

DEATH OF GEORGE PAYNE.

A despatch from London brings news of the death of Mr. George Payne, an English sportsman of more than usual prominence as a turfman and a whist-player. In the death of this gentleman the English people have lost perhaps the last survivor of a generation of sportsmen long gone by. He was a sportsman of the same type as the late Lords Derby, Palmerston, Strathmore, and Chesterfield, Sir Tatton Sykes and the lamented Admiral Rous, and was the hero of half a hundred Derbys. Thanks to an admirable physique he long outlasted the race of men with whom, fifty-five years or more ago, he began his associations. In 1817 his uncle Payne won the Derby with a horse named Azor, and almost ever since that event the nephew had been trying unsuccessfully to accomplish the same feat.

In early days George Payne was a school boy at Eton, and from there went to Christ Church, Oxford, from which his devotion to hunting got him expelled. He was soon known on the turf, and when just come of age and into a fortune of \$2,600,000 went to Doncaster. In those days men betted heavily, and as Mr. Gascoigne's—afterwards Lord Glasgow's—Jerry shot past the post a winner of the Leger, young Mr. Payne comprehended that he had lost in the neighborhood of \$165,000. He was already popular and was consoled with, but he simply said it was a pleasure to lose the money and thus disposed of all verbal condolence. Among those, however, who called on Mr. Payne that day was the famous waddy, ex-prize-fighter, who afterwards represented Pontefract in Parliament. Gully had won a pile of money on Jerry, and said "Never mind, Mr. Payne, you can afford to wait. You will get it all back on Memnon next year." Young Payne backed Memnon for the Leger of next year and got a very considerable part of "it" back. Notoriously unlucky with his own horses, Mr. Payne was more fortunate in backing those of his friends. Once upon a time he and the late Mr. Grenville put their heads and their horses together, and several good stakes were landed, but as the horses ran in the colors of their respective owners it was curious to mark that that of Mr. Payne was the unlucky one. His experience on the turf must have been very costly on the whole, for he has been known to back fifteen horses in a great race, thus almost rivaling a well-known marchioness who once backed every starter and at least half a dozen who did not start.

In 1824, when the greatest of England's North Country races was won by Jerry, that Mr. Payne met Admiral Rous, who also saw the race for the first time that day. Their friendship was ever afterwards unbroken until death removed his old companion from within sound of the saddling-bell. Sir Tatton Sykes, while he lived, was also his friend. With the exception of the year when Charles XII. ran and won, Sir Tatton never missed a Leger for more than sixty years. He used to stand with Mr. Payne beside the rails of the enclosure under the shadow of the grand stand, and both of them were introduced the same day by their friend Gully to the redoubtable Tom Sayers and Sir Joseph Hawley. The turf was not the only medium of speculation employed by Mr. Payne. As a whist-player he had few equals, and at *carte* and *piquet* could take a hand with the best. He played for high stakes. A few years ago an exceedingly amiable and good-looking gentleman was conspicuous in London for his luck at cards. He lived right royally on a slender income, played heavily at two clubs most notorious for high stakes, and won steadily. Whist players of great skill and experience tried their hands against him, but retired losers. All wondered at his persistent good fortune and at Mr. Payne's objection to play against him. "No, no," said the veteran; "he is a good fellow, a handsome fellow, and holds good cards. I like to back him."

As a country gentleman Mr. Payne, when he was known as the Squire of Sulby Abbey, was worshipped by the inhabitants of sport-loving Northamptonshire, where the merry-making which celebrated his coming of age over fifty-five years ago is not yet forgotten, any more than the magnificence of his turnout when he served as High Sheriff of the county. When in London he lived in Queen street, Mayfair, and here he has been lying these many weeks suffering. He was a great traveller, and was as much at home in France as in his own country. He was ever a welcome guest of the French Jockey Club, while the late Caron Darn and M. Lupin were among his friends.

EDWIN FORREST.

THE PHENOMENAL TROTTER OF 1878.

