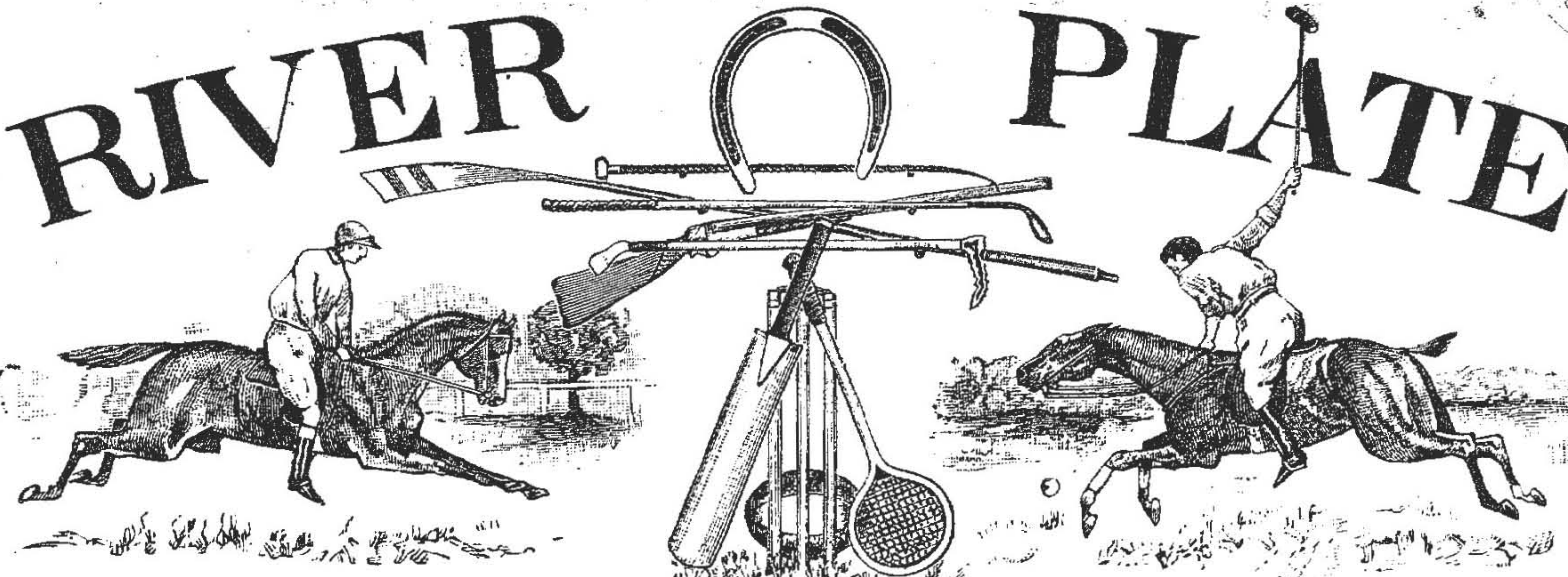


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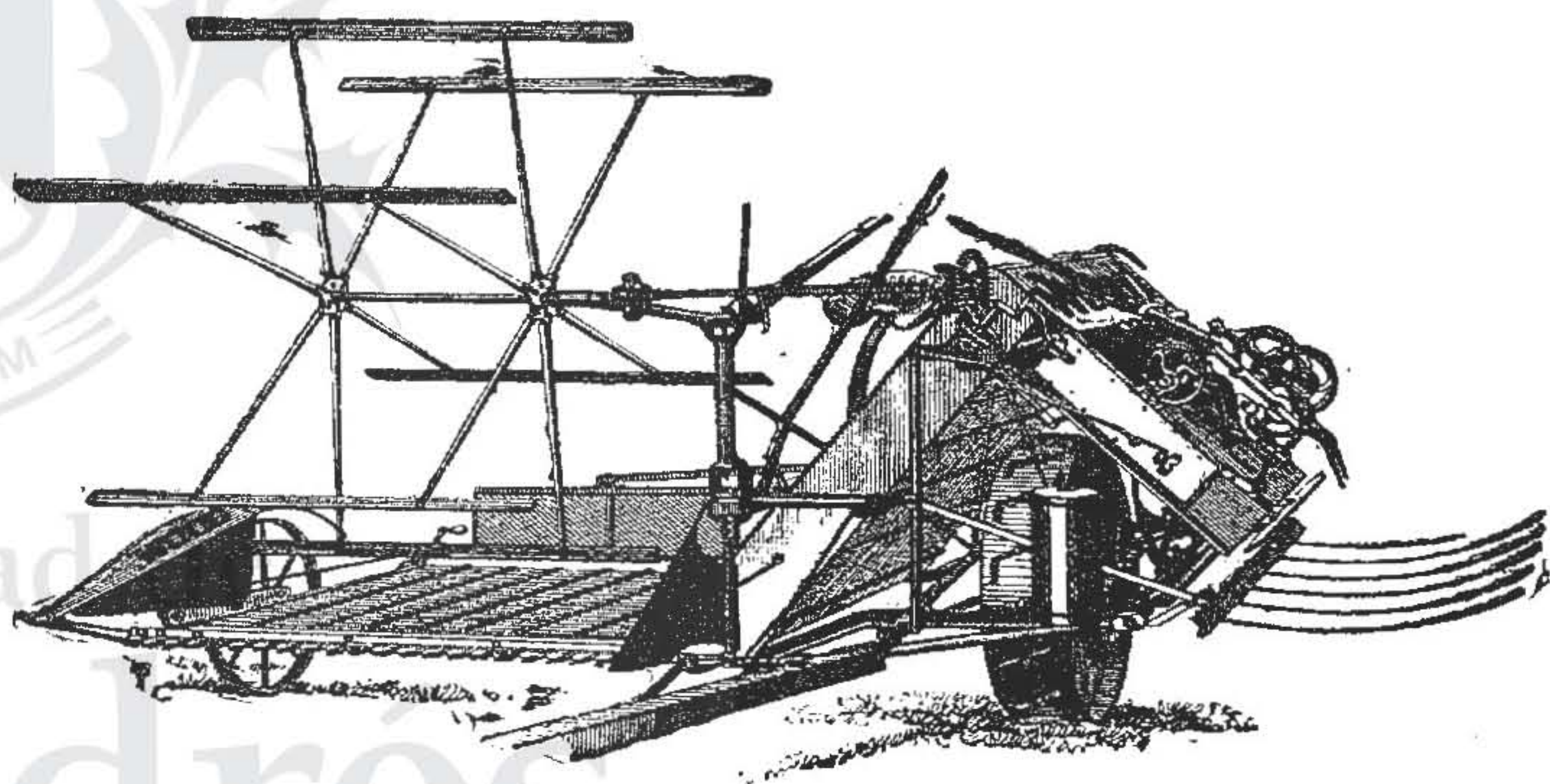
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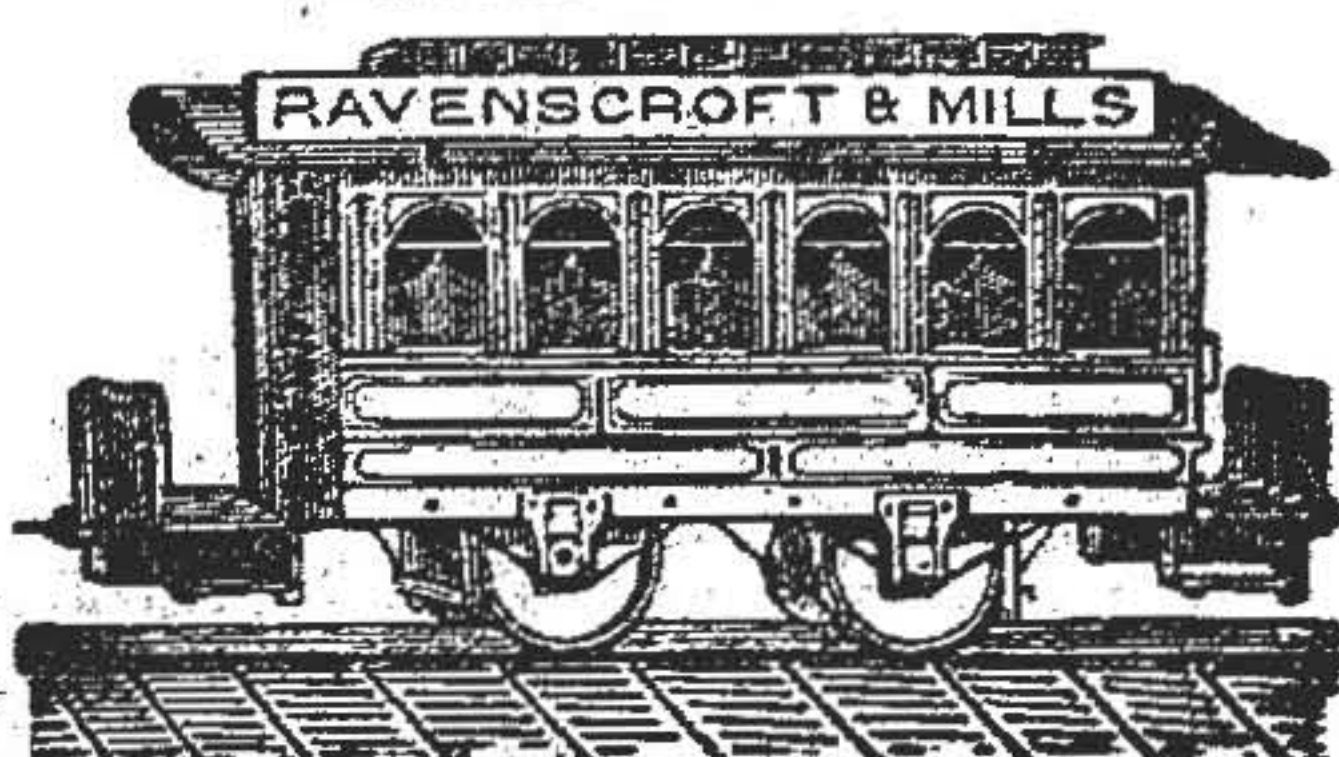
