

HUNTING.—During the long frosts the new roosts got thinned, foxes got fat, as also hounds and horses, to say nothing of the to-be-pitied frozen out sportsmen. Matters now are getting pretty right again, and numerous good runs are reported. The country, however is very heavy going—a fact which may account for many of the numerous falls experienced by M.P.'s and other notables, who make a list too long to enumerate. Indeed, "hunting accidents," supplemented by "riding accidents," seem to have set in like an epidemic during the last fortnight.—Among recent deaths from such accidents none have been heard of with such unfeigned sorrow by hunting men, and sportsmen far and wide, and especially by those of broad-acred Lincolnshire, than that of William Wright, Esq., better and more lovingly known as "Billy" Wright, of Wold Newton, in that county. Returning from Wootton, where he had been transacting business, he was thrown from his horse, a hard-mouthed animal considerably "above himself," which had bolted with him on the very slippery road leading to Limber Magna. The fall caused concussion of the brain, from which he never rallied, though he lingered four days in a state of unconsciousness. No face will be more missed at the meet of the Brocklesby, South Wold, and Burton Hounds; and the writer of these brief notes will be pardoned for personally bearing testimony to the worth of a man whose memory will be long cherished as that of a straightforward Englishman, a staunch friend, a thorough and upright sportsman, a considerate landlord, and above all a loving husband and father. He was of the stuff true lovers of our outdoor pastimes and recreations are made of, and it is good for the "Old Country" that the stock shows no signs of deterioration.