

JOHN GULLY, PUGILIST AND MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT.

Not one out of every twenty of the modern generation of sportsmen, we should imagine, has not heard of John Gully, the prize fighter who became a member of Parliament, yet in the same proportion, we think, they know nothing of the man, his character, genius, and career; and a brief history of this remarkable turfite will, we think, carry its own interest.

John Gully was born at Bristol on the 21st of August, 1783, in a humble station of life, and at an early age became what is known as a "butcher boy." The very nature of his calling, with his own physical qualifications, tended to point out his future career; for it is well-known that "butcher's boys," above all others, have an early predilection for stickfights, and usually take to boxing with avidity. It was so with young Gully, for when quite a stripling he won his spurs as a boxer, from sundry set toes with the jockies of the neighborhood.

Seeking fresh worlds to conquer, he set out afterwards for London, which was then, more than it is now, considered the best place for likely young men to get on; and to have seen London in those days proved a man had travelled, in rustic circles. Gully, on his arrival at the Metropolis, followed his trade as a butcher; but the blind goddess set her face quite against him in that line of business, and we hear of him just when he had reached manhood, being incarcerated in a goal for debt, where he might have remained, like many poor wretches did then, the rest of his natural life, but for the visit of a fellow-townsmen of his by the name of Pearce, the then champion of the prize ring, well-known as the Game Chicken. For the sheer sake of pastime, the pair had a set-to in the prison, and Gully acquitted himself so well with the practiced professional that the affair got widely talked about, with the result that Gully's debts were paid out, and the prisoner was released, to undergo a preparation for a match made between him and the Chicken, the latter laying six hundred pounds to four upon himself.

The fight came off at Hailsham, in Sussex, on October 8, 1805, and fifty-nine rounds were fought in an hour and ten minutes of terribly hard fighting. Gully being now fearfully punished, his friends interfered, and he was taken off the field. It being evident that the man fought as gamely as ever one that stripped, his defeat drew a lot of friends around him, and, in fact, Gully next morning "found himself famous," and a popular favorite.

His next affair was with a Lancashire giant, by the name of Gregson, which took place on the 14th of October, 1807, at Six Mile Bottom, near Newmarket, (a famous rendezvous for such business transactions), 200 guineas being the stake contended for. Thirty-six rounds were got through with credit on both sides, but a terrific knock-down blow from Gully here settled Gregson's account, for the latter was totally incapable of coming up to time.

Although there could not have been a fairer fight all through, the vanquished man was not satisfied, and, in the course of a few months, sent out a challenge for a renewal of hostilities, which was accepted by the young pugilist, and the second encounter accordingly came off on the 10th of May, 1808, in Sir John Sebright's Park, in Hert. This time it was quite a one-sided affair, for Gully had matters all his own way, displaying an amount of science for which his opponent was by no means prepared, and met with wild rushes, which told against him almost as much as the execution of the young boxer.

It was to be regretted, perhaps, that a youthful professor of the art of such high promise should have determined to quit, as he did, the fist arena, with only the above two achievements on record concerning his prowess; but all the best judges of the day were quite satisfied that he was qualified to take his part with the first men of the ring. A writer in *Bosnia's* essays of him: "Gully, as a pugilist, will be long remembered by the amateurs of pugilism, as particularly entitled to their respect and consideration, and, if his battles were not so numerous as many other professors have been, they were contested with decision, science, and but rarely equalled, and, perhaps, never excelled, and justly entitled him to the most honorable mention in the records of boxing." That *non plus ultra* of the "fancy," the tavern, was Gully's next venture in the way of business, and he took the Plough Inn, in Carey Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields. It must be mentioned here that, in addition to his throwing up his profession as a pugilist, he declined the championship of England, which was offered him upon the death of the Game Chicken, and which, in consequence, was conferred upon Tom Cribb, in 1809.

