AT HEADQUARTERS

A Correspondent Visits Newmarket.

THE DWYER-CROKER HORSES

All In Good Fettle Excepting Dobbins.

TRULY A VERY CLASSICAL SPOT

Effect of Shows—The Anti-Gambling League and the English Jockey Club—Stagnant State of the Horse Market—Queen's Plate Speculation — The Maple Leaf Stake—Some English Quotations.

A friend of mine, now in England, writes under date Feb. 23, that having just paid a visit to Newmarket he may perhaps be telling me something interesting in making a few comments on the Dwyer-Croker stable now in Residence at the funny old Cambridgeshire town. He says:

"Though self-possessed and very much in his right mind to all outward appearance, I think Trainer Campbell feels himself rather out of it, and must be wishing he was domiciled again in snug quarters at Brooklyn. His horses are all looking well, though after the American winter fashion they are all in the rough and haven't had a brush on them since they landed six or seven weeks ago. Dobbins is hearty and strong, though cavicular is likely to prevent his showing his true form, and Mr. Croker will not hear of his being nerved. Old Banquet is as round as an apple, and rubbed his beautiful intelligent head against my coat sleeve. Don Alonzo is less of an equine giraffe than he looked when younger, and Harry Reed has greatly furnished and improved. The two-year-olds are of course an unknown quantity, but if looks and breeding go for anything they should pay their way. Stonenell never looked lustier, and seems perfectly sound and fresh, and the horse that holds him over six furlongs will have to be a sprinter of no ordinary merit. I set very little store by all the talk about acclimatization. These horses are experiencing now exactly the weather they would encounter at home, and not one of them shows any effect from their voyage to England. I should say it will be fully two months before any of them are fit to run, and the owners, who are expected early in March, will have to exercise no little self-restraint in that respect. They will have to content themselves with backing English horses in the meantime, and the Liverpool Grand National course will open their eyes to the American and for that matter—Canadian—so-called steeplechases. They will also observe a vast difference between the riding seats of English boys and the humpty-dumpty perch of the lads they have sent over. The style of riding is as different as the shabby rags of the American stable boys are from the dapper get-up of the young jocks who ride the strings of the great Newmarket trainers. In all respects the contrast is sharp and cannot fail to impress the New Yorkers. Campbell's horror at having to pay $35 a ton for hay that his horses are not yet reconciled to is only one of his numerous surprises, high among which appears to be his wonder at the magnificent residences of the leading jockeys, who vie with the trainers in the matter of comfortable establishments and well-kept grounds and gardens. Newmarket in winter, however, is not a patch on its spring and summer coloring, and he doesn't know half the ropes yet.

"One of the first things that greeted my eyes on arrival at the station was a horse car, bearing the legend in gilt letters, "The Earl of Derby," and next it was one "The Earl Cadogan, K.G." Your Ex-Governor-General means to recall the days when his father's Longbow, Canezou, Fazzoletto, Acrobat, and dozens of others made the Knowsley colors feared from Lancashire to Goodwood. These boxes are very neat conveyances for three horses, with a carriage compartment for attendants, all beautifully upholstered. As English stables do not wander about in their entirety as is the way in America, but a few candidates are sent away to the various meetings and return directly their engagements have been run out, these dainty bijou cars are all that is required. What classic ground it all is, and how every yard of it suggests men and horses that have gone over to the majority, after making their names famous in the annals of the Turf.

"I went to the newly-made grave of the Duchess of Montrose, saw the house in which Fred Archer finished his existence, admired the Rous memorial buildings, and wandered through the immense premises occupied by Tattersall for sale purposes. A guest at the Rutland Arms might fancy himself put back a century or more; the funny old court yard, the pictures, and a thousand reminiscences conjured up by nearly every scene that meets the eye, make it a turfite's paradise. The old High-street teams with memories and the walk to its end finishing at the Heath brings you to the time-honored course in five minutes. The stand will not strike strangers as very imposing, but the width of the course regularly bush-harrowed and rolled is grandeur compared with even the spacious stretches of Monmouth. And of course training is not allowed upon it. Altogether to one educated in turf lore a day at Newmarket, out of season, is a joy hardly to be excelled by the outcome of any excursion that can be made in Great Britain, full as it is of historic spots and sacred memorials of old days."

