

13. In case of a foul the umpire shall have the power—A. To place the boats, except the boat committing the foul, which is disqualified, in the order in which they come in. B. To order the boats engaged in the race, other than the boat committing the foul, to row over again on the same or other day. C. To re-start the qualified boats from the place where the foul was committed.

14. Every boat shall abide by its accidents.

15. No boat shall be allowed to accompany a competitor for the purpose of directing his course or affording him other assistance. The boat receiving such direction or assistance shall be disqualified at the discretion of the umpire.

16. The jurisdiction of the umpire extends over the race and all matter connected with it, from the time the race is specified to start until its final termination, and his decision in all cases shall be final and without appeal.

17. Any competitor refusing to abide by the decision, or to follow the directions of the umpire, shall be disqualified.

18. Boats shall be started by their sterns, and shall have completed their course when their bows reach their finish.

19. In turning races, each competitor shall have a separate turning-stake, and shall turn from port to starboard. Any competitor may turn any stake other than his own, but does so at his peril.

20. The Umpire, if he thinks proper, may reserve his decision, provided that in every case such decision be given on the day of the race.

HARRY BASSETT.

An important sale of thoroughbred horses occurred at Trenton, New Jersey, Tuesday of last week, the stock coming from Col. McDaniel's stables. The Herald says:

"A smile," a brush off, and then an adjournment to the barnyard followed, when directly afterward the famous racehorse Harry Bassett reached the place, having been ridden from Stony Brook by his groom. The grand horse never looked better in his life, and after being stripped of his clothing and led up and down the yard seemed as gay and elastic as a three-year-old. He was much admired and his merits were discussed by the spectators. As Harry pranced about, at times rearing erect and walking on his hind legs a step or two, Colonel McDaniel remarked that "he could run some yet; as on the night of the fire, although getting out of the barn without much excitement, as soon as he reached the road he went into a run for the bridge, about a mile and a quarter, that would have equalled some of the brilliant dashes he used to make when he showed his competitors the way past the winning post." The groom that takes care of Bassett is very fond of him, and he will not allow the horse to be "insulted." A short time ago, while Harry Bassett was being led out to be shown to some visitors at Stony Brook, the horse got upon a grass plot and began pawing the ground. Colonel McDaniel ordered the groom to take him off the grass, when the latter replied that "the grass belonged to Harry Bassett; that he had bought it and paid for it all." This reply being a settler the horse was allowed to paw.

POWER OF SCENT IN DOGS.

A well-known west-end sporting gun-maker, writing in 1875, furnishes an instance of a black pointer bitch which, while shooting on a moor in Argyleshire, he on one occasion severely rated for eating some carrion, part of a dead and putrid sheep. Passing to leeward of the same carrion about an hour afterwards, the bitch evidently remembered the former scolding, and, giving her master an expressive look, continued to hunt. The stench from the carrion was so great as to be almost insupportable, and,

TWO OLD VETERANS.

There are at present residing at the River Canard, Ont., two old men who are noted for their vigor. The one, Louis Vigneux, farmer, served at Amherstburg, and in the affair at Raisin River, Ohio, during the war of 1812, and for his patriotism in those troubled days he is in receipt of a pension. He will be 82 years of age in May next, yet he still enjoys all his faculties, is hearty and active, delights in plenty of out door exercise, and chops his own firewood. Sixty years ago on the 2nd of the present month, he led to the altar Miss Angelique Antaya, of Sandwich parish, who is also still active and able to do more work than many women would like to be assigned to them. The other, Bazil Drouillard, farmer, a friend and companion of the former throughout the war, attained his 81st year last September. He also was awarded a pension. He can still perform a good day's labour, and has recently been engaged in his favourite winter pastime of driving a mettlesome trotting horse upon the ice—a work in which few of the young men of to-day can equal him. His wife, who is 80, superintends all her household affairs. Both the above couples have numerous families, chiefly residents of the locality of their birth.—*Echo*.

BEEF-EATING PLANTS.

