

HORSES AND CATTLE.

THE HAMBLETONIANS.—Concluded.

In calling attention to the merits of the Messenger-Hambletonian stock, the records of their performances and the prices they have been sold for, Mr. Wiser says:—

Of this stock, Goldsmith's Maid, record 2:14, brought	\$20,000
Dexter, record 2:17½, brought	33,000
Jay Gould, record 2:20½, brought	30,000
Judge Fullerton, record 2:18, brought	16,000
George Wilkes, record 2:22, brought	16,000
Gazelle, record 2:21, brought	10,000
Rosalind, record 2:21½, brought	20,000
Chas. Blackman, 4 months old, brought	5,000
Prospero, record 2:20, brought	25,000
Dame Trot, record 2:22, brought	10,000
Joe Elliott, no record, brought	10,000
Bruno, record 2:29½, brought	15,000
Starkie, no record, brought	25,000
Robert Bonner, no record, brought	16,000
Dauntless, no record, brought	10,000
Happy Medium, no record, brought	24,000
Socrates, no record, brought	21,000
Edward Everett, no record, brought	20,000
Wallkill Chief, no record, brought	10,000
Maud S., record 2:11½, brought	21,000
Steinway, 2 yr. old, record 2:31½, and 3 yr. old, record 2:25½, brought	13,000
Dick Swiveller, record 2:18, brought	16,000
Trinket, 4 yr. old, record 4:19½, brought	11,000

"I paid \$10,000 for Rysdyk with no record. These are only a few of the many that brought such large prices. It is the trotters of this family that make such performers on the American turf. As a family they have the best records, with the greatest number of performers, and the greatest number of heats within the 2:30 standard adopted by the National Association of Trotting Horse Breeders."

Maud S., however, has, since the above evidence was given, achieved even a greater triumph in the unparalleled feat of trotting a mile in 2:10½.

The following are some of her performances:—

At Cincinnati, July 6th, in 2:34 class (4 starters), Maud S. won in three heats, 2:25, 2:30 and 2:28. Special purse at Chicago, July 24th, against Trinket, won in three heats, 2:19, 2:21½ and 2:18½.

At Buffalo, August 4th, 2:19 class (4 starters), Driver winning the first heat in 2:17; Maud S. the next three heats, 2:15½, 2:16½ and 2:16½.

At Cleveland, 2:19 class (4 starters), three heats, Maud S., 2:24, 2:28 and 2:31.

At Springfield, purse to beat 2:12½, Maud S., 2:20½ and 2:19.

At Rochester, August 12th, purse to beat 2:12½, Maud S., 2:11½, 2:20. (St. Julian same day and track made 2:11½.)

Chicago, September 18th, special purse to beat 2:11½, Maud S., 2:10½. This was her last race for the season.

Maud S. has already been noticed as inheriting pacing blood through her dam, Miss Russell, daughter of Pilot Junior. Her sire, Harold, is an in-bred Hambletonian, his dam, Enchantress, and his sire, Rysdyk Hambletonian, being both by Abdallah, grandson of Messenger.

The chief representative of the Hambletonian family in Canada is Rysdyk, already mentioned as purchased by Mr. Wiser, M.P., for \$10,000, without record on the turf, but esteemed invaluable for breeding purposes.

Rysdyk is descended on the dam side from Lexington, a horse that, according to Dr. Mc-

Monagle, "has produced more runners at the running gait than any other stallion."

Lexington sired Lady Duke, of whom Dr. McMonagle says:—

"Aristides Welch, of Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, is probably the most astute breeder of blooded horse stock in the United States, except Alexander, of Kentucky. He goes into the examination of pedigrees systematically and philosophically, and he will breed from nothing but what is pure and has a perceptible line of inheritance. He raised Lady Duke, who was by Lexington, and her pedigree shows that she came directly through Madoc, by American Eclipse, who was out of Miller's Damsel, by Messenger. Mr. Welch conceived the idea that if he could incorporate Messenger blood with thoroughbred blood, and further concentrate it with Hambletonian, which was in-bred Messenger (and when I say in-bred I refer only to sires), he would produce a model horse to breed from. He produced Rysdyk."