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Last week I ventured to say that the best show dog was not always the best field dog. I will go further and say it is doubtful if a dog kept entirely for show purposes for two or three years would not largely lose his instincts for field purpose. But it would seem that not only is its distinctive power of instinct—of course it might be developed in another direction—likely to deteriorate in a show dog, but that by the prejudices of judges, handed down and fostered from generation to generation, the physical properties, if they do not actually degenerate, at least become greatly changed. Touching upon this point "A Dog-Lover" writes to an English paper: "I am inclined to think that no kind of dog becomes popular on the show bench without losing some of its best characteristics. I was particularly struck with this in looking at the fox-terriers at Islington last week. The modern prize-winner may have the qualities of pluck and intelligence which distinguish the older one, but he has certainly lost the make and shape that we used to associate with this breed. The old terrier had bone and substance, was nicely coupled and had well-arched ribs; while the winner of to-day appears narrow, flat-sided, and is leggy and light of bone. The long, powerful head has grown narrow and snipy, and the true terrier expression has become either sour or soft. The present winners, indeed, look more like rabbit coursers than fox-terriers properly so-called, and are very different from the kennel terriers still to be seen in the Badminton or Berkeley kennels. The Irish terrier, too, seems to be going the same way, and is losing the substance and bone that used to distinguish him. A terrier should be judged in the same way as a hound, and good feet and legs, back and loins, and the power to go and stay should be as indispensable to the one as to the other. It is not, of course, possible under the present conditions of dog shows to test the powers of the dogs, but it is not difficult to recognize the make and shape that are indispensable to action and endurance, and where these are absent no honors should be awarded. I am not among the enemies of dog shows, but I wish the judges would not make idols of particular points to the exclusion of others equally important to the maintenance of the character of the breed."

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My English correspondent says that the trial of the charges made by the Anti-Gambling League against the Jockey Club was the veriest farce. From the first it was apparent no conviction could be obtained. Mr. Poland, the prosecuting counsel, like Mr. D'Alton McCarthy in his remedial argument at Ottawa, appealed rather to sentiment and to prejudice than to law. Not only did the magistrates dismiss the complaint, but they declined to state cases for the higher courts, one against the stewards of the Jockey Club and the other against the bookmakers, for permitting and using the rings at Newmarket for betting purposes. Application was then made for fresh summonses against the stewards and the bookmakers, whereupon the bench decided that the former informations against both had lapsed, and that if fresh summonses were granted fresh informations would have to be made. It was understood that a fresh information would be laid. Effigies of Mr. Hawke were carried about Newmarket when the decision became known, and were afterwards burnt. The whole village turned out to celebrate, the strangest sight being a company of ancient dames who, with snow-white aprons, snow-white caps and cheery, rosy countenances, paraded the streets with an effigy in their midst, cheering in a cackling way and smiling joyfully. My correspondent adds: "You will be surprised to hear that while, doubtless, there was a little extra imbibing, I did not see a single case of drunkenness."

* * *

The horse market is in a desperate way. Poorly bred animals are not wanted at any cost, and the sooner the farmer understands that and ceases to breed them the better for himself and for his pocket. If I had some of the beasts that are sent to auction I would consign them, in charity, to the knacker yard, instead of selling them for a few miserable dollars. They would fetch nearly as much, and would prove infinitely more useful. For good, well-behaved and well-bred horses there is a fair demand, but it cannot honestly be said that the horse market is in any way brisk or satisfactory just now. If I wanted an animal to ride or drive, the present is the time I should choose to look for him. A similar story to that told in Toronto reaches me from New York, where the other day at the American Horse Exchange a team of bay mares, each 15.3, 5 years old and without blemish, went for $235, while a Clay gelding, 16 hands and 6 years old, fetched only $260, the majority of the animals going under $100.

