

## THE COLOR OF HORSES.

A correspondent of the London *Field* writes: A remark of Lord Calthorpe, written in a letter, which appeared in the *Times*, a short while ago, deserves, I think, some ventilation. He mentioned "horses of a good color;" and the question is, what is a good color? The most prevailing color in England is certainly bay; why this arises I am unable to say. We must therefore believe that the best horses are bays, without proof. Some time after the Peninsula war it was customary to have the troops of cavalry regiments in colors; but the bay troops so far exceeded all the other troops and such difficulty existed in supplying the other troops, that the distinctive colors of troops were abolished throughout the army, and only two regiments the Queen's Bays and the Scots' Greys were allowed to retain a distinctive color. It was attempted to retain the Seventh Dragoon Guards as the "Black Horse," but that utterly failed. Since then, in the days of the Crimean war we had the chestnut and gray troops of horse artillery. I do not allude to the black troopers of the household regiments as they are so well known to the world at large, and are bred chiefly in Lincolnshire especially for that purpose. The French are very fond of bays, but they must not have a single white hair. The Cleveland bays are well known. They supplied the whole of the carriage horses of the nobility and leading gentry of the last generation. They were slow, tall, but carried themselves well. The dams were the cart horses of Cleveland, a portion of North Yorkshire, and were crossed with a thoroughbred. If the produce was heavy, after the dam, it reverted to her state in the plough; but if it took after the sire, it was promoted to the hunting-field, where they were wonderful leapers. The intermediate stage made the carriage horse.—The breed is now totally extinct. The late Emperor of the French had a great fancy for these Cleveland bays, and finally drained that district of the few left.

The chestnut is the favorite color of the Arabs. It is much liked by the Irish, and of course we all remember the best horse on record (Eclipse) was a chestnut; but I must be allowed that chestnuts are more subject to infirmities of temper and constitution, especially in regard to their eyes, than bays. The grays are generally underbred. *Cecilia* terrible gris, as Napoleon called them, however, did good service at Waterloo. I do not remember a gray ever winning a Derby or a "big race;" nor did I ever see a good English gray in the hunting field, though, singular to say, some of the best hunters in Ireland have been grays. Grays do well in harness and I consider a chestnut and a gray the prettiest match of any. To blacks these are some objections as to chestnuts—infirmary of temper and constitution. They are more liable to contracted feet and navicular than other colors, and the most vicious horse I ever saw was a black and that was in the army. They are under-bred, for I never remember seeing a black race-horse. Pray do not confound blacks with black-browns, of which latter color was old Voltigeur; and there is a stallion now in Tipperary, Blue Peter, getting some of the finest hunting stock I ever saw. Blacks are very good for agricultural purposes and on all large farms now-a-days in Yorkshire and Lincolnshire black horses are alone used. My favorite color is dapple brown—such a color as the Flying Dutchman was, old McOrville who got the best hunters in England and Slinge, who did a like good office for "ould Ireland." In Dresden I saw some beautiful dapple-browns, short-legged, with good action, admirably adapted for mail phaetons. They had also chestnut cart horses with no hair about their legs. There is a stud farm at Maarsbeek 6 miles from Dresden. Composite-colored horse-piebalds, as black and white skewbalds, chestnut and white and graybalds (2 shades of gray) are always soft horses, and only fit for Lady Scattercars or retired theatrical ladies; nevertheless, I remember one skewbald cob, a good bottomed nag and a good fencer; and in Connemara you may meet with duns, good animals over an intricate country. Composite colors are "loud," and consequently vulgar. Let us taboo them from our category. The Editor of the *Field* adds: Gustavus (gray) won the Derby in 1821 and Chanticleer was a good race-horse; we have only to point to Grimaldi and Peter Simple in the early days of steeplechasing, as magnificent hunters of that color; also to Saunterer as a first-class black race-horse.

