

ENGLISHMAN'S ARGUMENT IN FAVOR OF COCK-FIGHTING.

Hon. Admiral Rous sends a letter to the Times, from which the following extract is taken. A motion in the House of Commons to punish the indulgence in the most ancient and amusement of cock-fighting induces me to send you my views. It has been argued that it is a wise policy to forbid the sport, owing to the cruelty. On this principle, why not make it a capital offence to hunt, coursing, fishing, or shooting illegal when the fowls, stand on the traps, slay the innocents? Why legislate against hunting, coursing, fishing, or shooting? Amusement, what can be more innocent than impaling worms on hooks or trolling with live bait to catch pike? Playing with salmon on your hook is a pleasant pastime and the victim suffers in opinion. Neither is it much to be said in favor of grand battles, where hundreds of birds and ground game are mutilated to live a miserable life or to be killed. All these amusements must of necessity be cruel, but they are sanctioned by the laws, and the cruelty is ignored. In respect of the champions of the cock pit, it is a greater boon for a cock to be well fed and to fight a battle, if victorious to be petted, than the remainder of his life, with half a dozen hens for his comfort, or to cut his throat to satisfy the appetite of a carnivorous man.

It must be clear to every man that in this country there is one law for the rich and another for the poor. The snob sticks to the former, but the thoroughbred gentleman stands by the latter. In ancient times the gamecock was considered an emblem of divinity by the Greeks and Romans. When Themistocles, before the battle of Salamis, he commanded that two cocks be fought in the open view of his army, and exhorted them to behave as these stout creatures fought. Pomponius Mela, the Roman, asserted that the Roman empire began to decline until cocking had fallen into disrepute among its governors. He proved that the Romans were not able to conquer Britain until they had rendered their principal officers passionately emulous of glory by exhibiting a main cock every day before them. The soothsayer, Calpurnius, advised Mark Antony to take heed of Caesar, as his cocks were always beaten by him. The great Gustavus told the King of Denmark that he had no cause to fear the Imperialists, since he had given up cocking and was devoted to the study of dancing. Christian, King of Denmark, said: "Were I to lead an army against the greater infidel of Constantinople, I would have none but cocks for my commanders, and the bravest of the sport for my soldiers." Henry VIII built a stately pit in Whitehall, where he often disposed himself among his most loved and loving subjects. The dying speech of the Duke of Burgundy, who was wounded at the battle of Tewkesbury, was: "My king and a good cock I have loved and like a good cock in my service I gladly now expire." A Mr. Wescott, in the last century, advised all men who were in this pleasant and delicious pastime never to forsake or alienate themselves from it as long as it shall please the Almighty to prosper them; and he adds that we should endeavor to encourage cock-fighting among our friends and discourage it among all foreigners. If cocking, which formerly was a great amusement with the great nobles of this kingdom, be now a sin, I am an old and hardened sinner. In 1877, in command of the Rainbow, I brought a number of Englishbred cocks from Sydney to Malacca, and fought ten battles with a Chinese merchant who had defeated all the Malays. We won every battle and I would give two hundred miles to see a battle between the Cheshire Piles and the Lancashire blackbreasted Reds, if there was no legal objection. Any amusement which creates peace and amity, and friendly acquaintance between the strength of the empire, for united we are strong, and the monotony of human life is relieved by every salutary diversion.

CASTRATING FOWLS.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR PERFORMING THE OPERATION.

The object of castrating is to improve the quality and increase the quantity of the flesh of a cock. A cock will outgrow a cock of the same size as a hen will exceed a hen in weight, and the same reasons, which are, that castration makes an animal less restless and quarrelsome, and less of the nutriment it digests is used for flesh-forming. The operation is very difficult, and is quickly performed after the practice.

The instruments consist of a pair of crooked forceps, pointed hook, a pair of tweezers, and a steel splint with a broad flat hook at the end. Remove the feathers upon a spot larger than a watch, at a point upon the skin between the thigh and the shoulder. Next, cut the skin between the thigh and the shoulder.

tion, give the bird plenty of water, but feed very sparingly with cooked food until they move around with ease and begin to scratch. If fed to the full with hard grain at first, some will die. Caponizing may be defended against objections on the score of cruelty just as well as castrating colts, calves, pigs, and lambs. The rearing of capons will certainly be followed to a great extent in this country so soon as the people learn the excellent quality of the flesh, which is not only extremely delicate and juicy, but the birds grow to nearly the size of turkeys, and are so quiet that their growth is produced with less feed than in the case of fowls. Already there are many persons making money rapidly at the business. Capons command prices from 30 to 50 per cent. higher than other poultry in market.

