

PALLONE.

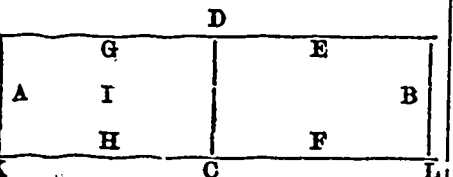
DOMESTICATING THE BISON.

AN EXHIBITION OF THE ITALIAN GAME OF BALL.

The field bounded by Sixty-ninth and Seventieth streets, Fourth and Madison avenues, New York, was, on June 27th, the scene of an exciting game of pallone. The field is not yet perfected, but sufficient had been done to justify the promoters of the game in venturing an exhibition, or "rehearsal," as it was called in the cards of invitation sent to the press and a number of influential citizens and distinguished foreigners. The exhibition given yesterday—which, though, according to experts who witnessed it, was not handsomely played—is sufficient to insure the success of the exotic game. At times the play is intensely exciting to players and spectators alike, and now and then, when for several consecutive bats the ball was knocked 150 feet from the striker, the applause of the audience was most emphatic. The players are all handsome men and display a perfection of physical development. Great brawn and catlike agility are necessary to the successful player of the game, and in both these requisites the six men who played yesterday are pre-eminent.

THE GAME.

The following diagram of the field and the accompanying explanation will serve to make the description of the game intelligible to those who have never witnessed it:—



The distance from K to L is 824 feet, and that from C to D 60 feet. The line C D divides the field in half, and on either side of which the players take their places as indicated by the letters. The players, six in number, are divided into two parties, reds and blues, and a mandarin or pitcher is added, whose sole duty is to deliver the ball to the striker. The striker stands at A, and runs toward I, the mandarin. The ball is delivered, and he meets it midway between the points and strikes with *bracciale* or wooden bracelet, often sending it fifty feet in the air, the ball describing a bold arch and depending within a few feet of the opposite unit.

THE BRACELET AND BALL.

The *bracciale* entirely covers the right hand and extends three or four inches above the wrist. An oval opening through the middle enables the player to insert his hand with ease and grasp a crossbar, which is adapted at the lower end. The outside of the *bracciale* bristles with boxwood pegs two inches long. Of these pegs there are seven alternating rows, and the instrument completed weighs about five pounds. The ball is five and a half inches in diameter, of stitched bullhide. It is distended with compressed air, pumped in after each inning.

AT PLAY.

Play opens and proceeds as follows:—The striker at A rushes with all the speed he is capable of to meet the ball tossed toward him by I. He whirles his right arm with the *bracciale* upon it, strikes the ball and sends it in a beautiful curve high above and across the line C D. The players on the other side, who are armed with the same bracelet, as the man at A, meet and hit the ball back, or if it strikes and rolls on the ground the striker's side counts one. If the ball bounds and does not hit it back again whence it came. If the fielding party should manage to knock the ball back beyond the line marking the field of the batter's side and fall flat and be not returned the fielders count one. The batting party at A has great advantage in the game, for if he be skillful he can bat the ball in close to the high deal ball erected along the line K L, so that his opponents are unable to bat it back. To neutralize the advantage the blues and reds alternate positions every second game, so that no decided benefit may be reaped by either side on account of location. Each side of the ball counts one point for the party which struck it last, and when either side scores four points a game is won.

DEPRECIATION OF EQUINE VALUE.

The feasibility of bringing these animals within range of domestic uses has been advocated by many whom a close observation of their natural habits has led to favorable conclusions upon the subject. Unfortunately but very few efforts have been made to put the theory into practice, and when attempted it has generally been by interbreeding with ordinary farm cattle. It is therefore with more than usual interest that we note the doings of Mr. James McKay, at Long Lake, in Manitoba, who has now some six bisons (buffalo is the commonly incorrect phrase) on his grazing farm. Two of the animals are calves, captured on the Western plateau last fall. The remaining four are full-grown, but very tractable. Feeding with the cattle during the day, and following them to the river for water, they appear to have adopted the general farm-yard bovine habits with a readiness which speaks volumes in favor of ultimate utilization. When night draws near they are generally the first to seek the warmly sheltered stables, and in fact have so well learned the usefulness of those quarters that when warned by their natural and almost unerring instinct of an approaching storm they invariably return to shelter, though often far in advance of the ordinary cows. They display no ferocity; neither do they evince any desire to go beyond bounds, and, having become habituated to mankind, are seemingly content to graze in peace and to be treated as the other cattle are. Judiciously handled, even without cross breeding, it would seem plausible that attempts to utilize them should prove remunerative—both for the purpose of draught and market supplies.—*Turf, Field and Farm.*

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, ST. JOHN, N. B.

