three miles, 5:45½.

To-day there will be three races, the first a hurdle race, next "the Jerome race," for three year olds, and a dash of one mile and three-quarters.

MUSICAL.

Strakosch Concert.

There was a middling sized audience in the hall of the Cooper Institute last night at the first and only appearance in New York of the Strakosch concert troupe. The artiste could not make a *début* under worse circumstances. The hall is entirely, irremediably unsuitable for concerts or music of any kind. The concert opened with Liszt's piano transcription of the Schillermarsch, played by Mr. Boekelman. This gentleman, to judge from his rendering of Liszt's piece and the Polka de la Reine, by Raff, has considerable powers of execution. Beyond that we can say no more. His touch is hard and unsympathetic; he gives merely the nominal value of a note, and, in the conception of a piece, he embarks, Columbus like, on a voyage of discovery after the idea of the author, meeting with many rough storms on the way. There the simile ends. He does not reach the goal of his hopes, but ends the piece without having the remotest idea what quarter of the compass of music he has been tossed to. He possesses a great deal of merit, however, and with less straining after effect, and more ease and natural style he can raise himself to a very respectable position among our pianists. Mlle. Plowdowska, a *débutante* from La Scala, &c., sang the inevitable recitative and aria from Ernani. We have rarely heard a vocalist who can make more out of a limited and naturally poor voice. The training of her voice is so near perfection in the Traviata school, that she supplies many of its deficiencies. Signor Limberti, *tenore robusto*, is an excellent singer. Every note is full and rounded, and possesses a good deal of freshness in tone. Mr. Jehin Prume made his first bow for the season, and was enthusiastically received. His characteristics last night in the two pieces which he played were wonderful execution and distinctness in even the most rapid passages, and little breadth but exquisite finish of tone. Of Mr. Carl Formes and Mlle. de Gebele we have given our opinion before; there was nothing in last night's concert to change that opinion. The Strakosch troupe are about starting on a concert tour through the States.

Miscellaneous.

Miss Emily Boughton is announced to appear in Traviata on Thursday night, at the French theatre, with Mr Draper's Italian Opera troupe.

Mr. James M. Webli, the distinguished pianist, has returned from Europe, and is about starting on a concert tour out West.

Signor Brignoli appeared in public last night in Boston, for the first time since his return from Covent Garden and Paris. His success was of the most unequivocal character, and his magnificent tenor voice has even improved since he left the scenes of his former triumphs here.

Signor Mazzoleni has returned from the country with unimpaired vocal powers. The throat affection which for some time injured his fine organ is now gone, and he is the great tenor of old once more.

Mr. Jerome Hopkins has commenced his orpheon free singing classes at the Cooper Institute.

The patrons of the Choral Festivals given last season at Irving Hall will be gratified to hear that when the new Steinway Hall is opened an oratorio will be given there every Tuesday by Dr. Cutler's splendidly trained choir of one hundred boys and forty tenors and basses. The festivals and all the other popular concerts at this hall will be under the management of Mr. Lafayette Harrison.

Mlle. Camille Urso and Master Richard Cocker will be among the many musical attractions of the present season in New York.

RISTORI.

Her Greatest Triumph in New York.

The Queen of Tragedy and Comedy.

ELIZABETH TO THE LIFE.

&c. &c. &c.

Those who have seen only Medea and Mary Stuart have not yet seen Ristori. Her performance of Queen Elizabeth last evening as far surpassed her previous efforts as those were superior to the impersonations of all other actors. Queen Elizabeth, in her habit as she lived, and with all the varying moods and passions that made up her complex character, stepped from the page of history and trod the stage of the French theatre last night. Never since the days of the elder Kean, has this city witnessed such wonderful acting. Ristori has accomplished the most difficult of all feats—she has excelled herself.

The play of Elizabeth, by Signor Paolo Giacometti, written especially for Madame Ristori, has no plot. It is literally a series of dramatic pictures designed to illustrate some of the most prominent events in the life of England's greatest Queen. In the first act we are introduced to the Court of Elizabeth, and Burleigh, Howard, Essex, Drake and Bacon appear before us. The second act includes the execution of Mary Queen of Scots, and the sudden appearance of her son, King James, who comes to claim his mother's release and is met with the announcement of her death. In the third act we see the *fête* which celebrates the destruction of the Spanish armada. Howard and Drake receive their rewards from the Queen's own hand, and Essex, maddened by Elizabeth's rebukes, bursts into an ecstacy of rage, and is condemned to the tower. The fourth act is occupied with the struggle between Elizabeth's love and pride. She wishes herself disobeyed, and impatiently awaits the arrival of the ring which she has given Essex, and the sending of which will secure his pardon. Lady Howard arrives, having been robbed of the token; but she comes too late, and the signal gun announces Essex's death. The fifth act pictures to us the death of the Queen, and the appointment of James as her successor.

