(From the Spirit of the Times.)

I have seen this season, and, of couse, many others have witnessed the same, the malpractice of pathology in the treatment of invalid horses. I saw a case of treatment of a splendid young race horse, which, if it had not come under my own personal observation, I should not have believed. The horse was trained from January 1 until June 1, in a rough and savage manner, by an ill-natured negro. He was then purchased for the North, and placed in the hands of a young trainer, whose ignorance, in regard to the proper training of the horse, was only equaled by his former trainer, and combined with a great deal less energy or attention. The horse was trained, and started in his race a little lame. After the race he was quite lame, and could scarcely walk. He was put upon the cars the next day after the race, and taken to his place of destination; when he arrived there the leg was swollen to three or four times the natural size. The young man who had him in charge, being ignorant of the pathological treatment necessary to reduce the swelling clapped on a blister, which increased the swelling almost to bursting. Being ignorant of the natural effects of a blister, he showered the leg with cold water, thereby driving the inflammation still further into the skin, causing the swelling to run up to the stifle and so stiffen the leg as almost to prevent the horse from walking. They kept up the shower bath, however, until the skin broke out in holes, when, finding the leg was growing worse and worse, they concluded to ask some advice in regard to the treatment of the leg. They were advised to bathe it with tepid water, which treatment they continued for a day or two, but, being impatient, they gave it up, as being too slow a process to cure the leg; so they went to a drug store and procured the following poisons—laudanum, tincture of arnica, sugar of lead, sulphate of zinc, blue vitrol, oil of spike, and two or three other stimulants. They mixed that up in a meal poultice, made a sack for the leg, coming up to the hock, in which they packed this trashy mixture all around the leg, and tied the sack over the ham-string, and walked him in the hot sun over an hour, until the weight of the poultice caused the string to cut through the skin into the tendons, producing a profuse flow of blood. He was then taken to the tub and bathed for an hour, and this, during that very hot weather we had in the early part of last July. There was no one to keep the flies off the poor horse while bathing, although the trainer and two or three other loafers belonging to the stable were laying around. To be sure there was a thin gauze-net thrown over part of his body, but that only served as foothold for the flies while they inserted their bills in search of his blood. The humane groom, desirous of protecting the poor horse against the mosquitoes at night, and also, to prevent him from biting his own leg, covered him with a blanket in a hot stall, where the thermometer showed 90 degs. in the shade, and rigged a purchase with a rope swung on each side from the mouth back to the surcingle. The poor horse during the night, in endeavoring to fight the mosquitoes off his ears with one of his legs, caught his foot in one of the ropes, which caused the horse to fall back upon his rump. When the groom opened the door in the morning, which was not until rather late (for, having a family, he necessarily slept away from the stable,) he cried out, Irishman like, "Be jabers, the horse is sitting on his tail." In all probability the poor horse had remained in that position all night. They finally called in a veterinary, who prescribed for the leg the proper treatment, and it seemed to be improving every day, but not fast enough for the trainer, who, during the absence of the veterinary, would try upon the leg some new cure of his own. When the veterinary returned he would find the leg had not improved as much as he anticipated, and would accuse the trainer of having the light, which it may from weakness, then use Pond's Lotion, or any liniment that does not blister. All liniments, when there is hair, should be applied without bandage, unless you wish to blister; but the best application that I have used, in cases above described, is salt, vinegar, and cold water, that is, after the swelling has measurably subsided. The mixture should be about a gill of strong vinegar to a quart of water, with a tablespoonful of salt; apply the mixture four or five times a day, without bandage. If