

which I daresay is well known, the surprising leap or buck-jump a deer will give when he fatally whilst standing still. Old Glack having promised to come back this way in the afternoon, I left the buck in the fork of a tree, as Reynolds said we should get a better breakfast than that where we were going. The valley we were now passing was full of deer and turkey—a beautiful place for a hunting-camp; and, as the rocks in some places looked very ragged, I am sure there was any quantity of wild honey.

We soon arrived at the Sabinas Cañon. In the middle of an open

place, a large palisaded fort had been built by the settlers, for their mutual protection, each family occupying a distinct apartment. The main entrance was by a narrow path, and the gate to the gateway—some scores of ragged children and their noisy mothers, and a motley troop of grizzly old trappers and frontiersmen—also a good sprinkling of the white and red warriors, were ranged on either side. It was not certain they would have attacked us in earnest if their masters had not conducted to call them in. A troop of some fifty or sixty rangers came a little way off, had loaded their guns, and then returned, mounted, and had been out for the fun of the thing and a Texan's love of adventure. We were loath that a party of rangers were sent to the fort, and we were glad that the party of rangers would join the party we had been pursuing. After looking to our arms, we were asked to go to one of the houses, where we had a splendid breakfast—venison, eggs, and coffee, and a little of the best of the country's produce, and coffee, and tolerable bread, which latter article I do not care much for when out to the wilds; a taste of Bourbon whiskey served to wash it down, and a goodly quantity of stout, which was the trappers' drink, to kill a mile off.

[illegible]

After examining Ginko determined to give it up, and Reynolds and I, after smoking a pipe, decided under the circumstances it was best, so we jumped lightly back down the hillside. As we were about halfway down, however, the hills sloped over great signs of bear, and we saw several tracks leading down the slope. We thought of them having some branches turn off for the acorns. Close to the edge of one of the ravines, we found a muddy water-hole, surrounded by a dense growth of brush, and a few small trees growing. An oak tree close by had several rude drawings on the trunk—one representing a Comanche chief holding a pistol, also an Indian on a white horse, and another showing a man on foot. It was evident that he or she they wanted to explain to another party that there was a path across the tops of the mountains; this was represented on a line across them, the bows being placed in the direction of "the divide." I found a piece of hide, which I recognised as buffalo, lying on the ground near the water-hole. The whole scene, although it was quite an interesting stopping-place, though I should much have liked to see the artists at work. We enjoyed the view as we lay down for dinner off some venison which old Ginko had just killed.

[illegible]

Next day, I and Reynolds struck out for the Honda, Glace and Handy going another way. We saw plenty of game on our return in the middle of the day. I spent about an hour bathing in a river which we crossed. There are generally plenty of fish in all the rivers in Texas. In the evening we saw a small band of deer; so as we were not far from camp, I got off, and after about twenty minutes' stalk, shot one. It was a fine specimen, and after deer came stopping at the tower, so I let him have my other barrel; and as he did not go many yards, we soon had one behind each of our saddles, and jogged leisurely home to the Honda, where I found all well, and thus ended my first mount after the Comanches.

I heard, a day or two after this, that the rangers at the Sabine Cession had determined on making a grand raid into the very heart of the Comanche country, and sent a special invitation to me; but, on account of the war and the unsettled state of the country, I was obliged to decline. I have since heard, as you are, that it was a wonderful country for game and wild scenery. I hear not antipathy against the poor Indians, but when you meet a Comanche, if you do not kill him he will try his best to kill you; besides, I could not well refuse to accompany old Gileos on this scout, as, although they had not stolen my horses, I could not tell what day I might have found them stolen, and then I should have been glad of the help of the

The frontiers of Texas are delightful hunting-grounds, deer and turkey being very abundant, bear very plentiful in certain localities, any quantity of wild honey, and large herds of mustangs in the more southern parts; the only drawback to sport being the present war and the incursions of hostile Indians. Many people were killed by the Comanches while I was in Texas, and we ourselves had one or two, I think, very narrow escapes.

A. V.

[illegible]

OOTING.

SNIPER-SHOOTING.
 "Is there a man with soul so dead
 Who never to himself has said—
 'Tis better to be snipe?'"

