

Woodstock, I was invited to act as mounted escort to the distinguished party from the depot at Putnam, to Woodstock Park, a distance of some six miles. I rode a young black Morgan mare of much spirit, and naturally nervous, but whose young colt "Shoo Fly" shut up in the barn at home, made her still more so on this occasion. As our cortege was headed by a renowned brass band from Boston, and as music of this description was both new and novel to her, I presume she showed as much style as it was possible for any animal of her size to show under almost any circumstances. At a halt on our line of march, as I chanced to ride alongside the carriage containing the President, Mr. Bowen, the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher and I think Mr. Tilden, of New York, I was honored with an introduction by Mr. Bowen to the President, General Grant, who, on acknowledging the same, remarked to Mr. Bowen that his friend Dimon rode a good horse and that he would wager it was a Morgan. In reply, Mr. Bowen complimented the rider very highly by saying, "Mr. Dimon is one of the best horsemen we have in Conn., and if he rides a poor one it is not for lack of judgment in selecting." This is but a little thing, but then, our lives are made up of little things. In memory of that event I have carefully preserved one of the shoes worn by that Morgan mare on that occasion.

In summing up the desirable qualities of the Morgan we find them, where best known, to be generally appreciated; in fact they are the farmer's pet, the hackman's pride, the liveryman's idol and the stager's bonanza. And although the height of their withers may be nearer the ground than some other breeds, yet they stand several hands higher in my estimation than the lowest half of the human species, both in intellect and morality. They endure abuse heaped upon abuse, like "the lamb dumb before its shearer, opening not their mouths."

As to the popularity of Black Hawk in the stud, his earnings for the two last years of his service life were \$20,000, although many applicants were of necessity turned away.

The Rev. W. H. H. Murray, in his book, "The Perfect Horse", in alluding to the Morgans says, "I do not purpose to write the history of the Morgan horses, although to do it would be like writing the history of kings." Of Justin Morgan, alone, can it be said that he founded a family. The ignorance of some and the malice of others, cannot belittle his greatness. This stands secure, not only above the peril but even above the reach of attack.

This greatness consisted in the power to transmit his excellences to his offspring. Mr. Murray further says, that "a hardier race of horses was never bred. In the power to do hard work and keep on doing it, month in and month out (he might have said year in and year out), the Morgans stand at the head of the column. In lung power they are simply perfect; in feet and limbs, faultless; in muscular formation, marvelous; and in connection with this a nervous or vital force, equal to any effort." In breeding the trotting horse we can get speed much more easily than we can get the power to keep it up mile after mile and hour after hour. We often find on the track many young horses with speed enough to trot a mile at a marvelously high rate, but which are completely used up in scoring, before even getting the word "Go!" Old jockeys will understand this "little game," and many is the poor brute that has met its fate, not in trotting a mile, but in scoring 5 or 10 miles at a lively pace before getting the word. Consequently endurance becomes the great requisites, or at least one of the great requisites to be sought after

by breeders of trotting horses. Endurance being pre-eminently the heirloom of the Morgans, where, may I ask, can we expect to find a cross giving staying qualities to the trotter, equal to one of the old stock of Vermont Morgans, whose pedigree may be traced on both sire and dam to the "Old Horse."

Remember that the Morgans, though classed as a general-purpose and roadster family, have produced more speed than any other family in the world, and that with very much less training than have been bestowed on other families, and under much more disadvantageous circumstances than later trotting families of distinction have had to contend with.

Windsor, Ont., June 7th, 1886.

(Concluded.)

The Aberdeen-Angus Polls of the Big Island Stock Farm.

This island home of the Aberdeen-Angus Polls lies in Pigeon Lake, opposite to the lesser island of Bobcaygeon, on which the flourishing village of the same name is built, and which contains the residence and the saw-mills of the Messrs. Mossom Boyd & Co., the owners of the Big Island and its now famous herd of Aberdeen-Angus Polls. Pigeon Lake is a part of that magnificent chain of water communication, the various links of which will soon connect the Georgian Bay with Lake Ontario via Lindsay, Peterboro and the River Trent.

Bobcaygeon is an island rock, in many parts flat as a board, and nearly as level, split by ten thousand narrow fissures where most readily a walking-stick would sink down into the darkness of its crevices. It is covered here and there by numerous little groves, which obtain a livelihood on a soil where man would starve were no supplies brought in from the mainland. It seems to form the borderland between the limestone and granite formations, apparently the home where the demons of the earth held carnival while the battle of pre-historic formations still raged. A few miles to the northward the hills are being honey-combed to obtain supplies of lead and iron ore, and of late Bobcaygeon quarries are largely drawn upon for the stateliest edifices of Lindsay.