the leg of the horse, just above described, had been treated thus, the very valuable turf services of the horse I have alluded to, during the entire season, would not have been lost to his owner. But what I have said in one of my previous articles, I now repeat, that there is no business in which capital is invested, where there is so much ignorance and inexperience employed to take charge of, train, and treat, either physiologically, as in a stable of thoroughbred racehorses. The empiric's ready cure for all affections of the legs is the blister or the hot iron to fire or puncture, regardless of what the ailment may be or the condition of the legs at the time he fires, punctures, and blisters, but in all cases the savage blister must be applied, regardless of the place or the injury; whether near a joint or over a joint, his motto is blister! blister!! blister!!! If the flexor tendon is slightly bowed, he must be blistered until he swells up to the elbow, and before the effect of that subsides, another blister is applied, and so on during the winter, as long as the horse is out of training, and the self-conceited empiric will say, "Oh, he is bound to stand now, he has been blistered all winter." Poor fool, never thinking that nature's best restorative, rest, would have made a much surer and more substantial cure! But, no, the fire must be kept up, and nature kicked out of the door. There is not a case on record where a horse was fired and blistered during the winter and put into training before he had three or four month's rest after the operation, but broke down during the as to enable him to have seen whether it was necessary, for firing or blistering should never be resorted to until the parts become calloused. The object of firing or blistering is to arouse a healthy action in a mortid part. In the case of a swelled throat it is necessary to apply a severe blister as a counter-irritant, to prevent death from suffocation by internal swelling. This is the only part of the horse that a blister can be applied with good effect, when the parts are swolen or inflamed. I wish in this article to treat upon the savage treatment by firing and blistering which prevails so much of late in the treatment of the thoroughbred. Now, in the case just treated above, the swelling of the leg should have been reduced in the the following manner: Take a quantity of hops, put them in a tub or bucket, as the case may be, and pour scalding water over them, cover them up, and let them macerate for half an hour or so; then when the temperature becomes sufficiently cool, so as not to scald the horse's leg, put it in and bathe it until the water becomes cold, then raise the temperature by additional warm water, so as to continue the bathing for about an hour. In the meantime make a sack about twice as large as the leg. When done bathing, put the leg into the sack, and fill in with the scalded hops, all round the leg, as far as the swelling extends. This poultice should remain upon the leg for several hours or during the night. The moisture of the hops should be kept up by occasional applications of tepid water, and the horse should be kept still during the time his leg is in the poultice. He at no time, during the first four or five days, should be induced to take more exercise than he would naturally take in a large box-stall or small paddock. As soon as the swelling begins to decrease, discontinue the poultice and warm bathing, and allow the leg to be exposed to the atmospheric pressure, which acts as a stimulant, and will produce a healthy capillary action upon the skin. If the leg should swell during the night, which it may from weakness, then use Pond's Lotion, or any liniment that does not blister. All liniments, when there is hair, should be applied without bandage, unless you wish to blister; but the best application that I have used, in cases above described, is salt, vinegar, and cold water, that is, after the swelling has measurably subsided. The mixture should be about a gill of strong vinegar to a quart of water, with a tablespoonful of salt; apply the mixture four or five times a day, without bandage. 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The bad effects on the horse's joints, which must become more or less affected from the inflammation produced by the blistering of the cords, are most injurious to the horse's locomotive action by inflaming the substance that lubricates the joints. It often produces big knees and fetlocks, and stiffens the coffin joint.

