

AN OLD-TIME CALIFORNIA TROT.

TOBY TRAMP AND MYSTERY AT SACRAMENTO IN 1859
—A STORY THAT SPORTSMEN WILL APPRECIATE
—THE MYSTERIOUS CLAIMANT TO THE
THRONE OF ENGLAND, AND HOW HE
MATCHED TOBY TRAMP, ETC.

Editor Sportsman: Some nineteen years ago there lived in Sacramento, Cal., a strange being, whose look was as forbidding as his manners were aristocratic. That he was a gentleman by birth, and a man of rare cultivation, was evident from a glance at him. Nearly six feet in height, his small hands and feet told that he was a man on whose youth fortune had smiled. You seldom caught the glance of his eye, for it was almost constantly averted, as if he shunned the recognition of his fellow creatures. There were queer stories told about him and his solitary cottage, embowered with roses on Poverty Hill. There was the quaint old Scotch servant who drove him down town every morning in a buggy drawn by a rat-tailed bay gelding, and came back for him at four in the afternoon to a dingy old office on Front street. The rat-tailed bay went at a snail's pace in that business part of the town, but it was said that as soon as they left the city behind them he struck a terrible gait, and trotted like a ghost.

The house on Poverty Hill was surrounded by a high board fence garnished with spikes, and the gates looked like those of a prison. However, the garden was a gem of horticultural art, with dark clusters of foreign grapes hanging on the arbors, while the peach trees fairly groaned under their pink and white burdens.

At nine in the morning the gates would open and the brown buggy would emerge, with the rat-tailed horse in the shafts, driven by the old Scotch gillie, while the owner sat with his head in the air and recognized nobody as he rode through the streets, every movement being characterized by the most freezing hauteur. If a merchant entered his den on Front street, it was to be attracted by his fine face and repelled by his icy dignity. He never came down town on a Sunday, and he once gave a newsboy five dollars for bringing him two New York Herald on that day, which had just come per steamer from Panama. All about him was grand, gloomy, and forbidding. He always attended on a race day, but never exchanged a word with a jockey, betting man, groom, or judge. As soon as the result of the race was manifest, the old gillie would rein up the rat-tailed horse and off they would go. The boys nicknamed him the "Flying Dutchman," but the cognomen was a gross misnomer. He was a native of Scotland, his name Archibald McLeod, and he was a brother of William McLeod, a New York merchant of fifty years since. William McLeod was a great lover of fine horseflesh, and his brother Archibald had the same "horsey" tendency, but while the New Yorker had a great liking for entertaining his friends in the most princely style, the Californian was a perfect misanthrope in every sense of the word; in short, this mysterious personage, although sound as a nut on every proposition save one, was a monomaniac on this solitary subject: he imagined himself heir-at-law to the throne of the Stuarts, and, furthermore, was taken with the belief that the emissaries of England's Queen were on the watch to assassinate him.

This accounted for the absence of a sign on his office door; it also accounted for having his letters addressed to the old Scotch gillie, Donald Gracie by name, who kept a box in the post-office. Dark stories were told of him. Some said that he was the man that murdered Corlies in Jack Colton's gambling-house in 1843, for which Colton was tried and acquitted; others that he was an old British naval captain, who had killed a brother officer in a duel, and was forced thereby to leave England and Her Majesty's service; while yet others claimed him as one of the exiled members of the House of Orleans, for he conversed fluently in French. Donald bought everything for the house, however, and paid all the bills, so that his master could completely hold off all inquisitive people, and make them keep their distance.