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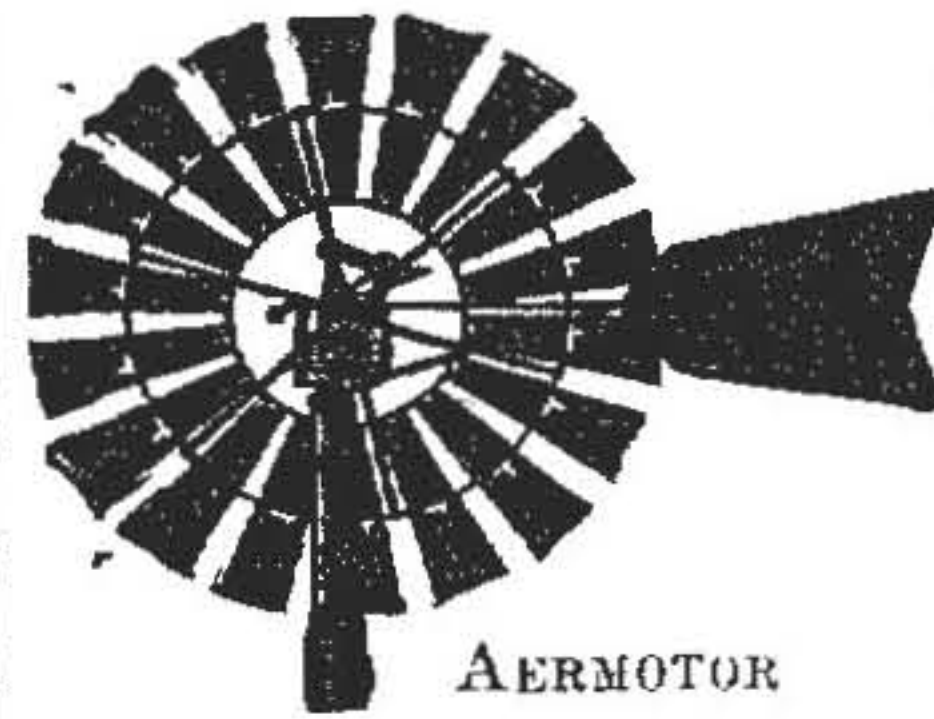
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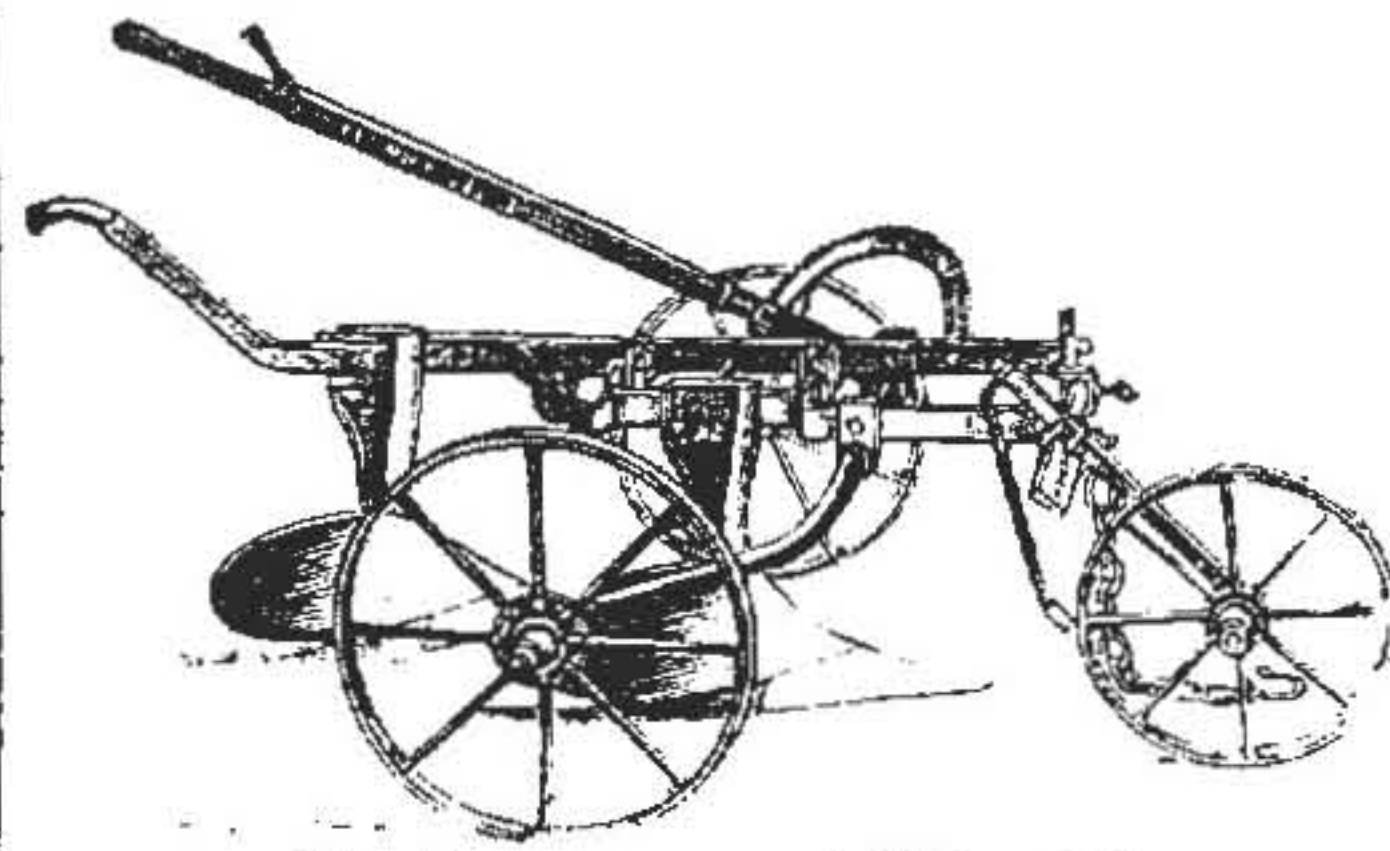