The audience last evening was most brilliant. So fashionable an assemblage has not been seen in the French Theatre since the night of Ristori's *début*. The house was crowded, and the toilettes of the ladies were magnificent. Many fashionables, who appeared in the private boxes on the night of the *début*, were scattered throughout the parquet last evening, and the cheaper seats in the upper circles were occupied by first class persons who had been prevented from securing more conspicuous positions. The applause was most enthusiastic, and yet discriminating and appreciative. The actors felt the inspiriting influence of their cordial receptions and of the critical approbation, and performed with even more than their customary care and vigor. We are speaking within bounds when we say that so perfect a representation of an historical play has never before been given in this metropolis. The intervals of time between the acts were distinctly marked, not only in the costumes, but in the appearance and deportment of the characters. You could see Elizabeth, Burleigh, Howard, Drake, Davison and the rest gradually growing old. The costumes themselves were historically correct, and were changed with every scene. The etiquette of the court was rigidly observed. The scenery was in almost every respect satisfactory. We have still to complain, however, of that noise behind the curtain between the acts, which is so inadmissible in an American theatre.

Before referring particularly to Ristori's marvellous impersonation the other actors must receive a passing notice. Compared with performers of similar rank in this country they were superb. We beg our actors and actresses to go to the French Theatre and study the manners of these ladies and gentlemen. Their strict attention to the progress of the scene, their constant acting, their incessant by-play and the style in which they express natural emotions by their features as well as by their words, must be seen to be comprehended. Signora Cottin as the unhappy Lady Howard, Signora Casati as Lady Burleigh, and Signora Giammartini as Maria Lambrun, were excellent. Signor Olech surprised us by the fire and the courtliness of his rendering of the character of the Earl of Essex. His Jason and Leicester had not prepared us for so admirable a performance, which in the third act rose almost to an equality with that of Ristori herself. Signori Carboni as King James, Cesare Ristori as Lord Burbeigh, Mancini as Lord Howard, Achille Cottin as Bacon, Borghi as Davison, and Buti as Sir Francis Drake were also remarkably fine. The majority of these gentlemen deserve particular credit for the skill with which they conveyed the idea of old age in the last act, without in the least degree losing their previously marked individuality. We have never before beheld such artistic completeness upon our stage. Usually the star becomes old and the rest of the actors and actresses retain the same appearance; but last evening, as in real life, the actors changed not only their dresses but their looks with the changing circumstances of the play, and Elizabeth, in her dotage, was surrounded by courtiers equally bent with the weight of years.

When we reflect upon Ristori's impersonation we seem to have seen the veritable virgin Queen of England. Every costume, and every head-dress, was historically accurate. Sacrificing her personal beauty to dramatic effect, Ristori became a blonde, with the auburn hair of which Elizabeth was so proud. Becoming or not, she wore the dresses and the ornaments that the Queen had worn, and presented us with a perfect *fac simile* of the Court fashions of that period. The peculiar passions of Elizabeth were no less closely imitated than her costumes. Ristori never allowed either actors or audience to forget that she was the sovereign of England. In every instance she exacted from the persons upon the stage the respect due to her rank, and when repeatedly called before the curtain at the close of each scene she stood like a queen receiving the homage of her subjects. The vanity, the greatness, the petty jealousies, the true nobility, the weakness, the courage, the meanness, the extravagance, the littleness, the dignity, the hypocrisy, the candor, the shrewdness, the simplicity, the revenge, the forgiveness, the pride, the remorse, the conceit, the ambition, the tender love, the bitter hatred, the diplomacy, the heroism, the craft, the true greatness of the sister of Bloody Mary were illustrated with photographic fidelity, and yet with all the natural blendings and transmutations. It was all curious and a puzzle, and yet it was painfully real. At the close of the third act, when Essex is disgraced, the audience were fully choked with emotion. We have never seen such intense excitement at any other theatre.