## THE TALLEST CHIMNEY IN THE WORLD.

The tallest chimney in the world is the Townsend chimney, Glasgow, Scotland. It was built by Robert Corbett, Glasgow, for Joseph Townsend, of Crawford street Chemical Works. The total height from foundation to top of coping is 468 feet; and from ground line to summit 454 feet; the outside diameter at foundation being 50 feet, at ground surface 82 feet, and at top of coping

## THE STALLION RACE.

The entries for the second annual champion stallion race, for a purse of \$10,000, to be trotted at Mystic Park on the 14th September next, were opened at Lafayette Hall, Boston. There was a large gathering of horsemen, and much interest and enthusiasm was manifested, owing to the magnificent success attending Mr. Blanchard's venture last year. There are fourteen entries for the honors of the stallion championship of 1876, some of whom have already gained fame and distinction upon the turf. The names of such fine horses as Snuggler, Mambrino Gift, Jay Gould, Aberdeen, and Blackwood are rendered conspicuous by their absence from the list, and the contest is thereby shorn of much of the excitement it would otherwise have created. Nevertheless, there will, without doubt, be a grand struggle between the fast and game horses that have been nominated by the public-spirited and enterprising gentlemen who own them. First on the list is Mr. M. W. Bacon's bay stallion Wm. H. Allen, by Volunteer out of Peggy Slender. Allen is ten years old, has a record of 2:28, and is as game as he is fast. He was entered in the stallion purse of last year, but owing to bad feet and legs he did not start. Jubilee Lambert, by Daniel Lambert, with a record of 2:27, to his credit, has been entered by Mr. M. Carroll, of Boston. This horse started seven times last season, and won twice. Great hopes are entertained of him by his party. The black horse Thomas Jefferson, by Toronto Chief out of Gipsy Queen, whose fame is as familiar as a household word with lovers of the high-bred horse all over the continent, comes boldly to the front again. His record is 2:23, made at Buffalo last summer, when he lowered the flag of Snuggler and Mambrino Gift, after as fine a race as ever was seen anywhere. This stallion race would be incomplete unless Mr. Smith had entered the "Black Whirlwind," and we are pleased that he has done so. The black stallion Defiance, record 2:34, has been entered by the Messrs. Hoyt, of Concord, N. H.; and J. J. Bowen has put in the brown horse Ben Morrill, by Winthrop Morrill. Ben has a record of 2:28. Northern New York will again be represented by the brown stallion Phil Sheridan, the son of Young Columbus and Black Fly, who bore off second honors in the stallion race last year. Sheridan is owned by Mr. Robert Dalzell, of Waddington, N. Y., and as a sire is extremely popular with the breeders of that section. His record is 2:26, and if brought to the post in good condition in September, he may be expected to again give a good account of himself. Next in order is the brown stallion Commonwealth, by Phil Sheridan (above), sired by Young St. Lawrence, owned by Mr. Faraun, of Waltham, Mass.—record, 2:24. Besides the above, there are the gray stallion Messenger Knox, by Gen. Knox, with a record of 2:32; gray stallion Ned Wallace, by Taggart's Abdallah, who trotted in 2:33 as a four-year-old; black stallion Lothair, by Gilbert Knox out of the Bunker Mare, with 2:32 to his credit; bay stallion Parkis Abdallah, by Taggart's Abdallah, who gained a record last season of 2:26; Monarch Jr., by Stranes' Monarch, son of imp. Monarch—record 2:25; a stallion from South Carolina, called Little Mac, whose pedigree has not been given; and the well-known and famous Draco Prince, by Draco, dam by Vermont Black Hawk. It will be seen that, as last year, none of the great entire sons of old Hambletonian have entered.

## BULLET IN THE EYE.

A delicate scientific operation was performed on the eye of General J. F. Miller, at the Grand Hotel yesterday. It may not be forgotten that the gentleman was wounded at the battle of Liberty Gap, Tenn., on the 24th of July, 1868, receiving an Enfield rifle bullet in his left eye. He was taken from the field in an insensible condition, and so remained for two or three days. The missile was never extracted, and men of science could never locate its position in the head. The General has ever since suffered from neuralgic pains, and it was feared if not altogether lost. Dr. Greening, of Philadelphia, and Dr. A. Martinache and Brigham, of this city, yesterday performed an operation by which they succeeded in extracting the bullet, which had already become attached to one of the bones of the skull; the eye was partly moved to get at the bullet and allow of its extraction. The patient is lying at his room yet, apparently comfortable, and will, doubtless, speedily recover. The bullet had struck the ground and became turned in its course, so that the base of the bullet entered first. The force of the bullet had been greatly lessened by contact with the ground, else the missile would have gone through the head.