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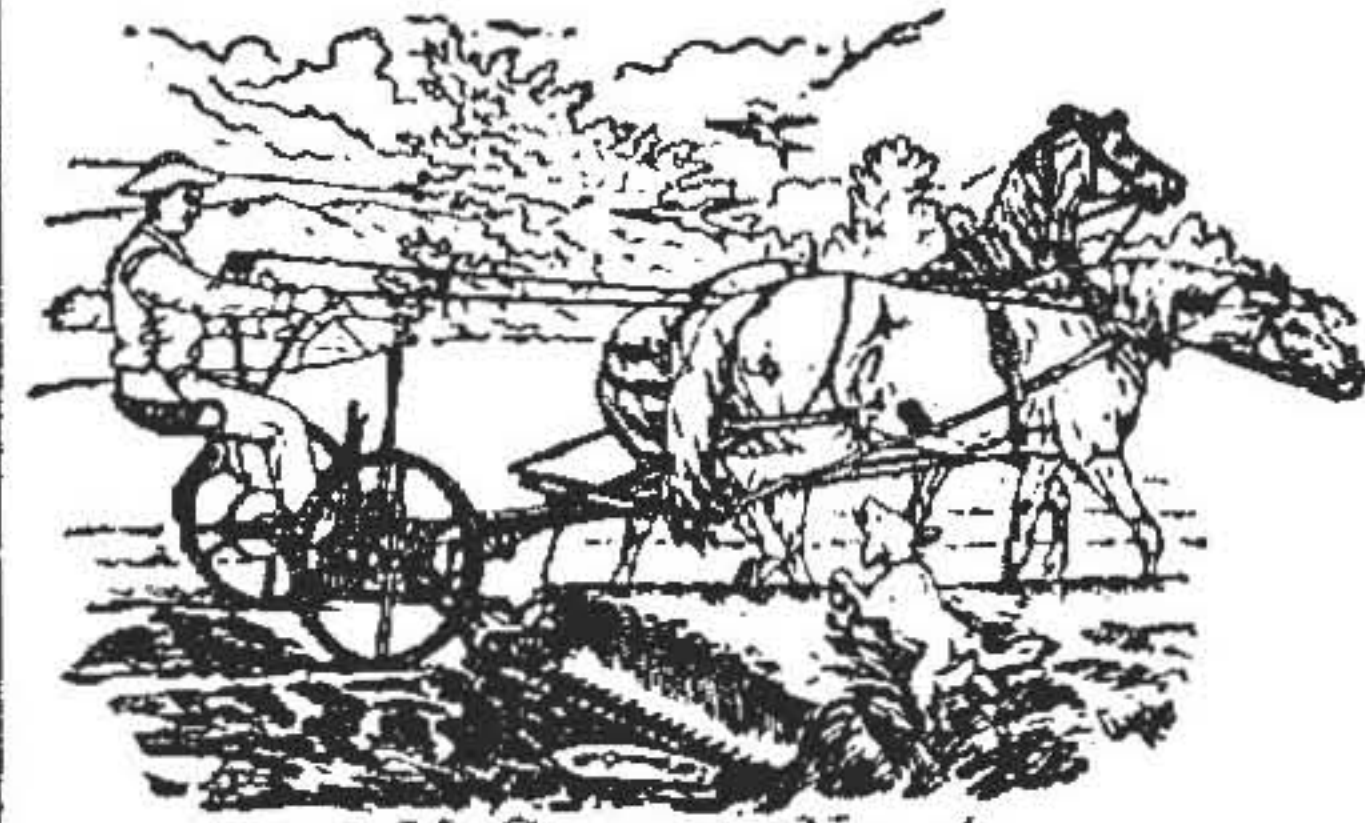
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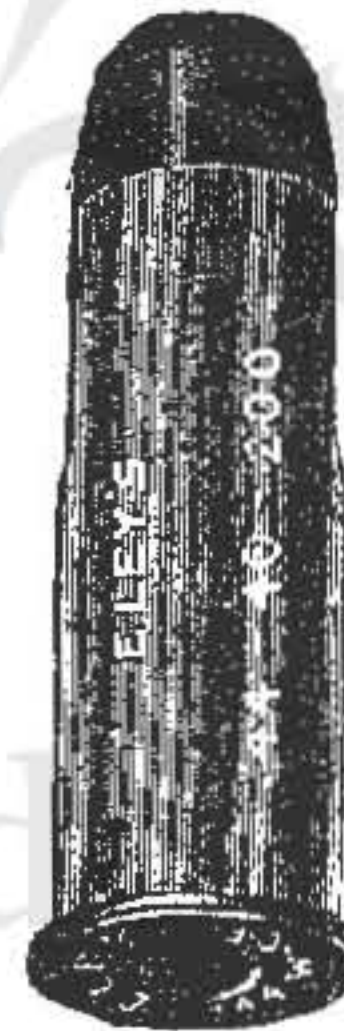
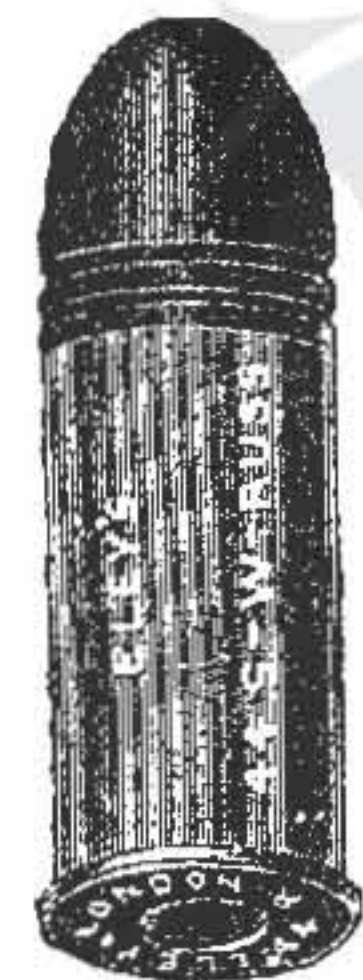


