

There is, unfortunately, reason to doubt if all shows are conducted as prudently as is desirable. That the system of judging is often unsound was well shown last week by our correspondent 'Hants,' who is entitled to speak with authority.

"Captain Life argues ably the case against Government breeding studs, and suggests, instead, that the importation of horses should be checked by a tax of £10 a head, and ultimately entirely prohibited; that the Army horses be purchased direct from the breeders, thus saving the profit of middlemen; and that the Government should spend, say, £5,000 a year on premiums for stallions to be stationed in various parts of the country. This is a bold and definite scheme, and we shall be glad to afford opportunity for its discussion, alike in its principles and details. Full and free discussion of the subject is calculated to do good, and we have therefore no hesitation in opening our columns for the interchange of opinion and experience.

"It is argued that the aim of the State should be to stimulate and support, rather than to supplant, private enterprise, and those who take this as an article of faith are necessarily opposed to the scheme for the establishment of Government breeding studs. Has private enterprise really done its best? If, with the aid of shows, prizes, and registration, private enterprise has still been found wanting, might not private enterprise with substantial aid from the State be trusted to do the needful? Should it not at any rate have a trial—such a trial, for instance, as Captain Life suggests? But is the interference with importation, the tax of £10 a head, really a necessary part of the scheme? Would it not be better to concentrate attention upon the quickening of native efforts, and leave the foreign trade to the ordinary influence of supply and demand? These are questions which seem worthy of consideration, and the discussion of them at this time might be useful."

COACH HORSES.

C. A. Leach in *Home and Farm* on this important subject writes as follows:—

"I have nothing to recall of what I have said of the profits of draught horse breeding. Where a large circle of live farmers take hold of it together, it is the most profitable of all branches of farming.

"But yet, for a horseman of intelligence, reading, and special capacity, there is something twice as good, that an extensive breeder can much better carry on alone, independent of his neighbors. It is raising large, stylish, fleet, and powerful carriage or COACH HORSES."

"These are very scarce and in great demand. The demand is a hundred fold greater than the supply. The home demand, for any not sent to market, is better than for any other class of horses. The stock to breed from is scarce and high priced, and liable to prove treacherous and an entire disappointment. The chances for failure are numerous and startling. The road to success is almost untrodden and untried, and the work of the pioneer must yet prove that it can be followed.

"If there are those who are making a practical test of the matter with a definite purpose and intention to devote all their energies to it until they succeed, I do not know who they are, nor where, unless certain parties in Kentucky, of whom I know little, are so doing.

"The horse I speak of is the ordinary American roadster of 1,000 pounds, found in every New England livery stable, ready to take two men in a buggy twenty miles in two hours, this horse, enlarged to 1,400 pounds, and prepared to take six men in a carriage the same distance in the same time. He must lose nothing of the beauty, symmetry, intelligence, docility, spirit, courage, resolution, power, health, and longevity of his trappy lit-

tle rival; and must have more length, dignity, majesty, and reserved power.

"For such horses there is a demand, for all have work, and for carriage, express, transfer, omnibus, binder, and transportation work everywhere. For the single and double carriage in our cities many are needed. While there is an unlimited foreign market for them at from \$600 to \$2,500 per pair. Buyers are scouring the country to pick up a span of such horses at whatever cost and pains may be required.

"How shall this demand be met? The horse that was formerly the exclusive coach horse of Great Britain was the CLEVELAND BAY.

"This was a horse originated and developed from a larger farm horse in Norfolk County, a county noted for its fine horses and sharp jockeys, for purposes of long-distance travel before the days of rail ways. The farmers were all fine horsemen and, when good roads made rapid travel possible, they developed from their choicest mares a class of long distance horses of unrivalled speed, combined with pace.

"They were bays, 16 hands high, about 1,250 pounds, and three of them could travel, carrying on their backs a long ton (2,240 pounds) sixty miles in a day four times each week. Or they could draw a carriage load the same distance or carry a man seventy miles a day for a week together. The mares became in great demand for crossing with thoroughbreds to raise hunters of the greatest vigor and endurance.

"Imported Messenger is supposed to owe his superiority to a Cleveland mare, and Black Warrior, the first Royal George (the Black Hawk of Canada), sired in England and foaled in Canada, was from a Cleveland dam, and was said to have been sired by a Morgan, 'Mountain Sprout,' taken from Canada to England by an officer of the 'Royal George' Regiment. So successful were the mares as dams that they were bred to fast horses and run out.

