

On Friday last, March 24, the Liverpool Grand National Steeplechase, the most important of all the steeplechases run in England, came off on the old course at Aintree, near Liverpool, when, in a field of nineteen horses, Regal proved the conqueror. A better race was never run, although the prize was not of such great value as last year. The weather was fine, and the attendance amounted to fully 200,000. The pace was considered slow; and the favorite was beaten easily. The following is the telegraphic report of the race:—

LIVERPOOL, ENO., March 24, 1876.—The Grand National Steeplechase, of 500 sovs., added to a handicap of 25 sovs. each, 15 for'toit and 5 only if declared, the second to receive 100 sovs. from the stakes, the third to save stake; winners of any steeplechase after January 27, at 10 a.m., 5 lbs; of 200 sovs., 7 lb; of 500 sovs., 10 lbs extra; of 1,000 sovs., 12 lbs extra. Grand National Course (nearly four miles and a half); 77 subscribers.

Regal ..... Cannon. 1  
Congress ..... 2  
Shifnal ..... 3  
Chandos ..... 0

The following horses also ran—Defence, Master Mowbray, Clinare, Phyrne, Pathfinder, Jackall Palm, Gamebird, Liberator, Zero, Gazelle, Chimney Sweep, Thyra and Spray.

Time—11:14.

The following was the betting at the start:— 25 to 1 against Regal, 16 to 1 against Congress, 25 to 1 against Shifnal, 4 to 1 against Chandos.

THE WINNER.

Regal is a black gelding by Saunterer, dam Regalia, four years old. He is a fine, well formed horse, and has a great share of speed. He ran seven times last year and was a winner four times. He first appeared in the Liverpool Handicap, two miles, March 16, and ran third to Schottische, Clonaco being second. On the 17th of March, at Liverpool, he won the Walton Hurdle Handicap, one mile and a half, having nine behind at the finish. Regal's next appearance was at Packington, April 9, when he won the County Cup over a distance of three miles; but the following day he was beaten for the Packington Handicap, over three miles and a half, by Congress and two others. He was then idle until the November meeting at Warwick, where, in the Handicap Steeplechase, with 152 lbs up, he made a dead heat with Annie. Regal subsequently walked over the course, which was two miles, and the stakes were divided between him and the mare. At the same meeting, three days afterward, he ran second to Congress in the Leamington Grand Annual Steeplechase, four miles, carrying 146 lbs. Regal wound up the year on December 11 at Croydon by winning the Sandown steeplechase, carrying 146 lbs, beating Chimney Sweep, Scots Gray, Defence, Courrens de Nuit, Victoire, Little Tom, Spectre, Shifnal and Patrick. Regal ran this year in the United Kingdom Grand Handicap at Croydon in which there were six other runners, the pick of the lot being Shifnal, Regal and Furby, the first named winning after a most exhausting finish with Little Tom by a neck. Regal looked wonderfully well, but when half the journey had been traversed, and he appeared going better than anything, he most unfortunately blundered, and though he did not actually fall, got his forelegs so entangled in the bridle that he was not farther persevered with. Had it not have been for this mishap the opinion is strong that he would have won.

Chandos, in the same stable with Regal, was the favorite. Both were, until lately, the property of Lord Aylesford and, as supposed, of the Prince of Wales, but, not having been paid for, were bought back by Captain Machell, the vendor. Chandos was supposed, for a quarter of a mile, to run better than the winner, but he fell, and thus lost his chance.

The Messrs. Battazzi had two very high class candidates to represent them, both of English broed, and Captain Machell, who is acknowledged to be the finest judge of this class of sport of any man in England, declared that his horse Chandos was the best he had ever tried. High class racehorses hitherto have made only moderate steeplechasers. Chandos was a racehorse of the highest class, as he finished a good fourth in both the Derby and St. Leger. A year ago it was said that he was the property of the Prince of Wales. That he was purchased by a friend of His Royal Highness is most certain, and it is equally certain that he was not paid for. He was sold at auction with other horses bought under similar circumstances last October, Captain Machell, the original vendor, buying him.

Bristol, March 16.—Bristol Royal Steeplechase of £500, added to a handicap sweepstakes of £25 each, £15 forfeit; entrance, £3, the only liability if declared out by noon on January 25; the winner of a steeplechase after the declaration of the weights, 7 lbs; two, or one of £200, 10 lbs extra; the second to receive £30 out of the stakes, the third to save his stake; the winner to pay £50 toward the expenses; closed with 52 subs, 15 of which declared out; about four miles.