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1891

- No. 1—August 5:
MR. M. G. FORTUNE, Hon. Sec. Hurlingham Club.
- No. 2—September 9:
ORMONDE.
- No. 3—September 30:
PHENIX.
- No. 4—November 18:
THE SANTA FÉ AND SANTIAGO DEL ESTERO POLO TEAMS.
- No. 5*—December 9:
THE NORTHERN CRICKET XI.
- No. 6—December 23:
THE SOUTHERN CRICKET XI.
* Only a few numbers left.

1892

- No. 7—January 27:
WINNING CREW IN THE INTERNATIONAL FOUR-OARED RACE (Buenos Aires Rowing Club), Tigre Regatta, 1891.
- No. 8—March 23:
WHIPPER-IN.
- No. 9—April 13:
THE CRUISE OF THE DART, No. 1
- No. 10—May 11:
THE CRUISE OF THE DART, No. 2
- No. 11—June 1:
THE CRUISE OF THE DART, No. 3
- No. 12—June 22:
THE CRUISE OF THE DART, No. 4
- No. 13—July 6:
HURLINGHAM CRICKET XI.
- No. 14—July 20:
UNITED RAILWAYS CRICKET XI.
- No. 15—August 10:
ATHLETIC CHAMPIONS.
- No. 16—August 31:
THE BUENOS AIRES RUGBY FOOTBALL TEAM.
- No. 17—September 14:
HURLINGHAM POLO TEAM.
- No. 18—October 5:
PRIZE CARICATURE.
- No. 19—October 19:
ROSARIO LAWN TENNIS TEAM.
- No. 20—November 30:
TIGRE REGATTA.
- No. 21—December 21:
THE SOUTHERN CRICKET TEAM.

1893

- No. 22—January 18:
THE NORTHERN CRICKET TEAM.
- No. 23—February 1:
CRICKET GROUNDS—PALERMO
- No. 24—February 15:
ST. HONORAT.
- No. 25—March 22:
HURLINGHAM.
- No. 26—April 26:
THE GAUCHOS IN LONDON.
- No. 27—June 20:
THE INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL TEAMS.
- No. 28—August 23:
THE BUENOS AIRES FRONTON.
- No. 29—November 1:
ATHLETIC CHAMPIONS, 1893.
- No. 30—December 6:
LOMAS A.C. ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL TEAM.
- No. 31—December 13:
THE VALPARAISO AND BUENOS AIRES CRICKET TEAMS.
- No. 32—December 27:
HURLINGHAM POLO TEAM.

The back numbers of the *River Plate Sport and Pastime* containing the above Photographs, price 50 cents each (other back numbers 30 cents), may be obtained from the Publishers,

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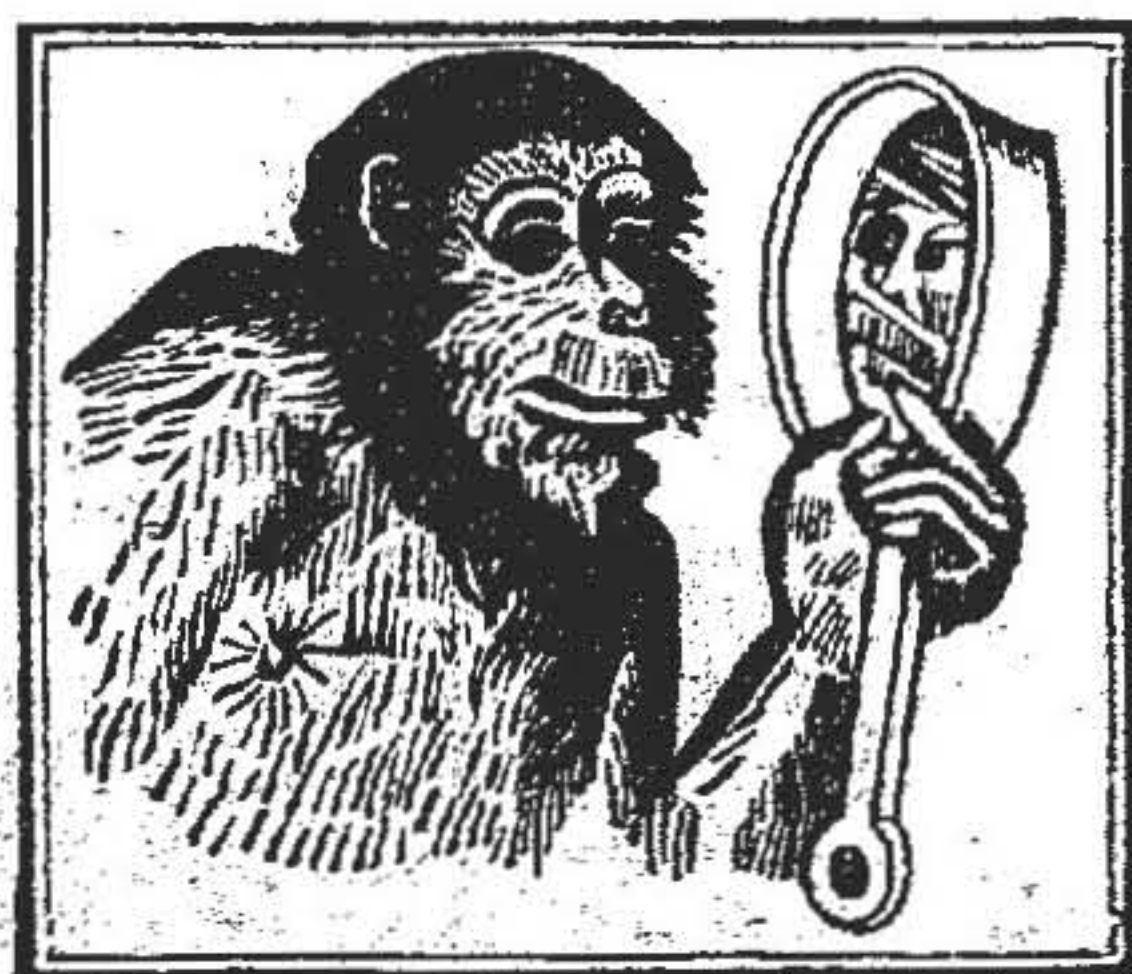
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BATTING AVERAGES OF THE BUENOS AIRES CRICKET CLUBS December 27, 1893.

Table with columns: Name, Innings, Runs, Not Out, Highest, Average. Lists players like James Gifford, P. M. Rath, E. R. Gifford, etc.

* Signifies not out.

5 innings and an average of 10 and upwards entitles batsmen to a place in this table.

HURLINGHAM v. BUENOS AIRES AND ROSARIO RAILWAY A.C.

The following are the scores of the match played on the 24th November, between the Buenos Aires and Rosario Railway and Hurlingham Clubs which we were unable to publish last week:—

Scorecard for Hurlingham v. Buenos Aires and Rosario Railway A.C. showing batting and bowling for both teams.

BOWLING ANALYSIS Rosario Railway. Table with columns: Name, O, M, R, W.

BOWLING ANALYSIS Hurlingham C.C. Table with columns: Name, O, M, R, W.

LOMAS A.C. v. LANUS C.C.

This match was played at Lomas on Sunday, 31st ult., and resulted in a win for Lanus on the first innings by 19 runs, though had there been five minutes more for play in all probability the result would have been reversed.

Lomas started well, but Tupholme found a spot and the eleven were all disposed of for 46, Tupholme taking seven wickets for 15 runs, Rowland and Halstead being the only ones to make double figures.

Lanus went in for the second time, and were disposed of for 50, Rath taking five wickets for 17 runs. Tupholme at the close hit hard for his 14.

Lomas were left with 70 runs to make, and with 40 minutes to make them in. Rath and Rowland were soon out, but with H. Anderson and Halstead together they looked like getting the runs, till, with 37 up, Anderson was run out. A. Anderson did not stop long, but Jacobs helped the score to 52, when he was also run out through being too anxious. At call of time Lomas wanted 7 runs and had two wickets to go down, so excitement ran very high at the finish. Scores: Lomas 46, Lanus 50.

Scorecard for Lanus v. Mr Palmer's Eleven. Shows batting for both teams.

