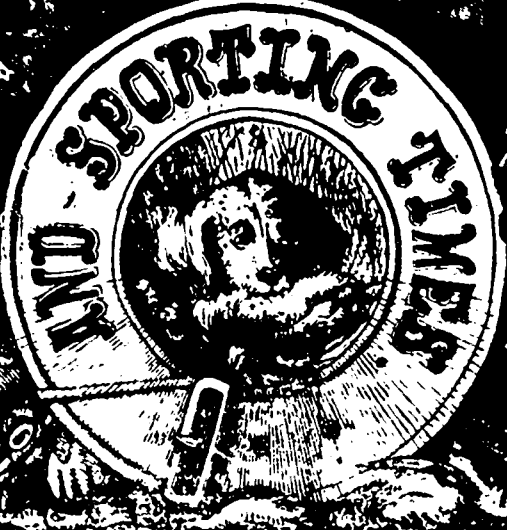


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AMERICAN HORSES IN ENGLAND.

(From the Kentucky Live Stock Record.)

A great deal has been written in America about the prospects of Mr. P. Lorillard's new venture in racing in England, and much of it is based upon the bragging principle that America can beat the world. This twaddle may perhaps catch the ears of the groundlings, but those who rely upon such reckless assertions and braggadocio, without weighing and viewing the matter in its proper light, will be doomed to sad disappointment. Some of the American papers herald the Duke of Magenta, one of Mr. P. Lorillard's most exportation's to England, as the greatest racehorse that ever trod the American turf, and assert that he will win every great stake or cup for which he starts.

While we are willing to admit that the Duke of Magenta is the best three-year-old of his year in the East—for he never met the best of the South and West—we are unwilling to concede that he is the greatest racehorse produced in America. We do not believe he is the superior, and it is even doubtful whether he is the equal of such horses as Harry Bassett, Tom Bowling, Ten-Brock, Asteroid, Norfolk, Kentucky, Vandalite, Aristides, Vigil, and some others. True, he won all the great stakes of the year in the East, except the Jersey Derby, won by Spartan, but the quality of the horses he has beaten, in our judgement, does not take rank among really first-class three-year-olds. Look at the list of his competitors this year that he has defeated—Albert, Bramble, Bayard, Donkey Wood, Danicheff, Eugene N. Robinson, Garret, Helmsman, Invermoor, Judith, Kinzie K., Mattan, Pique, Pride of the Village, Spartan, and Lodi. He beat these pretty handsily; but how a single horse in this list of his defeated opponents that any good turfman would select to take to England with the expectation of beating the best three-year-olds of England? No! Not one. Then why laud the performances of the Duke of Magenta so high, and predict that he will beat all the best of England. This course is the very reverse of judicious, and extremely injurious to Mr. Lorillard's prospects, and is certain to put additional weight upon his horses, for no English handicapper can ignore his performances and the laudatory expressions of the American press.

In considering the chances Mr. Lorillard's horse will have in England, writers for the press do not take into consideration the vast odds against him. It is the height of folly to expect a single stable, with only some two or three good horses in it, to go to England, meet any of the best of the country, and beat the pick and best of that country, France, and the Continent of Europe. We do not believe the English could send a single stable here and beat the best of the country; and it is a still harder matter to go there and beat them, as they have three times as many racehorses in training. As an illustration, take the number of foals dropped annually in England, to say nothing of France, Germany, Austria and Hungary, and then weigh the

DEATH OF PROF. HELLER.

(From the Philadelphia Times.)