Mr Gomm's b h Little Tom, late Baby, aged, by Orphelin, dam Ma Folie (bred in France) 149 lbs..... 1  
Mr H Baltazzi's b h Peter Simple, aged, by Plutus, dam All Black (bred in France) 140 lbs..... 2  
Mr S Davis' br m Dainty, aged, by Lyola, dam Tit Bit, 154 lbs..... 3  
Betting: 3 to 1 against Peter Simple, 7 to 1 against Dainty, 9 to 1 against Little Tom; five started.

LINCOLN SPRING MEETING.

LINCOLN, March 23.—Lincoln handicap of £1,000 added to a sweepstake of £25 each, £15 forfeit, for three-year-olds and upwards; the second to receive £50 out of the stakes, and the third to save its entrance; 103 subscribers, of which 40 declared out; value of the stake, £2,365.

Mr Jolliffe's (Mr John Danby) b h Controversy, 5 yrs, by Lambton or The Minder, dam Lady Caroline, 103 lbs..... 1  
Sir J D Astley's b h Egg Boy, 3 yrs, by Broomielaw, dam Vigorous, 83 lbs..... 2  
Mr W Day's b f Vittoria, 3 yrs, by Arthur Wellesley, dam Dewdrop, 80 lbs..... 3  
Mr F Swindell's c h Woodlands, by Notbourne, dam Whiteface..... 0  
Thirty horses started. Betting—6 to 1 against Woodlands, 11 to 1 against Kaiser, 18 to 1 against Brigg Boy, 25 to 1 against Vittoria, 83 to 1 against Controversy. Won by three lengths.

American Turf.

RACING IN CALIFORNIA.

The two-miles heat race, announced for March 25th, was a decided success. There was a good attendance; the track was in fair order. The starters were Hock Hocking, Golden Gate, Revenue, jr., and Chance, with the first named the favorite, Golden Gate second choice, and the other two even. The first heat was won quite easily by Chance, under a pull, in 3:14, with Golden Gate second, Hock Hocking third, and Revenue, jr., last. Between the heats Hock Hocking showed quite lame and Chance became the favorite, bringing \$500 in a pool to Golden Gate at \$155, Revenue, jr., \$70, and Hock Hocking \$37.50. The second heat was a repetition of the first—Chance won it very easily by six lengths in 3:47, with Hock Hocking second and Golden Gate a bad third. Revenue, jr., went lame in the heat and was distanced.

BAY DISTRICT COURSE, San Francisco, Cal., March 25, 1876.—\$2,000. Two mile heats. \$1,200 to first, 600 to second, 200 to third.

H Walsh's c h Chance, 4 yrs, by Venture, dam Annette, by Lexington, 104 lbs..... 1  
J C Simpson's c h Hock Hocking, 6 yrs, by Ringmaster, dam Young Fashion, 114 lbs..... 3  
Joe Davis' b f Golden Gate, 4 yrs, by imp Leamington, dam Naptha, 101 lbs..... 2  
Mark Walden's c h Revenue Jr, aged, by Revenue, dam Nannie Harper, 114 lbs..... 4  
Time—3:41, 3:47.

THE WINNER—CHANCE.

Chance was bred in Nevada, and ran with fair success in California last year. He won a mile and a half sweepstakes at Sacramento last May in 2:43, and mile heats in June in 1:44, and 1:49. He was beaten by Bradley and Lady Amanda at the San Francisco October meeting. At Los Angeles, in November, he beat Lady Amanda a race of mile heats, 3 in 5, running the three heats in 1:48, 1:48, and 1:50. He also beat her and Electra at two miles, and again at mile heats, 3 in 5, later in the month, when he again ran in 1:48, 1:48, and 1:50.

Golden Gate was the favorite in New York city the night before the race at about the following odds:—Golden Gate, \$175; Revenue, \$125; Hock Hocking, \$100; Chance, \$75.

GOOD TROTTING AT TICONDEROGA.

LAKE GEORGE, Mar. 6.—Sweepstakes \$5,000 (P)  
D M Wilkie's s Lightning..... 8-2-2-1-1-1  
M L Clendon's b g Tom O'Neill..... 1-3-1-2-3-2  
L J Allen's c h m Nellie..... 4-1-8-2-4  
C Smith's b m Emma B..... 2-3-4-5-4-3  
Geo Mosher's blk g Groeland..... 5-5-2-4-5-5  
Time—3:33, 2:44, 2:31, 2:29, 2:27, 2:27.