## A PLUCKY BITCH AND A VENTURE.

## CANADIAN STOCK.

A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* says:—

"Jas. I. Davidson's is near Myrtle Station, just north from Whitby, in a good farming region; land rolling, and in every valley is a quick-running brook, perhaps only a few inches wide, but permanent, and the cultivation of the soil is exceptionally good. Last fall Mr. D. imported over twenty heifers from Cruikshank, Scotland, from two to four years old, varying in their look and excellence, still every one good, and many quite extra, all with a look of Cruikshank's breeding, which is mixed—Bates and Booth foundations being crossed and recrossed until the traces of the original sorts are lost, but leaving a good, healthy result. It was after several times reviewing the whole that I picked an Ethel Buckingham, red and white, a trifle plain in head and color, but a brave, showy heifer, not equal in substance to the roan cow Charming, who is short of neck, legs and body, a great feeder, with the greatest development over her crops I ever saw. Better still is Solemnity, a red, good from her nose to her heels, coming through the top crosses of Cruikshank bulls—then three Bates bulls from Secret 2nd by Locomotive (4242), a cow purchased by the late Mr. Harvey from Bates. A lovely, moderate sized thing is the two years old Orange Blossom 19th, of the same strain as Mr. Kie singer's prize heifer last year. Village Girl is red with extra good rump, and Flora 6th is a full red, looking more like a Loran than any imported cow I remember. The bull, Crown Prince of Athelstane, is a grandson of the famous cow, Queen of Athelstane, red, and like his grandam, quite too self-willed and high-tempered; like her a wonderful quick feeder, with a handsome head, thick shoulders, brisket and heart; a straight top and plenty of style.

We are under obligations to Mr. Davidson for the many miles he drove us behind his favorite trotting mare, Fly, beguiling the way with pleasant Short-Horn chat and Scottish stories. One of these rides was fifteen miles to Mr. William Moffatt's, St. Fields."

## JOHN MORRISSEY AT SARATOGA.

Morrissey has no other weakness than getting drunk about twice a year, and then he is amiable as Pontiac of Goliath. All the rest of the year he is cool, measuring, gain-seeking business man, with the soul of a merchant. He owns nearly two acres of ground here, on which are a large hotel, a pool house for betting on horses, four cottages, a mineral spring, a rock spring, and a trout pond. He has nearly one thousand trout, and he took us out to see them fed. Many of them weigh two pounds. His hotel is a substantial brick edifice, built on piles and planks twenty-four feet under the surface. He took a swamp, piled it, filled it, and made a paradise of it. I asked him how much he had spent here. He said: "I have laid out \$340,000. The first piece of ground I bought, fifty feet front, I paid \$200 a foot for. I never bought anything in Saratoga at second price. If you reflect on any proposition over night they'll raise on you next morning. I keep a hotel in connection with my club house to be allowed to gamble. I aim with that hotel to pay my servants and to support the table. There are seventy people in my employ at here. The cook is paid \$400 for the season, and I generally present him with \$200 when he goes away. The good servants I re-engage for the next year."

The hotel part of Morrissey's establishment bears no relation whatever to his gaming, and the games are neither visible nor the players audible from the dining room. His suite de jour is a sort of transept to his hotel, an immense room, lighted from the sky, carpeted richly, with a narrow rim of gaming tables around the sides. No citizen of Saratoga is allowed to play, no intoxicated person, no venal young men. Gambling has its own class. There are some men who game as naturally and as coolly as they do business. Morrissey himself never plays, except with great experts, and men of equal purse and nerve, like Ben Wood or Price McGrath.—*Philadelphia Times*.

## ENDURANCE OF EASTERN HORSES.

Australian horses, unprepared, unshod and uncared for, are in the constant habit of performing forty, fifty, or even sixty miles a day, when on a journey over rough roads or through the wild native bush, without even a track. Their food consists of what they can pick up for themselves, in many cases when tethered to prevent their straying, and wear grooming in having the rough mud scraped off with a bunch of grass; but they have at least one advantage over Caradoc, in being allowed to rest and ease their limbs in whatever manner they choose during the night. It is stated on the authority of Abd-el-Kader, that Arab horses will travel three or four months at the rate of fifty miles a day with-

## THE CALEDONIAN GAMES.

On Thursday, 22nd inst., the annual games of the Toronto Caledonian Society were held on the Cricket Ground. The attendance was large, and the contests were for the most part very spirited. The following is a list of the winners in the various contests:

Putting Heavy Stone, seven entries—1st, \$10, J. Mooney; 2nd, \$5, H. McKinnon; 3rd, \$2, A. McKay.

Putting Light Stone, seven entries—1st, \$8, H. McKinnon; 2nd, \$4, A. McKay; 3rd, \$2, J. Mooney.

