THE FORDHAM RACES

Inauguration of the Autumn Meeting of the American Jockey Club.

FASHION IN PANORAMA.

On the Road Thither and After the Arrival.

ACCIDENT AND SUDDEN DEATH.

THE TOURNAMENT OF THE HOOF.

Julius Wins the Hurdle Race, Enchantress the Handicap, General McMahon the Mile Heat and Boaster the Colt Sweepstakes.

The Fordham races, like the Homeric priest at the fall of Troy, "long-expected of their friends," began yesterday, and were attended with all the fashionable *eclat* which gave zest to the Spring meeting of the Jockey Club. "Long-expected" it may be said advisedly, the weather having unwarrantably interfered on Saturday, thereby necessitating an alteration in the programme of days and seasons, and forcing the disciples of the steed-breaking Hector to transfer the tournament of the hoof from Saturday, October 12, to Tuesday, October 15. Enthusiasm had not, however, been materially dampened by the damp weather of last week, as was attested yesterday by the platoons of elegant equipages which took Jerome Park by storm, somewhat as General Terry took Fort Fisher, about eleven o'clock in the morning—took it and held it until five o'clock in the afternoon, devouring the edibles and quaffing the molten amber of the American Jockey Club as though the foaming liquid had been as inexpensive as water. Numerous inventions to facilitate the means of the spectator in taking accurate notes of the tournament have been introduced since the spring races, and among these may be mentioned golden and scarlet figured bulletin boards of peculiar pattern. There was less competition for seats on the club stand, and a greter number (of ladies especially) viewed the sport from the balcony of the villa-like and fantastically painted clubhouse, which overlooks the track from a rocky eminence on the west, hanging like a fairy castle upon the rockside and seeming, from the appearant airiness of its structure, to have been built for the habitation of the elves which in old days were supposed to inhabit the woodlands and shady precincts of Fordham. Saving these alterations in the painting of the scenery—for Art has so metamorphosed Nature at the Jerome Park that the whole landscape seems like a scene painted upon canvas with all the rare devices of artistic composition—saving these alterations in the scenery of the affair, the general *ensemble* of the Park and the grouping of the lookers-on in the small Vienna of Fordham so resembled that of the early spring meeting that few points of distinction could possibly be made, and even the few specified could scarcely be deemed material.

Of course, as usual, New York emigrated to Fordham. The occasion and the day were of the sort to cause emigration. The weather was beautiful, and beautiful weather always infects New Yorkers with an instinctive impulse to exercise their horses, especially if the horses happen to be spirited, and the equipages in general unexceptionable. Again, the most available route for the exercise is up Fifth avenue to the Central Park, and through the new-planted groves of the Park to Eighth avenue. The upper end of the Park gained the pleasure-seeker is really in the neighborhood of Fordham—too near, in fact, to turn back, especially if there be the fascination of hurdle and handicap, witnessed by the lords and ladies of the upper ten thousand, to draw him thither. Into the general concourse that emerges from the Park upon the Bloomingdale road falls the leisure-burdened owner of span and Victoria, and is taken up in the whirling maelstrom of carriages that round the rather abrupt bend which leads into the open highway. Be it whim or fancy, if one is out with a span it is but natural to follow where the crowd leads, and so many people went to Fordham yesterday just because many others went, and because to be there was to be reckoned among the men of leisure and the millionaires of the metropolis, of whom New York numbers her thousands. Business makes money, and money builds splendid palaces and lays out magnificent grounds both in town and out of town—in the former case having little room for extensive operations in the art of landscape gardening, and in the latter case having plenty of room and plenty of nature's material out of which to fashion the artistically beautiful. Now, the Fordham road has had its full share of beautification in the way of villas and residences of every *ensemble* which art can invent. Nothing could be more beautiful than the scenery, both natural and artificial, from McComb's dam to the narrow road which leads, as Milton would say, with "many a bout of linked sweetness long drawn out" in the direction of the white steeple, by the sight of which one receives the first intimation that the village and the race course are near at hand. Besides, at this season of the year when the maples have put on their scarlet autumnal robes, and the oaks have plumed themselves with feathers of russet brown, there is a sort of double fascination in passing *en voiture*, or even on foot, the cliffs which make a sort of solid wall, crowned with splendid villas and ornamented with all the appliances of art, on the left of the road, from the dam, or rather the bridge, to the narrow highway which after a couple of miles of travel supervenes, and these make a number of reasons why Jerome Park is haunted on race days by everybody who can afford a scarlet monogram, or even a scarlet initial, upon the panel of the carriage, and especially by everybody who can afford gold plating upon harness or gold buttons, with aristocratic device, upon the gray or buff uniform of a liveried footman. In fact, Jerome Park is located just where it should be, and illustrates the old adage, that "the man of wit out makes a happy hit."

