

RUSSIAN TROTTERS AS SEEN BY AN AMERICAN.

Mr. N. D. Cantacuzene sailed from New York some months ago, to visit the home of his nativity, in the dominions of the Turk, and we hope the proud title, "I am an American," may save him from the barbarities that have prevailed in the region where he is sojourning. Mr. Cantacuzene is a very intelligent horseman, and he promised us, before he left, that he would visit the country of the Orloffs, and give our readers the benefit of his observations. From an informal letter, received last month, we copy the following:

"I was in hopes that upon my return to Bucharest I should find a letter from you, or at least the Magazine and some papers, but it seems that I was doomed to be disappointed. I wrote this only because I promised to do so, after my trip to Russia. I only went through the southern portion, including Bessarabia, and I must say that I have seen many magnificent horses, and have ridden faster, considering the weight pulled, than I ever rode in my life.

"In Odessa I timed a chestnut stallion, drawing a drowsy, weighing nearly 600 pounds, 440 yards in 42 seconds, and repeated in the same time, without distressing him in the least. His owner was anxious to send him a longer distance, but, as I could not get the time so well, I would not let him. This horse is a perfect picture, elegant, yet strong as a bull. He stands fifteen hands three inches, eight years old, with a very fine head and eye, covers himself splendidly, neck cut fine, very sloping shoulder, large chest, deep through the heart, very strong back, rather round rump, good hips, and immense quarter, and rump rather sloping; legs and feet could not be better, with a mane reaching nearly to his knee, and a very long fore-top.

"Unfortunately his tail was banded, which, in my opinion, detracted a great deal from his appearance; otherwise he certainly was a perfect horse.

"I have been told that there are horses much faster, which I did not see on this trip; he is a pure-bred Orloff. These stallions, with the Bessarabian mares, which are smaller, but extremely tough, produce a capital result. The speed, if anything, is increased, but the size, of course, is diminished. All these horses are gaited like our Morgans, and I am fully satisfied that, if any one of our trainers could get hold of a good one, he would not be compelled to take a back seat, even among our flyers, which have the advantage of skilful handling and all our modern appliances, whereas these are, you may say, untrained, and whatever speed they can show is entirely natural.

"I shall return to Bessarabia in a few days, as I want to get a pair to use while I remain here. I will probably spend the winter in this country, as I have some of my family affairs to look after. They have a small breed of horses in Roumania, not over fourteen and a half, and some not over thirteen and a half hands high, which it seems to be impossible to kill. Through the mountains they hook up eight of these little fellows, and they just make the stage-coach sing. They show good breeding, and I have no doubt they are merely the Arab, degenerated. In this city many of the cab-drivers have Russian horses, and they are continually racing: some of them are really good steppers, and all of them are sound. If even we could not increase our speed by crossing with the Russians, one thing is certain: we could vastly improve our legs and feet. It is seldom one sees a lame horse here, and I assure you it is not because they save them, for they hang them over the pavements as though their feet were made of cast iron.—Wallace.

YOUNG MORRISSEY'S FUNERAL.

The mortal remains of John Morrissey, jr., only son of Senator Morrissey, were buried from St. Peter's Church, Troy, N. J., on Tuesday, Jan. 2. The funeral was largely attended, the Saratogians in particular being numerously represented, the members of the Solitaires Club and Independent Hose Co. being present in a body. Among the New-Yorkers there were Hon. James E. Hayes, F. T. Walsh, James Paul, John Mc...

they did not, unfortunately, succeed in getting any further than second-hand testimony. "The natives," it is stated, "of Blanche Bay, New Britain, affirm positively the existence of a race of men with tails at a place called Kuli, and deny indignantly that they are monkeys, asking if monkeys could fight with spears, plant yams, make houses, &c." But it is significantly added that the interesting race dwell in the interior of the country, "where no white person has ever penetrated." Mr. Cockerell, a naturalist, who accompanied the expedition, had special opportunities of research. He was detained for some time as a hostage in New Britain, and was engaged in "collecting" upon New Ireland for five months. He found the natives "very friendly," but he does not otherwise give them a good character. "They are all dreadful cannibals, and there is a strange custom in New Ireland which requires that a chief's daughter shall be kept in a cage within her father's house until she is of a marriageable age. The cage scarcely gives her room to move, and she cannot leave it during any part of the day, though she is allowed to take a stroll with near relatives after nightfall. When a chief dies his body is wrapped up and placed in a tree, and the poor people are put in canoes in the sea to float away. The natives have large plantations, and work about two days in the week. They live chiefly on bananas, coconuts, and pork, but they also indulge in human flesh."