The following is the bill of the last performance given at the Academy of Music, St. John, N. B., previous to its destruction in the great fire.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

Wm. Nannery.....Lessee and Manager
TUESDAY EVENING, JUNE 19,
Shakespeare's tragedy
ROMEO AND JULIET.

Romeo.....R Fulton Russell	Peter.....Belvil Ryan
Mercutio.....G B Waldron	Balthazar.....C S Mason
Benvolio.....F G Cotter	Apothecary.....D W Vanderen
Paris.....Harry Pierson	Page.....Mabel Doane
Friar Laurence.....W A Donaldson	Juliet.....Louise Pomeroy
Tybalt.....W F Edwards	Lady Capulet.....Miss Mary Hill
Capulet.....G T Ulmer	Nurse.....Mrs D B Vanderen

During the evening the orchestra, under the direction of Prof. F. A. Muller, will perform the following selection:

Overture—Mazaniello.....Auber
Waltz—Soldatenlied.....Jos Gungl
Cornet solo—Criterion Polka.....J Hunt
Pot Pourri of the Grand Duchesse.....Offenbach
Galop—Mephistopheles.....Schacht

THE SECRETARY BIRD

So called from the fancied resemblance of some of its head feathers to pens stuck behind the ear, inhabits the southern part of Africa. Among ornithologists it is known by the pet name of *Gypogasterus serpentarius* from its propensity for dining upon snakes in general. Long legged, like a crane, it is a modification of this bird and the wild turkey, having a crest unlike either, and a lengthened, drooping tail. The Jardin d'Acclimation, in Paris, has lately been the theatre of exhibitive combats between specimens of these birds and some vipers, affording "delightful spectacles" to the French bourgeoisie. A correspondent of the London Globe says of one of these occurrences:—"Some vipers had been secured, and were thrown down before the birds, who, to the intense delight of the spectators, lost no time in engaging in struggle with them. The combat must have been rather one-sided if the birds were anything like full grown, for the Secretary has been known not only to vanquish, but to devour bodily, snakes as large as a man's arm. But the gestures and the tactics of the birds while engaged in the fight were highly amusing to the visitors, who will, no doubt, urge all their friends to go and patronize the exhibitions that may be given

ledge of his wealth and enterprise would naturally lead people to expect something new, original and interesting. He has two or three specialties, like the steam piano and the automaton, but all else is old—half as old as he is. He has been satisfied to let his clowns repeat what other clowns have worn out; to let them act more silly than many clowns do; to continue the same set of side shows; same defrauding of people by overcharges on slops and confectionary, and the same feats of riding and tumbling. Mr. Barnum is liberal and courteous to the press. No paper has reason to speak ill of him. But is there nothing new? Hasn't he genius enough to get up a new programme through-out? Can't he abolish the clowns and give us something better? Can't he do away with the old trick mule and the drunken man who tumbles out to be a spangled rider, and make a happy hit? Ask any one who has been to his circus what he thinks of the show and he will answer, "Oh, very good; but its the same old thing." So it is. So will the next one be, and the next, and then showmen will complain that they are not appreciated. In the last twenty years theatricals have improved. Even negro minstrels have something new. George Fox, the Kiralfy's, the bell-ringers and other troupes of the kind change their programme at least once a year. The circus has never changed. Just as Barnum first sought to please an audience is his programme to-day, to-morrow, and all the other days. If he loses money he will cry out against the stinginess or non-interest of the public, and yet how can he expect them to turn out four or five times per year and pay their half dollar to see and hear what is as familiar as the sight of the family rocking-chair?

CANADIAN BEEF.