These, however, are only lesser reasons and not the main one, which is found in the fact that steeds famous in their way, as is Mr. Longfellow in his, congregate there and there stir the dust with hoof of fire in illustration of the old fable of Apollo, whose steeds of fire outran the sun and came to grief in consequence. Then, too, every detail of the affair was thoroughly arranged. Of stewards there were five, viz., W. R. Travers, Leonard W. Jerome, John Hunter, W. J. Emmett and Francis Morris—all competent to give a good account of their stewardship. Mr. Wheatly acted as clerk of the course; J. B. Irving had put on for the nonce the double title of handicapper and starter; Theodore Moss played the rôle of general superintendent; and through the united efforts of all, no pains were spared and no device was neglected to eliminate all possible disturbing elements. Wherefore, in punctuality as to time and precision as to following the programme, the four races of yesterday went onward to the climax with all the exactness of clockwork, or the still more minute exactness of the sentences of a practised rhetorician. If anybody failed to be on the ground precisely at one o'clock P. M., that person failed of seeing the first race—in other words, failed of apprehending the first member of the climax and was compelled to be content with incompleteness.

THE PILGRIMAGE TO THE MECCA OF HORSE RACING.

Aware of this odor of punctuality which has perfumed all doings at Jerome Park, Fifth avenue was early on the ground, having started early in the morning. At nine o'clock, toilets were in progress; at ten, carriages were at the door, and at half-past eleven the avenue was a moving sea of carriages, mostly headed northward. Fifth avenue woke, in fact, an hour earlier than usual yesterday morning—woke up with a general yawn, and the word went round that it was race day—woke up bubbling over with the enthusiasm, which, like Ben Butler, on a different occasion, had been bottled and corked by the weather on Saturday, not to be uncorked until Tuesday, and, meanwhile, to ferment. At ten o'clock there was hardly a single carriage in motion on the avenue, though here and there gallant looking gentlemen in livery, with gold buttons wearing crests, initials or monograms, sat bolt upright in front of many a stately edifice waiting imperturbably, and as motionless as if asleep, for the appearance of the proprietors of the gay equipages over which they seemed to keep sentinel.

The waiting, however, was not long. As early as half-past ten every separate proprietor, having bolted his breakfast, put in an appearance, and away whisked span after span and equipage after equipage up the avenue and through the Fifth avenue gate of the Park.

Probably by far the greater proportion of those who witnessed the sports of the autumn meeting yesterday found their way to Fordham by road and not by railway or street car; and as, at eleven o'clock or thereabouts, carriages by the dozen wheeled into the Park, trappings and painting glittering in the mellow sunshine, there was something about the scene which might have fixed the gaze of a painter, if painters were not utterly addicted to landscapes and sunsets. The road thither was in excellent condition. A hint had been taken, and what the rain of last week had left undone was done yesterday morning by artificial means, not only through the Park, but thence to Fordham. Nobody was compelled to swallow the dust upralled by regiments of vehicles; nobody was enveloped by the crust of the earth before his time, and nobody was annoyed by having to cut his way through clouds of flying sand. Although it might have been expected that the copious rain of Saturday would have been sufficient, still that was not depended upon. The waterers of the roads, with their queerly fashioned vehicles, laden with Croton, were almost ubiquitous and did their duty well and faithfully from the upper end of Fifth avenue even to the immediate vicinity of the Jerome Park. From the entrance to the Park, winding through the shaded drives which take one past lake and gilded pagoda to the northward, a long view of the procession could be caught. It was as if a vast, black and frequently jointed serpent was whisking with rapid and sinuous motion, onward and northward, with its head set in the direction of McComb's dam. In turning the sharp curve leading out of the Park, a full view was again caught of the winding procession speeding in ranks three deep, with prancing steeds and rapid, whirling wheels which threw off the spoars of the autumnal sunshine in scintillant and glancing javelins of gold. Five miles an hour was the gait of the procession through the Park, for gentlemen in gray, as if Circe had been there, seemed to have sprung up at intervals of every ten rods from one end of the Park to the other, whose business it was to see that no rule of the Commissioners was trespassed upon and that nobody overwent the specified speed by those punctilious gentlemen dictated. Nevertheless, there was some little driving that exceeded the legal rate per hour; for the gentlemen in gray were not too punctilious in their discrimination, and, besides, it is difficult to make oath to a rate of speed which is in excess of the mile in twelve minutes, especially if the excess be not more than twenty per cent of the original five. Out upon the main road the head of the winding procession crawled at last, however, in spite of the embodied lynxes which haunted the way; and then the word was "two forty," and the regimens of fashion rode fast and faster, like the wierd and stricken old man in Goethe's "Erl King." For a couple of miles some steeds almost out-trotted the coursers of the wind, and, again, a period was put to their galloping by the ominous sign of warning painted in large letters at the bridge:—"One Dollar Fine for Driving on this Bridge Faster than a Walk," which, by the way, is no driving at all, but only a cessation from driving. Then, too, there were a couple of gentlemen in blue with shields, not so large as that worn by Don Quixote, but far more potent in their way, who guarded the entrance to the span across the river, and made it their especial business to see that the ominous warning of the signboard was not in the leastwise trangressed. "Hold up there" was the word to one; "A little too fast, my gay fellow," was buried into the ear of another; "Not quite so fast, sir knight," was insinuated to a third; and thus went round the warning until policemen were hoarse with hallooing and everybody else was quite deafened for the time with the croaking notes of the two sturdy guardsmen who kept up the din. The bridge was passed at last, however, after some swearing on the part of young bucks, which swearing was audible, and some oathing on the part of elderly gentlemen, which oathing was gentedly inaudible; and the bridge being the Rubicon, the passing of which leads to Fordham, every separate Cæsar drove on at furious gait.