Boys' Race, under 12, sons of members, five entries—1st, \$5, McGregor; 2nd, \$3, John Rough; 3rd, \$1, A. Burgess.

Throwing Heavy Hammer, six entries—1st, \$15, H. McKinnon; 2nd, \$10, A. McKay; 3rd, \$5, E. Brady.

Throwing Light Hammer, six entries—1st, \$10, H. McKinnon; 2nd, \$5, A. McKay; 3rd, \$3, G. Brady.

Short Race, 150 yards, twelve entries—1st, \$8, John T. Crosby; 2nd, \$4, C. Biggar; 3rd, \$2, J. Dobson.

Tossing the Caber, seven entries—1st, \$10, E. Brady; 2nd, \$5, A. McKay; 3rd, \$3, H. McKinnon.

Hop, Step, and Jump, nine entries—1st, \$8, D. W. Johnson; 2nd, \$5, John Maloney; 3rd, \$2, W. Dale.

Standing Long Jump, eight entries—1st, \$8, D. W. Johnson; 2nd, \$4, C. P. Colvin; 3rd, \$2, H. G. Mullen.

Running Long Jump, ten entries—1st, \$8, Lewis McDonald; 2nd, \$4, D. W. Johnson; 3rd, \$2, John T. Crosby.

Boys' Race, under 16, sons of members, four entries—1st, \$5, W. Ritchie; 2nd, \$3, W. Paterson; 3rd, \$1, F. McGregor.

Standing High Jump, eleven entries—1st, \$8, E. W. Johnson; 2nd, \$4, W. J. Phoenix; 3rd, \$2, William Smith.

Running High Jump, thirteen entries—1st, \$8, Jas. McGillivray; 2nd, \$4, E. W. Johnson; 3rd, \$2, W. Dale.

Short Race, 440 yards, seven entries—1st, \$8, P. Clark; 2nd, \$4, James Conley; 3rd, \$2, F. Collins.

Vaulting with Pole, six entries—1st, \$8, James Fairbairn; 2nd, \$5, W. Robertson; 3rd, \$2, E. W. Crosby.

Best Bagpipe Playing, five entries—1st, \$10, Gordon; 2nd, \$5, Neil McIsaac; 3rd, \$3, Grant.

Hurdle Race, 100 yards, eight entries—1st, \$15, W. L. Allar; 2nd, \$8, A. C. Reid; 3rd, \$3, J. Wright.

Best Boy Dressed in Highland Costume—1st, \$4, Fred. V. Warnoll; 2nd, \$3, Norman McLeod Pearson; 3rd, \$2, John Patterson; and to the others that entered \$1 each.

Long Race, half-mile, eight entries—1st, \$10, F. Collins; 2nd, \$5, Geo. Paton; 3rd, \$3, A. J. Tobin.

Highland Fling, eight entries—1st, \$10, Kennedy, Brooklyn; 2nd, \$5, G. A. Matheson; 3rd, \$3, E. M. McKenzie; special prize, Master W. Gardener.

Sword Dance, six entries—1st, \$10, Kennedy; 2nd, \$5, G. A. Matheson; 3rd, \$3, R. P. Nivin; special prize, Master W. Gardener.

Long Race, one mile, five entries—1st, \$20, S. Henry; 2nd, \$10, George Paton; 3rd, \$5, W. L. Allan.

Reels and Strathspeys, seven entries—1st, \$8, Kennedy; 2nd, \$5, R. P. Nivin; 3rd, \$4, E. N. McKenzie.

## QUOITS.

The quoiting contest, which was commenced on Wednesday, under the auspices of the Caledonian Society was concluded on Thursday, the first prize having been won by Mr. George Shepherd, of Scarborough. The following are the names of the other players.—Messrs. John Rippon and David Lawson, of Toronto, James Weatherston and another gentleman of the same name, from Hamilton, James Dobson, S. Renne, David Furd, and R. Sylvester, Scarborough, William Brotherton, York, and A. Muir, Newmarket. The games were played at 21 points, and the contests generally were very close.