KEEPING USELESS HORSES.

This is a subject which deserves more attention than it generally receives. Thousands of horses are kept at large expense without doing enough work to earn their board. In many cases these superfluous horses could be made useful by employing more hired help; but where this impracticable they should be disposed of at once. J. V. W. writes very sensibly in the Country Gentleman on this topic:

The habit of keeping a lot of useless horses almost too good to give away, and hardly worth keeping, in many families is hereditary, handed down from father to son, and has become a chronic complaint. What shall be done to remedy this evil? The answer is—avoid accumulation. Very few men start in business with too many horses, but they increase in different ways. Farmer A thinks it would be profitable to raise a few colts to sell, which is all well enough. Neighbor B has sold one for a good price, and A knows his colt is fully as good a one, it not better, and of course he must have the same price, or more. Time rolls on, horses are on the increase, finally a team is supposed to be ready for sale. This time neighbor C has sold a team for a fancy price. A feels now that he has too many horses, and would like to sell his team, and would do so if he could get the price C sold at. He knows his team is just as good, perhaps not quite as well matched, or in as prime condition, or a well broken; yet in his own mind he is satisfied that his team is really worth the most money. He does not realize that to get a fancy price it is more important to have a good customer than a good team. Yet farmer A is not discouraged, but means to sell his team, and have a good price for them.

In a few years he will have from six to nine horses on the farm, and no more work than three or four at most could do, if well fed and cared for. These extra horses are an expense of at least from \$75 to \$100 yearly, taking into account feed, shoeing, and interest on the money for which they might be sold. How much better to devote this sum to improvements, charity, travel, or good books! The amount of labor that a good team can do, when well fed and cared for by a person who makes it his business to follow them is wonderful. Experience teaches me that they are fully equal to two teams fed and cared for in the average way among farmers; and certainly the expense is much less. This is what is to be looked after in all business; for just in proportion as expenses are curtailed or increased, will the profits be more or less.

Keeping an extra team year after year, simply to do a couple of weeks' extra work in the spring, and as much more in the fall, is worse than needless. Mr. Woodruff says:

BETTING.

We have soon had defined as an animal that made bets. Perhaps in this respect he differs more from other tribes of mammals than in any other particular. Instinct is so closely allied to reason that to tell the difference, and to draw a line where the distinction begins, is a very difficult matter indeed. We could adduce many instances to show that animals have this faculty; and, there, to claim that man alone possesses this attribute and call him the only reasoning animal is not strictly true. But in all nations, and climes we find him the sole proposer and acceptor of wagers, no matter how rude or polished savage or civilized, ignorant or learned, all have the same betting proclivities. The dusky savage on the banks of the rivers of the North throws his ruddy constructed dice, and ventures his whole stock of furs on turning up more spots than his competitor. The sturdier darker native of Africa tears the ornaments from his nose and ears and risks them in the chances of his game, with the same keen relish as the old time frequenters of Crockett's or Bond's did on the calling of a man or the launching of a ball in a particular color. Even in the garden of Eden our first parents played for a great stake, and lost felicity to gain knowledge, which was accompanied by death and suffering. It is a true that there was a "roper in," and it needed the seductive eloquence of the arch spirit to entice them to play. Still there must have been the innate disposition to gamble, which their descendants have inherited, and which has caused many of them to lose their Eden, in the vain hope of adding a few more acres to the already blooming and fertile garden they possessed. With this principle so firmly fixed there can be little hope of entirely eradicating it, and therefore the wisest course will be to direct it so that as little injury as possible may arise from the gratification of its propensity. It is needless to hope that men can be legislated out of their smaller vices, and whenever the Solons of governmental halls have attempted to coerce people into being good, failure has been the invariable result. Men consider it hard to be punished for injuries they do to themselves alone, and they can in no wise be made to understand that others ought to have the power to interfere with what concerns them not. They do not regard it as philanthropy, but rather consider it as meddling impertinence, and resent the intrusion by going to an extreme which they never would have done had the restriction not been attempted. Obstinacy is also a human characteristic, and force is met by opposition. To compel men by legal enactments to forego the taking of risks on what ever there is a difference of opinion as to the result, will never accomplish the abrogation of betting; and whether the wager is made on the rise or fall of articles of merchandise, the fluctuations of stocks, or the speed of horses, the contract will be made in spite of compulsory measures to prevent it.