A prize-fighter with a public house would have been a phenomenon at that time—or any other, in fact—if he did not bet upon horse racing as a backer or bookmaker, and Gully started in the first named character; but he soon had that "rose-ender" which all backers of horses have experienced, and which, as in the case of Gully,

ex-pugilist to the pedestal of a demi-god. The small fry of the sporting community surveyed him with awe; and, perhaps, there never was a man on the turf, who had risen from his position, to whom such deference was paid by, or who stood on so level a footing with, the aristocracy of the turf. A good deal of this homage paid to him was doubtless owing to his possession of immense wealth, but certainly not all, for, had he been the hog with all his money that some of his successors in the ring have been, he would like them have been treated as such; but Gully was one of "Nature's gentlemen"—the primest article of its kind when genuine—and respect flowed towards him as if it were his pre-emptive right. Gifted with a fine, handsome figure, endowed with a keen intellect and the most unassuming manners, he could not but arrest the attention and attract the esteem of his fellow men, whatever might have been due in that way to his money and its magic.

His purchase of Mameluke for 4,000 guineas from Lord Jersey, before alluded to, was about the worst speculation of his career as an owner of horses; for he backed the horse for a heap of money for the St. Leger, and had the mortification to see the brute refuse to start, until a crack or two from his own whip sent him in pursuit of his field with a hopeless chance of success. Yet Gully is reported to have been the first to enter, and the last to leave, the rooms on the settling day; although his losses were estimated at a fabulous amount. Shortly after this Gully became a confederate with Ridsdale, and the pair have been compared by a modern writer to the Siamese twins, so close and fast was the link between them. Unlike the "bond of brotherhood" of the Asiatics, however, the connection of the two leviathans was destined to be severed, and that very shortly. The year 1833 saw them in the zenith of their success, when they won the Derby with St. Giles and the St. Leger with Margrave, the amounts netted upon these two coups being respectively £35,000 and £50,000, which were big sums for the early days of the ring. The best of friends that ever shook hands, however, will quarrel, if reason there be, about either a woman or money; and there happening to be a dispute about the division of the Margrave winnings, Gully gave Ridsdale a "taste of his quality," as he had done the Lancashire giant some years before; and the pair then went to law, which awarded Ridsdale £500 for his hurts, and the partnership was dissolved.

Gully resided now for some time near Newmarket at Upper Hare Park, which he had purchased of Lord Zivers; but he evidently sold it again to Sir Mark Wood, and purchased Ackworth Park, near Pontefract, when to reside there, where he was returned a member of Parliament for the borough in the Radical interest without opposition. He was twice returned, but of his political career there was little or nothing worth remembering.

His attractions were bound up in racing, but some years elapsed before the fickle goddess once more smiled upon him, for it was not till 1844 that he had anything like his St. Giles and Margrave luck. Then, with old John Day at the head of his racing establishment, he went in for a coup with Ugly Buck for the Two Thousand, and which came off; and two years later the Derby and Oaks fell to his share by the aid of Pyrrhus the First and Mendicant respectively. Eight years afterwards Hermit replenished his accumulated fortunes by winning the Two Thousand; and Andover, taking up the wondrous tale, gave, in the same year, another Derby to the Gully score. It was enough. The old man felt the "vanity of vanities" of even winning Derbys, as age told like the rust upon his iron frame, and he looked with longing eyes for some peaceful haven where life might run out its course in the serenity it so needed after its career of activity, turmoil, and care, as well as with its maddening ecstasies and its feverish excitements. He sold Ackworth Hall to Mr. Hill, and retired to Marwell Hall, near Winchester; but he died at Durham (where he had some coal mines, which took him down there now and then) on the 9th of March, 1863, leaving a family of five sons and five daughters.