HARSHEN think not. Oh! give me a plump bird, roasted to a turn, shed also upon a piping hot and well-buttered piece of toast; draw a cork from a cool bottle of Bass's palest ale; and I'll promise you to take no bones of him!

Alas! what pleasures have I felt, what sorrows encountered, in the pursuit of these coveted morsels! Moving accidents of flood and field, I now forgotten save two adventures, that must for ever remain indelibly fixed upon my memory.

One was delightful—I went out shooting with a young lady! The
 her was horrible—I went out shooting with a swarm of hornets!
 Credulous reader, I am merely stating facts.
Place our dames!

Not long ago, whilst living in a sporting Irish county, I enjoyed most excellent snipe-shooting—not in those filthy bogs where one sinks in perdition or the armpits—not in perilous quagmires (green Erin's anomaly)—no, in rushy, "Government-drained" fields, with nice dry hanks all round, and six inches of water inside them. Capital sport I had; so good, indeed, that I excited the curiosity of one of Eva's sisters, who declared *noisy voices* she would see a day's snipe-shooting. I vainly endeavoured to dissuade her from such a hazardous undertaking. She said "she would go," so, of course, she did.

[illegible]

My other adventure proved not so agreeable. It occurred at Singapore, where one can shoot fifty, sixty, nay even eighty couple of snipe in a day, and fairable ducks, among rhododendron-bushes!

Three of us, according to my own dog—a black retriever named Bill—arrived after breakfast for the scene of slaughter, a few miles out of town. We found a dead hind and a pair of fawns, the first of which was a female, “the verticst troy,” must have made a bag. Indeed, the hind was a fine specimen, and I was glad to see her. I was not alone, as we floundered at the same time. Assisted by friend Bill, I was thus employed, when suddenly that worthy, clapping his tail against his side, uttered a cry which I have never since heard, and which I have since learned to caution to mad dogs! Supposing that a snake had bitten him, I proceeded to make tracks in the opposite direction; but was soon brought back by the sound of his baying, and I saw him springing like a man to many big wolves. Wilfully dashing my arms about, I was enabled to get away, and I saw the dogs tearing at their game, and swore they would fire if I came to close quarters. “Shoot away,” I yelled in agony; and, oh, Scissors! how sweet is the sound of a gun! I saw the dogs springing at the hind, and the hind “had come in for their share, and were scuffling under bare feet,” and I saw the dogs springing at the fawns, and I saw the dogs tearing at their game. For myself, I was brought up all sitting in a madly pood, where the enemy left me. And thus, without doubt, was the most unpleasant and the most painful a performance.

FOXES AND PHEASANTS.

—In the following is published the sincere hope that it may be of service to the sportsman in game preservation, by proper management and with honest keepers. In particular, it may be enjoyed to any extent, without—as is too frequently the case—being prejudicial to the more noble science of fox-hunting. Mr Chame Baylyne, of Cranbury Park, Hants, entertained last week his Serene Highness the Duke of Devonshire, the Earl of Suffolk, and Lord William Pountell, Sir F. Bathurst, and Mr Guildford Onslow, with two days' shooting in his preserves at North Baddeley, when the following game was bagged: pheasants, 960; hares, 160; rabbits, 239; partridges, 14; partridges, 3; teal, 1; and from two covers, that afforded the above sport, not less than three flocks of foxes were forced.

VERMUN SAR.

BATTLE SHOOTING.

SIR,—Your very sensible and temperate article on the *severe question* of
 statue-shooting will, I think, satisfy all parties, excepting, always,
 those who look on it as a "bloodthirsty, unsportsmanlike," and there-
 fore ungentlemanlike proceeding.

not being general fond of arguments on paper, because it seldom appears that either party is convinced, and so generally it is the case that great deal of acrimony and bitterness is displayed, whereby not only useful space is usurped, but a great many things are said which are afterwards regretted, I am well content to leave the matter alone.

That battle-shooting is a necessity of the age I am perfectly convinced; and as long as gentlemen will preserve highly there is no other conceivable way of getting rid of the game. I should be very loth to

To continue the analogy which Mr Francis Francis introduces into his reply to my letter, in which he rather likens me to a bullringier, "Old Silley barrister," I would merely remark that "my learned friend needn't be so cross!"

