

SARATOGA.

EARLY HISTORY OF THE SARATOGA COURSE—INTERESTING INCIDENTS.—THE FIRST MEETING.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, Aug. 7, 1877.

The stranger who visits Saratoga, and is familiar with the general management of American race-courses, will be impressed with the contrast he cannot fail to observe between the order and discipline that presides over every department here, and the comparative confusion and recklessness that characterize the management of every other course in the country. Here a gentleman is told that his cigar is not allowed in the grand stand, and he discards it without even a regret, or that to stand up while the races are being run, is considered as his neighbor and against the rules of the course, and he takes his seat without a word. If a carriage approaches the grand stand from Lake Avenue, carrying European noblemen, national notables, cabinet ministers, or men distinguished in the civil and military service of the country—no difference what may be the degree, or what impudence it may provoke—they come in their regular order, vehicle after vehicle in Indian file, until the last is sometimes many hundreds of yards distant from the Avenue. Each deposits its load of passengers, and departs quietly, in the same order that characterized its approach. The slightest violation of the regular order of things described provokes prompt expulsion from the course of either a private or public carriage, and it is invariably impartially enforced against all, without fear, favor, or affection. Mr. Morrissey receives every attendant in person, at least he sees every one, and if they be in want of attentions they are promptly and courteously looked after. He seems to be, so far as the course is concerned, omnipresent. The judges cannot ring a bell that does not fall upon his ear, and no sooner is the order to "saddle-up" given, than he notices the pool-seller, "This is the last col. sir," and the speculators, without saying, "Oh, you have time to sell one more," they do almost every other place, without a word to the grand stand. In a word, there are no protests or grumbling at Saratoga at the rules adopted and always enforced, such as are so prevalent upon all other courses in the country. Everybody submits, and the strange part of it is they do it cheerfully, and seem to take a pleasure in doing so. This is the case nowhere else that I have ever been.

The result is, that in fourteen years of racing, not a vehicle has been broken in its approach or departure from the grand stand, not even a serious collision has occurred, and but one personal difficulty, and so slight is this that it scarcely produced a ripple of excitement. The party provoking it was immediately expelled from the grounds. The watch-eye and thorough knowledge of the proper prevents men of bad character—pickpockets and thieves—from obtaining ingress to the grounds or stands; so that, since the organization of the Association, not a man has been robbed, a pocket handkerchief, or shawl, or any small article of personal property lost.

One evening during this week a party of gentlemen gathered in a circle upon the porch of a prominent hotel, engaged in a pleasant conversation, in which they were discussing the history of the present Saratoga race-course. It was new and very interesting to me, and is of so much importance that, in my opinion, it should reach the records.

"Doctor, were you here at the first race meeting at this point?" asked Gen. E. W. Rice, of Missouri, addressing the veteran hunter, Dr. J. W. Weldon.

"Oh, yes," said the Doctor, with his usual kind and pleasant manner, and I noticed a fire kindle about his eye and his face brighten, as if pleasant recollections were flooding upon him.

"I have heard that it was a very pleasant season, and an interesting and successful one. Can you tell us about it?" Many were joined in the request, and the Doctor consented.

"You see," said he, "the war was flat at the time, 1863, and racing had gone to the wall. The sports of the country had been completely swallowed up, besides, there had never been a running race in the region and about Saratoga, and the people knew nothing about the class of amusement. Capt.

several prominent turfmen and owners, in buggies, marched through the entire village, followed by a splendid band of music, and the horses with jockeys mounted and colors flying. The balconies, porches, windows, doors, and sidewalks were crowded with ladies and gentlemen, watching this strange exhibition. It had the desired effect, for the next day the field at the race-course was crowded (there were no grand stands or other place to receive visitors) and in the sun, or partially sheltered by the tall slender pines, they witnessed one of the best day's sports ever seen anywhere. I was lucky enough to win the sweepstakes of the day, mile heats, with Lizzie W., at three heats. The colt Captain Moore, won the first heat. During the week I won four races, out of the ten that were run, with Lizzie W. and Sympathy, and Messrs. Watson & Hunter won two.

"The last day, I shall never forget. A terrible storm, accompanied by a driving pelting rain, and fierce thunder and lightning, came up and lasted for a great while. The ladies were so interested in the sport that not a carriage left the course. They raised their umbrellas, stood their ground until a clear sky came, when the games went on to the close. That settled Mr. Morrissey in his purpose to establish regular racing meetings here, as I have often heard him say. The next day he purchased the grounds where the present course is located, had a track laid out, and began to build and improve it. To better enable him to meet the demands of the public he had a charter drawn, giving the corporators the most ample powers—that is, to do anything to promote the interests of the turf, and the success of the association, not to conflict with the laws of the State of New York. The list of corporators was headed by the name of the late venerable Commodore Vanderbilt, and his associates were among the wealthiest and best men in the State. Application was made to the ensuing Legislature, and the granted without a dissenting voice. This is the early history of the Saratoga Association. Upon this course have been run some of the most brilliant races ever witnessed anywhere. The stakes and purses run for annually have, since the organization, been quite as important as have been offered elsewhere, and they have commanded the attention of the best turfmen in the land, and have attracted the very best racehorses on this side of the water."