BOWLING ANALYSIS

First Innings bowling analysis for Lanus and Mr Palmer's Eleven.

Second Innings bowling analysis for Lanus and Mr Palmer's Eleven.

Scorecard for Lomas v. B.A. and R. Ry. A.C. Shows batting and bowling for both teams.

BOWLING ANALYSIS

First Innings bowling analysis for Lomas and B.A. & R. Ry. A.C.

Second Innings bowling analysis for Lomas and B.A. & R. Ry. A.C.

QUILMES A.C. v. B. A. AND R. RY. A.C.

As will be seen from the following scores the Quilmes Club beat the Buenos Aires and Rosario Railway in their match on Sunday, 31st ult., by 89 runs:

Scorecard for Quilmes A.C. v. B.A. and R. Ry. A.C. Shows batting and bowling for both teams.

BOLSA BROKERS v. MR PALMER'S ELEVEN

Considerable interest was taken in a match between an eleven of Bolsa Brokers and Mr Palmer's Eleven, played at Flores on the 31st of December. The game resulted in a win for the Brokers, on the first innings, by 17 runs, Mr F. M. Still being decidedly the hero of the day both in the batting and bowling line, though Mr J. K. Trotman also contributed a good deal towards the success of his side.

Scorecard for Bolsa Brokers v. Mr Palmer's Eleven. Shows batting and bowling for both teams.

Scorecard for Mr Palmer's Eleven. Shows batting for the team.

Mr Palmer's eleven went in a second time and Messrs F. Carlisle and A. Palmer kept up their wickets till time was called.

Polo, Cricket, and Racing at La Merced.

A Lomas A.C. polo team, consisting of Messrs G. S. Anderson (back), H. Mohr Bell (No. 3), T. M. Lees (No. 2), and R. W. Anderson (No. 1), played a couple of matches on Sunday and Monday, Dec. the 24th and 25th, at the estancia La Merced, Chascomus, Mr P. Cawardine's. On the Sunday the team played a game, which lasted for two quarters only, against the four Messrs Killion, and were beaten by them by six goals to four. Ned Killion did most work for the winners, and Mohr Bell for Lomas.

On Monday, when all the rank and fashion of the neighbourhood was present at the side of the polo ground, a match of four quarters was played against the following team: Messrs P. Cawardine, T. K. Fair, E. Killion, and P. Killion. In this game the Lomas men were more successful, and in the end won by six goals to three.

Besides polo there was a small race meeting and a cricket match at La Merced.

The following are the results of the races:— The Chascomus Derby, for polo ponies played in either of the above matches, four squares.

Results of the Chascomus Derby races.

The La Merced Scurry Sweepstakes of \$2 each, for polo ponies, catch weight, owners up, three squares.

Results of the La Merced Scurry Sweepstakes.

The cricket match was entitled Town v. Camp, and resulted in a win for the Town team, as will be seen from the scores which follow:—

Scorecard for Town v. Camp cricket match. Shows batting and bowling for both teams.

RACING

BELGRANO—DECEMBER 31.

A meeting for the benefit of the Sociedad de Beneficencia Hermanas de Dolores was held at Belgrano on Sunday last and in spite of great heat, and a hard dusty course, resulted in a success financially, the society receiving as its share some four thousand dollars.

The meeting should surely have been a success, as on reading down the list of officials on the programme we counted over seventy names.

As regards the racing there is nothing much to say, except that probably several owners regret ever running their horses on such a course, even in the cause of charity which, however, should always begin at home, as several left the course on three legs.

inhabitants of the neighbourhood, who are all advised as to the proximity of the store of explosives, were not slow to act upon. Thus the boy was instrumental perhaps in saving hundreds of lives. It has afterwards been ascertained that the explosion was caused by the criminal carelessness of a cartman, who charged with the task of removing some of the dynamite from the deposit, threw the end of a lighted cigarette close to where the explosive was stored. Presumably this was sufficient to ignite the whole stock. It goes without saying that the local damage caused was enormous, and amongst other buildings destroyed was the tannery of one Sambatgan, who became demented by reason of the loss he had sustained and the severe shock. In many of the almacenes in the town of Montevideo itself bottles and other articles were thrown from the shelves, while the windows of many houses and those of the premises of the Telephone Company, British and Nacion Banks, Bolsa, Hospital de Caridad, and the Central Market were shattered.

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Theodore Child, in his recent articles on the Republics of South America which appeared in "Harpers' Magazine," and are the best descriptive sketches of the kind which have yet been written, remarked that the Argentine notion of art is as yet crude in the extreme and his ideas on the subject but very indifferent. This is not surprising, taking into consideration the fact that in this New World the inhabitants do not enjoy the advantages of their European confreres in the shape of museums, picture galleries, and exhibitions, besides the relics and souvenirs of a dead past which help to educate and teach the young idea as to what is artistic and the reverse. The most artistic natural gifts need education and assimilation with the true ideal, whether it be sculpture, painting, or music. With the latter a course of European study is not so essential as with the two former, as given good masters and proper nourishment the art of music can be acquired in the New World, but it is absolutely impossible, even with the best of Mentors, to become either a painter or a sculptor without a knowledge of the old masters whose chefs d'oeuvres are to be found in Europe, and where alone they can be studied. With the exception of a few private galleries there are but few works of art in the Argentine Republic which will bear a critical examination and whose value becomes greater year by year.

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Let the above be granted, I yet opine that most people will allow that it requires but trifling artistic capacities in order to set a picture down a mere daub or otherwise, although a critic might often class in the former category a work upon which an ordinary individual would set a higher value. I was much surprised then to read an article in "El Diario" last week vaunting the merits of the most worthless daub it has I think ever been my fate to behold. Tompted by the article in question, I betook myself to the Calle Cangallo, between San Martin and Reconquista, in order to gaze upon the masterpiece, the eulogies of which had been set forth in the above contemporary. The title of the picture (save the mark) was "Saturday Night in a London Public House," if my memory serves me right, and it was with a mingled sense of pity and contempt that a man had had the audacity to display such a canvas and invite the attention of the public to gaze upon his efforts by seeking a "puff" in the columns of the leading Buenos Aires evening paper. I must conclude that the article in question was a puff, for it would be too painful to believe that the "art critic" or any other member of the staff of the said enlightened organ of the press could be so utterly ignorant and endowed with the shocking taste as to thus lavish praise upon a worthless daub such as the picture in question, the subject of which is as revolting as the portrayal thereof.

JEM'S JOKE.

Everybody who goes racing, and many who don't, know Jem Adams, of Epsom, trainer and jockey. Though not an old man, and still full of the bright vivacity of youth, Jem has been racing for over thirty years, having begun as a very small boy in the stables of William Day. In those days he used to ride under four stone, and when going to scale at about that weight was associated with many of the great handicap coups for which Day was famous, and which he planned so patiently. After a time—that is when he was permitted to eat enough, which in his early days was a luxury he rarely enjoyed—Jem grew too heavy for riding on the flat, and turned his attention to the cross-

country business. On his many brilliant victories between the flags it is not my present business to expatiate; but he always rode a fine finish, and his pluck over the fences was undaunted. No man has been more knocked about. So many tumbles has he had, and so many bones broken, that his pet name on the turf is "Bones," and the wonder is that he has any left.

Amongst practical horsemen, including jockeys, trainers, and others of the same genus, Jem has always been noted for his wonderfully fine "hands." Horses that pulled hard with others somehow forgot to pull with him. He still retains this rare and mysterious gift. The other morning, for instance, on the Downs, I met him on old Mazzard, who takes hold with some degree of determination. At least, Fred Hassall, who trained and rode the horse before he went into Adams' stable, tells us that the sensation of riding Mazzard at the regulation ditches was not particularly exhilarating, as he raced at them like a steam engine, and sometimes, when he got there, forgot to jump, with consequences disastrous to all concerned. Knowing then Mazzard's little peculiarities, I said to Jem, on seeing him perched on the back of that noble animal, "The old horse looks very well, does he pull much now?"