OUT OF THE WOODS.

Thus with the rapid collings and windings of the long body, the serpent's head insinuated itself into the narrow road, a mile or two of which lies between the bridge and the Jerome course, and presently the head emerged again and looked in the direction of the grounds nestled among the hills and woodlands, like a gem of art sweetly set in a setting of natural scenery. Then and there the head of the procession was suddenly cloven in twain, and spread itself out in wings like the bat-winged Apollyon in Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." The goal of every Cæsar in the procession was at hand; the parti-painted club house sprang suddenly in view; the banners and fantasies of the grand stand uprose upon the sight like dozens of parti-colored wings seeking to uplift from earth the huge edifice upon the cornice of which they were planted; and all the varied paraphernalia of stables of Italian pattern, and paddocks of every pattern, dawned as suddenly upon the vision as an idea or a witticism used to dawn upon the brain of Douglas Jerrold, or as suddenly as a grotesque fantasy used to dawn upon the mind of Tom Hood, the defunct and fantasy stricken. Multitudes were already there, and more were coming. Already the vicinity of the club house was thronged with carriages and the club house itself with the butterflies of fashion, gilded and ungilded.

AN HOUR OF NOTE-TAKING

from the main balcony of the club house and the anatomy of the scene were comprehended and reduced to an analysis. Here were congregated constellations of beauty which old Arabic Aldebaran might have been proud to have added to his host of Moslem stars. Diamonds, neither Californian nor Australian—in short, diamonds scintillant and fiery as the red rubies of Pegu or the miniature suns brought up from Golconda—threw back quick spears of every hue as the sunshine fell upon them and vivified them into shining globules. Here were gentlemen in velvet, though none in fashion, who wore the arms of the American Jockey Club and the scarlet ribbon, and gentlemen wore the complimentary badge, and, therefore, passed where they would unquestioned. In front of the spectator lay the field, dotted here and there with groups of lookers-on and speculators as to the result. On the left and nearly covering the background of the picture were hosts of carriages, the men in livery still sitting like statues bolt upright upon the boxes, just exactly in the same manner as, two hours before, they had sat bolt upright upon the same boxes by many a lion-guarded door along the Fifth avenue. Still further to the northwest were groups of vehicles, dotting every cliff and eminence with large black dots, and seeming to have dropped like sudden blots upon the blank surface of the grounds. At the right again and upon the grass-plat near the public entrance was another huge, black blot of carriages, and directly in front, upon the elevated plane beyond the grand stand, drivers, by the dozen, lolled at lazy ease. Beyond some few had impressed the neighboring trees into service, thereby saving an honest penny and still getting the penny's worth for which they came—thus illustrating in a rather ridiculous way the adage of the oft-quoted and pioneer Benjamin of the American press.

The crowd in general was less than at the initial spring meeting, though, certainly, the aristocratic element of the metropolis was scarcely less largely represented.

[Little time had the spectator, however, for taking notes upon the general scene; and it only remains to be added that Jerome Park, clad in the livery of autumn, seemed even more beautiful than Jerome Park clad in the livery of spring, and made, indeed, with its oaks and maples standing like huge blossoms of scarlet and dusky red, an almost Eden-like setting for the brilliancy and *eclat* of the opening day.]

A SUDDEN DEATH.

The races began with commendable punctuality at the time appointed, and were marred only by a single unfortunate accident at the outset—an accident to which all hurdle racing is liable unless conducted with peculiar skill. During the progress of the first race the rider of the Negrita, an English jockey by the name of Martin Cassidy, lately imported by Mr. Jerome, was thrown in jumping a hurdle, and almost instantly killed—the accident being occasioned by the rather inartistic riding of the jockey, who paid the penalty of his lack of skill and caution with his life. In attempting to leap the third hurdle the unfortunate fellow bore down so heavily upon Negrita that the hoof of the flying courser caught in the hurdle, and Cassidy was hurled forward with fearful velocity, turning a couple of complete somersaults and falling head foremost upon the track—Negrita ditto-ing the evolution and falling upon her rider. The wounded jockey was taken up and conveyed from the course by Sergeant Stiers, assisted by a couple of policemen—his teeth having been shattered and his jaw broken by the concussion. In all the gaudiness of the jockey dress, white with the brown sash, the bleeding mass of humanity was spirited away as suddenly as it fell, and the races were resumed. Dr. Sayres, who happened to be on the ground, made an examination of the injuries of the unfortunate man, but even before a decision had been rendered, a gasp and rattle in the throat warned the astute surgeon that the injuries were quite sufficient to make even the most scientific examination unnecessary, and in five minutes after the accident the patient was dead, stone dead; had passed into that country where jockeyism is not a profession and hurdle races are unknown. For nearly an hour the facts of the matter were kept secret, but at last it oozed out in spite of precaution, and was whispered to and fro. Then the telegraph took up the rumor, and New York was aware that a sudden death had occurred at Fordham before Fordham was aware that an accident had happened. Thus endeth the biography of a jockey, though it remains to be added that several ladies, shocked by the accident, left the stand, betook themselves to their carriages, and left the scene to itself and less sensitive spectators.