Dr. McMonagle adds as to Rysdyk:—

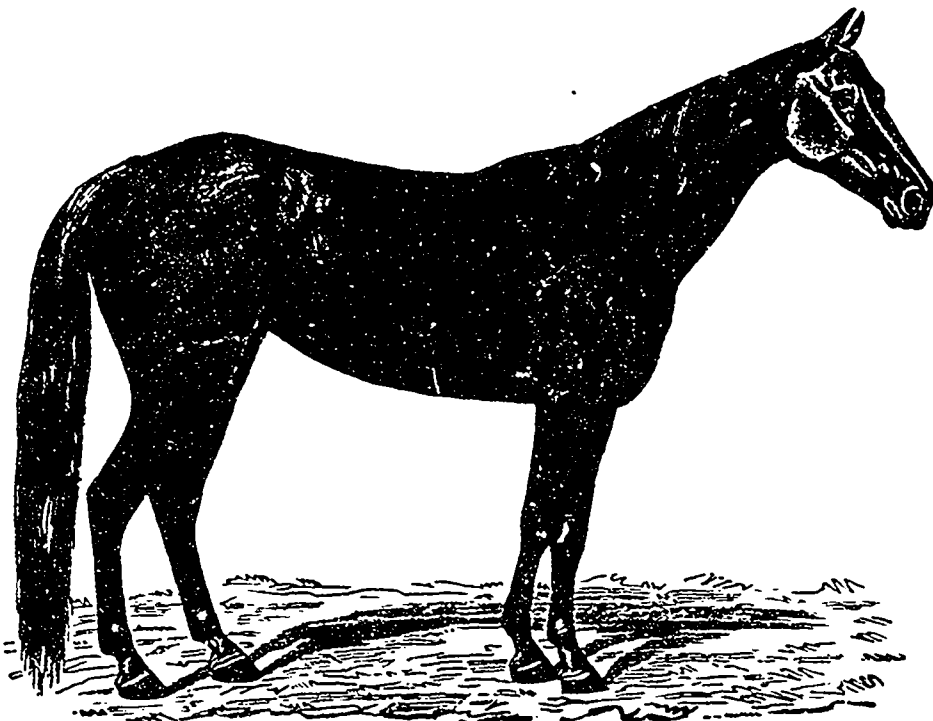
"Hambletonian is dead, and no other Rysdyk could be produced in the same way. This Rysdyk is extraordinary. He has a wealth of muscles in the gluteal regions that is simply immense. He has buttocks on him like a Short-

The Grey Eagles, Black Hawks, and Tippees (the latter an elder branch of the same family as the Royal Georges) are still represented in Canada, although the traces of their descent are, for want of any record, gradually being lost.—*Report of the Ontario Agricultural Commission.*

A SHYING HORSE.

I purchased a young horse recently. He is a noble animal, gentle and intelligent. But he has one bad habit. The first time I drove him (con-
 nues a correspondent of the *Ohio Farmer*), he suddenly shied at some object and ran the buggy into a deep ditch before I knew what I was about, and then he sprang forward with such force as to throw me out. But I held to the lines and stopped him. He was all in a tremble, and it was some minutes before I got him calmed down. Then I wheeled him round and drove back. His eye caught the same object again, and he shied off to the other side of the road. I stopped him and let him have a good look at it—an old black root leaning against the fence. After a little I urged him forward a little nearer. He protested, but moved up a few feet, and then

stopped and snorted. I let him look at it again, and urged him a little nearer. He watched it apprehensively for awhile, and then settled down. I then got out and picked up the root and brought it toward him. He backed, but I succeeded in getting hold of the bit, and after some trouble got him to smell of the root. I rubbed it over his nose, threw it down before him, and succeeded in perfectly convincing him that it was harmless. Three times during my drive to town did I go through the same performance with other objects, and placed all of them so he could not help seeing them on my return. He shied but once, and that was at a new bugbear which I made him familiar with before it was left.



"MAUD S."—Record 2:10½.

horn bull. Rysdyk produces true to his type. To a learned man, and a man who studies the philosophy of breeding, he is a wonder. He breeds truthfully to his ancestral inheritance independent of what he meets on the dam's side."

Of the Hambletonians' performances, Dr. McMonagle says:—

"The Hambletonian family, out of 20 performers trotting in 2:18, or better, is credited with one-half, and out of a total of 54 performers with records of 2:20, or better, have 18, one-third of the whole number; they have the best record of 2:12½, with 1,653 heats, and 184 performers having records of 2:30, or better; and tested by that record, stand first in all the classes in 2:30, or better. Their progenitor, Rysdyk's Hambletonian, himself produced the incomparable number of 82 within the 2:30 standard—having 48 sons, sires of 2:30 trotters; 17 grandsons, sires of 2:30 trotters; and 4 great-grandsons, sires of 2:30 trotters, a prepotency guaranteeing breeders that his male descendants can impart with uniformity to their produce the best characteristics of their family, and transmit those characteristics for successive generations, and, while remaining true to their original type, they not only effect an improvement in others, but an improvement in themselves.

"Along with the native type they will produce something dissimilar and superior from anything any other sire could produce. The Hambletonian is the Shorthorn of creation."

After getting home, I asked my hired man, who had driven him twice on the road before this, if he shied any for him. He replied that he did. "And did you whip him whenever he shied?" I asked. "Indade an' I did. I giv him a cut of the whip ivery toime." "I thought so from his actions to-day," said I. "Hereafter, Pat, never strike or scold him when he shies, but lead him gently up to the object he shies at, and make him understand that he is foolish to be scared at nothing."

And we followed this plan for a month or so, and now he is nearly broken of the habit. He has never been whipped but once since, and that was when he refused to move up to a gnarly, rooty, ugly-looking stump that stood partly in the road. But I made him go right up to it and smell of it, and after he had calmed down a little I got out and patted him a little and pulled some clover from the fence corner, laid it on the stump, and let him eat it up. As I said before, he is very intelligent, and he acted as if half ashamed of his fears at this time. I have no further trouble with him. He is nervous, however, and occasionally veers a little when suddenly seeing something, but his ugly shying is all over. This is the only way to manage this thing. Whipping, especially after the object has been passed, only