Last Thursday, says the London Live Stock Stock Journal, Messrs. John Swan & Sons sold at Glasgow, for Messrs. Bell, 189 live Canadian bullocks, imported per steamer Corinthian last week. They were mealy in good condition, and prices ranged from £24 to £31 each. At Liverpool last week there arrived from Canada 160 head of oxen and ten valuable horses, besides 6,865 quarters of beef and 210 sheep. On Tuesday of the present week the Wilson Liner, Othello, Captain Bristow, arrived at Hull from New York with a very large general cargo, among which were 146 head of cattle and 850 sheep. The whole of the consignment was landed in excellent condition. The beasts were for the most part animals of great frame, and they were in such a condition that they may at once be brought into the market. If this experiment proves a financial success, each of the vessels of the Wilson Line will be specially fitted for the trade.

As regards the dead meat traffic, both at Edinburgh and Glasgow, the demand has been brisk and prices rising. As it has been supposed that the traffic in American beef had seriously affected the consumption of home-fed meat, some returns made by Mr. Moffat, inspector of the slaughter-house, Greenock, will be interesting. They show a decrease of 961 cattle, an increase of 688 calves, a decrease of 1,960 sheep, and an increase of 118 pigs slaughtered during the first quarter this year, as compared with the corresponding period last year.

MORE AMERICAN THOROUGHBREDS FOR ENGLAND.

Mr. Sanford will shortly make an important addition to his stable on Newmarket Heath, the metropolis of the English turf, in the shape of two colts and two fillies, all two-year olds. The four youngsters are grandchildren of Lexington, and named as follows: Cataract, c, by Glenelg, out of Niagara, by Lexington; Miss Ward, f, by Baywood, out of Earring, by Ringwood; Silly, by Glenelg, out of U'raa, by Lexington. Four more promising two-year olds it would be difficult to find here or elsewhere, especially Cataract and Miss Ward. The former is a slashing bay colt, with single white ankle; he stands 16½ hands high, and is apparently almost as well furnished as a three-year-old, although time and training will greatly benefit him. The two strains of blood which meet in his veins, as in those of two of the others, are unequalled in the American and English turfs: for Glenelg is by

LACROSSE IN THE OLD COUNTRY

confidence was shamefully abused, and how in an hour all Dobble's reputation for uprightness (which covers a period of some fifteen years as trainer and driver) was swept away, the story of the race at Oakland park last Saturday fully tells. It was reserved for poor old Goldsmith Maid in her twentieth year and the eleventh of her trotting career to be thus publicly disgraced in the eyes of 5,000 people, by being made the 'cat's-paw' of a lot of 'sharpers,' among whom, many think, was her former friend and so often her pilot to victory, in order that these same 'honest men and gentlemen' might fleece the confiding public through the medium of that root of all evils of the race-course, the pool-box.

The Turf, Field and Farm reprints the foregoing and adds: "The race alluded to came off at Oakland park, on Saturday, May 26th, in the presence of 5,000 people. Barus was beaten the first heat in 2:26, and the second heat Goldsmith Maid was defeated in 2:24. Dobble, it is said, now offered to withdraw the mare, but as she was not lame the judges ordered the race to go on. Barus won the third heat in 2:19½, and the following fourth heat in 2:20. Splann's arms, like those of Dobble, were strong, and so Mr. Conklin's bay gelding was able to get to the front without rendering himself ineligible for the 2:19 class of the Grand Circuit trotting circuit. The first thing to arouse the suspicion in connection with the so-called race was the fact that Barus was the favorite in the betting just before the start. The money in the pool-box amounted to \$30,000; therefore those in the combination got pretty well paid for the dirty work. The hippodrome is soundly condemned by the great dailies as well as by the turf journals of the Pacific coast. We regard this as a healthy sign. The day of sham racing is drawing to a close. The people see behind the mask and refuse to be any longer imposed upon. Drivers may cheat the law, but they cannot escape the frowns of those whose good opinion makes or mars."