He spoke with pride of the double achievement of Kentucky in capturing the Saratoga Cup, of Muggins' victory for the same event the year following; of the grand surprise that Helmbold gave Longfellow at four miles and the upset that Arizona inflicted upon the backers of Hubbard at four-mile heats; of the grand and lofty tumble that Harry Bassett showed the friends of Longfellow, and many other important and interesting incidents. He concluded, however, with allusion to the grand surprise that Vera Cruz gave the backers of Parole and Ochiltree last week in the All-Aged stakes, and fully agreed with the report sent The Spirit, as to the merits of the result. The story as told with a graphic eloquence, that greatly entertained and interested his listeners.—*Correspondence Spirit of the Times.*

SARATOGA.

THE RACE FOR THE SUMMER HANDICAP.

The second race on Saturday 11th was the Summer Handicap, for all ages, \$50 each, or \$20 if declared out, with \$700 added, the second horse to receive \$200 out of the stakes. The distance one mile and three-quarters. This stake closed with forty-seven nominations, of which the following came to the post:—Charles Reed's chestnut filly Athlene, by Pat Malloy—Anna Travis, 4 yrs old, carrying 108 lbs; George Longstaff's bay colt George IV., by Revolver—Skipper, 4 yrs old, 108 lbs; P Lorillard's brown gelding Parole, by Leamington—Maiden, 4 yrs old, 116 lbs; T W Doswell's bay gelding Bushwhacker, by Bonnie Scotland—Anna Bush, 3 yrs old, 88 lbs; J T Williams' bay gelding Vera Cruz, by Virgil—Regan, 8 yrs old, 96 lbs. Parole was the favorite, selling for \$800, Vera Cruz \$470, Bushwhacker \$200, and the field \$105. The start was a good one at the first time of asking, George IV taking the lead, Bushwhacker second, Vera Cruz third, Athlene fourth, Parole fifth. The horses

HORSE-SHOEING.

To write anything new on shoeing horses, is almost as difficult a task as it would be for a temperance lecturer to tell anything that had not already been told over and over again, but I promised to give some of my own experience in the treatment of horses' feet and shoeing. I have spent thirty years of my life shoeing horses, and am far from knowing it all; yet during that time, I have endeavored to study well the different conditions, shapes and forms of the horse's foot, to know best how to apply a shoe so a horse would travel natural; or, if he had contracted any bad habit, how I could cure him, by applying different kind of shoes. In a great many cases I was very successful, but in a large number I failed, and not being able to cure all horses of bad habits, by manipulating the shoes, I was induced to bring out the metallic toe and side weight, which I have no doubt can be used so as to overcome every bad habit a horse may have contracted; but to do this, we must necessarily experiment, which requires time and patience. Now let me say a few words as to the condition of horses' feet, as they are taken to the shop, to be shod, and if I should tell you that two-thirds of all the horses that are taken to the smith, were in no possible condition to receive shoes, you would not believe me, but it is true, as every good smith will bear me witness. You will now let me tell you, in my own way, just what takes place in almost every smith's shop daily. A. has a fine horse that needs shoeing. He says to his man, "Take Charley to the blacksmith's shop, and have new shoes put on him all around." Charley is led to the shop; the smith receives his instructions and goes to work to put on the shoes. But he finds the horse's feet in bad condition, being as dry and as hard as a sandstone. Now the Smith knows (if he understands his business) that it is all wrong to nail a shoe on such a foot, but what is to be done? Can he send the horse back to his owner, and say to him that his horse's feet must be washed, soaked and put in good condition before he would put on the shoes. No, he cannot do this; if he did, his occupation would soon be gone; and so he must obey orders and nail them on dry, when he knows in so doing, he is injuring the horse. Charley, after receiving his new shoes, is taken back to his owner, the shoes are looked over (not the feet) and pronounced a perfect job. But how do the new shoes affect the horse? In a few days Charley begins to favor his feet, first putting out one foot and then the other, as if he was in pain, and I am of the opinion that the poor horse was not making any false motions, for he finally goes dead lame. Mr. A. wonders what is the matter with his horse. As a matter of course, there must be a cause for his lameness, and as no man has broader shoulders than the blacksmith in such cases, it must be charged up to his pricking old Charley, or driving the nails "clear up into the quick." But Mr. A. being a generous man, feels as if he ought to give the horse-shoer one more chance, so old Charley is ordered back to the shop to have his shoes removed and re-set. The smith sees the horse coming, hobbling along as if he was treading on eggs, and is not disappointed, for he was satisfied when he nailed on the shoes that the poor horse could not stand the pressure, and must, as a natural consequence, go lame, but Charley is received by the smith the second time, with orders to remove the shoes, and re-set them, "and to be careful that the feet are not injured by improper shoeing." Now, this may seem a simple story; but I can tell you there is more truth than poetry in it. I do not wish to be understood that all who own fine horses neglect them; far from it, for no horse can have better care and treatment than these track horses and horses owned by private gentlemen. It is the business man's horse that suffers, and is neglected, for the reason that his whole mind is absorbed and taken up in his business so he must trust everything to his man, expecting that his horse (which may be a flyer) will have the proper care and attention that is necessary to keep him in good driving condition. It would not be right to attach all the blame to the groom for the reason that he has never been educated, or even required to look after the horse's feet to see that they were properly sponged and soaked every day, in hot, dusty weather, and in cold weather when the roads are hard and dry—but to give special attention to the body, to see that the horse was made smooth and sleek. It is all right to groom a horse well, but how much more essential is it that the feet should have care, so that your horse will travel without crippling. Well, I have been finding a good deal of fault with the owners of horses, and I do not know how the smith begins to think that I am going to let him off without giving him a good raping, but in my next I shall try and show up his faults and short comings.