No more appropriate subject for a sketch

and twelve-ounce tea-weights. In 1877, he was launched out as a trotter, in the Michigan Circuit, where he was distanced in every race in which he started. A. T. Miller, of Georgetown, Ky., then took charge of him, and he started in a race at Lexington, Ky., Oct. 9, in which he is said to have shown a half mile in 1.08, but was distanced by Margie, in the first heat, in 2.25. Two days later, he started at the same place, and behaved better, winning the second and third heats in 2.25, 2.25. Later he won heats at Cynthiana, Ky., and his performances were witnessed by quite a party of gentlemen from the East, among whom were those liable to pay a long price for a phenomenon, but Edwin Forrest, while showing tremendous speed, was too uncertain to suit their notions. He could then have been bought very low. He first figured as a winner at Madison, Ind., taking first money Oct. 30 and Nov. 1, and closed the season with a record of 2:25. He was entered through the Michigan Circuit this year by Miller, but that trainer was taken sick at Jackson, and Forrest was turned over to Gus Glidden, whose superior skill in the management of horses of mixed gaits is universally acknowledged. He used pound shoes, with six ounces weight on one foot, and four ounces on the other, and soon was able to count upon him for comparative steadiness as well as speed. He was not, however, sent "for keeps" through Michigan, contenting himself with minor parts of the purse, and preserving his record intact until after the Grand Circuit entries were made. Then, at Toledo, he won in straight heats, best time 2:28, and people rose up to the fact that Glidden had a trotter. At Cleveland, the next week, however, he met new blood in Trampoline, Dick Moore, and Darby, and the betting was heavy, while in a race with eleven starters, each horse had his backers. Trampoline started as favorite, but Edwin Forrest took that place before the trotting began. In the first heat he broke and finished tenth, but he captured the next three in grand style, in 2:19, 2:20, 2:18, the last heat being won at a jog, and amounting to a full exposure of his hand. A Buffalo few were willing to risk their money against him, and he won in three straight heats in 2:20, 2:20, 2:20. At Rochester, he won two heats, made a bad break in the third, and lost it to Dick Moore, but won the fourth easily, not being obliged to extend himself. The disgraceful job with which his name is connected at Utica is fresh in recollection. We are grateful that none of the odium of the transaction can attach to the noble horse. In the fourth heat of that race he came from the rear at the last with a burst of speed that amazed all beholders, and caused Charley Green to make a dead rush for the owner of Forrest, and secure the refusal of him at \$16,000, within five minutes. The bargain was consummated at Hartford, and Green is now the sole possessor of this wonderful trotter. All stories to the effect that he bought him for another party are erroneous. Green wisely did not start him at Hartford. He had not had time to learn the ways of the horse, and, after Utica, did not feel like trusting him with his old driver. He had purchased him for a star, and did not propose to have his light dimmed by another defeat. But the magnificent exhibition of speed made by him on the last day, which is fully described elsewhere, more than entitles him to the prominence now given him, and many, Green among the number, believe him to be the fastest trotter in the world.—*Spirit*.

CARRIER PIGEONS.

In his interesting manual of natural history, which is now appearing in small instalments, Scarpeneri says that carrier pigeons of good breed, although they may be started in company and bound for the same place, fly quite independently of one another. Each one selects its own course, some taking a higher, others a lower flight, and speeds on its way without taking any heed of its neighbors. The birds, in fact, seem to know that they are racing, and each one exerts itself to the utmost to arrive first at the goal. In the neighborhood of every pigeon house there are always certain places, trees, etc., which are usually favorite resorts of the birds; but when coming in in a race the well-bred pigeon never stops for a moment at any of these haunts, but flies straight to its own

Horse Notes.

SALE OF FUSILADE.—The b f Fusilade, 2 years old, by War Dance, dam Fly, by Planot, out of Maria Waxy, by imp. Fly-by-Night, after winning a selling race at Saratoga on Tuesday was purchased by the Messrs. Daily Bros., for \$300—just \$5.00 over the entered selling price.

HARPER.—The bay colt Harper, 3 years old, by Longfellow, dam Alert, by Lexington, out of Falcon, by Woodpecker, the property of Messrs. Beatty, McClellan & Co., Kentucky, pulled up very lame in one of his recent trial gallops, and it is feared will not have any further training this season.

BILLY O'NEIL STOLEN.—The trotter Billy O'Neil, record 2:27, was stolen from the stables of D. Jenkins, Troy, N.Y., on the 22d ult. He is a dark brown, speak on one eye, 15 1/2 hands, weighs about 875 lbs. in condition, has a switch tail, no white. Parties giving information that will lead to his recovery, at this office will be liberally rewarded. All are warned from buying him.—*Spirit*.

LELAPS BROKEN DOWN.—The thoroughbred bay horse Lelaps, 6 years, old, by imp. Leaming-ton, dam imp. Pussy, by Diophantus, out of Agamemone, by Bay Middleton, the property of Major B. G. Thomas, broke down a few days ago in a trial gallop. He had been doing remarkably well for some time, and the Major thought of running him this Fall.

The meeting of Himyar, Day Star, Spartan and Duke of Magenta, in the Dixie Stakes, two miles, at Baltimore, in October will attract national attention. It will be Kentucky against the East, and speculation will run high. Both Day Star and Himyar have been running out since the close of the Spring campaign, and both are looking lusty and strong. Their Kentucky admirers are confident that one of them will win the Dixie, and they will back them to this effect. The East will stick to Spartan and the Duke of Magenta, firmly believing that they will finish first and second; but which will be first and which will be second is a question which calls for a division. The Maryland Jockey Club is fortunate in having four such distinguished colts engaged in the Dixie. A large crowd will gather to witness the race.