* * *

Speculation on the Queen's Plate has commenced at odds that in several cases are really exceptionally good. Some people are disposed to think that the race is all over but the shouting and that "Seagram's best" has already won. Those who think so had better get on quick, but, for my part, mindful of the old adage about the cup and the lip, I am disposed to think discretion in the case of the Queen's Plate is most emphatically the better part of valor. When the snow is gone and the leaves begin to bud we may know something, but just now no Egyptian darkness could be more profound than in the possibility of forming an adequate judgment of the racing quality of the Queen's Plate candidates. Mr. Seagram's string has, of course, many advantages both as regards handling and as regards class, but with 21 against 4, the odds at all times, in such a race as that for the Queen's Plate, must be with the greater number. Besides, who knows there is not a dark 'un among those yet to be entered? I said last year, and I say this, if I were an owner I would prefer to pay the small extra fee and enter on May 1, rather than on March 1 and have my animal knocked about in the betting in what are called the winter books.

* * *

While the entries for the Queen's Plate, the Breeders' Plate and the Maple Leaf Stake of the Ontario Jockey Club are acknowledged to be as satisfactory as the most sanguine could desire, I have heard some caustic remarks about the showing made by the Stanley Produce Stake. While it is true that the entry list for the revival is not half as large as it was for the original stake, I do not see that there is anything discouraging in the fact. The first stake received a good deal of artificial encouragement. Gentlemen on the other side were solicited to make nominations, and in the generosity of their hearts and under the glamor of conferring a benefit on racing in Canada they consented. The result was a most satisfactory entry, out of which Mr. A. M. Orpen, who was induced thereby to purchase Appomattox, the colt that was placed hors de combat by a train the other day and that won everything for which he went in Canada as a 2-year-old, made the most profit. And Appomattox, having been sold for more thousands than he cost hundreds, did not start for the Stanley Produce after all. As a matter of fact, not one of the foreign entries put in a claim, the quintet that did battle for the handsome guarantee being owned two each at Waterloo and Hamilton, and one virtually in Toronto, that is, at Thorncliffe Manor. On the other hand, this year the stake was allowed to stand on its merits, not a single nomination being solicited either by direct correspondence, outside the general notification, or in person. The people who will receive the most benefit from the revived stake will be the Canadian breeder as it is intended, and to that fact I wish to direct attention in order that next year home-breeders may have a better appreciation of what is being done for them, and may recognize that nominations for the Stanley Produce Stake mean increased value for their foals. I desire also at the same time to emphasize the liberal conditions of the stake, which provide: "If foal not alive July 1, 1895, nomination of mare becomes void; death of nominator does not render entry void; any Canadian-bred foal of 1895 can be entered at any time before July 1, 1895, on payment of $10 instead of $5 for entry of dam." The last is a condition which I hope breeders may yet avail themselves of, especially as in the event of their unhappy demise, and the foal is alive, the nomination becomes of value to their estate.

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Sir John Blundell Maple, furniture man, horseman, M.P., and so on, is not afraid of his convictions. In his address, soliciting election to The London County Council, he said: "I will maintain and encourage recreation, amusement and sport for the people, and will oppose all unnecessary interference with our liberties." There is a declaration as is a declaration, and it brought its reward, for Sir John, with the furniture name as well as the furniture trade, went in with flying colors. How long will it be before some Canadian candidate for public confidence will dare to come out in an equally pronounced and straightforward way?