But in order to comprehend the order of going it is necessary to allude to the several other routes by which one is transferred from New York to the vicinity of the race ground. Street cars had no large patronage yesterday—those who had no liking for a span and a monogram availing themselves of the accommodating excursion trains of the Harlem Railroad, fare twenty-five per cent premium on the regular tariff. A photograph of the scenes of the day as seen from this stand-point follows:—

THE CITY EXCURSIONISTS.

If any proof were needed that racing has grown greatly in popularity with the people, it might be readily adduced from the gathered throngs that clustered about the depot of the Harlem Railroad at Forty-second street. Long before the day of the display, the officers of this route had advertised to take such as might wish to witness the Jerome Park show to the racing grounds. The result proved that the provision of such accommodation, with all its attending and culpable delays, was a wise business forethought on the part of the directors of the road, for the cars were thronged with those eager to see the sights. At eleven o'clock, crowds of ladies and gentlemen assembled at the ticket office and swarmed the surrounding corners, anticipating that the train would depart for the racing arena, clutched in the embrace of the high lands and curving roads of Fordham, where the high mettled equine competitors reside, punctually at the appointed hour. But alas, human expectations fail when railroads are concerned, and notwithstanding the alacrity to sell their tickets and accept the money of the populace, the promise to punctually give value received was indeed distant in the directors' minds. They delayed; they seemed indifferent to the impatient mutterings of the gentlemen and the feeble ejaculations of surprise of the ladies, who coupled their mutterings of the officials' indifference with the fluttering of ribbons and the poising of fantastical plumed heads. Half-past eleven had long sunk into the past, but yet the train was immovable. The people waxed wroth; they felt inclined to pronounce the train and the supposititious accommodations a humbug, when, within a few seconds of noon, whistles blew and with a funereal movement the cars wended their snakelike form onward to the grand scene of contest. The company gathered on board the train was worthy of the sport they had started to witness. They came from the business centres of the metropolis, from the quiet, gentlemanly circles of the country; came in many instances with their ladies, brilliant in their autumn toilets, and thus were of the very highest respectable quality. Justly enraged with the outrageous spirit of indifference and detention illustrated in the company's employés, one or two Mark Tapley individuals, always "jolly" under the most afflicting circumstances, determined to make the best of this minor misery, and conceived and put into execution the idea of supplanting Underwood in the way of selling "pools." This created a great interest, some excitement and no little merriment, infusing joviality into the hitherto cross-grained throngs. Some said Zara was the favorite, obtaining heavy odds among the passengers; while the queer cognomened Leatherlungs sold at a high figure. Those who offer the long odds, however, were noticed to be the individuals who manifest the evident opinion that they are the "knowing ones" of the party. For the rest, however, the ladies the most enthusiastic, had his or her especial favorite among the constellation of blooded animals. The provokingly slowness of the "direct" train was made the subject of a learned and indignant dissertation from an individual upon monopolizing railroads in general, who had many sympathizers in his various mournful experiences; but he was cut short by the sudden jerk of the train, and the announcement of the journey's end. With boisterous jollification the thousands alight and delightedly wemp their way through a cluster of New York's faithful blue coated guardians.

TO THE TRACK.

Here, through a grove of hickory and oak giants, whose rich tints of foliage extend to the golden haze that flits like a canopy over the wooded enclosure, the footsteps of the now merry gathering rustle the dry leafage that strews the narrow path. It was an occasion when the genial influences of man's better nature should shine with diamond brilliancy, as the scene was calculated to excite the happiest feelings of the human frame and the human heart. It was a day and an assemblage that even could one have lost his reckoning have been distinguished as the Jerome Park day and an American Jockey Club gathering, long before the music of the neighing steeds in the stables, or the silken national emblem floating triumphantly upon the club house announced its advent; long before the scarlet-clad jockeys upon the turf denoted the welcome day of sport. A peculiar tranquillity seemed to reign throughout nature's wide domain; the very wind seemed to whisper pleasantly as it swept through the bronzed arches of the old woods; the birds sprang aloft in the shifting golden air more fearlessly than is their wont, and crossed your path with a bolder chirp. Thus passing through the sunshine and gay garniture of the woods, the course was reached; the brilliant, gaudy panorama that broke upon the view from the curving roads, and the princely equipages, with their gayly caparisoned steeds, harmonized sweetly with the thoughts and feelings awakened by the genial autumn morning, and the anticipated sportive feast and its attending contests.

