

course he did not make. It is our opinion that he never made half the number of miles attributed to him there. The man is old and foolish, and said to suffer from a physical disability. That he has a great deal of pluck there is no doubt, but he lacks the resources to give it full effect. He is still babbling about his ability to beat O'Leary fifty miles, when everybody knows that in proper condition and meaning real business O'Leary can beat him more than 150. The truth is, that the concoctors and engineers of the fraud and imposture selected Campana as their instrument because he is a fantastical old blockhead and they could get him cheap. According to the terms of the pretended match he was not entitled to a dollar of the money received at the doors. Does any man in his senses believe that the principals in this sordid scheme made him a present of a couple of thousand? It is a palpable absurdity. They have only paid him the amount for which they hired him in the beginning of their plot. There have been frauds of some such character in other places, but New York is the only one in which it was safe to repeat them. The proprietor of the Museum at Cincinnati got up what he called a buffalo hunt, some thirty years ago, but we remember that they burnt his building down that night. Since then a jockey, merely suspecting that a fraud was contemplated in a great race, and knowing that the people would believe it was a fraud, said to the trainer, 'Why, the'll hang us to the nearest tree!' But here impudent swindlers are perpetrated time after time, with unbounded applause from the donkeys collected in droves to witness wretched exhibitions. Here's the winner 120 miles behind the distance made in the same time recently in London. What does this mean? Why, fraud, false pretences, and arrant knavery on the part of the managers and amazing gullibility on the part of those who paid to go in. The only wonder is that so many numskulls in these hard times should have any money. Moreover, Smith is not altogether free from blame, nor is O'Leary himself. What business had Smith to deliver his man over, virtually bound hand and foot, to a lot of scamps whom nobody else will trust? It resembles nothing so much as the treatment the ever famous and always lamented 'Miles O'Reilly' received at the hands of his friends and admirers when they gave him a banquet, and then, while he was elated, sold him as a substitute for Theodore Tilton. Let Smith and O'Leary deal fairly and honestly with the public. They will make more money by that in the long run than in any other way, as O'Leary is a real good man and does not need the aid of low, despicable trickery.—N. Y. Sportsman.

THE O'LEARY-CAMPANA HOAX.

We have always given O'Leary credit for being shrewd in his pursuit of the almighty dollar, and also for not doing more than was absolutely necessary to coax that dollar from the pockets of the gullible public into his own.

As we have once previously stated, giving his own words, he walks not for honor but for money. This last exhibition of his at New York, fully verifies his own confession, made just previous to his one hundred mile match with John Ennis, last year.

Times are hard and the public unwilling to patronize mere exhibitions, even when O'Leary is the exhibitor, so that it was necessary to set up a dummy to challenge the champion. The dummy was found in Napoleon Campana, and O'Leary, by refusing his challenge and making a fuss about his audacity, secured an immense amount of gratuitous advertising for the forthcoming show. When the ropes were all adjusted, the match was arranged. Writing to Sir John Astley was part of the farce, and conducive to further advertising, for O'Leary knew when he first buckled on the belt, that he was bound, as a champion, to hold it against any and everyone who should challenge him. Five hundred dollars may be a small sum to Mr. O'Leary, but over in the benighted island, whence the belt was taken, \$500 is considered a good week's wages, even for a champion pedestrian.

So far, O'Leary displayed shrewdness and a knowledge of the world, but he had been too anxious to save himself labor. The dummy was of the poorest description and by no means worth the price paid for him. Had O'Leary hired a man who could walk, even a little bit, there might have been some excuse for the hippodrome, but the utter failure of Campana to show any abilities as a pedestrian, and O'Leary's own miserable exhibition, forces us to speak in no measured terms about this fraud on the sporting fraternity.

sent different stages of degradation in the career of a horse from youth to old age. The spectacle was painful but touching, and unfortunately in too many cases true to nature.

When the piece opens we have a view of an English country mansion. In front there are several mounted huntsmen in scarlet coats ready to set out on a fox chase. They are waiting till a young lady comes out of the mansion to accompany them. We see the lady, who is properly equipped for riding, descend the steps at the doorway, and by the aid of the groom mount a young and beautifully shaped horse that is in readiness for her. She speaks to it affectionately, and calls it her dear Prince. The elegant form of the animal, its proud bearing, its glossy coat, and the spirited way it prances about, excite general admiration. After a little galloping to show its paces, the horse, with its fair rider, goes off with the huntsmen and hounds in pursuit of a fox—that was also a taught actor in its way—which leads the party through a variety of difficulties, such as climbing up rocks, leaping over hedges, and so forth, till at length, when on the point of being run down, it dashes into the cottage of a poor old woman, who humbly gives it shelter. She takes up the fox lovingly in her arms, and saves it from seemingly impending destruction. That may be called the first stage in the horse's career, during which Prince was well attended to and happy.