I most cordially agree in his definition of the word "sportsman," but at the same time do not understand why a man is necessarily acting in an unsportsmanlike manner when he is using even three breech-loaders. Yet, though the definition of sportsman will hold good for all ages and all times, still the manner of following sport must needs vary with circumstances. As civilisation advances, and as the genius of man invents even better weapons, it follows that the chances must continue to be against the game.

And so when *Requiem* first usurped the place of crossbones at *Accompagnato*, I was surprised to find that the "game" was taken? And when the old flirts gave way to the double persuasion game, they were again worse off than before. And now that breeches-are almost universally in vogue, and a man can find out ten times as much about a woman's character by her dress as she can by her words, the breech-ladder is again in vogue. And further, the using of two or even three breech-ladders, if necessary, is not a whit more inconsistent with the rules of the game than the use of a single ladder. I have seen a man use a double ladder, and I think that what Mr. Francis Francis lays down as the rule of the game, that the sportman's own gun ought to be sufficient for all his needs," he lays himself open to just the same kind of epithets being heaped upon him as I have just been heaping upon you. I am quite as much disposed to apply to those who use occasionally two or three breech-ladders; for I might just as well with fairness retort on him—"By using your double ladder, you are acting in a way which is not only inconsistent with the game; you are not acting in a way which we should have called sportsmanlike, but you are guilty of a bloodthirsty deed, and you shall have the satisfaction of seeing all our brethren, but not the happy hunting ground, come down on you."

the breech-loader, I maintain, is as much a necessity of this age as the percussion gun was of former days; and there is no more unfairness in using two or three breech-loaders for the "bouquet," than there was years back in using a double gun instead of a single one: in both cases an advantage was taken of the game, but not an unfair one.

And with reference to partridge-shooting, because Mr Francis Francis uses no sport in walking up his game, it by no means follows that it is sportsmanlike to do so. Of course, if he would as soon shoot larks in a stubble field, by all means let him do so: but that is no reason why

of good sportsmanship." It is, doubtless, a fine sight and excellent sport to see one or two well-trained dogs at work in a field, and under nice circumstances a very desirable way of shooting. But how seldom is that one really does meet with a good dog, still less seldom with a brace of perfectly well-trained pointers or setters! How many dogs will run in, how many chase a hare, and thus spoil all chance of sport, and, what is

your temper also. When you are being a man who was out with a very wild dog, which would run in, and chase, and do everything which a well-bred dog ought not to do. The result was, he shot next to nothing, and, rather a hasty man, lost his temper most dreadfully. The last act he was doing, I think, was that, he was seen standing in the middle of the field, shouting out imprecations against Dandy. "Dandy, Da-n-dy!—m-n you, Dandy!"

There are many Dandys still. Only imagine such a brute in a poor turnip field! But even if he were the best trained dog in the country, he would have no more than good, when there are five or six showing; and the harm is reciprocal, for if he spoils your sport, you will certainly spoil his good qualities.

hoping that Mr Francis Francis will ponder well the very excellent marks contained in your leader, and that those who do not denounce it may hear no more of such epithets as "bloodthirstiness," or in fear of getting pommelled by "thundering fists," I am, &c.

ELMDYR.

Sir,—Much useless controversy seems to have appeared in your journal on the subject of battue-shooting, as if the expressed opinions of a few individuals in a public newspaper could influence owners of veris as to how they ought to shoot them.

can see no other method of beating and shooting large coverts
loss by beaters and dogs. Redding as I do a few small strips, with a
ry little underwood, I in general go to work with an old pointer.
would, however, be more beneficial to fox-hunting were battues to
commence earlier, i.e. in October, as it would have the effect of driving
flocks about, and making them wild, and it would not encourage
rangers to show a large head of game when a frost comes; and the
owner a pleasant is in the season, the more palatable does he become
either *faisan roté*, or *faisan à la maître d'hôtel*.

VIATOR.