GEN. GRANT AND MICHAEL PHELAN

About the year 1866, a gentleman dressed in a semi-military costume, and puffing away vigorously at a cigar, sauntered into the establishment of the billiard firm of Phelan & Colender, then located in Crosby St., N.Y. He blandly inquired the price of billiard tables, and upon being shown through the wareroom selected one to his liking. In passing from the wareroom to the counting room to give his name and address he encountered the late Michael Phelan, who, coal-scuttle in hand, was going to get it replenished. "How do you do, Mr. Phelan?" said the purchaser. "Quite well, I thank you," politely answered Mr. Phelan, and he hurried on his errand. Upon returning with the coal the customer observed, "I see you do not remember me. I used to play billiards in your room in California, in 1851." Now, be it known that Mr. Phelan was continually harassed and annoyed by "strikers." They were of all grades and persuasions, their requests varying all the way from twenty-five cents to ten dollars, and if they could manage to see him their appeals were seldom in vain. Of this class of strikers none were so importuning and formidable, and of whom he had such an instinctive dread, as those who claimed an acquaintanceship in California. They were not only persistent in their entreaties, but seldom condescended to 'borrow' less than ten dollars. Upon the customer referring to California, visions of another "ten striker" flitted through the Governor's (as the fraternity were wont to call him) brain, and clutching the coal-pail tighter, he endeavored to get past his interrogator, when the latter continued, "At that time they called me Captain Grant; now they call me General." Had a bombshell exploded under the Governor's feet it could not have had a much more perceptible effect on him or the coal pail. Explanations followed, and this little circumstance was the means of forming a renewal of acquaintance, which pleasantly lasted up to the time of Mr. Phelan's death. Subsequently, about the time the nomination for the Presidency was tendered General Grant, at the invitation of Mr. Phelan the former and Hon. Thos. Murphy, since Collector of the Port, visited him at his charming little country villa on the Shrewsbury River Mr. Phelan rowing his distinguished guests across the river from Port Washington in a leaky old scow. Many pleasant hours were spent together, the billiard-room coming in for a good share of attention. In the summer of 1869 John Deery and the writer paid a visit to Mr. Phelan at his country residence, when the latter suggested a call on the then President Grant, who was stopping at the West End Hotel at Long Branch. Deery was then champion of America and holder of the famous "Diamond Cue" (now in possession of Cyrille Dion), which he won the preceding June in the tournament held at Irving Hall, this city. The President, in conjunction with General Porter received the party

STRUGGLE BETWEEN A BOA AND A BULL DOG.

A correspondent in Shanghai Ujong, writing under date April 16, gives the following account of a remarkable encounter between a boa 15 feet long and a bull dog. The boa had been confined in a cage for some days, but having been disposed of to a Chinese doctor for its gall, to be used as medicine, he was hauled out of the cage on the 16th to be taken away. "The boa was immediately attacked by the dog, who had formerly a passage of arms with him. For some time the boa was quiet, and only now and then made a snap. The dog got hold at last, and seized the snake by the head, but the tables were soon turned. In an instant the boa caught the dog by the upper lip and held firmly on, the dog backing vainly and trying to get away. In less than half a minute the whole of the snake's body had unfolded the dog's in so close an embrace that the head only could be seen. Before choppers could be procured, blood was gushing from the dog's mouth, and I heard his bones give one crack, and it was only by chopping the boa to pieces that we saved the dog. I found on examination that the boa has very strong, sharp, recurved teeth, not only in the jaws, but also in the palate bones, which accounts for the dog being unable to extricate himself in the first instance, for the teeth being like the 'Vacune beche' of South Africa, the more he struggled backward the tighter he was held by the boa. I may add for the information of the friends of the dog that he is none the worse for his squeeze."

A BEAR KILLED.

David Betchen, of Luther, Ont., recently killed a monster bear near his own premises. Mr. B. first saw the animal a short distance from his barn, and at once procured his rifle and followed in pursuit, and when within about 150 yards he fired but missed his mark. The animal reached the woods, and passed out of sight. Mr. B. judging that the bear would cross the road about three-fourths of a mile above his place, started at a rapid pace for that point. He reached it just in time to see the bear emerging from the woods crossing the road. He at once fired and again missed; inserted another cartridge and fired again, the ball taking effect in the small of the back, partially disabling the bear. The animal then made towards Mr. B. who quickly reloaded and fired again at a distance of about 20 paces, the ball proving fatal. Two more shots, however, were fired to make sure that the animal was dead. The animal when skinned and dressed, weighed 255 lbs. and measured from the point of his nose to the tip of the tail six feet four inches.