

N. J. Her dam was one of those yellow-bay mares so common in the produce of old Abdallah. She was undersized, fretful, and of a nervous temperament, and up to the age of six years had performed no work of any kind, except to run occasional races about and on the farm, for the amusement of the boys. In 1863 she was sold by Mr. Decker for \$260; the purchaser selling her again, on the same day, to Mr. Tompkins, for \$360; and she was soon afterward bought by Mr. Alden Goldsmith, for \$600. The eye of the practical horseman discovered that she was worth the handling. He discovered her ability, and soon brought the world to a knowledge of her value. Under his careful and patient management, and the skillful drivers employed by him, she soon displayed such speed and extraordinary qualities of game and endurance, that he was able to sell her, at about the age of eleven years, for the sum of \$20,000. The purchasers were B. Jackman and Mr. Budd Doble, and, under the guidance of the latter, she has steadily advanced in a career of fame that is without a parallel in the history of the trotting turf. She was subsequently sold, by the two gentlemen last named, to H. N. Smith, for the sum of \$37,000, and yet remains his property. She has been matched against all the great trotters of her period; and, while she has occasionally lost a race, she has ultimately vanquished all competitors, and steadily lowered the record for trotting performances, and at the age of eighteen, marked the marvelous, and thus far unapproachable, record of a mile in 2:14.

Twice during the year 1876 she trotted in a race in 2:15, and although in her first race against the renowned Snuggler she was beaten, she by no means surrendered her queenly scepter, for again, at Buffalo, she asserted her supremacy in the three fastest successive heats on record. Proudly does she command the sympathy and applause of all beholders when she hurls at her powerful competitor the defiant challenge, "You may become King, but I am yet Queen."

It were useless to mention the names and performances of others; there is no name that can be compared with that of the little bay mare; the fame and the radiance of all others pale before the brilliancy of a renown that followed her to the age of twenty years, and has been witnessed on every great course throughout the expanse of a continent. I subjoin a description of the Trotting Queen, from the pen of one of our most accurate and capable writers:

Goldsmith Maid is a bay mare 15 1-4 hands, no white. She appears, at first glance, to be rather delicately made, but this conception is drawn from the form, rather than the quality of her make-up. Her head and neck are very clean and blood-like; her shoulder sloping and well placed; middle piece tolerably deep at the girth, but so light in the waist as to give her a tucked-up appearance, and one would say a lack of constitu-