“Sire,—I do not offer myself as a champion of the button in the discussion which has lately arisen upon its merits, and it will perhaps surprise you to find me, Francis, that a devotee of that very sort of quiet, small-bag shooting hose advocate his, is, should accept, on behalf of a side to which he does not claim to belong, a challenge which has been more precipitately accepted than I could have expected. I am, however, in the habit of attending shooting; one friend, one attendant, one dog; and I am, on the ground, several miles from home, by nine a.m., and after beating hard all day, I return with a bag of some twenty or thirty head; and no batine or batine, and I am, I think, in the best of health, and in the best of spirits; but I should no more than I should expect or submit to the contempt which your promoters than I should expect or submit to the contempt,

[illegible]

Let us take these epithets as they come. First, if it affords so much amusement as to make thousands pursue it with the greatest zest, it cannot be without a meaning and an end. Men who frequent battues, whether as givers or as guests, are not of the sort to appreciate the less social and productive beat of a quiet shooter. It is not desirable that they should; and the class of shooting in which they indulge is an essential element in the society of the sporting world as are the men themselves who move in it. This will answer the second charge, for the

preserving necessary to provide so great a head of game cannot be maintained without great expense, but so long as a man can afford it, he will keep it up. It is hardly possible to find any unportsmanlike in Mr. Francis' conduct in this respect. He has no doubt been obliged to shoot with three breach-loaders as an unfair and therefore sportsmanlike advantage over game. Now the absurdity of this is manifest, for if men find pleasure in having guns loaded for them, and if they are not to be allowed to load their own guns, why not let Mr. Francis can surely not have meant, though to the uninitiated it might easily appear as if he did, that a man might use three guns to fire at the same bird. Let him march a squad of shooters after his own fashion, and let him shoot at his own game, but let him not use his own guns to shoot at the game of other people, and tell them to their faces they are no sportsmen.

I regret exceedingly that it is impossible to avoid becoming to some extent personal in discussions of this sort; and my sole object in offering these few remarks is to deprecate most vehemently, though by no means exclusively, the hostile spirit, the idea so solemnly entertained that the force of public opinion should be brought to bear against battues, and that, this being done, they will in time be suppressed. I confess it seems most regrettable that any one of "long experience" should be capable of such utter folly.

These questions, I believe you will agree, Sir, lead to no good ; they only engender jealousy and recrimination, things entirely incompatible with the true spirit of a sportsman. There is room enough for all ; let us each go our way, and don't let us be guilty of the gross impudence of dictating style and quantum to our neighbour. B. T. C.

[illegible]

As to battueshooting, except as regards the number of guns—and in this I agree with Mr Francis that each shooter should be limited to one breech-loader, or two muzzle-loaders—beyond this I think the sporting public have no right to interfere; and after the admirable leader in your last number, which I think says all that can be said on the subject, both for and against, I hope the matter will now drop, and that those who do not approve of battues show, by their refusing all invitations to join one, that they are sincere. GLENBERG.

[We are quite of "Glenberg's" opinion that the matter should now drop, and therefore declare the discussion at an end.—Ed.]

SPORT IN ALBANIA.

Sir,—Seeing, some time since in *THE FIELD*, a few letters about Albania, and the sport to be obtained, I think that, having with these tends passed a winter there, I am able to give some ideas of what we did and the sport to be obtained. Acting upon the advice of friends who had been there before, and had kindly given us every information in their power, we left England in the steamer "Rachet" at Malta, from whence we sailed to Corfu, and arrived about Dec. 15, when sport is said then to commence with the woodcock. During the time we were in and about Corfu we shot the country about there, viz. *Distretto, Santa Lucia, Parghesi, &c.*, and found plenty of sport with curlew, ducks, snipe, although we were told the season was far from being as good as usual.

On one occasion we left the vessel and went up to Canurio, some miles to the interior, and although we took every means to make our visit in that village pleasant, at the end of three days, although enjoying very fair sport, we had had quite enough of living among the Albanians, for their houses are far from being clean and air-tight. My impression is that any person wishing to visit Albania for sport either ought to go

PORT IN ALBANIA.

hus,—Seeing, some time since in THE FIELD, a few letters about Ilkka, and the sport to be obtained, I think that, having with three or four friends, a few days' time, I am anxious to give some ideas of what we might do in the sport to be obtained. Acting upon the advice of friends who had been there before, and had kindly given us every information in their power, we left England and joined our yacht at Malta, from thence we sailed to Corfu, and arrived about Dec. 15, when sport is said to be to commence with the woodcock. During the time we were in and about Corfu we shot the country about there, viz. *Salicaria*, *Santia*, *Alcedo*, *Alcedo*, *Alcedo*, &c., &c. The birds were very numerous, and snipe, although we were told the season was far from being as good as usual.