"And, when the railways ended long-distance driving, there came a demand for long-legged coach horses, and they were stretched up and ruined. Then mines were opened in Norfolk. Larger horses became more salable, and the Cleveland were bred out still more. It is supposed that they can be found in Ireland, Canada, and France purer than in England.

"The breed as such is regarded in England as practically extinct. The *Mark Lane Express* says:—'If there be such a breed'; and the *English Live Stock Journal* says:—'If there be such a thing as a pure Cleveland, the owner should stick to him; the breed, it is possible, may be resuscitated.'

"For ten years past, while Cleveland bays have been forgotten in England, they have been imported in great numbers into America; and how? With perfect ease. The theory of the importers is, that the Cleveland bay is not a distinct breed at all, but is merely a cross between the thoroughbred and the draught horse. So, wherever there is a well-shaped, half bred, small draught horse, there is a 'Cleveland Bay' good enough for Americans. We have the testimony of one importer against another that a large proportion of them 'have not a drop of Cleveland blood, and others very little.'

"And there is no other imported stock, so far as I know, that has so mixed, doubtful, so many-colored, heterogeneous and unsatisfactory progeny as these 'Cleveland Bays.' The best results that I have found are from horses raised here and crossed with earlier importations. About forty years ago the New York State Fair gave premiums to Clevelands. And it is told of a county fair long ago that sixteen pairs of horses from one Cleveland brought from Canada had not a white hair on

them. If there are such results now produced, where are they found?

"The most profitable business in Europe is raising stock for America, and, since the demand has arisen, a 'Cleveland Bay Society' has been formed to register the animals. Mares are admitted to registry without proof of a drop of the blood; and horses with very little—so little, that a chief speaker at the meeting advised breeding the mares to thoroughbred stallions. This shows that he thought that the horses were of little account, and the mares had too much draught blood; and this is likely to be the case when the horse exceeds 1,250 pounds, is dark in color, or has feather on his legs, or has had it sheared off; also, if he waddles like a cow, or requires five or ten minutes to trot a mile.

"Of course the blood has not all disappeared. Doubtless some of the best bred large ones are brought to this country. But the demand for size outweighs every other quality, and compels a large admixture of draught blood.

"If a Cleveland Bay can be found with no clumsiness, sluggishness, feather or other signs of draught blood in himself or his offspring, and with no laziness, temper, white hairs, or other symptoms of racing blood, and with the soundness, speed, and power essential to a good sire, and with proof of three-sixteenths of the old Cleveland blood, let the owner stick to him and utilize him to the utmost.

"But to breed a fat draught horse simply because he came across the ocean and is called a Cleveland Bay, or to pay \$2,000 or \$200 for such a horse, that cannot for an hour or a day keep up with a common American livery horse, is the height of folly."

HORSE-TRAINING IN SOUTH AMERICA.

In various parts of the world there are some curious methods of breaking in horses and rendering them obedient to the will of man. Amongst the several methods employed by different people, perhaps there is no rougher one in use than that which is generally practised on the vast plains or pampas in South America. Professor Crawford, in his recently-published work, "Across the Pampas and the Andes," describes the process he noticed in force on the estancia of Dr. Francia, which is the method generally used in the La Plata districts. He says:—"It is a most primitive operation of the rough-and-ready order. The young animal selected to undergo the ordeal is lassoed, and a headstall having been put upon him, he is tied up short to strong posts firmly secured in the ground, and then left without food or water till he is well-nigh exhausted. Then a native saddle, or rather a series of pads and rugs, is put upon him, and secured by a surcingle; next comes a stronger bridle, provided with a bit of the most powerful kind, having a ring attached to it passing through the mouth and under the lower jaw, and acting as a curb worked with great leverage. The horse is then freed from the stakes and led about if he will go quietly; the trainer, after a turn or two, springs on his back with great agility. An attendant mounted upon a steady horse rides up alongside, and tries by the inducements of companionship to coax him to go quietly along, which, as a rule, he seldom does just at first; and then the real struggle begins. Fair means not succeeding, the jockey drives the large rowels of his massive spurs into the horse's flanks, and is answered by a 'buck' that is terrific to behold, followed by a succession of similar desperate efforts of the frightened and infuriated animal to free himself from his unwelcome rider. Every time he stops the attendant pushes up against him behind, and bumps him along till at last he starts off in a gallop, madly at first, 'bucking' as he goes, but soon he gets blown, and finds the pace too fast to last. His