* * *

An outcome of the anti-gambling agitation in England is "The Bookmakers' Protection Society." The pencillers are asses to thus array themselves against such opinion as directly antagonizes their avocation. The Sporting League was doing all that was necessary for them, and would have continued to do so. Their union will handicap the League without benefitting themselves, especially as any concerted effort towards protection that was necessary was forthcoming in their membership of Tattersall's. It is ever thus when greed and ignorance make a union with liberality. They thwart and check the latter to their own ultimate discomfiture, and few are left to weep. These fools do not understand that a principle is at stake, but doubtless imagine the Sporting League exists for their special benefit, and that they will aid it, whereas they will destroy it, just as men in Canada and in the United States by their methods, by cherishing feelings of antagonism towards gentlemen who made and manage the sport from which they alone directly profit, aye, and live, succeed in crushing at one and the same time the fabric that shelters them and themselves.

* * *

A correspondent says: "Quote for me the latest odds about the Lincolnshire Handicap and Grand National." They follow:

Lincolnshire Handicap, one mile, to be run on Tuesday, March 26—14 to 1 each, Medicis, 5 yrs., 119 lbs.; Amandier, 6 yrs., 115 lbs., and Lottie's Dude—no Yank ever beat that name—3 yrs., 94 lbs.; 20 to 1 each, San Giovanni, 5 yrs., 92 lbs.; El Diablo, 6 yrs., 117 lbs.; Levybub, 3 yrs., 91 lbs., and The Owl, 3 yrs., 90 lbs.; 22 to 1, Sancho Panza, 4 yrs., 94 lbs.; 25 to 1, Carrick, a, 111 lbs.; 33 to 1, Green Lawn, 4 yrs., 102 lbs.

The Grand National, about 4 miles 856 yards, to be run Friday, March 29—5 to 1 against Cloister, aged, 185 lbs.—Cloister will be ridden by his trainer, Escott; 15 to 1, Wild Man from Borneo, a, 151 lbs.; 20 to 1 Aesop, a, 148 lbs.; 20 to 1, Prince Albert, aged, 152 lbs.; 22 to 1, Clanricarde, 6 yrs., 143 lbs.; 33 to 1 each, Westmeath, 6 yrs., 139 lbs.; Covert Side, a, 133 lbs.; Badminton, a, 143 lbs.; Royal Buck, a, 144 lbs.; and March Hare, 6 yrs., 138 lbs.

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Arrangements for the horse show are progressing finely. Mr. William J. Donley has secured lots of extra stable room in Richmond-street west, and will be prepared to accommodate any number of horses, as will also Messrs. Charles Brown and Robert Bond in York-street. The special prize list has been greatly increased during the week, the Governor-General has promised to attend, Mr. Henry Wade has secured temporary offices at 12 Elm-street, where horse show affairs will be attended to, and Mr. S. F. Houston, of the Country and Hunt Club, the secretary of the other part, the M. F. H., George Beardmore, and the treasurer, Mr. Robert Davies, of Thorncliffe Manor, who was the youngest Red Coat ever seen in Canada, are beaming with smiles.

POP.

On Shoeing and Rigging.

Appended will be found some information concerning the shoeing and rigging of four of the good ones campaigned last year, all of which will be of interest to nearly every reader. Phoebe Wilkes, 2.08 1-2, quite the best of the trotting mares in the free-for-all division and a fit competitor for the great Azote, wore in all her races an eight ounce shoe forward, with a three-ounce toe weight and a four-ounce shoe behind. She wore quarterboots, front knee and shinboots behind. An overdraw check was used on her, but McHenry states that she would trot as well without one, as she never touches it. She was driven with a plain snaffle bit covered with rubber. John R. Gentry, 2.03 3-4, after he was placed in McHenry's charge, wore five and one-half ounce shoes in front, three and one-half ounce shoes behind, quarter and tendon boots in front, and coronet boots behind. He wore an overdraw check, not very tightly drawn, and, like Phoebe Wilkes, was rigged in a six-pound harness, and was driven with a plain, rubber-covered snaffle bit. Impetuous, 2.15 3-4, developed by F. E. Driver, though driven to her record by McHenry, wore in her record making miles seven-ounce shoes forward, with two-ounce weights, and five-ounce shoes behind; quarter and elbow boots in front, shinboots and sclpers behind, and a governor check. Indra, 2.39 3-4, the fastest yearling filly of 1894, wore seven-ounce shoes in front with two-ounce toe weights, and a three-ounce shoe behind. She was rigged with quarter boots, front shin and knee boots, hind shin boots and scalpers, overdraw check and standing martingales.—Kentucky Stock Farm.