"Pull!" replied Adams, with some asperity, "he doesn't know how to do it; he canter up the tan like a park hack, with the reins on his neck. Come along."

And we started cantering up the tan-track side by side, and I hope I shall be forgiven when I say that I did all I could to fire the imagination of the ancient Mazzard and make him think he was racing, so as to induce him to run away. But it was no use. Jem's hands were comfortably on his withers, giving him plenty of rope, and the horse ambled along as calmly as possible, with his head in his chest, as though he were enjoying himself. No doubt Jem had "tumbled" to my little game, as the saying is, for we had not gone far when he turned his head and said quietly: "Will that do?"

"Quite, thanks," I replied, and felt as mean as if I had tried a burglary and had been captured by a fat policeman before the fun began. And now for Jem's little joke.

He had a bad horse left on his hands called Le Promeneur. In addition to lacking velocity—a sad fault in a race-horse—his legs did not inspire confidence, and his back tendons, I am informed, were not to be relied upon in the hour of need. In fact, Jem couldn't train him, and was somewhat puzzled to know what to do with him, since, when offered for sale, the British public did not consider that he supplied a long-felt want. When his owner at last, in a burst of spirited philanthropy, even offered him for a tenner, there was no giddy rush of buyers, and the heart of the unfortunate trainer was bowed down when the stunning fact dawned upon him that he had an animal that he could not give away, and was not permitted to turn loose out of consideration for the public welfare.

Then a happy thought struck him. "I'll put the bloomer in harness and make him draw us about." No sooner said than done. But Le Promeneur did not take very kindly to his new vocation. There was a difficulty in starting him as a rule, and, when started, it was impossible to predict with any degree of certainty how far he would go, or how many he would throw out en route, or when he would become disgusted with the whole proceedings and "turn it up." He was, indeed, a charming horse for those who love diversity of incident. When first put in he would sometimes stand on his hind legs, and with his front ones spar at the distant heavens, pugilistically, and with an air of supreme derision. He was an awkward horse to drive to the station, for one never knew when he would get there, or if he would get there at all.

One day Jem wanted to go to Kempton, and started gaily for the station with the bold Le Promeneur between the shafts. Something had disagreed with him that morning—I mean with the horse—and perhaps he had not had enough breakfast, or too much supper. He was in a very nasty temper, and declined to complete the journey. He went about half a mile, and then cried—excuse the poet's licence, for even racehorses can't cry—"Hold, enough!" Jem knew that to argue with him, with the whip or any lethal instrument, was useless. So he sent him home, and prepared a fearful revenge.

Arriving at Kempton, Jem noticed in the programme a selling hurdle-race for the next day—worth £100, winner to be sold for £50—and as entries were received over-night, he boldly gave the name of Le Promeneur as one of the competitors, and chuckled at the fun he was going to have. He intended to ride himself, using a whip that "got there" every time it was put in operation; and it is needless to add that when Adams gets his whip up in earnest he does not beat the circumambient air. He can make a horse pick up his hind leg and carry it.

When our hero reached his happy home that night, and instructed his head lad to have Le Promeneur prepared for action at Kempton the following day, there was considerable surprise in the stable, and the opinion was even expressed by some of the leading authorities that the master was "going dotty," or was slightly "off his onion." Needless to say, these picturesque sentiments were not promulgated in the master's hearing.

"Fancy running this horse to-morrow," groaned the head lad, "two miles over hurdles. Why he ain't seen a hurdle for years, and has never been able to do a canter since he last broke down, weeks and weeks ago."

But Jem said, "Well, he's had a pretty game with me, and now I'll have a little game with him. If he won't go in a trap he shall go over hurdles, and I give you my word he's not out of it. He wants no galloping, and once upon a time, you must remember, he could go a bit. They are no Bluchers, those that he'll have to whack to-morrow."

Road-work often does bad-legged horses a great deal of good, as it helps to get their legs hard and callous; and this must have been the case with Le Promeneur. At any rate he cantered to the post with the sprightliness of a two-year-old, and his owner—who had not more than £10,000 upon him, S.P. or otherwise—felt quite cheerful after they had jumped the preliminary hurdle.

"He took hold beautifully"—so Jem remarked—"when he saw the obstacle before him, though he had not seen one for some time. I just said, 'Come up, you beauty!' and gave him the office, and he popped over like an old hunter, shaking his head as though he liked it. I thought once of having a plunge, but I never could bet enough to get broke, and before I had time to change my mind we were off. I pulled my joker back, knowing that his condition could not be first-class, and eased him all I could. He blew a good deal at first, having been recently nourished on a sloppy diet, and while I was waiting for his second wind we got a little behind, and our chances did not look rosy. Then my champion seemed to clear his pipes somewhat, and I had to bustle him along between the last two hurdles in order to get him to the front. I never quite got there, but I was a good second."

When Adams rode back into the paddock his face, I recollect, was wreathed in smiles, and he looked as pleased as though he had ridden and backed three consecutive winners, and had cashed the cheque—that is, drawn the money. After weighing in all right, he lost no time in taking a prominent position close to the auctioneer's box, and showed by his manner that he meant to have a good try to buy the winner.

"I know," he remarked casually, though loud enough to be heard, "how good mine is"—intending to indicate that he had just been beaten on a priceless animal, and that his conqueror must be a sort of Ormonde on the loose. The winner of the race was entered to be sold for £50, and Jem boldly started him at £100, assuming a magnificent air as if money were of no object to him when he had set his heart upon a thing. Slowly but gradually the horse was run up to £400, when our hero intimated his intention to go and indulge in a modest quencher, his mission having been accomplished. He was entitled to half the surplus!

On being subsequently questioned as to why he had bid so recklessly for an animal that could not on his very best form be worth much, Jem replied that he knew what he was doing, an obvious truism that did not provoke controversy. He then said that he "knew something"—with the accent evenly distributed, if practicable on each word, so as to suggest supernatural lore: and what he knew appeared to be this: the owner of the winner had the horse on lease or under some agreement which compelled him to buy him in, and thus Jem won more by being second than if he had been first. Besides, he still retained his noble steed, and thereby (as usual) hangs a tale.

After the race, while James was still chuckling, and no doubt thinking what a very artful customer he was—"to run second with a blooming carriage horse, don't you know, on three swingers and full of mash"—a gentleman accosted him politely, and inquired if Le Promeneur was for sale. "That fairly knocked me"—to quote again Jem's version of the story—"and I thought I must be in a fairy palace of surprises, or that people were having a game with me. But I looked as solemn as a judge who had just given a wrong decision, and said that the horse was for sale if I were sure that he would have a good home. The stranger assured me that he should be treated as one of the family, there being prayers twice a day, and then asked me to name my price. Well, I did not forget to open my mouth, you may be sure, and the transaction was then and there concluded. It was a good day's work, of course, and I wish there were more than 365 of them in the year."

On being asked for information as to the subsequent achievements of Le Promeneur, and whether he won many valuable races for his new owner, Jem was not effusive. He professed, on this point, to know nothing; but I don't think the horse subsequently distinguished himself at all, and that his unfortunate legs condemned him to a state of permanent obscurity.

"But to think," said Jem, in winding up the story, "harness one day, hurdles next; first I can't give him away, and then can't ask too much. We never know our luck."