COUNTRY EXCURSIONISTS.

Long before the hour at which the curbed and straining steeds were to be brought out for inspection and display, hundreds of every conceivable character of vehicles, noted by the peculiarity of dusty wheels and earnest occupants had encircled the course of the races. They were "first upon the spot," first for the "fun of the fair," and had selected the most advantageous positions for seeing and hearing. They had come from every farmhouse, from every villa buried amid the verdure-clad valleys, meandering so lovingly through that country, and from the covered knolls that dot in their emerald sweetness every rod of the surrounding land. Early breakfasts had been the order of every family, and from the sudden bolting of the matutinal meal, had started for the point of interest and nestled upon their arrival upon either hand of the public and field stands, set so prettily at the foot of the curving hills, radiant yesterday in their golden scenery. The majority of these country excursion carriages were old, elaborate family barouches, fitted up with more than usual care to accommodate the entire household, so from *père* and *mère* down to the curliest-headed child, all were on hand.

THE EXTERNAL VIEWS.

A scene of novel and striking beauty meets the eye. Carriages, gayly painted, making their mirror-like sides more resplendent by the dusty frameworks of the less pretentious, are on all sides. They rest in thick clusters, their steeds quietly, as it were, lifting their heads, vieing in their elevations with the drivers and occupants, who, either from indifference as to position or lack of the "needful," are on the outside. Having inspected the racing horses as they gayly step to cheerful words of the dusky grooms, infusing by this necessary exercise the greater elasticity into their sleeky limbs, and enthusiastically pointing out the gayly attired jockeys who imbey discover modestly walking near their favorite horses, they select one of the number from the many and speak of his fine points, his powers of endurance as if they were as *fast* in equine flesh, and banter their friends to bet upon his or her success.

Soon they start, and as the flakes of foam fall from the bit of the curbed and straining steeds the pleasure of the gathering assumes an ecstatic and audible character. They mount to the seats of their carriages and extend their bodies to their utmost limit to see them as they rush down the quarter stretch and approach the stand. Everybody is willing to stake his "pile" that the leader of the flying contestant is his especial favorite. If money changes not hands, promises to do this and that are exacted from pretty lips on such stubborn ventures. The race ended, some begin to felicitate themselves upon their luck and happiness, while others seemed to be enveloped in a cloud and begin to croak; these are the sort of people—and they are everywhere—who never have gazelle-eyes to glad them with their dark black eyes, but when they come to know them and love them, they are sure to die; who never have a piece of toast particularly good and wide, that falls not on the sanded floor, and always on the buttered side. They protested against their proverbial ill luck, and seemed to forget that horse racing, with all its beauteous framework and exciting incident, is prolific of disappointments.

Between the races, field glasses and luncheon are produced simultaneously, as fair eyes and fairer forms look over upon the grand club house, perched so beautifully upon the gently rising knoll, set in an emerald framework, decorated with colored bunting in honor of its part of the play, the gay excursionists and sightseers scrutinize the fashion-laden galleries, descanting upon plumes and gallant cavaliers, and nibble at their bread and cheese as they comment.

ON THE HILLS.

Surrounding the course in their curving form and rendering the plateau below more enchanting by the contrast, the knolls, almost hills in their altitude, presented an appearance that was alike beautiful and unique. The monarchs of the forest that crown the heights are robed in purple and gold, and now and then the red flakes descended from the huge oaks like drops of blood from warring giants. Beneath these in clusters, and anon alone, there was gathered exquisitely fashioned ladies with their chaperons, scanning with all the animation and bustle characterizing the throngs at their feet, the tramping racers, making up the vast congregation to welcome them in returning victory. Imagining the long range of golden hills and gentle slopes, bounded on either side by the grand stands on the one hand and the flying steeds on the other, and the ocean of carriages as a framework, all lit up by the sunniest of sunshines, and one may obtain an idea of the initial point of yesterday's racing *fete*. The cream of the *fete*, however, follows, and is embodied in the races themselves.

The Racing.

Finer racing was perhaps never witnessed than that which occurred at Jerome Park yesterday. It was the postponed day—the extra day as it was called—of the autumnal meeting of the American Jockey Club; and but for a sad accident to the rider of one of the hurdle horses, who was so unfortunate as to be killed by the falling of his horse, it would have been a most joyous day indeed. Four races were among the events of the day, and capital races they were. Julius won the hurdle race, leaping beautifully. In the second race James S. Watson's horse, Captain Moore, arrived first at the winning post in the quickest time on record; but having swerved across the track while coming up the stretch, the race was given to Enchantress, who was second, the judges deciding that his interference had shortened the stride of the mare and lessened her chances of winning the race. The third race—mile heats—was a singularly interesting race, and required four heats to decide it. There were four entries, one of which was entirely out of place, and was distanced in the first heat, the contest being between General McMahon, Clement and Redwing. It was a remarkably quick and well contested race throughout, and was ultimately won by General McMahon by barely half a head. The fourth and concluding race of the day was between two two-year olds, one belonging to Mr. Morris and the other to Mr. Sandford. The race was won by Mr. Morris' colt after a sharp and exciting struggle.

