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## Aquatic.

### THE AMERICAN CHAMPIONSHIP.

HANLAN BEATS MORRIS.

THE TORONTO BOY THE CHAMPION.

It will be unnecessary to review the incidents of the match-making for the five mile championship of America, between Ed. Hanlan of Toronto and Evan Morris of Pittsburg, Penn. The articles of agreement and sketches of the lives and performances of both men have been recently published in these columns, and to repeat them here would be an unnecessary act. For all practical purposes it will be sufficient to say that Hanlan and Morris were matched to row a five mile championship race on the Hulton course, near Pittsburg, for \$2,000, on June 20, and our duty in the respect will be completed. Our attention will be given to the occurrences which took place after the match was really made.

Both Hanlan and Morris went to early training, and neither of them left a stone unturned to be in the best possible fix for the leading aquatic event of the season so far. Hanlan commenced early to get in shape to meet Plaisted, and at the conclusion of that race, after a few days "letting up," went into hard work again, under the superintendence of Johnay London. His departure to and arrival at Pittsburg have been duly chronicled. Morris sailed at Hulton, and stepped into his boat in model of manly vigor. In this respect both were on a par, although to an extremely critical eye Hanlan looked if anything too fit, but the result of the race went to show that this was an error in judgment. Hanlan was followed to the Snokoy City by a large delegation of Canadians, who had the most unbounded confidence in the strength and skill of the Canadian champion. Their presence and business there were early made known, and offers of speculation were freely made. The Morris party were rather backward and did not feel disposed to accept the odds offered by the Canucks. A day or so before the race, however, after both parties had taken each other's measure, business commenced, \$100 to \$80 with Hanlan for choice, being about the average. As the time approached "our boy" advanced, and before the word was given \$100 to \$70 would be about the current odds. Large sums were invested at these quotations, and still the Canadian delegation called for more. While the money bet the Morris men bet it freely, but the opinion representatives had the better of the accounts, and forced the market to a stand-still. The day of the race turned out beautiful one, and the banks of the river

on Toronto Bay. Hanlan gradually but surely drew away, and at the mile was fully three lengths ahead. Morris now put on all the reserve forces he had, but Hanlan still kept his advantage. At the stake boat Hanlan had four lengths the best of it, and the race to all intents and purposes, bar accidents, was over. Hanlan continued to increase his lead, while the Pittsburg youth dropped to 25 or 30 a mile and took things coolly. Morris was sorely distressed, while Hanlan appeared to be as fresh as when he started out. The latter frequently recognized his friends on the shore, and once or twice let up, almost waiting as it were for his opponent. As they neared home Hanlan's stroke became slower, and the result of the race was beyond doubt. He passed the stake boat three lengths ahead, which could have easily been twenty, in thirty-seven minutes, considered to be very fast time when the state of the current is taken into account. After crossing the line the champion pulled to his boat-house, where he was disembarked and rubbed down. He showed no symptoms of distress whatever, and appeared to be able to row another race. Morris was invited to the winner's quarters, and the meeting between the champion and the ex-champion was extremely cordial. Morris acknowledged that he soon found he was beaten, but was determined to make the race as good a one as he could. Hanlan thinks it is the hardest race he ever had, but to the spectators it appeared to be the merest kind of holiday amusement for him to beat a man of Morris' calibre.

#### AFTER THE RACE.

The news of Hanlan's victory was received in Toronto with the most unbounded marks of applause. The newspaper offices were besieged with an army of highly interested and excited admirers, and as the telegrams from time to time were received of the progress of the race loud and prolonged cheers rent the air. There was no mistaking the enthusiasm. When the final result was announced, a feeling of satisfaction was observed on all sides, and the numerous friends of the champion congratulated one another on his last victory.

The larger portion of the Toronto delegation arrived home on Saturday morning early, and were loud in their praises of the trip and its result—financially and otherwise. Hanlan accompanied by his immediate friends reached the city on Saturday evening, having crossed the lake on the Chicago. A large number of his admirers went over in the afternoon on that steamer to meet him. At the ancient capital he met with a warm reception, the citizens of the town and the inhabitants of the surrounding country having turned out en masse to do him honor. Congratulatory speeches were

a 5-mile race for \$2,000, on July 25. The matter of the championship is not at stake on this contest. After that it is not determined what course will be pursued, but in looking over the probabilities a meeting between "our boy" and the Union Springs hero, Courtney, appears to be inevitable. From the latter's disposition to engage in a five-miler, it is a little uncertain if they will meet for the championship. Courtney is now the only man in America who is likely to put himself alongside the champion in a single-handed contest, and where the local feeling is so strong in favor of both men—both being deemed invincible by their respective partisans—an exciting time may surely be expected. If the American wishes to row for the championship he will have to meet our man on water of his own selection, but if in a three-mile contest, the location of the race will have to be selected by mutual consent. Under the circumstances Courtney can hardly remain quiescent, but will have to make an early declaration of his intentions, be they for the championship or otherwise. Courtney's recent fiasco at Cayuga Lake, to judge from the tone of the American press, has rather alienated the affections of a portion of his admirers, while Hanlan's admirable performance at Hulton has stamped him as one of the greatest oarsmen the world has ever produced. The meeting between these two rivals will be the aquatic event of the year in America, and now while both men are in the height of their fame, no means should be lost in bringing them together.