On one occasion we left the vessel and went up to Canurio, some miles to the interior, and although we took every means to make our visit in that village pleasant, at the end of three days, although enjoying very fair sport, we had had quite enough of living among the Albanians, for their houses are far from being clean and air-tight. My impression is that any person wishing to visit Albania for sport either ought to go

description from the pen of Mr. Buckland lately. However, a few days ago

message was brought that the hounds had gone to a covert some twelve miles away. Surely, Sir, a M.F.H. should in common courtesy keep better faith than this.—**ACTUARY**

to his directions. I perceive

MEETS.—Although, of course with his own bounds, Lord Leonfield is a master of foxhounds, he is bound not to transfer it to another place at some distance on Thursday, the 27th. Lord Leonfield's hounds meet, at 11.30 a.m. As it is about twelve o'clock and gone to a covert some in common courtesy keep

MEETS.—Although, of course with his own bounds, he is a master of foxhounds and bound not to transfer it to another place at some distance on Thursday, the 27th, Lord Leconfield's house.

Laxton Lass beat Lucy H.
| Buckstone bt Border Chief (dr. 1)
H.

Mr Henson's BUCKSTONE beat Mr Taylor's LAXTON LASS, and won.

SUNDERNE (SALOP) OPEN MEETING.—Dec. 29 & 30.

[illegible]

Mr. Taylor's r or l *Trinket*, by Dr. Reese = bk d *Reverend Sir*, by
Topsy Cake—Lutestring " R-gas—Glow-worm

Mr Handel's b'd w'd <i>Alvordale</i> ,	Mr J. E. Sandler's w'd w'd <i>Harold</i> ,
by <i>Dalgic-Mirville</i>	by <i>Laxley-Jenny Hodge</i>
Mr J. Jardine's b'd w'd <i>Jessie</i> , by	Mr T. Jones's w'd w'd <i>Lucy</i> , by
<i>Ross-Cordelia</i>	<i>Leitch-B-E-Edna Daunt</i>
Mr Black's b'd w'd <i>Bonnie Petrie Linn</i> ,	Lord Sefton's r'd <i>Daunt</i> ,
by <i>Regan-Mazurka</i>	David-Sweetheart
Mr Green's b'd d <i>Guyard</i> , by <i>Seagull-Gern</i>	Mr Dighton's d p d <i>Quinto</i> , by <i>Seagull-Golden Eye</i>
Mr Bateman's w b k d <i>Gipsy King</i> ,	Mr G. A. Thompson's w'd <i>Ticket of Leave</i> , <i>Bridgeport-Shepherd</i>
by <i>Conard-Silkworth</i>	Mr Evans's b'd d <i>Rosy Knight</i> , by
Mr J. Johnston's b'd w'd <i>Sailan</i> ,	

[illegible]

(about)	"	pider, Segull-r. Hoppeler k b
Mr Crane's bk d <i>Evanchester</i> , by	"	<i>Lord Grove</i> d <i>Wilson's f</i> b <i>Gila</i>
Segull-Clere Amie	"	<i>Acorn</i> by <i>Balmora</i> - <i>Morha</i>
Mr Davy's bk t <i>Convex China</i>	"	Mr Deighton's bk b <i>Sand</i> , by Dr.
by Monk of <i>Thomas</i> - <i>Mazurka</i>	"	<i>Faustina</i> - <i>Well Won</i>
Lord Sefton's bd d <i>Signal</i> , by Sky-	"	<i>Lord Uffington's bk d King Hal</i> , by
rocket-Susannah	"	<i>David</i> - <i>Trip the Daisy</i>
Mr J Jardine's r f d <i>Barker</i>	"	Mr Russell's r d <i>Resolving Light</i> ,
by Gilbert-Border Union	"	by <i>Beacon</i> - <i>Polly</i> .
Breeze heat <i>Galeaty</i>	H.	<i>Crabsther heat</i> <i>Convex China</i>