The opinion that generally prevails, that firing and blistering will cure a ringbone or stop its growth, is a great error, as can be proven or pathological principles. For instance, if you wished to restore a brunken muscle you would naturally insert a seton in the part affected, which, allowing the atmospheric air to pass in, would set up a local inflammation and cause a flow of blood to the parts inflamed. The result is a discharge of healthy matter, and soon the cavity or shrunk muscles are restored to their full and natural form. So it would be, or rather the result will be, the same if you should fire or blister a joint infected with an incipient form of ringbone; the parts being irritated the blood naturally flows there, with all its properties heavily freighted with phosphate of lime, which is the bone making constituent of the blood, which would be deposited or added to the bone already formed on the joint, and would tend to increase it as long as the logic irritation is kept up. You cannot cure a ringbone; all that can be done is by applying cooling lotions, of which cold water forms the active principle, with a thin linen bandage around it, kept wet during the day and taken off at night, and the utmost quiet must be observed. The horse should have a large, roomy stall, and not to have more exercise than he would take within it, as rest is the main restorative.

(To be Continued.)

THE RUNNING TURF OF 1876.

THE TIME RECORD.

Turfmen of the past generation are generally inclined to enlarge on the superior racing merits of the thoroughbred heroes of the past, and to depreciate the performances of the champion racers of the present day. They look back on turf achievements of the horses they saw run and win in their youthful days, and view them through the roseate hue in which time always envelops the past. They delight in eloquently descanting on the deterioration of the modern race-horse, of his degeneracy in speed and powers of endurance as compared with their equine idols of the past, and the general decadence of the national sport of racing. To argue with this class of turfmen is purely a waste of time, for by them the stern facts presented by the historic racing record are completely ignored, and their legitimate logical deductions positively denied. To turfmen of this class we do not now address ourselves, but appeal to the candid reader in the presentation of the following facts, gleaned from the racing records of the past season, and which conclusively prove that the American thoroughbred, so far from deteriorating, is steadily but surely advancing, alike in the development of his speed, and in the qualities of gameness and endurance.

During the past season, the record of fast time at various distances has undergone a great change. At the Louisville, Ky., fall meeting, Sept. 25, the two-year-old filly Belle of the Meade, by Bonnie Scotland, carrying 87 lbs., won the Sanford Stakes, one mile, in 1:44¼, thus beating, by a quarter of a second, Grit's two-year-old time at this distance, made the year before at Gallatin, Tenn., which had previously been the fastest on the record. Carrying 10 lbs. more weight, the same promising filly, two days afterward, over the same course, ran and won a mile dash in 1:44½, with apparently a good deal in hand. At the Saratoga Second Summer Meeting, Brother to Harry Bassett, with 110 lbs up, won the Kenner Stakes for three-year-olds, two miles, with great ease, in 3:35, being the fastest time that distance had ever been covered by a three-year-old, carrying the same weight. At the same meeting, Rhadamanthus, four years old, carrying the new weights, 118 lbs., won the Association Purse, five-eighths of a mile, in 1:03½, thus reducing, by one second, the previously fastest record at that distance, ord at two miles and a half, from 4:28½, made by Katie Pease, at Buffalo, Sept. 10, 1874, to 4:27½, and beating a field of high-class horses, with consummate ease. Turfmen in every section of the country might well regret the unfortunate casuality which shortly afterwards prevented the continuance of this great racer's brilliant turf career, for there is little doubt that he would still further have reduced the time records of other distances.

At the Louisville, Ky., Fall Meeting, Sept. 22, Ten Broeck, in the Post Stakes, three miles, carrying 104 lbs., his appropriate weight for a four year old, covered the distance in the unprecedented time of 5 26¾. Up that date, the fastest record for three miles had been 5:27½, made by Norfolk, in California, eleven years before. It was done in the first heat of a three mile heat race, and the horse, then four years old, carried 100 lbs., or 4 lbs. less than Ten Broeck, who ran the distance in a second quicker time than the great son of Lexington and Novice. With such consummate ease did Ten Broeck accomplish this extraordinary feat, that his owner, Mr. Harper, four days afterwards, with the same weight up, and over the same course, started him for a special purse of $1,000, to beat Fellowcraft's record of 7 19½, which was the fastest four mile time on record. How successfully he accomplished the tremendous task imposed on him is now a matter of history. There is little doubt that Ten Broeck could have beaten even this imperishable record of 7:15¾, had he been managed more judiciously. In that race the first mile was run in 1:52½, which was much slower than the parties managing the horse calculated upon. The second mile was run in 1:45¼, a violent and injudicious increase of speed upon the first. The third mile was run in 1:46½, and the fourth in 1.50½, making a grand aggregate for the four miles of 7 15¾. Had more uniformity of speed in the different miles been preserved, the record, glorious as it is, would have been still faster and more brilliant. It will be observed that the second and third miles were run in 3:32½, which, although not a technical record for that distance, is, as a matter of fact, a quarter of a second faster than than the official recorded two-mile time of Blue Blue and Katie Pease. The last three miles was run in 5:23, which is three seconds faster than his own unequalled record at that distance, made four days before. From the time records of the turf season of 1876, we think we are legitimately justified in our conclusion, that the American racer of the present day, as compared with the racer of the past, so far from degenerating and deteriorating, either in the qualities of speed or endurance, is steadily and surely improving in both.—*Spirit.*

ERIC.