A CANADIAN OX IN ENGLAND.

GALE'S 4,000 QUARTER MILES.

ENDURANCE THAT ECLIPSES ANYTHING THAT WESTON EVER ATTEMPTED.

Punctually to the second at 7½ o'clock on Wednesday evening, William Gale started his final quarter, and in four minutes and a half afterward had accomplished his marvelous feat of walking 1,000 miles in quarters, commenced at every consecutive ten minutes. What a contrast between that triumphant finish and the solitary start made at one o'clock on the morning of the 28th of June. Under the pale moonlight, as a keen wind stirred the branches of the sturdy trees that line the Canton grounds, William Gale, on that memorable Thursday, began his unparalleled feat of pedestrianism. Some dozen of the "talent" hung about the grounds, a curl of tobacco smoke indicated the whereabouts of the head, a hissing oil lamp, or, if the shadows of the thick hedge-rows intervened not, the gray midnight glow of the moon, revealed the countenance, and one inferred that a man was here, and a man there, notwithstanding the woolen about the throat, the size of the ears the lean "chops," the shaven neck, the clipped pat. It was a motley and lachrymose gathering. But the work had begun, and the referee announced two minutes forty five seconds as the time in which Gale had accomplished the first two laps which made up the first quarter of the first mile out of 1,000. Last evening how all this had changed! The male spectators and their wives and daughters vied with one another in "necking" the course; the gentlemen of Glamorgan ran hither and thither to watch the tough and tight-strung pedestrian; the "talent" now displayed at its best, swept the ground over which the plucky little man had to tramp; the "Conquering Hero," dashed in stirring strains over the heads of the thousands assembled, cheers, claps, congratulations—the freaks of frisky youth, the solid assent of sober age, excitement, variety, unimpaired speculation—such were the indications of the curiosity and admiration which Gale's pedestrian marvel had worked up. Every consideration was swallowed up in the big fact that the greatest feat of pedestrianism on record was being brought to a splendidly successful finish, and that, too, in Cardiff at the Canton running grounds. Three times, just a week apart, did Gale show symptoms of breaking down. On the first occasion he was delirious, on the second physically weak, on the third he suffered bodily and mentally. In each case he picked himself up in A 1 style. Doubtless a number of interesting questions relative to Gale's feat will yet be discussed, not only by those specially interested in the pedestrian, but by the medical profession generally, as well as by the thinking portion of the public. For the present the big fact is that 4,000 quarter miles have been walked in 4,000 consecutive ten minutes by William Gale of Penarth. The editor of the Western Mail, having undertaken the duty of appointing referees to authenticate the due performance of Gale's walking feat, officially declares:

First—That Wm. Gale commenced walking at 1 a.m. on Thursday morning, June 28th, 1877.

Second—That from that time onward he walked a quarter of a mile at the commencement of every ten minutes, without interruption, until he had accomplished 1,000 miles.

Third—That the feat was concluded on Wednesday evening, the 25th of July, 1877, at 7h., 34m., 30secs., having occupied twenty seven days, eighteen hours, forty-four minutes and thirty seconds.