THE HACKNEY.

His Early History and First Introduction into America—A Hackney the Progenitor of the Trotter.

In all countries and all times people have taken a pride and set a value, real or imaginary, on the remote distance to which their ancestry could be traced. The Briton who, with any show of reason can boast of his lineage being clearly traced back to the Norman invasion, believes himself to be on that account alone much superior to the man whose lineage is obscure, or who knows nothing and cares less regarding his ancestors, even one or two generations back. If, therefore, there is in the human family some advantage in having a long ancestral line fully cleared up and authenticated, there surely is a corresponding advantage when applied to the equine race. Granting this premise, it is an indisputable fact that the Hackney, next to the Arab and thoroughbred, enjoys the distinction of tracing a longer lineage and showing a more unalloyed pedigree, probably, than any other breed we have among us.

The name Hackney, originally spelled Hackeneye, is itself 600 years old, dating back to the invasion of England by William the Conqueror, but for four centuries at least there has existed in England a horse of this class—a horse neither suited for draft purposes nor for racing, but whose natural and only gait has always been a square trot. This old breed, sometimes called nags or trotters, was greatly modified and improved in its character by the introduction of Arabian blood during the first half of the century. The well-known Darley Arabian was imported into England in 1702—nearly 200 years ago—and proved the most important factor in the improvement of England's trotting and racing horses. In examining the genealogy of Hackneys and thoroughbreds we find that the same Arabian sires influenced both breeds in the most marked and beneficial manner, adding quality, speed and endurance to the stouter form and stronger bone of the native British horses. With careful breeding and training during those two centuries, the English thoroughbred has steadily improved, until he is and has long been recognized the world over as in every respect immeasurably superior to the best Arabian.

In like manner the best Hackney breeders of Norfolk and Yorkshire, whose natural abilities and enthusiasm are proverbial, have steadily advanced and in all desirable respects have improved the type of Hackney, but while the breed has in several important respects materially changed, its distinctive character still remains the same.

Exactly 140 years ago the "oroginal Shales" was foaled in Norfolk, England. Nothing is known of his dam except that she was a native trotting mare. The sire of Shales was Blaze, a son of Flying Childers, who in turn was got by the Darley Arabian. This Shales may properly be called the father of the modern Hackney, and the infusion of Arab blood transmitted to him and from him to his numerous descendants was of untold benefit to the Hackney breed. One of his best sons was Scott Shales, foaled 1762.

The fact of such records being kept shows that these horses were appreciated in England even at that early date. On many farms in Norfolk the same strains of Hackney blood can be seen today they have been kept on these farms during those 140 years.

The description, size and measurements given by Lawrence, the historian, in 1796 of a certain black Hackney horse named Sampson coincide almost exactly with those of to-day.

Before the importation of Jary's Bellfounder, sire of Rysdyk's Hambletonian's dam, the following description of this celebrated Hackney was given in England: "Color, bright bay, with black legs, 15 hands high, bred by Rojer Jary, Ashill and Harling, Norfolk, sire Stephen's Bellfounder—Velocity, by Haphazard. Jary's Bellfounder's superior blood, symmetry and action excel every other trotting stallion." He trotted two miles in six minutes when five years old, and the following year was matched for 200 guineas to trot nine miles in 30 minutes, which match he won. His owner afterward challenged to trot 17 1-2 miles in an hour, but was not accepted. In 1806 Velocity, his dam, trotted 16 miles in an hour, going the Norwich-road, and two years later she trotted 28 miles in one hour and 47 minutes. These performances were in the saddle, of course. After importation to this country by James Booth of Boston, in 1822, Bellfounder stood at Charlestown, Mass., for six years, and was then taken to New York State, and died on Long Island when 27 years old. He sired many excellent trotters, the chief of which was the Charles Kent mare, dam of Hambletonian 10. Aldeu Goldsmith describes Bellfounder as having "very high and attractive knee-action, full of game and metal, but very controllable." His grandson, Hambletonian, inherited the same kind of action and the same disposition, although his own sire, Abdallah, was by no means good-tempered.