BY SAN MARI.—EDITED BY J. H. SANDERS.  
Embracing the Leading Incidents in His Career as a Trainer and Driver, with a Detailed History of the Dispositions, Treatment, and Performances of the Noted Trotters that Have Passed Through His Hands; How They Were Fed, Trained, and Driven; with an Essay on Shoeing Trotters and the Care of the Horse's Foot.

CHAPTER XII.

Quaker and Bull Run's Two-Mile-Heat Race for \$5,000—Kitty Wink beats the Combination—The Twang and Sting Brothers—James Fisk and Edward S. Stokes' Two Match Races.

(Continued.)

[From the Spirit of The Times.]

When it came time to go on the track we brought the little mare down with her wagon, blankets, rubbing cloths and water pails, fully expecting a terrific race of at least a dozen heats, unless we were distanced in the first, as all Mac's friends were sure would be the case. I could see them when I was attending to my boys, who were harnessing Kitty, walking about in couples, and when one of the "combination" came across the owner of the brown horse, he would put his arm confidently about his neck, and, drawing him away from the crowd, talk earnestly to him as a general takes his officers before a battle. It had been cloudy all day, and now the clouds were lowering, and giving promise of speedy rainfall. The judges were in the stand, and tapped the bell impatiently, so we brought our horses down to score for the first heat. After we had tried to get away once or twice, the Mac party seemed to waken, as Kitty showed fully as well as he, and as the race had been made "good day and track," something was said about postponing on account of the weather, for a few drops of rain had now commenced to fall. Sun objected, under my directions, to postpone. He said rain and a muddy track were against him, not the other side. He was pulling a wagon with a little 14½ hand mare, and they were in harness, and had a 16 hand horse. He had come to trot, and he wanted it settled then and there, and the "combination" ought to be satisfied. It was finally settled that we should go on and trot; so we scored again, and this time the word was given, and the race commenced as we crossed the wire. Mac had got excited while scoring, and I made up my mind he was a "duffer," and I was almost bursting to "yaw-haw" right out. In an instant we got away Mac came for me with a rush, and I said, "My fine gentleman, this is your game, is it?" and as we went into the first turn, he was close down in my wagon, Mac's head struck against mine, and instead of keeping right on, he seemed to be anxious to go off somewhere in the south-southwest direction, and something about his mouth seemed to trouble him. He got up near the fence, and Walker (I think he drove him) couldn't seem to invite him by any argument to continue the struggle. It was all done in an instant, and although I had kept on at a good 2:40 gait, I could see over my shoulder what was going on. Finally, when I got over near the old stand, he went at it again, and trotted fast, so when I got to the three-quarter pole he had reached the old stand near the Flushing end; then, from some unaccountable cause (it wasn't Mac's head this time), he seemed to have an affection for the fence again, and I had a suspicion for a moment that he was some old steeplechaser, perhaps Nannie Craddock or Zigzag. Kitty had been at it since she started, and had kept up her 2:40 clip through the rain and mud, and crossed the score a winner of the race, in 2:40. It wasn't Mac's day, it was Kitty Wink's, for the brown horse stopped too often on the road, and a distance for him settled matters. I laughed, and I think Kitty did too. I know her owner burst off two buttons from his waistcoat. When I crossed the score terrible shouts went up from the crowd, and the "combination" left the track as early as possible. As soon as the race was decided and time announced, John P. said "It is my treat," and the champagne flowed abundantly, but Mr. Son, not forgetting his little mare Kitty, walked to her on the track, and, patting her on the neck, said, "Here, Kit, is another piece of sugar for you," and gave it to her. This race was what is called a "private race," being a match between gentlemen. Mr. Son did not care so much about the money, but he did not want to be beaten. He paid all the bills, and made me a present of \$300. He said he did not want the money, as he had joy enough without.