Those who would put an end to betting by abolishing some of the chances for such speculation go to another extreme, and merely change the channel, without cutting off the stream, which it is impossible to stop. Nor do they lessen the opportunities. Penalize horse racing so that those who participate in it are punished as severely as the convicted felon, and races undoubtedly would come to an end. But is there any one simple enough to think that there would be one dollar less wagered if such a result were to occur. Not one; there are too many other methods of making ventures for this to be effectual, and more dangerous, because they are more easily concealed. It is a difficult matter to hide wagers which are decided on a race course, and a man is less likely to lose what he should not, where his losses will be publicly known. The most inveterate gamblers are those who have acquired the habit in secret, and for one man who has been ruined on the turf and track there are ten thousand in what are called legitimate transactions. The victims are not always seen, and the gaming is done through the help of an agent. On the turf there is not the same inducement to risk all. A very great majority of bettors contenting themselves by the investment of a sum that will not be felt, if lost, while it greatly enhances the pleasure of seeing the race run.

Let the obloquy rest then, on the perversion of the principle and not on the principle itself. As long as men only venture what they can afford to lose, and not take risks incompatible with the duties they owe to themselves or families, the injury will be very slight, if injury there is. But "plunging" cannot be too strongly reprobated, and those who have the true welfare of the turf at heart should use every endeavor to restrain the spirit that prompts large outlays.—California Spirit.

SHEEP KILLING MATCH.

PIGEON VS. OTHER SHOOTING.

Hear what the San Francisco News Letter has to say on the subject—referring specially to the Crittenden Robinson-Bogardus matches: "As pigeon shooting seems to have eclipsed the interest in the Presidential issue just at present, the T. C. desires to put forth the following little challenges and offers on his own account, and which he trusts will be taken up immediately by the sporting fraternity. In the first place the writer will shoot the winner of last Wednesday's match for from one to ten thousand dollars, the latter sum preferred. The money to be paid down, the shooting to be done in a dark alley and the shot to be dug out of Mr. Robinson at his own expense. Or the writer will shoot the winner of said match anywhere he may select for \$25,000—the money to be held by the writer's brother and the other man to be held by the judges until after the next overland train starts. Or the writer will shoot Captain Bogardus for the Nevada Block—the former to shoot at fifty single birds and the latter at married ones, and to prove the same. Or the writer will shoot one hundred shots with the Captain at Bazembee's dog, in the next yard but one, the man who hits the dog to be bailed out by the other in the morning. Or the writer will bet fifteen dollars that no shooter can kill the fleas in Casebolt's cars with No. 8 shot. Or the writer will raise a purse for the man who will shoot the driver of Bromley's sweeping machine inside three days, this to be a sweepstakes. Or the writer will bet a million dollars against a Granger watch that he will shoot through a flock of ducks without hitting the same oftener than any man in America—this to be done with five drachms of powder and fourteen drams of whiskey. Finally, he will bet his entire overdraft that he will instantly shoot, three times out of four, the man who comes prowling into this office with a club Saturday mornings; or that he will shoot with any other journalist in the country with the long bow, the writer to keep the score. Any crack shot who really means business may arrange for any of the above matches by putting up one hundred dollars forfeit in the hands of a gentleman to be named by the writer, and the public will find that parties so doing will not shoot the above matches, but will lose their forfeits in all cases.

PRODUCING SEX AT WILL.