At the beginning of the next act, the horse is to appearance several years older, and is no longer fit for racing or hunting. The lady, its first owner, had from some circumstances been compelled to part with it. From its swiftness in running, it had been purchased to run at celebrated horse races, at which it had on several occasions won prizes, and its uprightness obtained for it the name of the high-mettled racer. After this it was transferred from one owner to another, always in a descending scale, until poor Prince is seen in the condition of a cab-horse in the streets of London. It has somewhat the look of its former state, but is terribly broken down in figure and spirit. Its plump and glossy appearance is gone. It hangs its head drooping down. It is dirty and dejected. Its ribs shine through its skin. Its joints are stiff. It stands on three legs, with the other leg resting on the point of the foot, just as we see cab-horses trying to rest their aching limbs when standing in a row for hire. What a wretched downcome from that which Prince had enjoyed in 'life's young dream!' There awaits it, however a still lower depth of misery.

In the following act, Prince is reduced to the forlorn condition of drawing a sand-cart, when it can hardly draw its own legs after it. To appearance, it is half-starved. A child offers it a few straws, which it is glad to eat. It seems to be little better than skin and bone. The cart to which it is yoked belongs to a rubejobber whose object it is to wring the utmost possible work out of the animal before selling it to be killed. A feeling of horror and compassion thrills through the spectators. They can hardly believe they are only looking at a play, for the simulation is perfect. Staggering along with its draught under the cruel urging of the whip, the moment arrives when Prince can go no further. Its unhappy span of life is terminated. It suddenly drops down under its weary load—to die, and be relieved of all its troubles. Unyoked from the cart, and relieved of its harness; there it is, stretched out, with a crowd of idlers about it, seemingly at the last gasp, and offering in its fate a dreadful instance of undeserved cruelty to animals.

There is a concluding scene in the life of a horse we have been describing, which must on no account be omitted. While lying in the street in its death-struggle, and when preparations were making to drag it off to the shambles, a lady who is passing recognizes the dying animal as being her favorite horse Prince, which she had ridden years ago at the fox-chase. At the same time the poor beast faintly lifting his head, recognizes its old mistress, and with failing eyes seems to implore her compassion. In a state of distraction, the lady kneels down, takes the horse's head in her lap, speaks to it consolingly, and once more calls it her dear Prince. Oh, what would she not do to revive the dying animal, and give Prince a new lease of existence? Just at this juncture, in the manner of the old plays, when something supernatural was required to get over a serious difficulty, a sylph-like being, in the character of a benevolent fairy, appears on the stage carrying a magic wand. Her mission, she says, being to redress wrong, she touches the dying horse with the wand and bids it rise. In an instant Prince starts up from its recumbent position, and to the delight and amazement of everybody, is as fresh, plump, glossy and beautiful as when it went out with

ladle out a portion of it. To you tell me to do this," asked the Prince. "I do," replied the Doctor. The Prince then ladled out some of the boiling lead with his hand, without sustaining any injury. It is a well known scientific fact, remarks the London World, from which the story comes, that the human hand may be placed uninjured in lead, boiling at white heat, being protected from any harm by the moisture of the skin. Should the lead be at a perceptibly lower temperature, the effect need not be described nor tried.

THOROUGHPIN.