Fain must we lean back in our chair, and look full in the face the ghost we have raised of this most remarkable man; for we cannot regard him as an individual, but as the type of a race of men who are now about us, and who, before him, were not recognized as a distinct section of society—the betting men. The Adam and Eve of the betting man are open to as many surmises as their prototypes of the human species, and there has arisen yet no Darwin to propound a new theory concerning them; but in Gully we have at least the Abraham of that race, which, like the "chosen people," is in number as the sands of the sea, marked with like characteristics peculiarly its own, and with a Shibboleth that clings to it like a brogue. Before Gully's day bets were made between individuals, some times for very stiff sums, but public betting certainly owes its origin to Gully and his contemporaries, and the course of time has developed the betting fraternity into the dimensions it has now assumed. And the wonderful fact of the matter is that you can tell a betting man

quarter, it was not deemed necessary that they should toe the mark before one o'clock. When they came on the course they were greeted with ringing cheers, and upon assembling at the mark the Italian, whose dress was neatly trimmed with his national tricolor green, red and white, motioned that he wished to run with his left hand to the turf, and this matter being decided by the spin of a coin in his favor, they at once took the scratch, and the signal was given at eight minutes past one o'clock, Hazel at the bounding away at the lead. Prior to this the betting had ruled at 6 to 4 and 2 to 1 on Hazel; but as soon as it was observed that the Italian did not shape himself for running anything like in good style, these odds increased, as lap after lap he fell farther and farther behind. "It's the hare and tortoise!" some facetious spectator shouted. "Not this time," rejoined another; "George won't be caught napping to-day." No more he was. Going along at a pace, at every stride he gained ground, and at three miles he was exactly a lap (third of a mile) in front. Pursuing the even tenor of his way, with apparently little exertion, the gap widened, and the Italian's thirteenth lap, opposite the Kink, with a well-timed spurt, Hazel passed and overlapped the fore-guer, amidst applause. This operation he repeated just before completing eight miles, and at the expiration of the first hour it was found that Hazel had covered ten miles one lap and 150 yards, and Bargossi nine miles one lap and 320 yards, when the Londoner had the lead of nearly a mile, taking matters easily, and running with machine regularity. At twelve miles he went by the third time, and the race was now to all intents and purposes over, for the Italian was beginning to show signs of fatigue, and getting fearfully slow, notwithstanding the attention bestowed upon him by his attendants. After finishing his fourteenth mile Hazel overlapped the Italian for the fourth time, and almost immediately afterwards, on the far side of the ground, the latter was observed to falter several times in his stride, and then drop into a walk. Before he finished another lap, owing to stoppages, Hazel gained two more laps and passed the foreigner for the seventh time in the latter's forty-fifth lap just by the railway signal-box. A stimulant was here administered to Bargossi, but to no purpose, for, after hobbling to the gate opposite the pavilion, he was compelled to stop, and retired, complaining, with chattering teeth, of the cold. As now he had not the slightest chance of winning, his friends advised him not to attempt to proceed farther, and he wisely resolved not to do so. Thereupon the referee was informed that Hazel could stop when he felt disposed. In order to settle a few wagers on the twenty miles being completed in two hours, Hazel agreed to go on, and succeeded in completing that distance in 1h 57m 27s., which is the best performance of the kind ever accomplished. Hazel did not appear in any way distressed at the finish, and had he been pressed there is no doubt that he could have made even faster time. Throughout the journey he was attended upon by W. King of Camberwell, and did not partake of any refreshment. G. W. Atkinson was referee. The winner's time for five miles was 28m 86s; ten, 57:39; fifteen, 1:26:45, the last four miles of the journey being accomplished in the fastest time on record.

CANADIAN FISH.

BY GENIO C. SCOTT.