THE FIRST RACE.

HURDLE RACE for all ages, one and three quarter miles, over six hurdles, welter weights, for horses that never won a hurdle race; $500 to the winner, $100 to the second horse.

D. McDaniel entered b. h. Julius, by Lexington, dam Juka, by Glencoe, 5 years old, 152 lbs. 1
M. J. Brown entered ch. h. Tycoon, by Omera, dam Nota Price, by Cost Johnson, aged, 156 lbs. 2
C. F. Ehwes entered br. h. Leatherlungs, by Lexington, dam Gossamer, by Glencoe, aged, 156 lbs. 3
C. J. Alloway entered b. f. Zara, by Lexington, dam Zeta, by Zenita, 4 years old, 143 lbs. 4
F. A. Hargous entered ch. m. Red Bird, no pedigree, aged, 153 lbs. 5
M. G. McMahon entered blk. m. Negrita, no pedigree, aged, 153 lbs. 0

Time, 3:35½.

Julius was the favorite before the start. In the last pool he sold for $300, Zara bringing $125, Leatherlungs $45, and the others together selling for $75. The race being a mile and three-quarters, the horses were started on the inside track, which runs from a point beyond the judges' stand, and intersects the regular track at the foot of the bluff on which is the club stand, where the first hurdle was erected. The horses were started very evenly, and moved off at a brisk gallop, Tycoon leading, Zara second, Red Bird third, Julius fourth, Negrita fifth and Leatherlungs sixth. In the above order they jumped the first hurdle so prettily as to elicit a burst of applause from the admiring spectators. They then went around the bend to the right and then again to the left to the lower turn, about midway on which stood the second hurdle. The horses were now racing and each seemed to be struggling for the lead. Zara, however, was the first to reach the hurdle and passed over it in gallant style, followed closely by Tycoon, then Julius, with the black mare close up to him. The latter, however, did not seem to jump, but as she reached the hurdle turned a somersault, throwing her rider under and falling heavily upon him, killing him instantly. The mare turned over again, and then got up and cantered a short distance after the other horses. Leatherlungs was close up to the mare when she fell, and when he made the jump barely escaped her. Red Bird was the last, but had no jump to make, for the hurdle was down. At the third hurdle, which was about midway up the homestretch, Julius was the first to take the leap, and he did it right gallantly with his head and tail erect, followed closely by Zara, who gave the top rail a remembrancer; Tycoon third, Leatherlungs fourth and Red Bird last and a good way behind. The three leaders then had a sharp run up past the judges' stand. As they went around the upper turn Julius led four lengths, Tycoon second, Leatherlungs third, Zara fourth, who could not keep pace with the others, and Red Bird a very bad fifth. The fourth hurdle, at the foot of the bluff, Julius went over handsomely six lengths ahead of Tycoon, who was a length ahead of Leatherlungs, four lengths being between him and Zara, Red Bird a long way off. They kept up strong running around the bend and along the lower turn to where the fifth hurdle had to be jumped, but when they reached the bushes to the surprise of all there was no jumping to be done, and they were all doing their best at "flat" work. Julius had the most foot, and came up the homestretch leading several lengths. As he went over the last hurdle he struck it with all fours, but did not falter, and dashing away from the others came home a winner by two or three lengths, Tycoon second, Leatherlungs third, two lengths behind, but six lengths in front of Zara, who was one hundred yards ahead of Red Bird. Time, 3:35½.

SECOND RACE.

HANDICAP for all ages, one mile and a quarter, $50 entrance, half forfeit, and only $10 if declared; $700 added by the Club; closed with thirty-nine entries, eight of which came to the post.

T. B. Reed entered ch. m. Enchantress, by Lexington, dam Ellen Bateman, by Glencoe, 4 years old, 83 lbs. 1
J. W. Weldon entered ch. c. Local, by Lightning, dam Maroon, by Glencoe, 4 years old, 102 lbs. 2
J. H. Dowling entered br. m. Lurline, by Knight of St George, dam by Trustee, 6 years old, 78 lbs. 3
Messrs. Forbes and Jerome entered b. h. Luther, by Lexington, dam Belle Lewis, by Glencoe, 5 years old, 101 lbs. 4
M. H. Sandford entered ch. m. Earring, by Ringgold, dam Emma Wright, by Vandal, 5 years old, 100 lbs. 5
J. W. Weldon entered ch. g. Aldebaran, by Commodore, dam Nannie Lewis, aged, 110 lbs. 6
R. B. Forbes, Jr., entered br. h. Climax, by Balrownie, dam Jewell, aged 108 lbs. 7
Jas. S. Watson entered br. h. Captain Moore, by Balrownie, dam Jenny Rose, by Glencoe, aged, 102 lbs. ..... r. o.