Heller came to this city on Saturday last from New York to fill a winter's engagement at Concert Hall. His last engagement, previous to coming to Philadelphia, was in Washington two weeks ago. There he contracted a cold, and when his engagement concluded he went to New York for a week's rest, preparatory to opening in Philadelphia. On Monday night he gave his first performance here. He got through the first part all right, but immediately afterwards was taken suddenly ill. The audience waited. Mr. Heller presently appeared, looking very pale. He stated that a sudden sickness had interfered in a measure with his plans that evening, but he would endeavor to go on with the performance. His sister, who assisted him, had also taken sick, he announced, but would endeavor to help him through with the programme. The play went on. Heller did his best to delight his audience and succeeded. Before the part came to a close, however, his illness increased, as was plainly apparent to the audience by his looks. The performance closed. Heller, accompanied by his sister, returned to the Continental Hotel. Next morning (Tuesday), at 8 o'clock, he still felt unwell and sent for Dr. F. H. Getchell, of Spruce street. Dr. Getchell says that upon his arrival he found him suffering from a slight congestion of the lungs. While he did not think his case dangerous, he urged Heller to keep himself quiet as possible and advised him not to keep his engagement for Tuesday night, as he thought he would not be able to play. Heller could not think of disappointing the audience and refused to listen to the advice. He felt no fear of anything dangerous. The doctor prescribed for him and left. He visited him again several times during the day, repeating his advice for him not to play on Tuesday night. It was 4 o'clock in the afternoon before he got Heller finally persuaded. At that hour he consented to allow a certificate to be drawn at his dictation, and signed by the doctor, to be given to the press, to the effect that he could not play that night. He would not allow the certificate to cover a longer period than that one night, though the doctor urged it upon him strongly. He expected to be out of bed on Wednesday. The doctor had made him take his bed the moment he saw him Tuesday morning. Yesterday morning he was about the same and still sanguine of being able to play last night. Dr. Getchell dissuaded him from attempting it. The doctor did not apprehend anything dangerous until 7 o'clock last evening. At that hour the patient was seized with a fit of vomiting which prostrated him greatly. He began to sink rapidly. Dr. Getchell sent for Dr. Da Costa, and the two physicians held a consultation at 8 o'clock. The outcome of it was an agreement on the part of both that Heller's condition was critical. Still they did not expect he would die during the night. To insure care in the case of need, Dr. Getchell decided to stay with him all night. Dr. Da Costa then left. Miss Heller, the sister, Dr. Getchell and a female attendant were all that remained with him. The fits of vomiting were

knows that there is more truth than poetry in horseracing. If we should ever make a fortune by editing a newspaper, or writing novels, one of the first uses we shall make of the money will be to take the Captain to England, and introduce him to the Dawsons, the Days, and young Lord Jersey. Littlefield and Pincus having seen the high status of the trainers in England, and witnessed the general esteem in which their profession is held by all classes of the English people, cannot but be benefitted thereby. Intercourse with three Dawsons and the other eminent English trainers could not fail to be valuable in every point of view. Littlefield thinks there is no other ground in the world like Newmarket Heath for training and racing, and Jacob adds that nobody can tell what a trainer is really doing there unless the trial is witnessed and the weights are known. The former also believes that horses are often defeated over our cramped courses, who could, upon the long and wide straight runs home of the English courses, beat their adversaries. He is of the opinion we have always held, and which we ventured to express to Mr. Jerome, General Taylor, Mr. Cameron, Mr. Paul Forbes, Mr. John Purdy, and other gentlemen before Jerome Park was opened, viz., that the most severe and valuable test for a racehorse is the trial of his ability to stand a long straight run at the finish. If he can do that he is a good-winded one, and that is, upon the whole, the most valuable property in the thoroughbred.

Mr. Littlefield believes Hampton to be the best horse in England, and he is very far from thinking that there are no other good ones. He regards Hampton as a truly grand racehorse in every respect. He stands drawing very fine, and he has seen him win when he could nearly see through him. He thinks Jannette the best mare in England. They are both by Lord Childen. Jacob first saw Jannette in the saddling paddock for the Oaks, which she won. She is, he says, a grand filly, much superior in looks to Pilgrimage. Littlefield saw Uncas in England, and liked him well. He has, however, according to him and Pincus, some dangerous customers to meet next year. They think Wheel of Fortune, by Adventurer out of Queen Bertha, by Kingston, grandam Flax, by Surplus, the best of the two-year-olds. We believe that they think also is the best they ever saw. We told them that, in our humble opinion, Uncas was not the best that ever was seen here, by a great deal. He will, however, not be likely to meet her early in the year. From what we could gather, Littlefield thinks the English two-year-olds very good this year, and this is what we said some weeks ago. Peter, Childeric, Strathern, Ruperra, Rayon D'Or, Marshall Scott, etc., are likely to be run customers next year. Littlefield did not see the Duke of Beaufort's colt by the Knight of Kays run his extraordinary race at Newmarket. Pincus did, and never saw such a wild-running colt in his life before. He nearly had Archer out of the saddle several times; and, says Jacob, "I am going to watch that fellow's doings." Jacob also saw Master Brogden pat himself on the head when he was winning the Apprentices' Plate, and likewise saw Blanton administer a little congratulation to Master Brog-

Veterinary.

ONTARIO VETERINARY COLLEGE.