Thoroughpin is the name given to a bursal enlargement, which occurs at the upper and back part of the hock, beneath the great extensor pedis tendon. Generally both sides participate in the swelling, but occasionally it happens that one side only is involved. There are two kinds of thoroughpin, namely, those arising from inflammation of the true hock joint, and those caused by wrench or sprain of the tendon above referred to (flexor pedis). When irritation of the true hock joint is the cause, then the thoroughpin is but a further development of bog spavin. The increased secretion of synovia, consequent upon the irritation, first makes its appearance in the most dependent portion of the synovial bursa, which it causes to become unusually distended. When the distension reaches to the superior portions of the bursa, then the swelling appears equally on both sides, and moderate external pressure forces the fluid from side to side, and hence the name 'thoroughpin'—'through and through.' But the most common cause of it is that arising from irritation of the flexor pedis tendon. This tendon is tightly bound down at the upper part by the tibial ligaments, and at the inferior and internal portions of the hock in the same manner. This forces the fluid into the only space available, hence the hollow of the hock becomes distended. Thoroughpins, arising from irritation of the flexor pedis tendon, are at once distinguished from the others. In this case, there is no appearance of bog spavin, but it not unfrequently happens that bog spavin and thoroughpin coexist. Respecting the treatment of bursal enlargements generally, it depends considerably on the cause, for if they be due to concussion, hard work, and such like causes, then they can be only temporarily got rid of, but if due to sprain or wrench of a ligament or tendon, they are not equally likely to reappear. No matter to what cause they owe their origin, the animal must get rest, the irritation and inflammation must be allayed. Bathe with tepid water, and apply considerable hand-rubbing to dissipate the secreted fluid. Apply a sharp blister, and when it has had its effect, use a thoroughpin truss, or a bandage may be applied, when, after having put on two or three rounds of it, lay a piece of cork, the size of the enlargement, and about half an inch thick, upon the thoroughpin, at both sides, that is, the inner and outer sides of the hock. This will throw an unequal but desirable pressure upon the enlargements. Both laxatives and diuretics are useful, the fluid being to a greater or less extent excreted and absorbed. Very frequently lameness, which is attributed to bog spavin or thoroughpin, is really due to bone spavin, which has been overlooked, or to sprain of the tendons.—Spirit.

CURIOUS FISHING.

A curious way of catching turtles off the coast of Cuba is employed by the natives and with entire success. A species of remora or bever inhabits those waters; it has an oval disk on the top of the head and the adjacent parts of the back, the surface of which is crossed by transverse cartilaginous plates, and on the middle of the under surface are hook-like projections, connected by short bands with the skull and vertebrae, and their upper margin is set with fine teeth. By means of this apparatus, partly suction, partly prehensile, through the hooks, the remora attaches itself to rocks, vessels, floating timber, and the bodies of other fish, using them for anchorage or labor-saving transit. Boatmen seeking for turtles carry several bevers in a tub, and when near their game a properly equipped bever is cast off. The fish fastens itself to the turtle so firmly—it will permit itself to be torn asunder before it will release itself from any object to which it is attached—that the turtle can readily be secured. The living fish-hook is held by a ring in the tail, and a strong line made of the fibre of palm bark. By a peculiar manipulation, the fish is made to let go its hold of the turtle when both have been hauled into the boat. The remora is then returned to its tub to await the discovery of another turtle.

have a systematical destroyer. I would, therefore, like to see it take its chances with our native birds. A thing which it is abundantly capable of doing, and corporations should not, in my judgment, encourage its undue multiplication by providing shelter and roosting places beyond what the bird may naturally find. You will see, therefore, that I am not in favor of extermination, but simply of not encouraging it unduly by providing artificial shelter. The multiplication of these little birds in Montreal during the six years of its residence amongst us has been very great and there is no doubt but that in a few years it will be as common in the surrounding country as it is now in the city.

SHEEP LIVING WITHOUT WATER.

The Lebanon (Penn.) Courier prints the following extract from a letter from Stephen Lorne, of the United States Coast Survey, dated on the Island of San Clement, in the Pacific, Dec. 1, 1878:

'I am at present engaged in making a survey of San Clement Island. It is 40 miles from the mainland, and is 22 miles in length and 2 miles wide. It is a wild, dreary place, with no water on it, except in immense natural tanks, which are so deep and precipitous that the water in them is inaccessible. I transport the water for my men and horses from the mainland. There is no wood, either, on the island, which is of volcanic formation, and composed of lava and conglomerate. The top of the island is covered with an abundance of grass, which sustains about 10,000 sheep, and, strange to say, they live, grow fat, and are very profitable to their owners, and yet in the summer season get no water, except in the form of dew on the grass. There is, however, a peculiar plant on the island, called the ice plant, which is filled with moisture and is eaten by the sheep to quench their thirst. They are very fat, and make the finest mutton I have ever eaten.'

A ROYAL HUNTER.

King Victor Emmanuel was very fond of hunting and had a great liking, moreover, for going about his dominions incognito. One day, descending a mountain with a single attendant, he was met by a peasant farmer, who said, 'Good gentlemen, you seem brave hunters; I should be so grateful if you would kill a wolf that is destroying everything about me.' 'We should be happy to serve you, but we are out of ammunition,' replied the hunters. 'We will pass this way to-morrow.' They came on the morrow and killed the wolf. The peasant expressed his thanks, and gave the King two francs for his trouble. He put them in his pocket saying, 'These are the first coins I ever really earned.' The peasant was shortly after summoned to Court, and was astonished to recognize in his Sovereign the Alpine hunter to whom he had given the two francs, which were restored to him with heavy interest.

