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was unable to move altho' in the middle of the road. While in this position, I saw, coming towards me at full speed, an oxcart drawn by a yoke of young Devons which are as fleet as horses, and I thought my time had certainly come, and that I should be crushed, but as they drew near, they fortunately "shyed" and threw out the driver, who was more than half drunk, and was my father's blacksmith; when drunk he always took a religious turn of mind and recognizing me, at once commenced praying and crying, In that condition I was found by my Father, who, seeing my horse run into the yard without a rider, mounted him and came to me at speed.

Perry the blacksmith was a privileged character, in consequence of his great skill in horse shoeing; tho' a slave he attended most of the races on Long Island, and never drank any thing when he had a race horse to shoe. He shod Lady Cliffden, bred by my Father, for her celebrated sixteen mile race on Long Island, in which she beat Mingo, Fanny Wyatt, and Picton. That race had not attracted as much attention in modern circles as other races of that day of less note. Lord Bentinek, who at that time (in 1836) was at the head of the British Turf, told my Father he considered it the best race ever run in America, and equal to any ever run in England. The fashion of short distances and single heats, and the still more vicious habit of racing yearlings, are fatal to the old fashioned four mile racer, and to the breed of horses suitable for Cavalry and for the long journey.

One of the best fields on my father's homeplace was appropriated to a race track, and he had some very fine horses. His races were at that time confined mostly to contests with his personal friends and kinsfolk, Gen. Thos. Foreman of Cecil, Senator Chambers of Kent and Gen. Lewell of Elkton. All this sport has passed away with the division and decline in value of all