Mr. Francis Darwin has carried out a series of successful experiments to test the question whether carnivorous plants really live by the insects which they capture and kill. About two hundred plants of *Drosera rotundifolia* were cultivated in soup plates during most of last summer. Each plate was divided as to its contents by a wooden partition; but was wholly screened by gauze. One half of the plants in each plate had a few small bits of roast meat fed to them, at intervals, by being placed on the leaves; the weight of the meat being about the fiftieth of a grain. The plants in the other half of each plate were not so favoured; otherwise all were treated alike. At the end of the season the fed plants weighed 21.5 per cent. more than the others; the flower stems, seeds, and capsules of the fed plants were about 21.7 times heavier, and the seeds weighed about 8.8 times more than the unfed ones. This seems conclusive proof that the plants under natural conditions are largely benefitted by the capture of insects, which are assimilated as plant-food through the leaves.

HUNTING WILD HOGS IN MISSOURI.

The Sedalia Democrat says: On Wednesday last Mr. John O. Gentry called in seven of his neighbors, with their dogs, and organized a hunt for wild hogs. The dogs soon raised the hogs and opened on their trail. After a long run they brought the hogs to bay, but the dogs never tackled the hogs a second time, for in the first fight they received such gashes from the five inch tusks of the wild hogs as to learn to keep a respectable distance. The hunters finally came up with the dogs while they were holding the hogs at bay and a regular volley was poured in the wild animals but did not seem to have the least effect upon them. As the hunting party neared the game the hogs broke and ran away, with the dogs after them. Every time the hunter got near enough they would fire on the hogs, but the shots did not seem to penetrate their tough hides, and it became evident that the race would be a long one. Late in the evening the hogs became tired and stubborn, taking a position the bed of a creek and fighting the dogs off. The hunting party came up with them there, and fired again without effect.

One of the party suggested that the hogs be lariatied and afterwards despatched. This suggestion was carried out. Ropes were thrown over the heads of the hogs, and they were held until an axe was sent for, and they were knocked in the head. They fought until the very last, and made frequent attempts to use their tusks on their executioners. The hogs were very fat, and netted about 400 pounds each.

own breed and color, that in several instances the calf of the Ayrshire cow thus served was more like that of the cow first served by the bull on the same day the Ayrshire calf was sired. The above facts being my experience in breeding, I can but agree with the Swiss breeders that thoroughbred bulls, intended as stock bulls to found a herd of any special color, should never be allowed to serve cows outside of the herd to which he belongs, or of any other color than that most desired to be established. I believe this rule will apply more or less to all animals, leaving out of question the old superstition of the herd-witch who mingled

"Fawn Spirits and white,
Dark Spirits and gray;
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may."

"In contemplation of the above facts, the vulgar question of one school-boy to another of 'What was your father thinking of when he begat you?' affords more grounds for the question than would at first be admitted, although it may not disrobe it of its vulgarity or impertinence. As regards this matter, I should much like to have other breeders express their views and experience through the columns of the Turf, Field and Farm."

JAPANESE WRESTLING.