A GAMBLER'S LUCK.

Don Lawrence, an old-time Cincinnati "sport" was in the city a few days ago, and a Commercial reporter happening to meet him said: "I suppose you have seen some pretty high play, Mr. Lawrence?"

"Well, I should say so," replied Don. The reporter remarked that he had often heard of enormous winnings by gamblers on little or no capital, and asked him what was the largest winning he had ever seen on a few dollars.

"Well," replied the veteran, "about the biggest winning I ever saw made on next to nothing, as it were, was made by Al. Wescott, a hard-fisted faro bank player. Along in the fall of 1858 Wescott landed here as near broke as a man could be. He had 'beat his way' up from New Orleans, and after getting a bite to eat had just a dollar bill left. Late at night he sauntered into Tom Karran's gambling house, next to the old colored church. The house was finely fitted up, and Al. presented rather an unique contrast to the brilliant surroundings in his shabby suit, badly damaged hat and unpolished boots. He threw himself upon a velvet-covered lounge on entering the room, and completely ignoring the black looks of the waiter, fell asleep for a couple of hours.

"When he awoke, the game was about to close. A high roller from Chillicothe—named Sargent, I think—had lost eight or ten hundred dollars and was nearly broke. The dealer, a swarthy, repulsive-looking chap they called 'Penobscot Dan,' was getting very sleepy and yawning a good deal, with an intimation now and then that the bank would have to close pretty soon, when Wescott lounged up to the table, and tossing his Louisiana dollar across the table, asked for a 'short stack of white chips.' Penobscot in his surliest tones, said, 'Well, we won't trouble with you, and throw him two white checks worth fifty cents each. They were playing whites at ten dollars a stack then. The two checks happened to fall on the four spot. Al. let them remain where they fell. The four of spades won. Al. let the bet stand and it won again. He now seemed to have a presentiment about the card, and determined to let it win through if it would. I did win through, and at the end of the deal Al. had sixteen good dollars stacked up on the four. Al. never touched his bet, but let it stand on the four. The first turn of the box was nine, ten, and Penobscot, with an ugly grunt, sized up to the stack, which made the pile \$32. Wescott made no movement to reduce the bet, and the irritated dealer said: 'Here, Mr. Wescott, we can only give you a limit of twenty-five; you must take down.'

"All right," replied Wescott; if that's the kind of gamblers you've got to be I'll take down, but I was going to see if, with all your shuffling, you could prevent that four from winning through again."

"Just then Tom Karran, one of the proprietors, happened to drop in and overheard the last remark. He prided himself on being a terribly 'game' man, ready to gamble against anybody and for any amount of money. Said he: 'Oh, he wants the four to win through, does he? Well, let him go what he wants, you bet I'll not ask him to take down.'

"With these orders the dealer turned on, and the result was that the four won through, again, and at the end of the deal Wescott, who had stolidly looking at his rapidly increasing pile of chips, had \$256 stacked up on the four.

"Now," said Wescott to Karran, 'you have made your bet about being a game man, I'll just out the cards with you for the card nearest the four for double that bet or quits.'

"Done!" excitedly exclaimed Karran, and reaching for a fresh pack of cards cut the six of diamonds. Wescott cut, and you'd hardly believe it, showed up the four of clubs.

"For that \$256," calmly remarked Wescott to Karran, 'You may give me some like checks, I'm tired of playing three cotton things.'

"Penobscot was wide awake by this time and looked as if he would never want to go to sleep again. Wescott started in to play with his blue

CANNING SALMON ON THE FRAZER.