Time—2:12¼.

The betting was very brisk on this race. Mr. Dowling's entries, Enchantress and Lurline, had the call in the pool selling, bringing in the last pool previous to the start $510, while Dr. Weldon's two, Aldebaran and Local, brought $425, Captain Moore $310, Climax $260, Earring $100, and Luther $100. The race being a mile and a quarter, the horses were started from the three-quarter pole at the head of the homestretch, and a worse start was never witnessed on any track, four of them getting away together, while the other four remained so long behind as to preclude all chance of reaching their more fortunate competitors, Enchantress, Captain Moore, Luther and Local. Enchantress took the lead, closely followed by Captain Moore, Luther third and Local fourth, and in this way they came rattling up the stretch and passed the stand. Afterwards came Earring, Lurline and Aldebaran, with Climax bringing up the rear, but so far behind that his chances were entirely out. There was little change of position until the half-mile pole was passed, when Captain Moore and Local began to close on Enchantress. As they went around the lower turn they took sides with her, and as they entered the homestretch Captain Moore was at her head. He beat her up the stretch to the drawgate, and was leading over a length, when he swerved to the left and crossed her. The mare had to pull out to the right; but Captain Moore was too far in advance to be overtaken, and he went under the string two lengths ahead of her in the quickest time, we believe, that was ever recorded—2:12¼. Local was a good third, and by the ruling out of Captain Moore for crossing the track got second place; Lurline came in next, then Luther, Earring, Aldebaran and Climax.

THIRD RACE.

PREMIUM $600, entrance money to second horse, mile heats.

J. G. Moore entered b. c. General McMahon, by Lexington, dam Magenta, by imp. Yorkshire, four years old 3 1 3 1
D. McDaniel entered br. c. Clement, by Lexington, dam Lucy Fowler, three years old. 2 3 1 2
L. W. Jerome entered b. f. Redwing, by Balrownie, dam Cyclone, by Vandal, three years old 1 2 2 3
H. Booth entered ch. h. Warbashaw, by Young Langford, dam by Monmouth Eclipse, six years old ..... dis.

time, 1:46¾—1:48—1:52¾—1:53¼.

Before the start Clement sold for the highest price in the pools, bringing $525, while General McMahon brought $430, and Redwing and Warbashaw together were knocked down for $60.

First Heat.—Redwing got off first, and showing the others the way kept in front all the way around, coming in half a length ahead of Clement, who was six lengths ahead of General McMahon, the latter having been taken in hand about half way up the stretch. The horse with the high-sounding title was distanced. Time, 1:46¾.

Second Heat.—Clement had the best of the send off this time; but before he got around the upper turn General McMahon rushed to the front, and led by two lengths to the quarter pole, Clement second, half a length ahead of Redwing. Going around the bluff Redwing ran into second place, and putting on the steam challenged the General on the lower turn. They entered the homestretch yoked, and after a neck and neck struggle the General went under the string a winner by a short neck. Clement was pulled up at the distance stand and jogged home. The finish was very exciting. Time, 1:48.

Third Heat.—Clement again took the lead and made sharp running from the start, going round the turn one length in front of Redwing, who was one length in front of McMahon. At the quarter pole Redwing forced the pace and reached his flanks, but making the bend to the right he shook her off at the half-mile pole. She collared him again on the lower turn, when the General also put on steam, and at the three-quarter pole they were all lapped. A beautiful and exciting run home ensued, Clement winning by three lengths, Redwing second two lengths ahead of McMahon. Time, 1:52¾.

Fourth Heat.—Clement was now the favorite, selling in the pool for $560, to McMahon $360, and Redwing $105. General McMahon took the lead at the start, and went around the turn two lengths in advance of Redwing, who was one length in advance of Clement. As they came around the bluff Clement passed the tilly and was soon lapped on the General, and one of the most exciting contests commenced, which lasted all around the lower turn and up the homestretch, McMahon winning by a short head. Redwing was about six lengths behind. Time, 1:53¼.

FOURTH RACE.

SWEEPSTAKES for two year olds, entrance $1,000, half forfeit, to carry 100 lbs., one mile, which closed with subscriptions by Mr. Sandford and Mr. Morris.

Mr. Morris entered ch. c. Boaster, by imp. Eclipse, dam Vanity, by Revenue 1
Mr. Sandford entered b. c. Northumberland, by Lexington, dam Novice, by Glencoe 2

Time, 1:51.

Northumberland was the favorite. Boaster took the lead, which he made into two lengths going around the turn; was a length and a half in front at the quarter pole, one length at the bluff, and half a length at the half-mile pole. On the lower turn Northumberland took sides with him, and they ran yoked until a short distance from the winning post, when Northumberland began to give out, and Boaster beat him a length and a half. Time, 1:51.