[illegible]

Lord Sifton's bk d <i>Starlight</i> , by Seagull—Stella	*	Mr Green's r d <i>Guncrack</i> , by Seagull—Gem
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Mr Racer's n s f w Topper, by	Mr Healy's bk & Master Rock,
Tippecanoe—Real,	by Hook—Hannah
Mr Hugh's bk b Helen, by	Mr Black's b Blonde Plantagenet,
Hero—Haven,	net, by Seagull—Sawset
Mr Evans's bk & En Route, by	Mr Davy's bk b Conteration,
Seagull—Chere Amie,	by David—Doubt
Mr Jack's n s f w Bump, by	Mr Bowen n s f w G Go-away, by
Rejoice—Lancashire Witch, f	Cato—Fly.
	H.
Theatre Royal best Brightness	Helen's best Topper (f)
Starlight best Glamour	En Route best Rom (f dr.)

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

drew away four lengths from Neil Gwynne's dog, throughout a sharp-contested trial, was cleverly beaten by Mr Jebb's whop; he was much too clever for his opponent, the course ending by the white making a splendid kick. Ticket of Leave showed in front, from slips, for some distance, when Startie gradually drew past, and bringing p-u-a half round put in a succession of brilliant points up the hill face; Ticket of Leave, who ran wide of his har at the commencement, getting in for some short work at the latter end of the course. Trinket, a fast hare, reached the fence two lengths in front of Reverend Sir, and leading through the hedge scored several points; but the next enclosure, Reverend Sir, after scoring several times was again past

and, George's Lecture, on Wednesday, the 11th, immediately after dinner, as previously advertised.

OBSERVER.

Sally ... n 11	9	Marchesean..	10	6	Hayes Ferry	10	10	Finn, Yn-gael.	4	11
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and, George's Lecture, on Wednesday, the 11th, immediately after dinner, as previously advertised.

THE NATURALIST.

in THE FIELD for Nov.
feeding and other habits of

destroying them in thousands, while those that escaped into the river were seen from the bridges crowded on the ice rafts that drifted down the Seine perishing by collision against the piers of each structure in succession.

COVENTRY POULTRY SHOW.

above the average at this season of
exhibited. The Corn Exchange

was held, is a splendid place for a poultry show, being well lighted, and every way commodious. The Black Red Game were one of the best classes exhibited this season. We subjoin the prize list:

COCHIN.—Cup, H. Bates; 2nd, H. Yandley. *Chickens*: 1st, C. T. Bishop; 2nd, H. Bates.

DORCH.—Cup, T. Tatham; 2nd, Mrs. Seasmans. *Chickens*: 1st, T. Tatham; 2nd, S. Lewis. *Chicks*: 1st, T. Hushin; 2nd, Rev. M. Amptollet.

SPANISH.—1st, T. Tatham; 2nd, H. W. Drapac. *Chickens*: 1st, J. K. Fowler; 2nd, J. L. Lowndes.

GAME.—WHITE AND FLECK: 1st, Bullock and Rapson; 2nd, W. Liggins. *Chickens*: 1st, J. Linnell; 2nd, J. Kirk. — DUCKWEIGHT: 1st and 2nd, W. Liggins.

Tavernier. Chickadee: 1st, R. Adcock; 2nd, F. King—BLACK AND OTHER
KIDS: 1st, Capt. Adams; 2nd, J. Fletcher. Chickadee: Cup, Capt. Adams.
2nd, T. Grove—BLACK AND BRASSY WINGS: 1st, Bullock and Rapson; 2nd,
G. W. Dunsford. Chickadee: 1st, W. F. Merry; 2nd, Bullock and Rapson.—GAM
COCKS: 1st, Capt. Adams.

HAMBURGERS.—GOLD AND SILVER SPANGLED: 1st, J. Preston; 2nd, Capt.
R. M. Nicolls. Chickadee: 1st, J. Preston; 2nd, W. Hagh.—GOLD AND SILVER
SPANGLED: 1st, J. Holt. Chickadee: 1st, J. Holt; 2nd, R. M. Nicolls.