This is true enough, especially with racehorses. They often win when least expected, and when they have 10lb in hand, and are backed as if the race were over, they break down, or curl up, don't get off, or come too late, and their owners are induced to retire into private life with increased experience, but less money. G. G.

The Noble Art of Self Defence

(COMMUNICATED.)

Although many of my readers will doubtless cavil at the word noble being used in conjunction with the somewhat brutal art of "fisticuffs," still, in many respects, it is a noble art, and, say what one will, its use is infinitely superior to that of the knife or revolver, in that its effects seldom endanger life, and only produce painful chastisement for a limited period. Men will quarrel occasionally, and, when their quarrels reach that pitch where force has to be resorted to, how far better, from a humanitarian point of view, to either give or take a comparatively harmless drubbing, than to inflict or receive a mortal wound. I know that nations who still wink at the practice of duelling, especially those of the

Latin denomination, have not been brought to favour this view, but the time must come when they will be obliged so to do. Sword and pistol duels are very often reduced to a mere farce, it is true, but, every now and again, we hear of fatal consequences, which envelope whole families in a common wail of sorrow and remorse; therefore, I argue, that in case of a row it is far preferable to have recourse to nature's weapons.

It may not be an enviable thing to enjoy the reputation of being a noted bruiser, nevertheless that reputation keeps many men out of rows, and, furthermore, in the case of decent individuals curbs their passions in trying moments, simply because they are too well aware of the damage they can produce should they allow their feelings to get the better of them. Every proper minded man will shun and abhor the big, strong bully who takes any opportunity to exhibit his personal prowess, but, thank goodness! such bullies are few and far between, and, although some of these objectionable beings are to be met with, these isolated cases do not alter the fact that a good knowledge of the use of one's fists often turns out very efficacious in an emergency, even up to the point of saving one's life.

I will endeavour to illustrate my argument by the recital of several personal experiences, which may tend to uphold the utility of the subject in question.

When I was a small boy at school in Southampton, the parliamentary elections came on, the principal candidates being a certain Mr Andrews, Radical, a Mr Weguelin, moderate Liberal, and a Baronet, Sir Edward Butler, Conservative. Elections in those days were not conducted in the same peaceful, undemonstrative way as they are now. Each candidate had his own colours, generally sported in rosette form in the button-holes of his adherents, leading to many a street fight, with the corresponding black eyes and broken noses.

The constituents of Andrews were composed almost wholly of men of the rougher class, his own coachbuilders, a numerous lot, the hands from Day and Summer's foundry at Northam, a larger lot still, and the mechanics from sundry other factories in the neighbourhood. Weguelin's adherents comprised chiefly the lower middle-class, and Sir Edward Butler's the gentry and agricultural interests. Andrews had been seven times Mayor of Southampton, and, although a very estimable man, he was scarcely the type that the better classes would have chosen as their representative in Parliament. Sir Edward Butler was a delicate, thin, rather undersized man of nearly sixty years of age, and not the sort of individual in any way constituted to hold his own in a personal encounter with any of Andrews' strong-armed politicians.

Three days before the polling, Sir Edward was walking up the High Street, when he was accosted by one of Andrews' men, who dabbed his left fist into the patrician's face, drawing blood from his nose. Sir Edward promptly made up his mind as to the necessary course to take. He went to the nearest telegraph station, and wired to a friend in London to send him down twenty of the best prizefighters that money could hire, no matter at what cost. Within two days, they were on the spot, comprising Bill Perry, known as the Tipton Masher, then champion of England, Tom Sayers, Nat Langham, Tom Paddock, Harry Paulsen, Mike Madden, Jemmy Shaw, Johnny Walker and others of that ilk, in short, "un beau bouquet de fleurs."

On polling day, about mid-day, I was walking with my tutor, Mr Bell, and a young army aspirant, named May, in the continuation of the High Street, known as Above Bar; we had arrived almost in front of Andrews' coach-building establishment, the entrance to which was a huge arched doorway with a double door in four lengths, one of the two centre lengths being left open, when we observed a strangely dressed individual, clad in a bottle green, tight-fitting, military looking coat, with fur collar and black braiding known as frogs across the breast, a fur cap, stuck jauntily on one side of his head, and a pair of tight cord trousers, swinging along with an easy, elastic stride, right into the thick of Andrews' men, who were lounging in most considerable numbers in front of the establishment. We observed as the new comer approached, that he wore on his left breast a large rosette of violet and orange, Sir Edward Butler's colours. He was a man of a little over the middle height, with very broad shoulders, neat, natty figure, and a jovial, jolly-looking face.

"Good gracious!" said May, "look at that man with Conservative colours walking right into that crowd of Radicals, they'll kill him."

They didn't though, although they tried their best. As soon as he got fairly amongst them one

big fellow made a grab at his rosette, to be promptly knocked down by a smashing left hander on the nose. A rush was immediately made at the stranger, and a scene commenced which is almost beyond description. Nimble as a cat and quick as thought, he immediately knocked down three more assailants. Rush after rush was made at him by the now infuriated mob, but to no purpose. Not a blow, aimed at him, touched him, whereas, his returns, made with incredible rapidity, never missed their mark; man after man, sometimes five or six at a time, went for him, to be met with dire and awful punishment. Face to the foe, he fought his way back to the open door; another tremendous final rush was made at him, but, down they went, one man's head into the next man's stomach, the finale of the encounter being that he floored the huge foreman with a magnificent left and right, skipped glibly inside the doorway, closed the door in the faces of the crowd, and trod down the strong inside bolt, leaving behind him a scene of havoc and destruction. The Radicals were simply furious. They tried to break down the door, but there was not only a strong iron bolt in their way, trodden well down, but a fearfully strong personage to help that bolt. As Tennyson hath it, "God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the world before?" This man had been assailed by a crowd of over a hundred, and had absolutely succeeded in thrashing nearly half of them, in something less than two minutes, remaining, unscathed, in sole possession of their own stronghold. Of course it didn't take long for the police to arrive; very soon an inspector and two blues elbowed their way through the angry mass of workmen, and knocked at the door. We were too far off to hear what was said, as the street there is about as broad as the Avenida de Mayo, and vociferation was extensive, but we could guess that the police had ordered the occupant of the building to open up and surrender. Presently, the door opened and the man appeared, just as fresh and jaunty as he was before the affair began. We saw him taken in charge by the three policemen, and walked off to the Bar Gate, where the magistrates were actually discharging their duties for the day.

"Oh, Mr Bell," said May, "you have influence at the Bar Gate, do let us go any see who that man is, and what they will do with him."

"Certainly," said Bell, in his bland, quiet manner, "I must confess that, although I'm not a pugilist myself, I feel very interested in that man, he's a host in himself, and not a big man either. I never saw such a remarkable performance before."

Bell's influence told, so that, in a few minutes, we found ourselves in the Bar Gate court, just as the inspector was concluding his charge against the accused. Good old Colonel Tryon (peace be to his ashes!) was the justice, and plenty of this sort of work he had had to face, during the previous few days. He was a fine sample of the English gentleman, tall, straight and erect, in spite of his sixty odd years, and staunch old Tory as he was, I could guess, by the look on his face, that he immensely appreciated the present situation. Assuming the usual judicial air, he asked,

"Defendant, what is your name?"

"Tom Sayers, your wuship."

"Oh!"

A lengthened murmur went round the little court.

"You are accused by the police of assault and battery on the persons of several individuals in the public street, in broad daylight, and in the presence of many witnesses, what have you to say in your defence? Be as explicit as possible."