There is a good deal of activity on the Frazer River just now, as, to use the fishermen's phrase, the salmon have begun to 'run,' an event every one here has been waiting for for two or three weeks past. There are at present eight canneries on the Frazer, each employing from 200 to 300 men. Both American and English firms have capital invested in the enterprise. The fishing boats have their nets spread both day and night, and some very good hauls have already been made. The fish taken so far are very small, the average weight when trimmed being only five pounds. People in the east and in England probably have very indistinct ideas of the way in which the canned salmon that appears on their tables is prepared. The mode is as follows: A company comes here, and having selected a site on the banks of the Frazer, proceeds to erect a cannery. This consists generally of several low, long wooden buildings, comprising a boat-house to contain the fishing-boats, of which each company has some thirty or forty, an engine room, a boiling-room containing vats in which the fish are boiled, a tin-room where the cans are made, packing rooms and a large room in which the fish undergoes the various processes previous to shipment to market. Some of the canneries find it advantageous to let out their work to Chinese firms, who undertake to supply all the labor necessary to dress the fish after it is caught and prepare it for canning. But the majority of firms take charge of the whole of their business. At stated times after the nets are laid across the river the boats return to the cannery and land their catch. This is immediately seized by the Chinese workmen, for by far the greater part of the indoor work is done by Mongolians, and washed. The fish are then slit up and cleaned and the head removed. Then they are passed on to the next block, which consists of a machine with a number of sharp blades joined to a shaft which is turned by a handle. The blades are just so far apart that the salmon when cut will be the correct length to fill an ordinary one-pound can. The next stage consists in filling the cans. The fish is rammed and jammed and squeezed into the tins, and it is this part of the proceedings that would make one who has seen the process unwilling to eat the salmon when it is ready for sale. Next the covers are placed on and soldered. They are then perfectly air tight and are forwarded to the boilers. These consist of vats some five feet in height and about four feet in length and breadth. Into these, which contain boiling water, the cans are plunged and allowed to remain two hours or so. At the end of that time they are taken out and allowed to cool. A hole in the centre of the cover that had been soldered up at first is now opened by placing a hot iron over the solder. The melted metal drops into the can and this accounts for the several shot-like bodies found in each tin. This vent being opened, all the gases generated in the boiling are allowed to escape. Afterwards the cans are passed on to the next department, when they are rendered perfectly air tight once more, and further on to workmen who dip them in a varnish-like composition. Later they come to the labelling department, after which they are ready to be packed in four-dozen cases and shipped. This is the whole process of canning. Thus a salmon enjoying life and liberty and in the full pursuit of happiness at 9 o'clock may find himself snugly packed away in a can at 12 and ready for the American markets, labelled as the finest Frazer River Salmon. In less than fifteen days after the same fish may be sold in New York and a few days later in London, not, however until the Frazer River label has been torn off and an English one substituted, when the new importation then appears under the name of fine Scotch Salmon.

In the tin-making and other mechanical departments, without which no cannery is complete, every labor-saving contrivance possible is used. Two new canneries have been erected this season, and the salmon fishery has thus become one of the principal industries of this section of the country.

THE HORSE-SHOEING CONTROVERSY.

BIG SWIMMING.

MISS BECKWITH'S TWENTY MILES.

Miss Beckwith accomplished the task of swimming twenty miles in the Thames, and it was stated that the feat was not performed for a wager, but to encourage ladies in the art of natation. The start from Westminster was fixed for noon, but it did not take place until twenty-six minutes later, by which time several thousand spectators had gathered on the bridge and the Victoria Embankment. As soon as the young lady, attired in an orange colored costume, appeared on the steamer which was to accompany her, she was greeted with cheers, and the cheering was repeated when she dived into the water. She was followed on the journey by a boat containing Professor Beckwith and his son Willie, the champion of London. She swam in the middle of the stream with a long, powerful breast stroke, and reached Lambeth Bridge in 9m. Battersea Bridge was passed in 34m. and Chelsea in 47m., while the distance covered in the first hour was about three and a quarter miles. Going merrily along, the swimmer was off Wardworth in 1h. 15m., and Putney, five and a half miles from home, in 1h. 36m. She continued the same measured stroke, and in 2h. 9m. passed Hammersmith Bridge, where a large crowd encouraged her efforts with a cheer. The ship at Mortlake being reached a half past the journey was performed in a little less than three hours. Kew Bridge, eleven miles, was shot under in 3h. 28m. from the start, and then for the first time some refreshment was partaken of. At 5 o'clock Richmond was sighted, and a short distance beyond this pleasure resort a turn was made for home, the young lady not exhibiting the slightest symptoms of fatigue. The journey back to Barker's Rails, Mortlake, where the twenty miles were completed, was accomplished without mishap, and Miss Beckwith, far from being exhausted, was taken into the steamer amid hearty manifestations of satisfaction, having been in the water six hours and twenty-five minutes.

CAPT. WEBB SWIMS FORTY MILES.

On Friday another long distance swim took place in the river Thames, between Gravesend and Woolwich. Captain Webb, accompanied by two friends, and by two Gravesend boatmen, named H. Davis and J. Henderson, dived in off Gravesend at five minutes before seven, a.m., and reached Woolwich at 12:10 o'clock noon, when turning with the tide he swam back to Gravesend, reaching Rotherhithe at eight minutes before five in the afternoon, after remaining in the water ten hours all but three minutes. Captain Webb's trial in fresh water being considered satisfactory, he will probably attempt his projected thirty six hours swim in the river Thames. The distance swam was about forty miles, probably the longest swim ever accomplished in fresh water. Captain Webb took no stimulant whatever during his swim, his only refreshment being a little beef and some coffee.

GAMBLING AND FIGHTING.