A match trotting race, for \$500 a side, was to come off between the stallion Mystery, owned by a Sacramento butcher, and the horse Dave Hill, owned by a farmer living near Elm Grove. At that time the narrator of these incidents, whom we will call C—, was a clerk on a Red Bluff steamboat, and while he was at a public resort one evening the conversation turned on Sacramento trotters in general, but more particularly on the merits of the two horses named above. The consequence of the "chaff" was the match between the two for \$1,000, to trot to waggons. C— backing Dave Hill, whom he was also to drive, and the late Sam Hyatt doing the same for the stallion. Immediately after making the match the betting was 2 to 1 on Mystery. As the stallion was a great favorite in Sacramento, while Dave was hardly known except by the name of Tom Merry's Bull Pup, for he had the ugliest head that ever was glued on a horse. But it was not in mind that a horse

his horse, even if he had the money to make the match, which he had not. The recluses from Poverty Hill thereupon filled out and handed a check for \$1,000, and told C— that his nag was from Orange County, New York, was sired by Abdallah, and was a good wagon horse, although he had never trotted for money. That night at the Orleans Hotel the match was made, to go the next day to waggons, and the betting was \$100 to \$80 on Mystery before the party broke up for the night. "Toby Tramp" was the name of the rat-tailed trotter, and early the next morning C— was at the track moving the horse to a wagon, and the veteran from Orange County moved so well down the backstretch that his new driver was delighted, and at the same time astonished at his speed, and when the horse was taken to his stables he let a few of his most tried friends into the secret, which was that if Mystery beat him he would have trotted "40 to do it." A word to the wise is sufficient, and the way C—'s friends took the odds that day was amusing to witness. They "coppered" every Mystery man at once, and suuk to him as long as he had a dollar to bet; determined to either get square on the losses of the day before or walk home. Afternoon came clear and pleasant, and with it a larger crowd than had witnessed the race of the previous day, and as Tom Hyatt drove the stallion Mystery up the stretch a hum of admiration ran through the assemblage, while jeers and loud laughter resounded as C— made his appearance behind Toby Tramp. One sang out, "O, what a bull! C— is going to start a dairy." "Take him out and feed him to the dogs," said another, and so the fun flowed around C—'s ears as he gave him a slow jog of four miles. It was half past two when the judge called the horses up and gave the drivers their instructions for the first heat, Mystery having the pole. At the first attempt they came to the stand with the rat-tailed steed nearly a length behind, but trotting squarely, so his driver nodded for the word, and the judges sent them off. Around the turn Mystery still led, but going down the straight Toby Tramp settled into his stride and rapidly closed the daylight until midway between the quarter and half-mile poles he went by the stallion as if he had been standing still, Mystery going into the air in a vain attempt to live the pace, and at the half mile C— and Toby had opened a big gap, but slowing up on the far line allowed the stallion to get up within a length, and in these positions the heat was finished, Toby winning easily in a jog in 2:42, amid deafening shouts. The betting which before the race had been \$100 to \$80 on Mystery now underwent a mighty change, and it was any odds on the rat-tailed bay, the Mystery men making frantic efforts to hedge, but it was no use, as they could not get out at any price.

The second heat was but a repetition of the first, the bay taking the lead and winning in an exorcise gait for him, while Mystery was on his tip-toes all through, and despite the great efforts of his driver was beaten easily in 2:40½. After the stakes were paid over to C— he hastened to his backer, the Earl of the Stuarts, but not a cent of the winnings would McLeod touch, and insisted on C— accompanying him to his house to dine, and on arriving at Poverty Hill the host and the successful pilot of the rat-tailed bay horse sat down to a repast which was princely in its profusion, and flanked with the best liquors to be had anywhere. Over the mantelpiece was a rack containing fire-arms, which being noticed and commented upon by the guest, the recluse grow excited and exclaimed, "Yes, sir, my life is in danger. These secret emissaries of that Hanover Minx (meaning Queen Victoria) would cut my throat if they had a chance. They are here, there, and everywhere. I am the nearest blood relative of Mary, Queen of Scots, and when the proper time comes there are loyal Scotchmen enough to see me restored to my lost heritage. At all events, I can afford to be patient and bide my time."