Eric, by Ericsson, dam by John Dillard, grand dam by Gaines' Denmark, has passed into the stable of Mr. Robert Bonner, New York. The sale was made last week by Mr. R. S. Strader, of Lexington, Ky., for Joseph H. Bryan, Esq. Eric is four years old, and is a young horse of both courage and speed. Tuesday, Oct. 17, 1876, he started in the 3:30 class at Lexington against Almont Jr., Lady Prewitt, Paddy, by Mambrino Patchen; Andy Mershon, Pandora, Forest Golddust; Ike, by Almont, and Indianapolis. He won the first heat in 2:34½, lost the second in 2:38¼, the third in 2:30, and won the fourth in 2:34½ and the fifth in 2:32½. Indianapolis acted badly, and was distanced the first heat. Almont Jr., won the second and Lady Prewitt the third heat. Five heats under 2:35 were a strong test of the enduring qualities of the horse. On Thursday, Oct. 19, the third day of the meeting, Eric started against Woodford Chief and Jim, by Curtis Hambletonian, in the race confined to four-year-olds. He was defeated, when it was dollars to cents that he would win. His driver was over-confident, and handled him in a sort of reckless fashion. At the beginning of the race Woodford Chief was the favorite at large odds. Eric surprised every one by leading his most dangerous competitor under the wire by ten lengths and, by trotting the mile in 2:28½. In the second heat the big son of Ericsson took the lead at the start, was never headed, and won in a jog in 2.38½. In the third heat, through careless driving, Eric left his feet on the backstretch, and lost were moved to the highest pitch of excitement. In adding Eric to his stable Mr. Bonner has secured a prize. He is a horse of size, strength, courage and fine action, has the fastest four year old record in the world, and, to use a technical phrase, should train on. Having been handled so little, it is safe to say that he possesses a great deal of latent speed which future training will develop.—*Turf.*

A FISHING ADVENTURE.

A few days ago one of the most remarkable of fishing expeditions occurred down the Lake shore, the like of which has seldom, if ever, been heard of before. It seems that Ben Foulds, of Burlington Beach, near Hamilton, and his men started out at 3 o'clock in the morning to the place where their nets were cast, about ten miles distant. A mile and a half from shore they encountered floating ice and had to work through seven miles of it to get to their buoys. Having arrived there they proceeded to haul in the nets, all of which they found heavily laden with fish, and when the whole thirteen nets were in they found that the marvellous capture amounted to six thousand herrings. With such a cargo there was no wonder that they were afraid to burden the boat with the extra weight of the nets. On returning, they found the floating ice heavier than when going out. The weather was very stormy, isicles formed thick and fast on the boat-mast, sails, and their clothing, and, had the crew not worked laboriously, there is but little doubt that they would never have reached shore to tell the tale. The expedition lasted twenty hours, and when they finally reached *terra firma* they found that their friends and relatives had given them up for lost. A lengthened time beside a roaring fire scarce sufficed to thaw the ice off their overcoats before they could be taken off.

BARRETT OR BRANIGAN?

A correspondent from Detroit to the *Spirit* under date of December 26th, furnishes the following statement respecting a disputed question:

The compiler of the brief biographical sketches of stage celebrites, which form an interesting feature of your valuable Christmas number, has fallen into an error concerning Lawrence Barret. It is stated that the gentleman's real name is Larry Brannagan. This mistake, doubtless, owes its origin to a newspaper paragraph, which annually goes the rounds of the press. Mr. Barrett's early boyhood was spent in Detroit and it was here that he commenced an arduous and bitter struggle for histrionic honors. Many of our citizens well remember the slender stripling and his parents, and can testify positively of their own knowledge that Barrett is his right name. His first engagement was in 1852, as supernumary, at the magnificent salary of $2.50 per week, in the old Metropolitan Theatre (now Theatre Comique) on Jefferson Avenue, and the first speaking part assigned him was Murat, in The French Spy. He was dead letter perfect in his lines; but, when he stepped upon the stage, the glare of the footlights, the presence of a large audience in front, and the novelty of the situation, utterly blinded and confused him. His tongue refused to perform its office, his limbs trembled beneath him, memory was a dead blank, and he was compelled to retire amid the laughter and hisses of the "gods." For the next three months young Barrett could not speak a line of his parts, and was always pushed off the stage in disgrace. Time after time the irate manager ordered him from the theatre, but he would not stay discharged, and, finally, was tolerated as a nuisance that could not be abated. In time, however, he mastered his stage fright, joined a small travelling company that played throughout the interior of Michigan and, step by step, worked his way up to the high and honorable position he now occupies.

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