Virginia City is a terrible place for gambling. Faro is the favorite game, but for those who like it there is also poker (unlimited), keno, sixty-six, and evens. One man had a marvellous slice of luck. He started in to play faro; he played thirty two hours without stopping or sleeping, and eating a hasty bite as he played. Lost \$11,000 in that time, and was nearly broke—being left with \$20 or so, which he staked—he was so exhausted that he fell asleep; and yet so excited was his brain that he continued automatically playing, knowing nothing. By this time there was a crowd around. Well, he actually won back all he had lost, and about \$17,000 besides. He would probably have continued on playing, but he burst the bank. It was only then that the spectators discovered that he had been sleeping. Eye witnesses state when he was awakened he was the most astonished man they ever saw, though he managed to walk off quite comfortably with \$28,000.

As I walked along the streets I noticed large numbers of men with wounded ears, some in one stage, others healing, some carefully plastered, others again with only a little bit of ear, some with actually not a vestige left. It appears what is called ear-chewing is a common occurrence. One miner got his

Pierre Lorillard having three entries in the Derby and the Oaks and two in the Leger, while Mr. Sanford has two in the Oaks and Leger, but none in the Derby. Mr. Lorillard's Derby three, which were all bred in the United States, are b. c. Cherokee, by imp. Saxon out of Sue Morrissey (late Fanny Ludlow), by imp. Eclipse; b. c. Boreas, by Saxon out of Nellie Grey, by Lexington, and b. c. Friar, by Saxon out of Fanny Washington. His Oaks three, which were also bred on this continent, are b. c. Neriad, by Saxon out of Highland Lassie by Blair Athol, b. c. Geraldine, by Saxon, out of one of the period by Virgil, and ch. f. by imp. Lexington out of Maiden, by Lexington. His Leger two are Boreas and Friar. Mr. Sanford's Oaks pair are both by imp. Ginelg, one being out of Minx by Lexington, and the other out of Finessa by Lexington. The Finessa filly is also in the Leger. Mr. Sanford's other entry in that race being a b. c. by Virgil, out of Cordelia by Lexington.—*Mail*

A TOUGH CHESS STORY.

A pretty tough story is told of Charles XII—an inveterate chess-player—when he was under siege on a small island in the Poles steer, in the dominion of the Sultan.

It was in January, 1613, Charles and his General Grouthusen while thus besieged were just at the end of a long contest when Charles announced 'mate in three moves.' The position was as follows: 'Place white's king on his bishop's fifth, his rook on his king's seventh, his knight on king's square and king's rook's pawn and king's knight's pawn on their own squares, place black's king on his rook's fifth, bishop at king's b. c. seventh, and a pawn at king's rook's third and king's knight's sixth. Two white were no sooner uttered than a stray bullet, shattering a window pane, removed the white knight, but ere his dismayed opponent replaced the piece, Charles coolly smiled and said: 'I do not need the knight, but will do without it, and declare 'mate in four moves.' At this second announcement a second bullet removed white rook's pawn. Charles with his accustomed imperturbability remarked to his opponent: 'You have no good friends, the Turks, on your side, I can scarcely contend against thirty thousand men; this is the first time I have seen chess played with muskets. But wait,' continued he, 'I think I can spare this unlucky pawn also, and informed Grouthusen that there was a 'mate in five moves.'

A PANTHER FIGHT.

Major Sandwith, Major Barras and Lieutenant Francis, three British officers, recently went out to hunt panthers near Ahmednagar. They were sitting under the shade of an enormous sugar bush when a panther came out to hunt for British officers. A native went round behind the bush, when the panther bit his arm. The officers, hearing the noise, ran round the bush one way to help their servant, but the panther ran round the bush the other way, and grabbed Major Barras by the arm. It got a shelf through its ribs, and straightway bounded back into the bush as rapidly as it had issued thence. Stones were thrown into the bush to bring it out, but it soaked out at the other side and was a hundred yards away ere its retreat was observed. It was fired upon and knocked down with a bullet through the leg, but got up and reached another bush. Major Sandwith threw a stone to make it break cover, and was successful, for though at ten yards' range he and Lieutenant Francis hit it in the chest with two shells, it knocked him down and began worrying him. Finally, by pinning it to the ground with a spear and firing three bullets into it at so close a range as to burn its skin, the panther was induced to die, with its teeth fast fixed in Major Sandwith's thigh, so that its arm was used to be forced open with a knife. Major Sandwith was bitten in three places leg and thigh.

JIM ANDERSON'S TRUTHFUL CHARACTER.

Some one was reading the following story of Anderson the other day and came to the conclusion that the man was a liar.