ADVISABILITY OF PURCHASING PUPPIES.

The Field Editor is the constant recipient of communications in which the tenor of inquiry is invariably as to the advisability of purchasing puppies, say from four to eight weeks old. Our answer has been, so far, always in the negative. We have always thought, and still think, the purchase of such young things is about as poor an investment as a man can make with his money. For instance, Mr. Smith or Mr. Jones advertises he has for sale a litter of whelps, by the celebrated Skyrocket, ex Nitro. Then follows a long string of names, with probably as much meaning in the list as the pedigree of the whelps we refer to. They all run in similar style, namely: Skyrocket, by Paper, ex Gunpowder; Paper, by Pulp, ex Bags; Gunpowder, by Charcoal, ex Sulphur, Sulphur, by Miner, ex Mine; and Charcoal, by Fire, ex Wood. There is nothing so meaningless, in our opinion, in God's world as the fancy pedigrees of some of these whelps. We would ask what virtue there is in a long string of names, in which lengthy string there is not a field dog in the lot? Yet, despite all this, they find purchasers. As the fools in this world predominate, the breeders of these puppies find buyers. For the present it is the fashion, and so long as the current sets that way we cannot find fault with the breeders if they meet the demand.

These babies, therefore, are sold, and what is the consequence? Why, ninety per cent. die, and the purchaser tries his luck again, only to meet the same ending at another repetition of his folly. The breeder has a bitch who whelps, say on the average, ten at a litter—as often fifteen. These represent to him a certain cash value, for all can be sold at high prices if he can carry them along to a selling age. As soon as a whelped he advertises them for sale, to be delivered when they shall be four weeks old. Not a bitch is destroyed; not even the runt of the litter is made away with, but the mother is fed all the stimulating food she will eat. The puppies at a week old are taught to suck a finger held in a saucer of warm milk, so that all will, to all appearances, thrive. At ten days old, and before their eyes are opened, they are partially weaned. At two weeks old they are eating

owing to natural hardihood of constitution, pull through all and everything. These will thrive under any system, but these are only the exceptions that prove the rule. In the majority of cases the result is as we relate. To this, and to nothing else, comes the statement that dogs are not so hardy as they were a generation or so back; that the dogs of the present cannot stand so much—either work in the field or in the duration of time which they hunt—as they did years since. This is a fallacy. Bred properly, brought up as they should be, dogs would be as good this day as ever previously.

The best thinkers of this age doubt whether manhood is to-day what it was ages since. With increase of civilization came increase of diseases it is true, but with that came also an increase of physicians. To-day thousands are alive, living alone because their medical advisers by care and by physic keep them above ground. These, of course, marry and are married, only to perpetuate a race as weak as themselves, and when two weak ones are mated, a certainty in their offspring of being reproduced, but intensified, the weakest portions, physically, of their progenitors. As with the body, so with the mind. As with the human, so with the canine. This makes the dog of to-day what he is. Give him the chances of his ancestors, and, our word for it, he will be as good. To return, bitches breed at least three times in two years; in many cases twice a year. The litters run from six to twenty. How much easier and more profitable to the breeder to sell one of these litters at an average, say, of twenty dollars each when from four to six weeks old, than to keep, break and sell when of suitable age the broken dogs! To show and prove the correctness of our views regarding the raising of puppies, we would ask our readers to think over the dog breakers they know. If every pup lived, or even nearly all, their name would be legion; as it is, we doubt if any one of our readers is acquainted with more than a couple. The puppies, we repeat, did as do a flock of sheep when attacked by foot-rot, or as chickens with the gapes on old feeding grounds. There is no remedy for it that we know of, save for buyers to have nothing to do with puppies. By this course they will save both their tempers and money. As this article has already spun itself to an unconscionable length, we will say what little there is to be said on the other side at a future time.—*Turf, Field and Farm*.

A WICKED OLD GENTLEMAN.

HOW HE SANG BASS AND BASELY TOOK IN THE BOYS.

Nice old gentleman he was; big white waistcoat, low-cut shoes, bald head and silver-bowed spectacles. He led in the singing on Sunday evening in the hotel parlor, and sung that old-fashioned bass in "Coronation" and "China" in that sonorous up-and-down style which country choristers used to practise in accompanying the big fiddle, and withal had the bland benevolent look of a good old up-country deacon.