## BUFFALO CALEDONIAN GAMES.

At the grand Caledonian tournament held at Buffalo on Tuesday last, the Canadians rendered a good account of themselves, Hamilton taking the lead. H. McKinnon, of Hamilton, carried off the first prize for tossing a caber 34 ft. 4 in., he being the only one that could turn it. Also first for heavy hammer, 86 ft. 7 in., and first for light hammer, 169; and second for heavy stone, J. McGillivray, of Montreal, beating him 19 inches. Charles Biggar, of Galt, took first for standing high jump and standing long jump. G. A. Matheson, of Hamilton, took the medal for strathspeys and reels, and second and third prizes for Highland fling and sword dance, Master Willie Gardener taking first for these two last. Smith, of Hamilton, took first on the pipes, D. Brodie, of Thorold, second prize. McGillivray, of Montreal, took the first on heavy and light stone, first tie for standing high jump, and D. Wood, of Galt, carried off the milk race from Red-

## BASE BALL.

Mr. Foley, late of the Maple Leaf nine, left Guelph on Wednesday, and has, we understand, taken the position of catcher with the Mutuals of Jackson, Mich.

On Wednesday the Silver Creek nine of Guelph drove down to Dundas for a game with the Young Canadians of that place. The downy-faced youths of the latter place didn't carry enough guns for the beer-dod Guelphites, and were forced to succumb to them by the following score:—

## SILVER CREEK.

W. Steele, c.....	1	0
G. Chamberlin, ss.....	2	3
G. Sleeman, p.....	3	4
E. Hutchinson, lb.....	3	3
W. Craig, rf.....	4	3
G. Bruce, 3b.....	4	3
G. Beck, lf.....	4	2
J. Jotham, cf.....	4	3
J. Hower, 2b.....	3	3
	27	30

## YOUNG CANADIANS.

Collins, c.....	3	3
Turnbull, p.....	2	3
Pirie, ss.....	4	1
Duggan, lb.....	3	1
Wilson, 2b.....	4	1
Percy, 3b.....	3	1
Gillis, lf.....	1	3
Macfarlane, cf.....	6	1
Knowles, rf.....	2	2
	27	16

## RUSS EACH INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Silver Creek.....	5	9	1	3	1	3	0	8	0
Dundas.....	0	0	3	1	0	2	1	1	

Time of game—2 hours and 35 minutes.  
Scorer—M. Deady, jr. and M. W. Fisher.  
Umpire—M. Keeler, M.L.B.C.C.

## TOUGH ON THE OLD COUNTRY.

Somebody interviewed Joe Elliott, of the New York *Herald*, at Long Branch last week, and printed the story in the *Graphic*. The English will not be pleased with the interview, although we suppose Mr. Elliott will shed any idle tears over their indignation. He was eager to visit England, and very anxious to get out of it. He would not stay even to see the Derby run. He pronounced the mate bad, the people brutal, and the race miserable. We doubt if Mr. Elliott is correctly reported in all things. In fact, we positively never committed the blunder saying that "A Derby winner at a year old is magnified into a sire, and could have made the sweeping statement that 'Sanford is going over to England' a year with a large part of his stable, particularly yearlings." The reporter must have drawn upon his imagination for some of these "facts." But we have a suspicion that Mr. Elliott expressed himself about what follows in reply to the question, if he had England:

"No. The spectators of the races there are the lowest cannibals of the earth. Such an audience as you see at Jerome Park or the Grand or at Lexington, is unknown in England! At the new track near London there was a terrible admission. 'We won't have it, you know,' said the mob. And they cleared away that fence so many pioneers, inundated the field and laughed at authority. At the Durham race the colliers came in, noisy, fighting, headbushes, I saw one fellow who held the stakes for the others seized, and they began to gnaw at his back and then to make him drop the money. At the most swept the head, shaved the hair and ran over me, and, lastly, a man on horseback galloped over me. At the Newmarket I took a horse, afraid to longer, and being pretty fat and I may say, I felt very sore. I saw a number of people on the track with reporters inside driving, and the course and printing as they proceeded, I handed in my card to one of the gentlemen, Elliott, sporting editor of the New York *Herald*, and said: 'Will you permit me to ride with your driver?' 'No, I am too damned old.' Why, sir, in the House of Lords I saw a great placard. Because of pickpockets. Open houses like Jim Shaw's at almost every race from the thistles and cattails at Sandown. Women are unable to attend the races without the 'races' request. I went to the T. & L. London in a cab. It happened to be the day a policeman said to me: 'You are a stranger, ain't you? We'll don't go in there to-day, they'll pick everything off your body, they'll strip you. Come back on a shuffling day. I held up my hands and said: 'My God! is there any place on this island where a man is safe?'

If anybody can draw a worse picture of England and English customs, let him at forward. It is clear that Mr. Joe Elliott saw the very darkest side of life while abroad. And it may be that he is prejudiced against little. Who knows?—*Turf, Field & Park*.