C— started aghast at these words, and afterwards said that he felt just a little nervous as the "Flying Dutchman" pushed back his chair from the table, and pulled down a mahogany box from the mantel. This he unlocked, and drew forth a long pair of duelling pistols. He then called Donald, and told him to bring in the target, whatever that meant. This was soon seen when the old servant reappeared, lugging a huge iron slab, painted with a remarkable finelike-ness of Prince Albert, the bull's eye being in the middle of the breast. This was placed at the opposite end of the next room, the folding doors being open. Every shot fired by this strange man rang the bell with deadly accuracy, till his precision fairly grew monotonous.

"Now, then," said McLeod, "if you don't think I'll get two or three of them while they are killing me you are badly mistaken, for I practice an hour every day."

Subsequently C— became very intimate with the recluse, and when he fell sick some time later C— was the only stranger admitted to his bedroom, which was a perfect arsenal—swords and pistols, shotguns and rifles, together with '49 pepper-boxes and Sharpe's rifles, all bunched in together. After his recovery he sent C— a box of the rare claret from his

bait by a distance of about 20 yards, and the string which connected the trigger with the bait was concealed throughout nearly its whole distance in the snow. The gun-trap thus set was successful in killing one fox, but not in killing a second; for the foxes afterward adopted either of two devices whereby to secure the bait without injuring themselves. One of these devices was to bite through the string at its exposed part near the trigger, and the other device was to burrow up to the bait through the snow at right angles to the line of fire, so that, although in this way they discharged the gun, they escaped without injury—the bait being pulled below the line of fire before the string was drawn sufficiently tight to discharge the gun. Now both of these devices exhibited a wonderful degree of what I think must fairly be called power of reasoning. I have carefully interrogated Dr. Rae on all the circumstances of the case, and he tells me that in that part of the world traps are never set with strings, so that there can have been no special association in the foxes' mind between strings and traps. Moreover, after the death of fox number one, the track on the snow showed that fox number two, notwithstanding the temptation offered by the bait, had expended a great deal of scientific observation on the gun before he undertook to sever the cord. Lastly, with regard to burrowing at right angles to the line of fire, Dr. Rae and a friend in whom he has confidence observed the fact a sufficient number of times to satisfy themselves that the direction of the burrowing was really to be attributed to thought and not to chance.

HOW THREE GIRLS CAPTURED A DEER.

There was a dance near Porter's Lake, in Pike County, on Friday evening last, that was attended by numbers of the best youths and maidens of the neighborhood. They began dancing early in the evening, and continued it until morning. The region is sparsely inhabited, and the means of communication few, therefore those who attend such gatherings frequently go on foot for miles to be present at them. Three maidens—Miss Cox, Miss Brink, and Miss Jennie Lane—live on the north-west bank of Porter's Lake, and to get to the dance rowed over in a small boat. After the breaking up on Saturday morning, they asked to return home in the same manner, Miss Cox, the eldest of the three, taking the oars. When near the middle of the lake, they discovered an object moving in the water before them, which at first they supposed was a dog, but which upon nearing they ascertained to be a big buck. It circled round and round in the water, a sure indication that it was wounded. After a consultation, the boat was pulled to within a few feet of the buck, and the oars were unshipped, Miss Brink taking one and Miss Cox the other. They drifted closer, and when within striking distance, at a given signal, both girls brought their weapons down upon the deer's head. He sank beneath the water for an instant, but when he came to the surface his eyes shone and his hair was turned straight toward his head. The girls both struck a second time, bringing the oars down upon his neck. He sank again, but coming up sprang from the water, and placed his front feet against the side of the boat. The girls had to use all their strength to keep it from capsizing. They managed, however, to strike the animal another blow on the neck, which proved a fatal one. Tying their handkerchiefs together, the girls secured their prize to the boat and towed it ashore. It weighed 244 pounds. There was a fresh wound in the right side, and one hind leg was broken. It had doubtless been driven to the water by hounds.—Mauch Chunk (Penn.) Coal Gazette.

SHOOTING ON THE WING.