A testimonial is proposed to be given to Hanlan, as a mark of the appreciation of his friends. It is more than probable it will assume the shape of a homestead in this city. A nucleus of a fund for this purpose was formed by the contributions of those who took part in the excursion from this city to Pittsburg. On the journey home the sum of \$550 was collected for a testimonial. Subscription lists will be circulated in the leading places in Canada, and it is quite easy to imagine from the high esteem in which the champion is now held that the contributions for this object will not only be numerous but large. Hanlan has nobly earned the best wishes of our citizens without any distinction and the major portion of them with whom his name has become a household word, will consider it a favour to be allowed to contribute their quota towards such a monument of their respect for his skill, prowess, and honor.

#### WHAT THE PRESS SAY.

The Pittsburg papers contained very lengthy accounts of the race. We make the following extracts of their remarks.—The Commercial Gazette, describing the finish, says—"Morris increased his stroke perceptibly, labored hard and gained over a length. As coolly and apparently as comfortably as though he was enjoying himself

being able to make quick time in the swift current of the Hulton course, but the Chronicle thinks Hanlan would win on any water, rough or low, rough or smooth. His science would carry him through and bring him out the winner.

The New York World editorially remarks.—The result of the Hanlan-Morris race at Pittsburg shows that the Canadian champion is not merely a good oarsman, but one of those exceptional men who are really worthy to rank among the heroes of aquatic sports, such as Chambers, Rowforth, Clasper and Kelley. Evan Morris is one of the best long distance scullers in the country, and it must have taken a fine racing pace and great staying powers to beat him. The victory of Hanlan will probably lead to a match with Courtney, who is now the only oarsman in the United States who seems fit to encounter him, for no one except Courtney himself desires to see Riley pitted against the Canadian at present. It is to be regretted that the race at Geneva should have occurred just at this time, for like the Greenwood Lake affair, it tends to throw discredit upon boat racing in general and upon all who took part in it, whether as contrivers or visitors.

#### COURTNEY—DEMPSEY.

The three mile race between Chas. E. Courtney, the American "crack" of Union Springs, N. Y., and J. H. Dempsey of Geneva, N. Y., for \$500, took place on Cayuga Lake, N. Y., on the 17th inst, and resulted very unsatisfactorily, Courtney spilling out of his shell at the turning buoy. It is claimed by Courtney's friends that it was a job too a him, and that a wire or some other obstruction had been sunken at the point where the accident occurred, and had been worked in the interest of the gang who wished for his defeat. A short time ago the SPORTING TIMES gave a sketch of Courtney's performances which renders its reproduction here unnecessary. Mr Dempsey is a native of Ireland, thirty-four years old, weighs 174 pounds, and is 5 feet 10 1/2 inches high. He has a chest measurement of 44 inches, and is a man of powerful muscular development and great endurance. A blacksmith by trade, his arms and shoulders are of unusual strength, and his endurance is such that rowing from twenty-eight to thirty miles and walking eighteen miles the same day have not been found too great an effort for him. He won a two mile race over Courtney in 1874, and since that has done little rowing until he commenced to practice in the spring for this race. What Courtney is to Cayuga Lake, Dempsey is to Seneca, for he has defeated all of the Seneca Lake men with whom he has been brought in contact, and has never been beaten except once. Dempsey says he is a cousin of Hanlan and he is physically his equal, but lacks the skill and experience of Courtney. His claim of being a cousin of Hanlan is disputed in

and floated like a cork upon the water under the weight of the black smelt gant. Both men were in perfect physical condition, and perhaps under the circumstances they could not have been brought together in a better state of preparation. In drawing for positions Courtney obtained the choice, and it is a little singular that in seventy nine races he has never lost his chance for first place. When the two men were in position the referee started them in the usual manner. Both pairs of oars struck the water simultaneously at the word and Dempsey had a length in advance, and both men started with a leisurely stroke. Dempsey pulling thirty eight and Courtney thirty two in the minute. The first half mile had been rowed in three minutes, with Courtney slightly in advance, and pulling at the same stroke, while Dempsey was pulling as fast as thirty eight and Courtney back again thirty two and over to my eye. Courtney seemed to be pulling easily with us all right, but Dempsey, although he made a particular effort, splashed the water considerably with his oars, though this may have been the result of lack of training through nervousness. With these relative positions unchanged, the men swept on to the turning boat and Courtney was the first one to get about. How it happened, those on the banks and in the boats could not see, but suddenly he was seen to have to the left side, grab at his oar, and a second time go over into the water, with his boat by his side. A prolonged "Oh" went up from those near enough to see the catastrophe and their hopes of a lively race vanished as Dempsey turned his point with a long sweep and pulled slowly for home, while Courtney swam to the shore with his crippled craft. As soon as possible the referee's boat steamed to the scene of the accident and the unfortunate oarsman, cold and shivering was taken on board and his boat carried back to the house. Of course a hundred questions were asked in a moment by the excited crowd and Courtney was besieged on every side. Nor did his first remark tend to allay the excitement. "Something held my oar in the water, broke my oar lock and drew me overboard." This was substantially all the explanation he could give. What it was or how it happened, he could not tell. He said it seemed like a wire, but it might have been something else. On one thing only was he sure, and that was that something had wrenched the oar from his grasp and threw him into the water. Mcawhale Dempsey had been welcomed with cheers from the people and whistles from the steamers, and satisfied that the sport was over, the large crowd of people returned to their homes. Many remained, however, thinking that perhaps the race would be pulled over, but of course this was manifestly impossible. The referee finally ordered the men to row over to the 20th, but Courtney was sufficient from the efforts of his involuntary aid to prevent a further attempt to prevent the race.