The question of producing sex at will, in animals, seems to be pretty well settled. It appears that science has at last, with analytical research and scrupulous care, unlocked the door to these mysteries, and laid bare the simple means by which these ends may be accomplished. Professor Thury, of Geneva, has shown how males and females may be produced in accordance with our wishes. He says: "If you wish to produce females, give the male at the first signs of heat; if you wish males, give him at the end of the heat." The truth of this law has been sustained in practice, and George H. Napheys, A.M., M.D., of Philadelphia, in one of his recent works, says on the subject, that he has now in his possession the certificate of a Swiss stock grower, son of the President of the Swiss Agricultural Society, Canton de Vaud, under date of February, 1876, which says: "In the first place, on twenty one successive occasions I desired to have heifers. My cows were of the Schurtz breed, and my bull a pure Durham. I succeeded in these cases. Having bought a pure Durham cow, it was very important for me to have a new bull to supersede the one I had bought at great expense, without having to chance the production of a male. So I followed accordingly the prescription of Professor Thury, and the success has proved once more the truth of the law. I have obtained from my Durham bull six more bulls (Schurtz Durham cross) for field work, and having chosen cows of the same color and height, I obtain just what is required at will."

DRIVING TROTTERS.

Hiram Woodruff said:—"People talk about a steady bracing pull; but in my opinion that is not the right way to drive a trotter. There's a great difference between lugging up of your horse's head and in keeping up one dull dead-horse pull all the time. The pull should be sufficient to feel the mouth and give some support and assistance so as to give the horse confidence to get up his stride. More than that is not needed."

Poetry.

EPITAPH ON AN OLD HORSE.

Here lies a faithful steed,
A staunch, uncompromising silver gray,
Who ran the race of life with sprightly speed,
Yet never ran—away.

Wild oats he never sowed,
Yet mated tame ones with the best,
Cheerful he bore each high and low road load,
As cheerfully took rest.

Bright were his eyes, yet soft,
And to the main his tail was white and flowing,
And though he never sketched a single draught,
He showed great taste for drawing.

Litho were his limbs, and clean
Fitted alike for buggy or for dray,
And like Napoleon the Great I would
He had a martial neigh.

Oft have I watched him grace
His favorite stall, well littered warm and dry,
With such contentment shuning from his face,
And such a stable air!

With here and there a speck
Of roan diversifying his broad back,
And, martyr like, a halter round his neck,
Which bound him to the rack.

More omnibus! at length
The hey-day of his life was damped by death,
So summoning all his late remaining strength,
He drew his—final breath.

A WARM MORSEL.

The following details a cruel trick, as described in the Glasgow Observer: "Looking over the bulwarks of a schooner, writes a correspondent to this journal, I saw one of these watchful monsters winding lazily backward and forward like a long worm, sometimes rising until his nose disturbed the surface, and a gushing sound like a dog's breath rose through the breakers, at other resting motionless as the water, as if listening to our voices, and thirsting for our blood. As we were watching the motions of the monster, Bruce, a lively little negro and my cook, suggested the possibility of destroying it. This was readily agreed to, and a brick was thrown into the stove, wrapped up in some of the clothes as a sort of disguise, and to have it overboard. This was the work of a few minutes, and the effort was triumphant. The monster followed after the missing prey. We saw it dart at the brick like a flash of lightning and gorge it instantaneously. The shark rose to the surface almost immediately, and his uneasy motions soon betrayed the success of the manoeuvre. His eyes became terrible, the waters appeared as if disturbed by a violent squall, and the spray was driven over the taffrail where we stood, while the glancing body of the fish rapidly turned right up the dark waves as if writing with fire and terrible convulsions. Sometimes we thought we heard a shrill, bellowing cry, as if indicative of anguish and rage, rising through the gurgling waters. His fury, however, was soon exhausted, and a short time the sounds broke away into silence, and the agitation of the sea subsided. The shark had given himself up to the task, as unable to struggle against the approach of death, and they were carrying his body unresistingly to the beacon."

ANOTHER TURKEY CALL.

A correspondent who writes from Newport, Arkansas, says:—

"I contribute a little information which is simple and useful to sportsmen. Seeing an article in your paper explaining a way to make a turkey call, I will tell you how to make one that will make an old gobbler ashamed of himself, viz.: Take a piece of dry cedar two inches long and one and a half inches wide and a quarter inch thick and with a narrow chisel hollow this out so that the sides are about as thin as a piece of tin or it may be a little thicker so that it is not too delicate. It should be hollowed out within a quarter of an inch of the bottom