Poor Sothorn, the actor, is in a bad way in England; softening of the brain, or something of that sort, they say. It is feared he will never play again—nor fish, nor hunt, as he used to do. Sothorn devoted a part of each summer's vacation to fishing and hunting in Canada. F. G. de Fontaine, in his inimitable biography of the actor, relates a little incident which occurred at Quebec, when Florence, Geo. Holland and Sothorn were rambling through the town waiting for the steamer. They had started down the principal street.

Suddenly Florence commenced to yell: "Hi, hi, there! You—man with the birds! Hi, hi, come here!"

Sothorn and Holland turned to see what the bluster was all about, and observed Florence gesticulating to a man on the other side of the

"Vot?"
"I say, where did you shoot them?"
"Vere I shoot em?"
"Yes, where?"
"I shoot dem out mid der woods. Would you diuk I shoot birds in my front barlor?"
This rather staggered Billy, and they all commenced to laugh at him, for he was now the color of a boiled lobster, but yelling at the top of his voice, he replied:
"Why, of course; I suppose you shot them in the woods, but how did you shoot them?"
"Vot?"
"I say, how did you shoot them?"
"How I shoot em!"
"Pos, how? Did you shoot them on the wing?"
"Vot?"
"Did you shoot them on the wing? howing in his ear."
"I shoot 'em on der wing?"
Yes, on the wing. Here Florence went through a pantomime with his arms to describe a bird using its wings.

The sportsman gravely looked at Billy for a moment, and then replied:

"Vell, I am d' b'arlicar, some I shoode on der wing, some I shoode on der head, and some I shoode on der tail. Id's all der same so long vot I got 'em." And then he looked at Billy, as though he was saying internally, "Vot idea, shoot birds on der wing? Vot fool man!"

Billy bought the birds and left instantly, job serving that he felt sure quanning as a high art did not flourish in Canada.

A PHILOSOPHICAL POKER PLAYER.

A gentleman who keeps a grand saloon in this city, the other night left a friend in charge of his bar, the day's receipts being in the drawer. In the morning on opening the saloon he went to take the coin and lock it up in the safe, when, to his surprise, instead of finding the usual fifty or sixty dollars, he saw nothing but five cards, viz: three kings and two aces, commonly known among the initiated as a "king fall on aces." He sought his friend and asked an explanation, when he was informed that a genial game of poker had been started after he had gone home, and his friend had joined in it, that in the course of the game he had held those five cards, and thinking they were the best out, he had bet off the day's receipts, but unfortunately ran against four tens. The proprietor is a philosopher, having probably "been there" himself and said he didn't blame his friend, for it was a "good hand." Now, how much better this method of arranging matters is than that employed by men in San Francisco. Suppose that Ver Mehr when he so "friendly-like" played his employer's money against Briggs' faro game, should have each day made entries in the cash book of this nature: "For playing thooace to win four times, \$500; for coppering the seven, \$320, for calling the last turn king four, when it came four king, \$150. Of course, Messrs. Parrot & Co. would have appreciated the humor of their employe and said, "Well done thou good and faithful servant. Try again, better luck next time."—Monterey Democrat.

DOGS AS FOOD.

It has been predicted by some philosophic dietists that dogs will yet become favorite food in civilization. They contend that the dog is not only very palatable, but that he is nourishing and wholesome, and that, when young and tender, he cannot be distinguished from the best mutton. He ought to be cheap, too, no slight recommendation, for he is a very abounding animal, especially in our large cities. A Paris letter-writer speaking of this subject, says: "He is destroyed here in the pound every year by thousands, when he might be put on the market and bring a fair price. Nobody, of course, would think of killing and cooking a valuable or favorite beast; but hundreds of dogs, justly coming under the head of worthless curs, would cease to be worthless if they were served for the table. A young dog would be as appetizing, though he were of vulgar stock, or even a mongrel, as if he were blooded and of pampered origin. Thus, the question, What shall we do with all the dogs? would readily answered, and most satisfactorily. They are eaten, it is said, in parts of Northern Europe and of Asia, as well as by the Chinese and our own savages. They are classic, also, having been highly relished by the Ancient Romans and Greeks. Many old writers—Galen and Hippocrates, the famous physicians, among them—speak highly of dog meat, and regard it as very healthful. In another century we may consider it a choice delicacy. Food is largely governed by prejudice. One nation eats what another nation abhors, the city often prizes what the country would not touch. We have a dietetic bias against dogs, unquestionably; but it might be overcome. Any of us may have enjoyed them as dishes unconsciously. Indeed, there is a probability that we have if we have resided much in Paris.