THE MASKINONGE.—This fish, which attains to the weight of eighty pounds, in the waters which wash the Thousand Islands, and in some of the Canadian lakes, is the largest American pike, known to scientists as *Esox lucius*; but in Europe, according to the London newspapers of 1765, an account is given of draining a pool, twenty-seven feet deep, near Newport, which had not been fished for many years, and from which a gigantic pike was taken, which weighed one hundred and seventy pounds. But this pike was not so large as one which I read of, as inhabiting waters of a large river in Norway. As in habit of women in some parts of Europe to wade into the stream, and do the washing there for the family, several women were thus engaged at washing, when a large pike made a dash at one of them, and bit her leg off. Pictures of fishermen in the north of Europe represent men returning after fishing, each with a single fish shouldered by a staff over one shoulder, and a fish

The most successful trolls for this fish are formed of two hooks only, disguised by bright feathers, and a silver revolving plate attached above the hooks. Some fish with three hooks, placed back to back, but they are more liable to being crushed by the jaws of the fish, than are two hooks only, but made of large strong wire, like a No. 10 hook.

THE PIKE OR PICKEREL.—This fish is known throughout the United States, as the pickerel, but it is a pike, and attains size according to the stream or lake it inhabits. In the chain of large lakes and in Canadian waters, it runs from five pounds to fifty pounds. The small pike is known in England as the pickerel, and there, as in America, is taken in small waters. This fish runs from three ounces to three pounds. There are several families of pickerel, or small pike. In waters of Great Britain, where the pike attains to the largest dimensions, the fish under seven pounds in weight is called a acyk; but the fish which resembles the pike in outline, with small streams as its habitat, is known in vulgar nomenclature as pickerel. Taverns on small streams (in England) where this fish is angled for, are named pickerel hotels. But this fish is not confounded there with the pike of large rivers and lakes. There the young pike has no denomination, but the jack, just as the young salmon, is called the grise.

The two families of large pike in America, are the maskinonge and the pike of our large lakes and rivers, eminently, the chain of large lakes and the large rivers and lakes in Canada; though the pike attains great dimensions in the Kentucky and Tennessee Rivers. In the former, Dr. Buel captured one which weighed forty-two pounds; and a head of a pike which weighed eighteen pounds was sent me from Lebanon, near where it had been taken with rod and reel in the Tennessee River. The habitat of the pike is large lakes and rivers, in this country, as in Europe; but there are several families of pickerel in this country inhabiting the small waters throughout the Canadas and the United States. The family of the smallest pickerel known in this country, is found in the small streams of the West, and in the trout waters of Long Island. It is said to be found of trout roe, and I know that it admires gay colors, for it rises most generously to the red rib artificial fly. Fred. Mather has plainly described it as: "1. *Eriticus* (Lat., reticulate, a net from the marks on its body) opercles (gill-covers) scaled, body of various shades of green in different waters, marked with a black network, this might properly be called 'pickerel.' 2. *E. fasciatus* (Lat., fasciatus, banded), cheeks and opercle scaled, body dark green, with eighteen or twenty vertical bars; length, ten inches; habitat, Atlantic slope. Might be distinguished as a 'banded pickerel.' 3. *E. porasus*, cope (Lat., porous). Similar to the two foregoing, except that the sides are reticulated." These small pickerel are merely annoyances to the angler.

The pike proper (*Esox lucius*) of America is similar to that of Europe, belonging to the order Malacoptygii, section Abdominales, family Esocidae, and genus *Esox*. It has but one dorsal fin, nearly opposite the anal. The outer rim of the jaw is armed with sharp, strong teeth, while there are several inner rims, and the roof of the mouth, tongue, palate, and gills are protected by fine, pinpoint teeth. The back is dark greenish gray, with dark bars extending from it down the sides over a greenish yellow ground, and the whole is marked by small, oblong, light yellow spots running longitudinally. The belly is nearly white. One of the marked visible differences between the pike and the maskinonge is that the former is tinted with a greenish-yellow ground, while the latter is white and gray, with round, black spots the size of a pea, and no bars.