He was looking round the house next night, and stepped in where some of the boys were playing cards—something where they were talking of "calls" and "raises" and "seeing." The boys looked a little disconcerted, but the old man didn't say anything till the hand was played out, and one of the party, under pretense of having an engagement, winked at the others and said he must go, intending to break up till the old man had gone away and then resume the game. But he had scarce turned his back when the aged visitor remarked:

"I wonder he didn't 'raise' ye with the hand he held."

"Do you understand the game?" asked one of the party, taking a cigar from his mouth.

"Wall, a leetle; I've seen 'em playin' on it, an' sometimes thort that I'd like to take a hand jes' for fun."

"Just so," said another, "suppose you try a game or two with us."

"Wall, I don't mind jes' for the fun er the thing." So the old man sat down and with a good deal of instruction managed to get through with the game and won on the penny ante.

"Thar," said he, "if that feller that's gone had been spunky and put in \$5 he'd get it instead of these 8 cents, wouldn't he?"

"Why, certainly," said one of the young men, "certainly; it's your deal, uncle; now, why don't you go in for a \$5 ante?"

"Wall," said the old fellow, throwing round the cards, "I dono but I will, but I hain't got nothin' but a \$20 bill that I drew outen the bank to come here with."

TWO RACES RUN OVER IN ONE DAY.

HOW THEY ACT IN ENGLAND WHEN THE STABLEMAN'S MODE OF DOING BUSINESS IS QUESTIONABLE.

It is rare that any mention is made by the English sporting papers of the merits or demerits of the starting at any of the great race meetings over there; but speaking of the Sutton Park autumn races, Bell's Life says:

"For years past the starting line given more or less a difficulty at Sutton Park, and on this occasion it culminated. With Mr. McGeorge's services not obtainable and Major Dixon engaged at Stockton, the clerk of the course had no other alternative than to try an almost new hand in the well-known courser judge, Wentworth. We are sorry to add that although not his maiden attempt at his Sutton Park effort was a total collapse."

A glance at the report of the first day's race shows that all the starts were bad, while on the second day two of the races had to be run over. One was a dash of five furlongs for all ages, which had seven starters and was won by the six-year-old horse Kington, carrying 142 pounds, with Newhouse riding. An objection was made to the start for the reason that two were left at the post.

The lot were at once ordered back to the post and the race run over again, when Kington again finished in front. The next event, Bell's Life says, was "the Sutton Park Velter Handicap Plate. Eight proceeded to the starting-post, and again a succession of false starts ensued, and a more disgraceful piece of business was never witnessed. Mr. Wentworth, the starter, apparently had not the slightest control over any of the jockeys, and so long did this continue that Mr. G. Graham, one of the stewards, volunteered to go down to the starting point and see what influence his presence would have, but he quickly returned in disgust. Mr. Graham's brother then took the flag out of the appointed starter's hand, and got some of them away, Mistress of the Robes coming in first by a length, Rhodoe being second and Somnus third, but an objection was quickly lodged, on the ground that Mr. Graham was not the authorized starter, and of course 'no start' was quickly announced and the second attempt was declined by Somnus, Valentine II. and Destitution. The well-named Mistress of the Robes now found supporters at 5 to 2, and adopting the same tactics as before, she waited to inside the distance, when she came with a rush and won easily by a length and a half." After the race the starter lodged a complaint against the well-known jockeys Archer and Glover, and against Mr. Darling, the owner and rider of one of the horses.

TOUTS AND TOUTING.

Touting need to be difficult and dangerous at the famous training establishment of Master John Scott a blacksmith, Jacob, used to beat the woods at night with a huge bloodhound that had been trained to black slaves, and when he had treed a tout the smith would produce a huge horse-pistol and remark, "Now, then, thou man coom doon, and down would come the watcher, to be hunted off by Captain, who, however, was mercifully muzzled. The story is recalled apropos of the attempt to get at a Leger favorite, and another reminiscence is given of the Leger of 1857 when Mr. Watt started Belshazzar and Rockingham, the former being the favorite and Mr. Watt electing to win with him. At noon on the day of the race both horses were well, the boy who rode Belshazzar in training had been ordered not to take his eye off the colt till he was saddled, Mr. Watt and the trainer were watching the plaiting of the horse's mane when a friend called and they went to speak to him. The head boy, whose honesty was unsuspected, pretended to have a touch of cold and asked the boy to run and get him some peppermint, in the moment or two he was gone. Belshazzar was given half a pound of medicinal water, and his backers had lost hundreds of thousands of dollars, though the second Rockingham won. The head boy, who bribed him, and the bribe did him no good for he lived and died in extreme destitution."

HOW TO RING A BULL.

Every bull should be ringed by the time he is a year old, and if done five or six months earlier it is all the better. Use only a copper wire two and a half inches outside diameter.