"Well, your wuship," said the indomitable Tom (for it was he), "I was comin' down the street with the conservative colours up, as you see; I didn't wish no 'arm to anyone, nor did I intend any 'arm, if they'd let me alone; but, when I gets to that 'ere big coach-'ouse, a 'ole crowd goes for me, an' I 'ad to act in self-defence, I'm sorry, your wuship if I've 'urt anybody, (here a titter went round the court quickly suppressed by a cry of 'silence!' from the usher) but I was only defendin' of myself; I suppose every British subject 'as a right to defend 'imself, when 'e's assaulted."

"And very well you have done it, Mr Sayers," said the good old Colonel, "you are discharged. Inspector, see Mr Sayers into the street, at liberty, I don't imagine there is any occasion to look after his future welfare as he appears perfectly able to take his own part. I don't suppose either, that any one hereafter will care to assault him." (Cheers).

Nobody did! and Sir Edward Butler was duly elected.

I had the luck, some four years afterwards, to

witness another public performance of this extraordinary man, who was then in training to fight Tom Paddock.

I was on the knife-board of a two penny bus, and we had to pass through the open space, in front of the "Mother Redcap," a public house for ever memorable as Sayers' head-quarters. On this Saturday evening the bus was stopped by a large crowd, who were looking on at a street-fight. The victor up to the moment, was a great hulking, strong limbed brute, palpably connected in some way with the coal trade, for his face and arms were plentifully besmeared with coal-dust; the loser was a much younger and smaller man, apparently an hostler or groom, and as we arrived on the scene, there was a quick exchange of blows, in which the smaller man, overweighted, received a terrible round handed swipe under the left ear, which floored him. Instead of giving the fallen man time to pick himself up and pull himself together, the big, heavy, coaly brute set to work to kick him in his prostrate state, with a fearfully heavy pair of hob-nailed boots, amidst cries from the bystanders of "Shame! Coward! etc., etc." but no one seemed to have the courage to intervene. Suddenly, the crowd was pierced and thrown away on each side, as a man appeared, divested of coat, waist-coat and hat, and with his shirt sleeves hurriedly rolled up. I thought I recognised something familiar in this man's face, but, in the excitement of the moment, I forgot where I had formerly seen him. With a bound, he was on to the bully, had inserted the fingers of his right hand into the back of the latter's shirt-collar and with one swing of the arm, chucked him on to his back, about four yards off, placing himself immediately between bully and victim. When the coaly brute picked himself off the ground it was to find himself face to face with a man. Aye! Every inch of him a man, much smaller, much lighter than himself, but with all the appearance of a gladiator. The close cropped head, set on a splendid neck, the square determined jaw with it's protruding chin, the eyes ablaze, the stern, Nemesis look of the whole face, the superbly broad shoulders, the active, well knit frame, and the scientific attitude proclaimed a prize-fighter of the first water. The bully, too blinded by rage to realize his danger, flew like a fiend at the new comer, with hatred and malice in every line of him; but, in less than half a minute, he did realize to a painful extent the error he had fallen into.

(To be continued).

FIXTURES
CRICKET

Sunday, Jan. 6—Quilmes v. Flores, at Flores.
Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 6 and 7—B.A.C.C. v. Rosario, at Palermo.
Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 6 and 7—Lomas v. Hurlingham, at Hurlingham.

LAWN TENNIS

Sunday, Jan. 14—Flores A.C. v. Lomas A.C.

PRICES

Price of gold on the Bolsa from December 27th to January 2nd inclusive—
Wednesday.....\$28.20 % Saturday\$29.00 %
Thursday.....\$27.30 " Monday..... " "
Friday.....\$28.80 " Tuesday\$27.60 "

The prices at the Corrales during the past week have been as follows:

	Special	Fat	Carne gorda	Buena carne y carnudos
Bullocks.....	\$80—90	60—70	37—42	27—32
Novillos (mestizos).....	56—66	46—56	26—36	16—20
" (criollos).....	36—43	30—36	22—28	12—16
Cows (mestizas).....	41—51	36—41	24—31	11—16
" (criollas).....	26—31	20—26	14—17	6—18
Calves.....	8—15	50 3—7		
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Hides—Bullock.....	\$11.00—12.00			
" —Novillo.....	8.50—11.00			
" —Cow.....	5.50—6.50			
Sheepskins, per kilo.....	0.45—0.83			
Lambskins, per dozen.....	2.00—3.00			
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Sheep—Lincolns.....	\$4.40—5.20			
" —Lincolns of 45 to 55 k.....	5.60—6.60			
" —Mestizo-Lincolns.....	5.30—8.00			
" —Rambouillet.....	3.50—4.30			
Ewes.....	2.40—6.20			
Lambs.....	2.00—3.20			
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Wheat (barleta), 100 kilos.....	\$7.00—8.30			
" (French), 100 kilos.....	7.60—8.20			
" (Candéal).....	8.00—8.50			
" (Saldomé).....	7.00—8.00			
Maize (morocha), old, 100 kilos.....	6.00—6.20			
" (amarillo), old, 100 kilos.....	5.00—6.30			
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-Titan-Soap-

you will avoid all these drawbacks, and your clothes will be Cleaner, Whiter and Fresher than ever they were before, and you will say at any rate that it was worth

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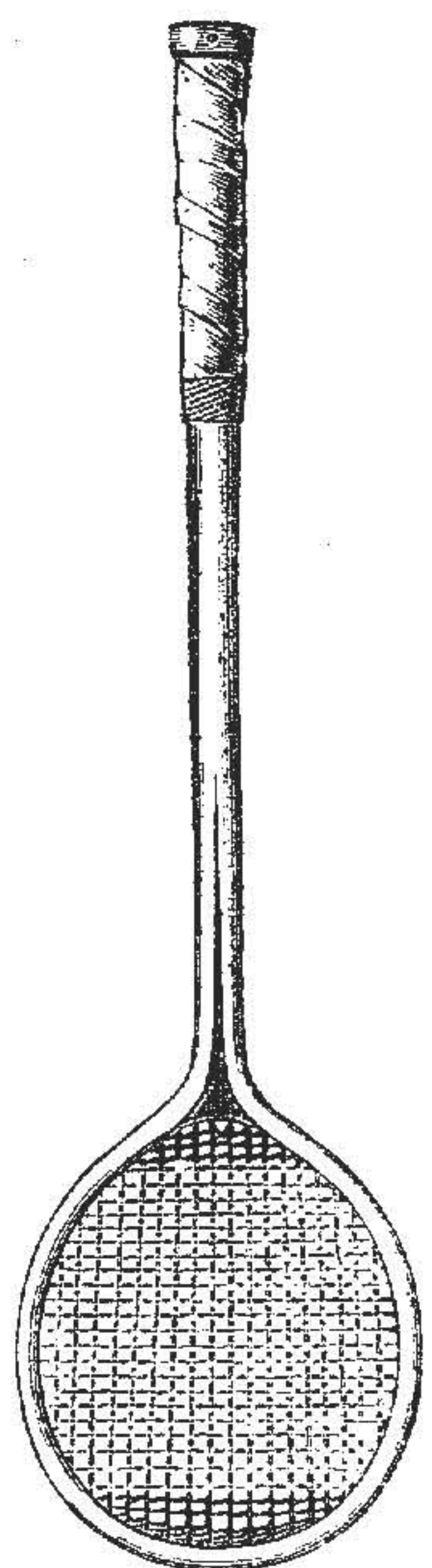
Mr Norman Tate, F.I.C., F.C.S., &c., reports —"After careful analysis and practical trial of TITAN SOAP, I am pleased to say that it is thoroughly well made, possesses very remarkable cleansing and whitening powers, and is quite free from anything that can injure the skin or washable fabrics."

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