The pickerel is a softer, more flabby meat than the maskinonge. Its meat is also more mealy, and not so delicate. The maskinonge is a great delicacy, whether cut into steaks and broiled, or boiled and served with drawn butter. Its meat luscates with cream between the flakes, and its flesh is as white as snow, with no foreign taste. It admires to bask over spring-holes in lakes and rivers, in which it is the greatest delicacy of these waters. In comparing the illustrations, it will be seen that the maskinonge has the finest pointed fins and jaws, and that it is found of finer line than the pickerel, and attains to nearly double its size.

Horse Notes.

PURCHASE OF GYPTIS.—Mr. P. Lorillard, Rancocas Stud, Jobstown, N.J., has purchased of Robinson, Morgan & Co., Lexington, Ky. the brown mare Gypsis, 5 years old, by imported Australian, dam Mazurka, by Lexington. Gypsis is an own sister to Mr. Lorillard's splendid filly Zoo-Zoo, and comes of a family distinguished for speed and bottom.

No sooner has the fever of excitement died away about the Parole Ten Broeck match, than a report obtains circulation, and starts the rounds of the press, that a war between the old rivals, Ten Broeck and Aristides is to be inaugurated. Our information from the owner of the last-named is not of a character to justify the belief that Aristides will over be himself again, and the rumors in circulation are only calculated to inspire hopes that cannot be long lived.

THE BREAKERS WEANINGS.—Mr. M. H. Sanford has had the misfortune to lose two very promising weanlings recently—one, a bay colt, by imp. Glen Ig, out of Notice, by Lexington, died on the 10th October, from inflammation of the bowels, and a colt by imp. Glenelg, out of Grecian Bend, by Lexington. The latter ran against a fence and broke her nose and arm, and was destroyed the same day. The mares of this stud are all in good health, and the weanlings are the finest lot ever raised at the North Elkhorn farm.

A novel race was enjoyed on the ice at Winnipeg, Man., a few days ago, the contestants being a team of ponies and a train of dogs—gentlemen drivers. The course was two miles for a small wager. The dogs took the lead, and managed to keep it. Every time the equines attempted to pass they jockeyed by jumping at their heads. This continued till the horse backers gave up in disgust, and the canines came in easy victors.

DECLARING POOLS OFF.

It is time that some systematic efforts were made to prevent, by severe punishment, the frauds that are yet allowed and condoned on our race-tracks. The American Jockey Club, by promptly expelling two turfmen and a well-known jockey for connivance in a put-up race, has shown an example of firmness and decision, tempered by true justice, that should be emulated by our own associations. The fact is that the present apathy existing among the public in regard to racing, arises from the supposition generally entertained that the contests are not always treated on their true merits, and every fresh scandal that arises on the turf strengthens the people in this belief. We have too many races altogether for a healthy state of affairs, and most of them are made up more with a view of winning a stake through the pool-box than of promoting good sport. To attain this end, in many instances the most disreputable means are resorted to with so much skill and cunning as to avoid convictions of fraud, although the judges feel convinced that a steal is being committed. This cannot be prevented, but when a case arises in which the fraud is brought to light with undoubted evidence, then it is the duty of the judges to deal with the delinquents in the most severe manner, by expelling them and the horses from all tracks with the firm determination not to restate them through imprudent leniency. As the case now stands, the utmost that the judges see fit to do in such cases is to declare all pools off, which, in some instances, forms a part of the job concocted by these unscrupulous fellows. This is a mere method of treating an ulcer with rose water, and until more rigorous measures are enforced we see no hope of a renewal of public sympathy and support. One severe example would deter many who are now ready and willing to carry out any fraud from following their thieving propensities, and we should soon see a more honorable feeling prevail among drivers were their ranks swayed of a few unscrupulous fellows who any day would rather win by a steal than in a straight-forward, honest manner. *Pacific Jockey.*

BLINDING HORSES.

We never could see what vice or deformity lay in the horse's eye that should make it necessary to cover it up and shut out its owner from at least two thirds of its rightful field of vision. The poets say that an eye looks backward, but we never heard of such an anomaly charged upon horses. In theory that a horse is less apt to be frightened when shut out from everything that is