ANY OTHER DISTINCT BREEDS.—1st, Countess Aylford; 2nd, W. Chamberlain. **CHICKENS**: 1st, J. K. Fowler; 2nd, J. Preston.

BANTAMS.—**GOLD OR SILVER LACED**: 1st and 2nd, M. Lemo. —**BLACKS** or **WHITES**: 1st, H. E. Emberlin; 2nd, M. A. E. Morry. —**GAME, BLACK OR BROWN**: 1st, S. Lang; 2nd, H. C. Woodcock. —**DUCKWINGS**: 1st, T. Capenhurst; 2nd, T. Green.

DUCKS—ATLANTIC: 1st, Mrs. Seamounts; 2nd, H. E. Embscher. *Ducklings*: 1st and 2nd, Mrs. Seamounts; 3rd, J. E. Burt. 2nd, J. Lacy, jun. *Drake*: 1st, J. K. Fowler; 2nd, C. Martin.—ANY OTHER VARIETY: 1st, Mrs. Worsfold; 2nd, W. Liggins. *Ducklings*: 1st, Mrs. Wollerton.

GESE—1st, Mrs. Seamounts. *Geosings*: 1st, Mrs. Seamounts; 2nd, F. W. Oakley. 2nd, J. E. Burt. 2nd, Mrs. Wollerton; 2nd, Miss J. Milward.

PIGEONS—Pouter: 1st, Mrs. Seamounts. *Geese*: 1st, Mrs. Worsfold.

DRAGONS: 1st, J. H. Edgc. *Jacobins*: 1st, G. H. Edgc. 2nd, J. W. Edgc.

RUNTS: 1st, H. E. Embscher. *Antwipers*: 1st, H. Yonkin. *Turkeys*: 1st, Mrs. Seamounts.

Page—Owls: I. H. Yanley. —Toumeters: 1st, Mr. N. A. Taylor. —Fantails: Taylor. —Aldous Tenders: 1st, J. W. Edger. —Turners: 1st, W. Taylor. —Yards: 1st, J. W. Edger. —Wings: 1st, J. W. Edger. —Rabbits: —Black and White: 1st, G. Jones. —Tangy: 1st, W. J. Papp. —Tomtoms: 1st, —Hazel—Gray and White: 1st, G. Jones. —Sparrows: 1st, G. Jones. —Toumeters: 1st, W. J. Papp. —Crows: 1st, W. J. Papp. —Mr. J. Douglas, Hampden, was the Judge.

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ANY NEW VARIETY.—1st, E. Smith; 2nd, W. Dixon; 3rd, H. Loft.
ANY DISTINCT CROSS.—1st and 2nd, S. Jefferson; 3rd, J. Wilson.
DUCKS—LYLEBURY: 1st, J. Smith; 2nd and 3rd, F. Hladik.—ROGERS: 1st, J. Smith; 2nd, F. Pease.

J. Robinson; 2nd, Miss Lowther; 3rd, W. Jones—ANY OTHER VARIETY: H. H. Holman; 2nd, J. Jessop; 3rd, J. Gunnson.

PIGEONS—SINGLE CARRIER: Cup, W. Stalken;—**CARRIERS:** 1st, H. Yardley; 2nd, E. Brown;—**ALMONDS:** 1st, W. Stalken; 2nd, E. Brown;—**BALDS:** 1st, E. Edge; 2nd, W. Stalken;—**OTHER TUMBLERS:** 1st, E. Pickering; 2nd, J. Towerson;—**PUTTERS:** J. Towerson;—**PANTALS:** 1st, W. Van Haanbergen; 2nd, E. Beldo;—**JACKS:** 1st, E. Royds; 2nd, E. Pickering;—**THUMPTERS:** 1st, J. Robinson; 2nd, W. Van Haanbergen;—**BALMS:** 1st, W. Van Haanbergen.

Yardley;—TURRET: 1st, R. Thompson; 2nd, H. Yardley;—(Wals): 1st, Pickering; 2nd, J. Edge;—HOWES: 1st, S. Sherwin; 2nd, M. Irwin;—OTHER VASETERS: 1st, W. Van Housbergen (Victoria); 2nd, J. Edge.