Ristori has proven herself unrivalled in domedy as in tragedy. The first and second acts of Elizabeth are high comedy, and she performs them transcendently. Her gradual change of attitude and expression, in act first, as Bacon reads to her the eulogy in Shakspere's Henry the Eighth, is a masterpiece of art, and scarcely less amazing are the transformations of her voice and manner during the scene when she dictates at the same time a pleasant note to Popham and a scathing despatch to Leicester. In the second act she is charming as she merges the queen in the woman while listening to the suit of Essex and while lamenting Mary's death, and she is startling when, sinking the woman in the queen, she swears by the sword of her father that either England or Spain, either Elizabeth or Phillip, shall be annihilated. The third act is full of dramatic pictures, that live vividly in one's memory, such as her jealousy of Lady Howard, rather suggested than spoken; her amazement at Essex's fury, and finally the storm of rage in which she first casts her glove in his face and then orders him to be dragged to prison. In the fourth act she has grown visibly older. Grief, remorse, the countless cares of State and the pangs of thwarted love have hastened the work of time. Her struggle with herself; her contradictory orders to Lady Anna, and finally her fierce invective against Bacon when Essex is no more, are beyond all praise. Nor can mere words depict the last and saddest act of all, when we see the proud Elizabeth die, still clinging to the crown with her poor, weak, thin, nerveless hands and refusing to part with an iota of her grandeur while a breath of life remains. It was a grand death. She died, as she had lived, a queen. Far better than the loud applause, the clamorous bravos, the frantic recall, were the involuntary tears that she caused to start and the chill that shook the audience as they heard her last, broken words and the dreadful rattle in her throat. This was not acting; it was nature. Every one seemed relieved to escape to the night air and throw off the fascination with which, for four glorious hours, we had been held. To judge from the sensation last evening "Elizabeth" will have to be repeated for many nights to come. Those who do not see it will miss the acme of dramatic art.

AMUSEMENTS.

Broadway Theatre.

Notwithstanding the many attractions, legitimate and illegitimate, simultaneously presented in the city, the comfortable seats of Mr. George Wood's handsome little Broadway theatre were all filled last evening, showing conclusively that the taste for the standard drama has not entirely degenerated into a mawkish desire for spectacles, immodestly exposed female extremities and the highly-wrought, highly-colored pieces of the Jack Sheppard order. Mr. Hackett presented his finely finished Sir John Falstaff, in King Henry the Fourth, to one of the most fashionable houses of the season. He was supported by Mr. Nagle as Hotspur and G. W. Stoddart as the Prince of Wales. The Falstaff of Mr. Hackett was even better than usual. Indeed, there is no other living Falstaff. When Mr. Hackett finally lays aside the buskin, the portly and humorous Sir John, it is to be feared, will disappear, past resurrection. May that be many years hence. Mr. Nagle, aside from a certain indistinctness of utterance in some important passages, made an excellent Percy. Mr. Stoddart, unlike the gentleman from a Broadway establishment, who essayed the *rôle* of the Prince in Brooklyn, a short time since, did not have to read his lines from the printed page. On the contrary, he was well up in his study, and gave a very good representation of the King's son. He was best in his lighter scenes, however; the tragic seeming to sit uneasily upon him. Mr. Jack Booked King Henry, and read him very well indeed. Miss Alice Gray, in the small part of Lady Percy, was fair, while Mrs. Gilbert, as Hostess, could hardly be surpassed. The remainder of the cast, if Bardolph and Worcester be excepted, might be improved. But, taken as a whole, the comedy has not been better put upon the stage in New York in some years, and it certainly never brought out or sent home a better blessed collection of theatre goers. In thus presenting only first class stars, Mr Wood shows that he appreciates the temper of the people, and the people repay him with success.

Thalia Theatre.

Rubens in Madrid, a piece which has long been in preparation at this theatre, was given last night. The play has great literary merit, and the language is refined and choice far beyond the generality of Mrs. Birchpfeiffer's works. Mrs. Scheller's rendering of Donna Eliena was a success such as this theatre has seldom witnessed. In the third act, where she recognizes Rubens, in spite of his disguise, she evinced a command of her voice and a perfection of elocution which entirely overcame the effects of the hoarseness under which she was laboring, and which caused her great exertion. Mr. Haerting, as Rubens, played well up to this point, but where he finds that Eliena recognizes him he over