The usual weekly meeting of the above society was held last Thursday evening in the lecture room of the College, Mr. John P. Bond, V. S., in the chair. Roll called and minutes of last meeting read and approved. Forty-five members present. Mr. O. Matthews, of Broughton, Ont., read an entertaining essay on the different modes of Castration, which gave rise to an exciting debate. Mr. E. Cleaver, of Allentown, Penn., then read a very interesting communication on some cases of Putrid Fever that he had seen last summer. As most of the students had never had an opportunity of meeting with this rare disease, they took the advantage offered them of discussing this affection very warmly, and Mr. Cleaver was required to answer a number of questions, which he did in a highly satisfactory manner. Mr. Hoekenberg, of Catsaugus, Pa., then volunteered an essay, and Mr. S. J. Foelker, of Allentown, Pa., a communication for next evening. A vote of thanks was moved to Mr. Bond for kindly officiating in the chair, during the absence of Dr. Smith. Mr. Bond made a very suitable reply and the meeting adjourned.

TROTTING AT ALEXANDRA PARK, LONDON.

LILY VS. TIME, FOR 100 SQS.

This match, made on the first day of the last trotting meeting held in Alexandra Park a month since, was brought to a satisfactory conclusion on Monday last, in the presence of a very fair sprinkling of the lovers of fast tilts, and the performance that was put the pony (only 12 hands 2 in. in height) was deemed something out of the common, it evoked generally a lot of interest as well as of speculation. The track is well known to be anything but an easy one, so that the old scythe-bearer from the time the match was made has been the favorite. The conditions were that Mr. Aspinall, of Wigan, wagered Mr. T. Kirby, of Semley, 50 sovs. even, that his pony Lily trotted two miles round the Alexandra Park track in 6m. 10s., the money being staked in the hands of the Sporting Life. The match was fixed to take place at two o'clock, but owing to the track being somewhat short of the half mile in circumference it was found necessary to run the chain over it, when it was found to be deficient in distance by thirteen yards and two feet. Owing to this delay it was after three o'clock when those concerned in the match and the referee had set their watches and the pony got upon her mark, when no time was lost in firing the pistol, a capital start being effected. From the first, although going tolerably well, Lily did not appear to have that fine dash of speed that has been so much admired in most of her previous handicap performances, and notwithstanding she was accompanied by

Billiards.

A JOKE ON M. PHELAN.

The boys back in the '60's used to have a happy faculty of perpetrating jokes on Michael Phelan, which the old gentleman exerted himself, in order to "get even," to perpetrate on somebody else. At one time, after getting a series of them, among which were the trick of pushing a finger through a hat, and the apparent occasion of a sore finger in a rag, and asking somebody to tie the string, he fell against the paper trick. This was done by cutting two pieces of paper of exactly the same size, so that when put in a peculiar position they appeared dissimilar in dimensions. Our butcher will never forget the morning Mr. Phelan, after being caught the previous evening, hurried down to the office on Crosby street to "get even" on somebody with the paper trick. The papers were submitted to both George (his son) and ourselves with unsatisfactory results. "Well," exclaimed Mr. Phelan, "I will get even with Collender (his partner) anyhow when he comes in. In the interim George got possession of the papers and cut one sixteenth of an inch from one and quiet replaced them on the old gentleman's desk. When Collender came in, out rushed Mr. Phelan with the papers. "Can you tell me which is the largest of these papers?" queried he. Collender, who had been posted by George prior to entering, as to what had been done, said: "Certainly, anybody can tell that." "They can! ahem! they can, hey! Well, I will just have to bet you 'groceries' you can't!" Collender picked up the one that hadn't been cut, whip Mr. Phelan exclaimingly exclaimed: "Well, you had better come over to the Aston House and pay up, for you have lost. They are both of the same size." "Hold on," said Collender, "let's measure them." They were measured, and the Governor quietly withdrew into his private office, where he remained, never showing his face the balance of the day. That was the last time the Governor tried to get even at the factory. — Turf.

SEXTON CHALLENGED BY SLOSSON.

At 11 o'clock Saturday night last Sexton, the billiard player, was receiving the congratulations of his friends on the fact that within an hour he would be the possessor of the Delaney Champion Medal, which he had held for two years, no challenge having been made by another player. Shortly before midnight, however, Sexton received a communication from Matthew Delaney announcing that he held \$250 and a challenge from G. F. Slosson to play Sexton for the championship and the medal. Sexton decided to accept the challenge, and the necessary arrangements for the match, which will probably be played at Tammany Hall, New York two weeks before or two weeks after the tournament, will be made this week. The money stakes will be \$500 a side.