A GENTLEMAN WHO IS PUT TOGETHER LIKE A PUZZLE.

(From the Chicago Journal.)

A novel exhibition in anatomy was given to the students of Rush Medical College. At 4 o'clock the large amphitheatre lecture-room was filled with flegged and unflegged doctors, and in the arena stood Charles Warren, a man of about thirty years of age, of athletic appearance, and apparently jointed the same as ordinary mortals. But he soon showed that he differed from most men in his make up, for there was hardly a joint in his whole body that he could not throw out of place, or at least give that appearance. He went through with his dissections, much to the amazement as well as the amusement of all. He commenced by giving a circulatory movement to the scapula, moving either one or both at a time, and without any apparent motion of the shoulders. He then threw the humerus into the axilla, disjointed his elbow, wrist and phalanges. This was done merely by the contraction of the muscles of the arm, and not by the pulling of one member by another. Without touching any part of his body with his hands, the joints would move out of position. He forced the scum from the thigh bone. This he could do while standing on one foot, both feet or while reclining. The dislocation caused an apparent shortening of the limb. Another striking feat was the turning of his feet so that he could touch the bottoms of their while his legs were perfectly straight. Perhaps the most remarkable of all his powers was the wonderful expansibility of his chest. Medical works, upon the strength of examinations of thousands of men in the army and navy, generally give five inches as the maximum of expansion. The exhibit could expand his from nine to twelve inches. Those who did not take much interest in other performances were wonderstruck at this. This feat was performed by the remarkable degree of the compressibility of the chest and his power to force his heart and lungs into the abdominal cavity, and then the power to force his viscera into his chest. The abdomen was hardly less curious when the viscera was forced upward by the diaphragm than was the inflated chest, for at such time there seemed to be an entire absence of organs in that part of the body, as if to be no distance at all from the front wall of the abdomen to the spinal column.

This subject proved a fine study in the anatomy of the muscles, because he could contract them so as to show the position of each one from the origin to insertion. He told this power over the muscles in pairs or separately, and could make them as distinct as dissected.

Mr. Warren concluded with an exhibition of his ability to control his whole body, drawing himself through rings and performing other things, much to the amusement of the students and the professors if they had only felt at liberty to give way to laughter. Mr. Warren has a laughter who takes after himself, and can dislocate her joints with such ease that the sound like rattles.

BEAR HUNTING.

The following singular means of capturing or killing the bear is said to be frequently practised by Russian peasants who cannot easily procure firearms. As is well known the bear has a fondness for honey, and will track his way a great distance to where the wild bees have filled some hollow tree. The stinging cannot hurt him, and they and the stores are entirely at his mercy. In a forest known to certain bears the hunters examine all the hollow trees till they discover a wild bee hive. A branch of the tree is then cut directly above the whole, if there is no such branch, a stout peg is driven into the trunk. To this peg a strong cord is fastened, and from the end of the cord a heavy stone or cannon ball is suspended, at about half a foot from the ground. The bear in his search for honey comes upon the treasure of honey. The pedulous barrier obstructs and he cannot pass a great deal. He is an irritable brute, such cases one of the most irritable as a bear is stupid in the forest. He begins by shaking the weight or stone on one side, but it presses against his head, and he gives it a knock to free himself from the inconvenience.