Mr. Minchen, one of New York's oldest horsemen, says, "Abdallah sired a great many colts, but he sired only one that had the power to transmit speed, and that was Hambletonian. And why? Simply because they were not out of Bellfounder mares. Bellfounder himself was a trotter, his daughter, the Charles Kent mare, was a trotter, and through her influence, and no other, we have the phenomenal time-beater of the world. The dam of Belmont was out of a mare by Brown's Bellfounder, son of imp. Bellfounder, and Belmont not only produced trotters himself, but transmitted the ability to produce them also."

Such testimony is, of course, most valuable evidence of the Hackney's prepotency, and it shows more clearly than anything else, perhaps, that this ability to get colts that could trot also in those early days was a strong characteristic of the Hackney horse 75 years ago. Had more good Hackney stallions been imported from that time forward, I do not think the trotting records would be lower than they are now, but I do believe that the general character of American roadster stock would have been greatly superior for all practical purposes and much more valuable than it is to-day.

ALEX GALBRAITH.

Cakes for Horses.

A discovery of some importance has just been looked into by some cavalry of the Austrian cavalry and some stock farm owners. It is that of a new compound which is to be used as an element in the feed of horses. An analysis was made by the Agricultural Experimental Laboratory of Vienna, and gave 69.75 of pure proteine, which corresponds to 10.85 of azote or nitrogen, which is a strong proportion. By means of machinery a mixture is made of blood, flesh and barley, previously pounded in a mortar, which is then dried by being subjected to a heating process, just sufficient not to rob the blood of any of its properties. This second operation gives a kind of thin gray powder, known under the name of robur, which is spread on the usual amount of fodder given to the animals. From two to five ounces of this powder are sufficient per head and per day, and is fed to cavalry horses, race horses and draft horses, who eat it willingly. This powder seems to invigorate horses, and gives their coat a fine appearance. The manufacturers are just now very busy making this powder into cakes.

ALL SORTS OF SPORT

A gentleman who knows Canada and Canadians well, having been a resident here for some years, writes me from London: "I get The Sunday World regularly and enjoy reading it as much as any paper I know of. In a number published some time ago I saw a reference to the Argonaut Rowing Club sending a crew over here to row at Henley. Recently I have seen nothing about it. Has the idea been abandoned? We were all looking forward to a regular invasion from your side this year, but it seems now we are to be the invaders, that is, athletically. The London Athletic Club is going to send over to you the strongest team that can be got together. Since Oxford unexpectedly beat Yale last year, our people regard themselves as athletically invincible. They have forgotten all about the lessons Myers and Meek taught them half a score of years ago and Gray, Mitchell, Queckberner, Carter, Conneff, Jordan, Page and Ford at subsequent visits. In vain do I raise my voice against over-confidence. I cry in the wilderness and no man heedeth. I was talking to a London A.C. member the other day, to several members in fact, and I was told that an invitation had been received to visit Toronto. They wanted to know what kind of a place it was that 'Hanlan and O'Connor came from.' They had always heard good oarsmen were turned out there, but had never heard anything about any general athletics. I couldn't tell them much, for as a matter of fact I never knew that you had any cracks to speak of. Have you? You are silent about them in your writings if you have. I suppose you have heard all about Harding's victory over Sullivan. From what is said round the club (my friend belongs to the London R.C.) I judge it was the worst kind of a fluke, and that if the two come together again Sullivan will as certainly win as that the Thames flows under Putney bridge. All our fellows will back him with just as much confidence as they did before. The postponement from Monday to Saturday told more on Sullivan than it did on Harding and the former became disheartened when he got in among the ice. He had not been used to that kind of thing and didn't take kindly to it at all. He is willing to agree to almost anything if Harding will give him another chance, the Thames to be the scene of the battle this time. Harding wants to row on the Tyne again, but Sullivan positively declines. I think a match will be made, even if Sullivan has to concede odds in the stakes, and you know he is not over generous in that respect. Why doesn't Gaudaur come over and take Mr. Harding on the hip? He could just coin money if he could win. You don't know what a fillip the little un's prowess has given to the interest in rowing. Everybody here is talking of him as the best thing in since Hanlan's time. Harding is good and plucky an dwill never give in, but I doubt if he is the real wonder the majority of us here are disposed to think him. At any rate a match between him and Gaudaur would attract attention that only a few months ago was impossible. One thing and from him to his numerous descendants was of untold benefit to the Hackney breed. One of his best sons was Scott Shales, foaled 1762.