To-Day's Races—Pool Selling Last Night.

The sporting crowd that gathered at Dr. Underwood's pool room, at the Broadway Club House, last evening, was greater and more enthusiastic in a pool buying way than on Monday evening. They bid in the liveliest manner possible, each vieing with the other to possess at least one pool where the favorite of each race was named. There are three races of interest and of presumptive excitement set forth by the Stewards for to day, viz:—the Champion stakes, for three year olds, the Nursery stakes for two year olds, and the premium for all ages, two mile heats. The pools sold embraced the two first only. The sums brought by the favorites are as follows:—

FIRST RACE—CHAMPION STAKES.

Fanny Chestam	$420	600	605	650
Metaris	90	155	150	125
De Courcey	65	100	110	110
Sleety	65	90	125	100
Morrissey	50	80	105	80

SECOND RACE—NURSERY STAKES.

Morris' entry	$70	70	80	100
Bacon's entry	70	55	67	66
Sanford's entry	40	65	60	65

It has been generally understood that Kentucky would start to-day in his great match against time, he to beat 7:20, a single dash of four miles, with one hundred and twenty pounds up. Mr. Jerome does not consider the track in order for such a performance at present, and consequently will not start his horse to-day, and wishes his friends to make no bets "play or pay."

THE PRIZE RING.

Desperate Fight Between Teddy McGuire and Phil Crowley for $200—Forty-three Rounds in One Hour and Forty-three Minutes—McGuire Wins by a Foul Blow.

[From the Evening Telegram of yesterday.]

For some time past the above noted pugilists have been undergoing a training preparatory to a fight for $200, which was put up about six weeks ago to test their qualifications once more in the prize ring.

The party left the city last evening by the Erie Railroad, and proceeded as far as Chemung, where they arrived about midnight. There they disembarked and proceeded about two miles down the Chemung river, where a suitable place had been selected, and an inner and outer ring were pitched in a secluded spot.

At daylight, everything being in readiness, both men jumped into the ring.

Crowley was seconded by his brother, Jim Crowley, and Patsey Black, while McGuire was seconded by Edward Cahill and Edward Bowles. Crowley won the choice of corners, Sam Melville was selected as referee, and both men stripped for their work.

The fight was immediately begun, and progressed as follows:—

ROUND 1.—After a few passes McGuire sent out his left but fell short. He tried it a second time, but Crowley got away very nicely and sent in his right on McGuire's ribs.

ROUND 2.—McGuire tried his right this time, but only succeeded in getting in a slight tap on Crowley's nose, receiving heavily on the ribs.

ROUND 3.—Crowley sent out his left and caught McGuire on the right cheek, drawing first blood, which was duly acknowledged.

ROUND 4.—Both men stood for a while before going to one another, when Crowley got in a body blow. McGuire then ran in and caught Crowley around the waist and threw him.

ROUND 5.—Crowley sent in a good one on McGuire's ribs, but received a heavy blow over the left eye.

ROUND 6.—Both tried to force the fighting, and managed to get in general body blows, when they closed and Crowley was thrown.

ROUND 7.—Crowly got in a good one over McGuire's right eye and one in the mouth. McGuire, however, managed to punish Crowley severely about the body.

ROUND 8.—As Crowley came up McGuire sent in his right with powerful effect, sending him to grass amid the applause of his friends. First knock down claimed and allowed.

ROUND 9.—Crowley came up somewhat mortified over the last round, and paid McGuire off by striking him a terrific blow over the left eye, putting it partly in mourning.

ROUND 10.—There was very little fighting in this round, but playing shy. McGuire, after getting in one blow, dropped to avoid.

ROUND 11.—Crowley received a blow in the mouth and McGuire one in the ribs, and both went down.

ROUND 12.—Crowley in again on McGuire's nose; but got several hot ones about the ribs for his pains.

ROUND 13.—Light exchanges and Crowley down to avoid.

ROUND 14.—Crowley received several in the mouth and nose, drawing the ruby quite freely, when McGuire sent in a stunner and again sent Crowley to grass.

ROUND 15.—Crowley played shy of his man and, after putting in a blow, went down.

ROUND 16.—A blow on Crowley's ribs and McGuire down to avoid.

ROUND 17.—On coming up the men made a desperate rush for each other, fought wildly to a close and McGuire was thrown.

ROUND 18.—Crowley punished McGuire badly about the head, but received a stinging blow over the right eye, nearly closing it.

ROUND 19.—This was desperately contested. The men punished each other fearfully about the head, but finally McGuire was fought down on the ropes.

ROUND 20.—Crowley made a bold effort to force the fighting and managed to get in several heavy blows, but was finally thrown.

ROUND 21.—An exchange and Crowley down.

ROUND 22.—Crowley in on McGuire's nose and ribs, but received himself a present in the mouth.

ROUND