A GAMBLING AMBASSADOR.

Khalil Pasha, the Turkish Ambassador at Paris has just been recalled from his post because he was posted at a club for some \$8,000 which he had lost at *ecarte*, and was unable to pay. He has been one of the most notorious characters of Parisian high-life, and his adventures are quite legendary. He made his debut two years ago as Khalil Bey, a kind of semi-official agent of the Porte for matters financial and diplomatic. He then had a private income of some \$250,000 a year. The whole of his fortune was squandered away in less than fifteen years. When he was no longer able to live upon his own means, the Porte made a Pasha and an Ambassador of him, first at St. Petersburg, and subsequently at Paris. He lost at the Russian capital a very large sum of money.

A CAT'S CURIOSITY ABOUT BEES.

Charles Kaiser, who has the only hive of bees in town, says that when he first got his swarm his old cat's curiosity was much excited in regard to the doings of the little insects—the like of which she had never before seen. At first she watched them coming and going at the entrance of the hive, and then when a bee came in or started out, made a dash at it with her paws. This went on for a time without attracting the special attention of the inhabitants of the hive. Presently, however, "Old Tabby" struck and crashed a bee on the edge of the opening leading to the hive. The smell of the crushed bee alarmed and enraged the whole swarm. Bees by the score poured forth and darted into the fur of the astonished cat. Tabby rolled herself in the grass, spitting, sputtering, biting, clawing and squalling as cat never equalled before. She appeared a mere ball of fur and bees as she rolled and tumbled about. She was at length hauled away from the hive with a garden rake, at the cost of several severe stings to her rescuer. Even after she had been taken to a distant part of the grounds the bees stuck in Tabby's fur, and about once in two minutes she would utter an unearthly "yow" and bounce a full yard in the air. On coming down she would try to scratch an ear, when a sting on the back would cause her to turn a succession of back somersets and give vent to a running fire of squalls. Like the parrot that was left alone with the monkey, old Tabby had a crowd of full time. Two or three days after this adventure Tabby was caught by her owner, who took her by the neck and threw her down near the bee hive. No sooner did she strike the ground than she gave a fearful squall, and at a single bound reached the top of a fence full six feet in height. There she clung for a moment with tail as big as a rollingpin when with another bound and squall she was out of sight and did not again put in an appearance for over a week.

AN ETHIOPIAN GAME OF DRAW POKER.

Says the Virginia Chronicle. A large crowd gathered at Judge Nott's Court yesterday afternoon to witness the trial of an assault and battery case. The trouble had originated between two negroes at a poker game, and the jury and witnesses were all of the colored persuasion. John Bennett and Joe Rodman were the defendants, and the latter, being tried by the court, was convicted and fined \$40. The decision had its effect on Bennett, who remarked, "I guess I'll have a jury. Dis court ain't much for me."

A jury of colored men was accordingly summoned, and the fun began. It was charged that Bennett, while playing a game of poker with Rodman, had drawn a knife and threatened to make the trouble. Bennett took the stand and made the following explanation.

"Yo see, Judge, we was playin' poker down in the saloon, and we got \$6 in de pot and I had a full hand free aces and two queens. Judge, sure's yo see it."

A juror (rising in his place) was lub yer straight poker or draw."

Witness—Draw.

Juror—I thought so.

Witness—Well, yer see, Judge.

Judge Moss—Turn around and address the jury, sir.

Witness Yisiah. Yo see, I held a full, and Joe he held a flush. When I called he said, "I've got a flush" an' he reached for de pile. "Hold on dar," says I, "a full beats a flush. Says he, 'You lie,' an' I jest pulled up my pipe to take a smoke, and argy de point, and he jumped up and he grabbed a chair—and dat how de row started in."

A Juror—Did he start for you wid that cheer?"

Witness—Well he sorter did for a spell, and den he sorter let up and stood standin' for me to come.

Rodman next took the stand and testified as follows: "Yo see Judge, I had a flush and John said he had a full hand. Mine was a flush, shuah, Judge, and so I reckoned on de stakes, and John he pulled a knife as I sposed, and I jumped up and grabbed a cheeah, to hit him over de head. When I see de knife was only a pipe, I was so 'shamed I wuz' I . . . I know what to do."

Judge Tho you mean I saw a . . . at de . . . full."

Witness—Course I do.

Four jurors at once. How's dat?

Witness—it was a straight flush.

Four jurors at once. Oh.

A Juror—Did you make any payment about a straight flush before?—sawed in de . . . on de game at the onset?"

Witness No. We wuzn't payin' a . . .

Witness No. We wuzn't payin' a . . .