About eight years ago, I owned two horses named Twang and Sting, they were both bays, about 15½ hands, and looked remarkably alike. Twang had one white foot forward, Sting had not, but each had a white foot behind. Twang was sired by Hintoga, dam said to be by American Eclipse; he was bred in Ohio. Sting was a Kentucky broed horse; the two were so much alike that I used to be asked very often "which is Sting and which is Twang?" Twang was very reliable, double or single; people thought

mistaken upon it that the horse was casked by both names on occasion required, and the names of Twang and Sting caused a great deal of talk. The first race I trotted Twang was at Newburgh, Sept. 15, 1868, against Belle, Rachel, Ariel, and Etta, he won the first heat in 2:10, Belle the second in 2:11, and the two next in 2:37—2:43, Rachel and Ariel both distanced in the second heat. He beat, at Binghamton, Sept. 17, 1869, Brown Kitty and Fearless, in 2:35—2:41—2:40, and Oct. 7, 1869, at Narragansett Park, defeated Topsey, Galbreth Knox, Pot, Henrietta, Sally, India Rubber Ben, and Dreadnaught, Galbreth Knox won second and third heats, in 2:26½—2:29, Topsey the fifth, in 2:31, and Twang the first, fourth, and sixth, in 2:28½—2:31—2:31, so he improved after I had owned him a year a good deal. June 25, 1869, I trotted Twang and Old Pat a team race against Jessie Wales and mate, General McClellan and mate, and India Rubber Ben and mate, over the Narragansett Park, for a purse of \$2,000. I won the fourth, fifth, and sixth heats, in 2:34—2:33—2:33½. India Rubber Ben and mate won first, in 2:33, and were distanced in the third, Jessie Wales and mate taking the second and third, in 2:34½—2:32½, this was a hot race and a good deal of money was bet on it. He won a number of other races and trotted in several that he got beaten in.

I knew Mr. James Fisk for some years before his death very well, and as he was very fond of horses, and had a good many in his stable, he frequently called upon me for advice about them. He owned at one time a brown mare called the Pownal mare, and I had her in my stable at Fleetwood during the fall of 1870. About that time Mr. Fisk and his friends had a great discussion with Edward S. Stokes, in relation to the merits of the Pownal mare and Stokes' chestnut mare Josephine, which finally resulted in a match for \$2,000, which was trotted November 1870, over the Fleetwood Track. I had more fun while we were trotting that I ever had at any race I ever drove, both parties were terribly excited over it, and bet their money freely, and wholly without regard to anything but their feelings in the matter. I had trained the Pownal mare, and, although she was at all times very sore and lame, I had got her in pretty good fix for the trot. On the day of the race both Mr. Fisk and his friends, and Stokes and his friends were present in large numbers. Sam McLaughlin drove the mare Josephine. When we came on the track Sam said to me, "I'll make you eat baked beans all winter," and I had plenty of chin. It was nice weather, and there was one or two other trots that day besides ours. Josephine had the pole in the first heat, and we got away on even terms, and at the quarter pole were still together. Going round the lower turn my mare broke, and Josephine was ahead at the half-mile pole. On the backstretch the brown mare trotted fast, and, passing the chestnut, led at the three-quarter pole. Coming into the stretch, Josephine closed up, and we had a close thing of it, but I won by a very short distance in 2:34. Mr. Fisk came down the hill on to the track to me, patting and blowing, as he had run on the way, he was highly pleased, and all the Fisk party made a great hurrah about it. We had a good send-off for the second heat and went head and head round the turn, then Josephine broke and I sent the brown mare ahead at the half-mile pole, I took back my mare and let the chestnut close up. I came easy up the stretch and jogged home the winner in 2:30. For the third heat we played for some time when scoring, and finally got the word, before we got round the turn, Josephine went into pieces and got fifty yards behind, and losing all show for the race, I won the heat in 2:34. Mr. Fisk sung out, "We have conquered and Josephine is done for, then we all went into the hotel and they opened basket after basket of wine. The Fisk party wanted to match the brown mare for six days running for \$5,000 a race against Josephine. Stokes also wanted to make another match as he thought his mare would do better another time. As Mr. Fisk went away in his carriage he said to me, "Lad, call for what you want, I've left the stumps for it, and I will make another match for \$2,000 a side. We stand at the track till ten o'clock that night, and the result of all the talk was another match to be trotted the next day for \$1,000. The next day, sure enough, we were at it again, and I won the first heat, in 2:34. The second heat I went to quarter pole first, then Josephine passed me and led into the home stretch. I kept gaining inch by inch, but she beat me out by a short length, in 2:31. The third heat Josephine led at the quarter and half-mile poles, I kept closing and was only about a length behind at the three-quarter pole; I made a strong rally on my mare, and, in the stretch, got her up to her best speed. A few lengths from the stand I reached Josephine's head; Boden, who was driving Josephine this heat, rallied her all he knew, but she broke tired, and I won by a neck, 2:32. The fourth heat I led about a length at the quarter-pole, Josephine broke here, but got on her feet and trotted fast around the lower turn. I kept ahead to the three-quarter pole, and, coming on, won the heat and race; time of the heat, 2:38.