A 'Rabbit Suppression Bill' has been passed by the Legislative Assembly of Victoria. The bill, which is intended to deal with the evil caused in the colony by a superfluity of rabbits, was introduced by the Minister of Lands, who, in moving the second reading, drew a vivid picture of the desolation caused by them in certain districts. On the occasion of a recent visit paid by him to a district where they abounded, he passed over tracts which were now grassless, the rabbits having devoured the herbage, roots and all. Power is given by the bill to go upon private property and destroy rabbits at the expense of the owner, and anybody turning rabbits loose in a district is liable to a penalty of \$5 for each offence.

The Jewish Messenger thinks some people are more nice than wise. 'The well-reasoning gentlemen interested in the Society for the prevention of Crime' should cease their silly war against masterpieces in art,—in which no one outside their own praiseworthy circles sees immodesty. These gentlemen would rearrange the Louvre, dress the Venus of Milo in a shawl and skirt, and wrap a toga around the Apollo. Their action is well intentioned, but they misconceive true art and true modesty in thus prohibiting our young people from admiring the highest beauty in painting and sculpture, besides, in thus calling attention to what they style impure exhibitions, they lead the young secretly to seek the self same creations that they would hide from their view, and induce them to regard art from a false and depraved standpoint. The society has done so much good since its establishment that we regret its usefulness should be imperilled by the misdirected and mistaken zeal of its leaders.

The newspaper carrier who serves up to the attendants in the Parliament Extension Building goes his rounds at the rate of twelve in less than an hour. He travels on machines not unlike roller skates, which are called pedometers, according to the inventor, Mr. J. H. Hobbs, an architect on Warrington street, above Filton. One day is not far distant when the whole city will be on wheels, when pedestrians will be skimming through the streets at the rate of ten miles an hour without any more effort than is now put forth in perambulating half that distance.

The pedometer consists of four tough, oak wooden wheels, supplied with an outer coat of high India rubber. These wheels are secured to a frame the shape of the foot, which is strapped to the pedal extremities in the usual manner. Unlike roller skates, the wheels of these little vehicles are not under, but are placed on each side of the foot, thus giving the wearer a good standing as well as a solid footing. The rear wheels are two inches in diameter, while those in front are but two and a half inches. This gives the foot a slight incline, and when in motion has much to do in impelling the pedestrian forward. Extending from the toe, with a slight curl toward the ground, is a piece of casing turned the pusher, which is simply used in mounting an elevation or steep incline. No effort of the body is required for their use, as in skates. The traveller simply plants his foot before the other and finds himself whizzed along at a lively rate.

ABSURDITIES OF YE OLDEN TIMES.

In looking over a file of old newspapers, several funny things are noticeable that are a striking comparison with the way things are done now a days. In the issue of the Daily Post, London, Eng., July 7th, 1775, there appears the following challenge, which indicates the solid way ye old time ladies had of settling their little disputes:

CHARLOTTE—E. Elizabeth Wilkinson, Clarksonwell, having some words with Hannah Hyfield, and requiring satisfaction, do write her to meet me upon the stage, and box me for guineas, each woman holding half a crown in each hand, and the first woman that drops the money to loose the battle.

Which was answered thus:

"ANSWER.—I, Hannah Hyfield, of Newgate Market, hearing of the resoluteness of Elizabeth Wilkinson, will not fail, God willing, to give her more blows than words, desiring home blows and from her no fears, she may expect a good thumping."

Here is a precious bit of legislation enacted by King George's men in the year of Grace 1770, and which we commend to our modern legislators:

"That all women of whatever age, rank, profession or degree, whether virgins, maids or widows, that shall from and after such act, compose upon, seduce and betray into matrimony any of his Majesty's subjects, by the scents, paints, cosmetics, artificial teeth, false hair, hoops, high-heeled shoes or bolstered hips, shall incur the penalty of the law now in force against witchcraft and like misdemeanors, and that the marriage, upon conviction, shall stand null and void."

We would like to know if this law has ever been repealed.

SINGULAR MALFORMATION.

A New York doctor has a daughter who is now 22 years old—a perfectly formed woman, with the exception of her head, which is that of a pig. Her mother died in giving her birth. She speaks half a dozen languages perfectly. She is thoroughly educated. Being debarred from all human association by her misfortune, she has sought and found partial alleviation in the cultivation of art in all its forms. She is one of the purest, highest and truest souls. She is very religious—naturally so. She goes out in a close carriage and with her head closely muffled, and she speaks without any difficulty, owing to the peculiar formation of her throat, mouth and nasal organs, the sound of her voice resembles very closely the squealing of a pig.