In the centre of the amphitheatre a mound has been raised, on which a ring has been formed by banking up the earth to the height of a few inches. Two grave-looking elderly men, apparently the judges, now seat themselves upon mats on the mound, and, unfurling their paper umbrellas, light their pipes, and commence smoking in dignified composure, while the two wrestlers doff their *kimonos* (robes), and enter the ring perfectly naked but for a cloth round the loins. They are very far removed from our idea of what an athlete ought to be, for, though muscular, they have an ungainly heaviness of figure. Weight is, indeed, thought of such importance in these contests that men are fattened for them like prize cattle under the mistaken belief that such size is an advantage to the fortunate possessor! A tedious preliminary performance has to be gone through before the actual business of wrestling commences. Each man comes to the centre of the ring, and squatting down in front of his antagonist, raises each leg in turn, and then brings it down heavily on the ground, at the same time striking his thigh smartly with his open hand. I suppose this is meant as a sort of challenge; but it has an extremely ludicrous effect, at least to foreigners, to see two very fat men so employing themselves. Both men now quit the ring and take a draught of water and a pinch of salt, while they rub their arms and hands with mud, in order that they may get a better hold of each other's naked body. At length they re-enter the ring, and the great struggle now begins. They squat in front of each other like two frogs and strike their hands together, at the same time uttering a curious hissing noise, which gets louder and louder, till they suddenly fly at each other like angry cats. Heavy blows and slaps are exchanged freely in their effort to close; but umpires are behind each shouting out cautions at any attempted infringement of the rules on either side. When they have fairly got hold of each other many a cunning feint and twist is shown, and the struggling bodies and limbs entwine so rapidly that the pair look like one gigantic octopus. At length the bout is concluded by one man being hurled bodily out of the ring into the crowd outside, and the cheering from the excited spectators is absolutely deafening. The victor stalks about the ring for some time in great dignity, receiving the congratulations of his friends, and then repeats his former challenge, striking his thighs heavily, and crowing like a bantam cock. Another wrestler, nothing daunted, at once comes forward to try his fortune; while the vanquished combatant, who has picked himself up amid a running fire of chaff from the unsympathizing crowd, resumes his *kimono* with an assumed air of indifference and vanishes behind the spectators.—*Chambers' Journal*.

A number of horses were drowned at Wallaceburg, the other day, while crossing the river on ice. Three of the animals belonged to Alex. Reid, three to M. Reid, and one to Annie Grant. The horses were all good ones.

THOROUGHBRED TALK.

Chicago Tribune, London Letter.

I overheard a conversation Monday which may serve to show what is said by thoroughbred men and women. It was between a substantial gentleman, with a very purple nose, an elderly lady, very puffy, and red in the face, and a couple of tall young ladies, whose principal labor seemed to be to look composed, uninterested, but interesting, and altogether oblivious of the fact that there was anybody but their party present at the exhibition. Said the gentleman:

"She has a magnificent top and middle, a wonderful bosom, and a very expanded chest."

"Aye," interrupted the elderly woman, "but she lacks depth. She is too narrow in the thighs."

"Yes, I dare say you're quite right," said the gentleman, "but then you see her thighs only appear small because of the great outpouring of her broad hips and loins."

"What a sweet, docile face she meets you with," remarked languidly one of the young ladies.

"Yes, but don't you think she has a quite odd expression?" said the other. "And such a lovely head and waxy horns!"

It was only when the word "horns" was uttered that I learned that the conversation did not refer to some lady, but to a short-horn heifer belonging to a gentleman from Ipswich, and which has taken more prizes than any animal on the ground. I ought to have known sooner that the conversation did not refer to any woman, because it was altogether too complimentary, considering that three women were in the group of four who were engaged in the discussion.

A SPEECHLESS RACE OF MEN.

Dr. Field's book on Java says:—This part of the world would delight Mr. Darwin by the strange races it contains, some of which approach the animal tribes. In the island of Rhio the Resident assured me there were wild men who lived in trees, and had no language but cries; and in Sumatra the Resident of Palembang said there were men who lived in forests with whom not only the Europeans but even the Malays could have no intercourse. He himself had never seen one; yet, strange to say, they have a petty traffic with the outer world, yet not through the medium of speech. They live in the woods, and live by the chase. They hunt tigers, not with the gun, but with a weapon called a *sumptan*, which is a long tube, out of which they blow arrows with such force, and that are so keen of point, and touched with such deadly poison, that the wound is almost immediately fatal. These tiger skins or elephant tusk they bring for barter—not for sale—they never sell anything, for money is about the most useless thing they could have; they cannot eat it; or drink it, or wear it. But as they have wants, they exchange, yet they themselves are never seen. They bring what they have to the edge of the forest, and leave it there, and the Malays come and place what they have to dispose of, and retire. If the offer is satisfactory, when the Malays return they find what they brought gone, and take what is left and depart. If not, they add a few trifles more to tempt the eyes of these wild men of the woods, and so at last the exchange is effected, yet all the while the sellers keep themselves invisible. This mode of barter argues honesty on both sides."