One of the chief and most important points in connection with the training of a trotting horse is his shoeing. That he is shod properly, and that his feet are kept in a natural and healthy condition, is of vital importance. If a horse's feet are not right he cannot do his best. Something hurts him, and he has to be forced. Bad feet and improper shoeing will cause some horses to drive entirely on one rein, and a variety of bad habits come from the same causes, and are easier formed than corrected. Years ago my father kept a shoeing shop, and for the last ten years I have kept one myself. I have always a number of valuable horses on my hands, and their proper shoeing is one of my chief cares. In this chapter I purpose to give some of my experience and explain, to some extent, my views on shoeing, and the care of the horse's foot. Take, for instance, a two-year-old colt when shod for the first time, for that is as early as anyone would be likely to shoe one. I would have the shoes thin enough to allow the frogs to come in contact with the ground. I would not care to shoe a colt of this age behind if in the country where the roads were soft. I'll give my reason for this. If shod behind they are more apt to forge or overreach, but driving the colt without shoes behind learns him to pick up his forward feet, and get them away from his hind ones. When he is three or four years old, you can shoe behind, he has then more strength, and can handle his legs better at that age, but he should be shod very light behind if he is square gaited. If he mixes or paces a little I should not be in a hurry to change him square too quick, for the most of our fast horses have generally shown a pace when young, while going slow, and when they do strike square they are most apt to make speedy horses, but if you want to change their gait right away, I should put a pair of rollers on their forward ankles, so they would not be so carry any more iron than necessary, for the weight of the iron might have a tendency to break them down when so young, or make them hit themselves when shifting and changing, and the weight of a heavy iron shoe, if it struck anywhere, might bruise them and get them sore, and make them afraid, but if you have one you are obliged to weight, I should increase the weight by putting on a couple of ounces more at a time, not commence to put six or eight ounces on at first, thus will give them a chance to get their strength. On a good gaited two-year-old I would not put a shoe of more than eight ounces weight forward, if he acted well and went all right I should keep that weight on. If you want a trifle more knee action, add a couple of ounces to the weight of the shoe. Sometimes weight does more harm than good, for some colts, when you begin to weight them, will go too high, and hit their knees. It is a great thing to have them travel free and clear.

If a colt latches his hind when you first begin to drive him, that is one of the very worst things he can do, and ought to be remedied at once. In such a case I should put a light shoe on one hind foot and a heavy one on the other. I should try him that way, and if it did not do I would change the shoes from one foot to the other. If he did not go to suit that way, I would put a heavy shoe on the off forward foot and a light one on the near hind foot. If not right then, I would reverse them. If he improved in any of these ways, and still needed more weight, I would put on a side weight to one hind foot—whatever one needed it. Generally, some of these experiments will succeed. If a horse has been trotting steadily, and going clear and good gaited, but has changed and got to hitching and hopping, it will generally be found that he is hitting himself somewhere, which hurts him and makes him pull, and fret, and sometimes learns him to be a hard and persistent paller. Oftentimes he may be brushing himself, but not hard enough to cut the hair, and show where he touches. It takes a pretty keen eye to find out just where a horse does touch. Sometimes you can boot him, and see if you can find any mark on the boot, that is one way to see, or, you can chalk his feet, and then watch and see where he hits and strikes. There are several other ways to find the spot where the blow strikes, but the methods I have spoken of ought to be the means, one or the other of ascertaining. When you once find where the horse has been striking himself, you want to shoe to prevent it. You can do a great deal by shoeing, but you oftentimes have to make him a boot to prevent him from hitting as hard. Some horses act well in boots, but I think the fewer they have on the better. Toe-weights are great things for broken-gaited horses, to square them.

JUDOE FULLERTON.—This well known fast son of Edward Everett will be shipped to Cleveland the first week in May, where he will be given the "grand preparation" for the Centennial campaign. His feet are reported to be all right, and it is expected that he will come out as "fresh as paint."