The island of Bobcaygeon lies at the outlet of Sturgeon Lake, so named from the giant denizens that fattened in its waters in great numbers before the raft of lumbermen had floated upon its bosom. The river on its southern shore is piled full of logs for the saw-mills of the Messrs. Boyd, no less famous than their herd of stalwart blackskins. It is reached from Toronto by the Midland Railway via Lindsay, some 70 miles, and is some 20 miles east of Lindsay. The communication from Lindsay is by boat, the Esturgeon making her two round trips a day, and connecting closely with the trains.

The sail is very pleasant. The Bobcaygeon dams have raised the waters many feet in depth, submerging the lowlands on either side of the Scugog river, making here and there vast fields of naked poles and stumps where the trees that once flourished in the lowlands sailed amid the waters of submergence. This alone is unsightly in the sail adown from Lindsay.

Our trip was made on one of those loveliest days, when June, like an unobtrusive maiden, was holding out her gentle hand, beckoning the tired brain to come and rest awhile upon her bosom. The sight of Sturgeon Point on such a day jutting out into Sturgeon Lake, was almost tantalizing, when one couldn't land to lie down and rest awhile amid the leafy boughs of the grove of beautiful oak that cover the point in all its borders. Here it is that many of Lind-

say's chieftains have built their summer cottages, and hang out an annual truce to the hard battle of life. On such occasions one feels like grasping the wheels of time, and, with superhuman effort trying to hold them fast awhile.

The late Mr. Mossom Boyd, the father of the present proprietor of his numerous estates, built his cabin in the wilderness some 53 years ago. In the long fight with the giants of the forest he conquered, and not many years since laid him down to sleep the last sleep with that noble army of pioneer heroes now mostly passed away.

The aged boatman on Pigeon Lake who told us the story of his life, had been almost a lifetime in his employ, and the old man's voice grew tremulous with emotion, as, looking back through the vista of departed years, he dwelt upon the untiring energies and the true generosity of that Celtic heart which he had served during all those years.

When the standard of the business fell from the hand of the senior Mossom Boyd it was grasped by that of the younger, and a forward march was sounded in its every avenue. The acres of sawdust that lay upon Bobcaygeon rock, were piled up higher, new stables were built at the mills to accommodate 70 horses for the lumberwood in winter and the farm in summer. The pine stumps rooted in the fields of the 400 acre farm on the mainland were torn from their moorings, and in huge bonfires turned into ashes. The stones were disturbed in their resting places and borne away, suitable barns were built on the Verulam mainland and on the Big Island, and in 1881 the first consignment of the Aberdeen-Angus Polls were brought to their new island home, the first of the breed that were owned in Ontario outside of the Experimental Farm.

After careful deliberation he (Mr. Boyd) determined to supplant the stock which he possessed with Aberdeen-Angus cattle of the purest types from which stock could be bred, the character of whose pedigrees would be unquestioned. In the summer of 1881 he therefore invested in a few specimens of the breed, and exhibited them at the Toronto Industrial, the same year, the first that up to that time had been shown at any fair in Ontario. They had been brought out by Mr. James Hunter, of Sunnyside, Alma, Ont., at the same time that he brought out the importation for the Experimental Farm. In this lot were Mayflower of Altyre 3rd (4763), of the Mayflower family, and Wanton (4610), by the Erica bull Etonian (1658), and Princess Alice, descended from Auld Granny (1). This purchase is referred to in the work of Macdonald & Sinclair, issued on polled cattle a short time after. Later in the same year he purchased from the Hon. J. H. Pope some 10 head of young females, including Dagmar 5th (4528), of the Matilda branch of the Queen tribe, Pauline (3672), of Easter Tulloch breeding; Waterside Queen (3208), of the Kinnaird Fanny family; Dominion Girl (5296) of the same, and others of equally good breeding.

In 1882 Mr. Boyd bought a lot of some five heifers from Mr. G. Whitfield, of Rougemont, Quebec. These were Coquette 10th (4668), a two-year-old bred by Sir George Macpherson Grant; of the Ballindalloch Coquette family, which produced Coquette 11th, the champion fat stock heifer at the Smithfield show in 1885. Etaine of Aberlour (8203), whose portrait appears on the first page of this number, of the Ericas; Roserine of the Westertown Rose family, got by the famous Challenger (1260), the sire of the no less famous Chivalry (1765); and the Countess of Dunboyrne and Lady Abingdon, both from the renowned Kaiser (1263).

In the spring of 1883 some twelve head were added