FREAK OF NATURE.—Mr. H. N. Grenier, photographer, Notre Dame street, Montreal, a couple of days ago, took the photograph of a man which shows, besides his natural hands, four small hands on his breast in relief. The phenomenon can be seen on the photographs now in possession of Mr. Grenier. The owner of these many hands was born in 1832 in the county of Rouville, P.Q., but has passed the greater portion of his life in the United States; and the place he now resides in is called after him. He says these extra hands began to show upon him in 1860, and that he feels that two more hands are about to make their appearance. This individual has twice been confined in a lunatic asylum.

REMARKABLE CONTEST.

A correspondent of a French paper relates a remarkable contest, which he witnessed in the Isle of Java, between a parrot and a gigantic spider. The spider, whose body was as large as a small bird, a dropped down upon a young parrot whose mamma was from home, and, spreading its huge claws over the nest, began sucking its blood. When the mother returned she naturally "went for" the enemy, and secured hold of one of its legs, but whether it be the legs are not a sensitive portions of spiders' organization, or that this particular insect had a overpowering penchant for the blood of young parrots, he wouldn't let go, until his pain became too intense for endurance, he turned on the mother, and, twining all his legs firmly around his neck, was just arranging for a good long suck in that quarter, when she gave him an awful dig in the belly with her beak, whereupon he fell over, dragging her to the ground with him. The naturalist then shot him and released the parrot.

Horse Notes.

DECLINING FAME.—The bay trotting gelding Dave, eight years old, and known in Philadelphia as the Lancaster horse, was recently sold at auction for \$40. Two years ago Dave could trot his mile handily in 2:40, and was purchased at a cost of \$800; and now there are "none so poor as to do him reverence."

MYSTIC.—The big Mystic, by Reliance (son of Cassius M. Clay), record of 2:22, is wintering at Newton, N. J. He is a very promising horse, and bid fair to beat 2:20, but galling amies in his training last year, was laid up for a season. He is all right again, and undergoing a preparation to go through the Eastern Circuit.

MR. C. Littlefield has a string of eight, including Mr. Sanford's Brown Prince and Start, each four years old, Cataract, Dancing Master, Miss Ward and Ultra, each three years old, and Invalid and Requital, each two years old. The last named is described as a bay filly, by Distinct dam Product, which has been acquired by the stable in England.

A BIG TEAM.—Assemblyman Story had one of the big teams brought down from West Albany last week to be shod at M. Maguire's smithy Troy. An immense crowd followed the horse down street. The big team will probably be sent on to Philadelphia on Sunday night. The team is one of the largest in the United States. The two horses weigh 4,170 lbs., are nineteen hands high, five coming six years old and are without a blemish. One of them can trot in four minutes.

Horses are cheap in Texas. Pretty fair horses adapted to the saddle or wagon, but unbroken, can be had for \$12. The finest Spanish pony, wild as a gazelle, and costing \$5 to break, sells for \$10; and, as no corn or fodder is necessary to keep a horse in Texas, the succulent grass of the prairies being to him more delicious than anything that can be fed to him, the consequence is everybody rides, and the unfortunate individual who can't sport and own a horse is to be pitied.

WESTERN WEIGHTS.—COMMENDABLE UNANIMITY.—At a called meeting held by the Kentucky Association at the Phoenix Hotel, Lexington, Feb. 11, the weights agreed upon by the committee appointed on behalf of Louisville, Lexington, and Nashville Clubs, were adopted, and are as follows: In purse races, two-year-olds, 86 lbs., three-year-olds, 95 lbs., four-year-olds, 110 lbs., five-year-olds, 115 lbs., six-year-olds and upwards, 118 lbs. In sweepstakes exclusively for two-year-olds, 100 lbs., and in sweepstakes exclusively for three-year-olds, 105 lbs. Three pounds allowed for mares and geldings in all races, unless otherwise stipulated. The scales of weights are the same at Lexington, Louisville, Nashville, New Orleans, Cincinnati, and St. Louis. The hour for the commencement of the races at Lexington was changed from 1 o'clock to 2 o'clock p. m.