[illegible]

PIGEONS.—PAIR OF YOUNG PIED POUTERS (YELLOW EXCEPTED): Medel and 2nd, M. Stewart (Blues); 3rd, J. Muir (Blacks).—PAIR OF YOUNG YELLOW P's

—FOOTERS—*Black Cocks*: 1st, G. Ure; 2nd, J. Montgomery. — *White Cocks*: 1st,

and extra prize for best cock in the exhibition, G. J. Maclean; 2nd, M. Sanders son.—*Blue Cocker*: 1st and extra prize for second best cock in the show, J. H.

Cocks: 1st, G. Ure; 2nd, J. Montgomery.—Cocks of any other colour: 1st, J. L. L.

2nd, J. Wallace.—*Black Hens*: 1st, M. Smart; 2nd, J. Montgomery.—*White Hens*: 1st and 2nd, M. Sanderson.—*Blue Hens*: 1st, W. Liebhardt; 2nd,

M. Stuart.—Hens of any other colour: 1st, W. Lightbody; 2nd, I. Main.

OF YOUNG CARRIERS: Medal, F. class.—CARRIERS—Black Cocks: 1st and 2nd

W. B. Van Hoansbergen; 2nd, R. Fulton.—*Dus Hess*: 1st, T. Colley; 2nd, J. Madsen.

1st, G. Ure; 2nd, F. Elm.—SHORTFACED TUMBLERS: 1st, J. Wallace; 2nd, M.

2nd. W. B. Van Haamsbergen — FANTAILS: Model, F. Elms; 2nd. G. Ure.

Jacobins: 1st, R. Pickering; 2nd, W. Nelson.—Tachysternus: 1st, W. Powell
2nd, W. B. Van Haansbergen.—Turanis: Medal, J. E. Saunders; 2nd, H.

Yardley.—Owls: 1st, R. Pickering; 2nd, F. Elao.—News: 1st, F. Key; 2nd, H. Yardley.—Maorise: 1st, J. Sharp; 2nd, T. Short.—Common Tongues: 1st, J. Sharp; 2nd, T. Short.

2nd. A. Heath (Tasheba); 3rd. C. J. Samuels.

CANARIES.—Extra prize for best pair, D. Dedcan.—SCOTCH FANCE—Yellow
Cock; Medal G. Ayton; Red & Wilson; Red T. Buchanan; etc.

1st, J. Smith; 2d, G. Ayton; 3rd, R. S. Wylie; 4th, M. W. Buchanan.—
 1st, J. Smith; 2d, G. Ayton; 3rd, R. S. Wylie; 4th, M. W. Buchanan.

—*Buff Hens*: Medel. D. Duncan; 2nd, A. Kelly; 3rd, J. Templeman; 4th, M.

4th, K. Forsyth.—*Buff Cocks*: 1st, J. Watt; 2nd, W. Jamieson; 3rd, S. Gray.

show; 4th, J. Watt.—*Yellow Hens*: 1st, J. Watt; 2nd, S. Crawshaw; 3rd, H. Forsyth; 4th, J. J. Garden.—*Buff Hens*: 1st and 2nd, J. Watt; 3rd, W. P.

eastly; 4th, R. F. 195th. **PIREARDS** (SCOTCH FANCY).—**FELDER** Cuck: 1st, A. Wilson; 2nd, S. Brown; 3rd, H. Fisher; 4th, C. McWilliams.—**RED** Cuck: 1st,

show; 4th, J. Watt.—*Yellow Hens*: 1st, J. Watt; 2nd, S. Crawshaw; 3rd, H. Forsyth; 4th, J. J. Garden.—*Buff Hens*: 1st and 2nd, J. Watt; 3rd, W. P.

eastly; 4th, R. F. 195th. **PIREARDS** (SCOTCH FANCY).—**FELDER** Cuck: 1st, A. Wilson; 2nd, S. Brown; 3rd, H. Fisher; 4th, C. McWilliams.—**Red Cuck**: 1st,

246, Strand, W.C., in the parish of St. Mary-in-the-Strand.—Saturday, December 31, 1904.