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the feats were of which I speak, where they were performed, and how they compare with the recognized records. That they may be possessed of the desired information I have prepared the following tables:

MR. McLENNAN'S PERFORMANCES.

Weight of Hammer.	Distance Thrown.	Place.	Year.
21-lb (without run).	91 ft 7 in.	Toronto	1872
21-lb (with run).....	130 ft 4 in.	Toronto	1872
16-lb (with run).....	120 ft	Pr. Ed. Is.	1865
12-lb (with run).....	216 ft	Cornwall	1865
10-lb (with run).....	225 ft	Buffalo	1865
56-lb (weight)	37 ft	Toronto	1872

RECOGNIZED RECORDS.

Performance	Weight	Distance	Place	Year
*C A Qu'ckb'rn'r.	21 lb.	81 ft 3 in.	Staten Is.	1888
G H Hales.....	16 lb.	138 ft 3 in.	Lon. Eng.	1876
W L Coudon.....	12 lb.	164 ft 2 in.	Eli'b'th'find	1892
W L Coudon.....	10 lb.	167 ft 2 in.	Pe'ry'man	1894
J S Mitchell.....	56 lb.	36 ft 6 in.	Philadel'ia	1888

*Without run; no record with run.

The differences in favor of Mr. McLennan are: 21 lbs. (without run) 10 ft. 4 in.; 16 lb., 41 ft. 9 in.; 12 lb., 51ft.10 in.; 10 lb., 117 ft. 10 in.; 56 -lb weight, 6 inches.

It cannot be denied that the methods of throwing the hammer 30 years ago were altogether different to what they are now and that the records are far more scrupulously kept to-day than they were in the past ages, and that for those causes comparisons are unfair and in fact impossible except, perhaps, as regards the 21-lb. and the 56-lb.; but the differences between the recognized records of Messrs. Queckberner, Hales, Coudon and Mitchell, and the unrecognized records of Mr. McLennan, are so great that they amply warrant the belief that the present Major and M. P. was in his day far and away the mightiest athlete that ever stood on a field. It must also be borne in mind that Mr. McLennan did not, as men do now, make a specialty of one weight and one style, but used all weights and all styles. If not put in the regular columns of recognized records the feats, as I have said, are certainly entitled to stand among the "Remarkable Performances," and in that opinion Messrs. Alexander Muir, David Walker, William Christie and W. D. McIntosh, the Otter and many other gentlemen who were to the front in Caledonian sports a quarter of a century ago, and saw the feats performed, will most thoroughly bear me out.

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Those were braw days, not only for professional athletes, but for Caledonian societies and all things Scotch. Turning up The Globe of Aug. 9, 1870, I find that on the previous day the second annual gathering and games of the Caledonian Society of Toronto took place on the Exhibition (then called Crystal Palace) grounds, that 29 events were on the program; that the Queen's Own and Grenadier bands were both engaged and that one played dance music all day; that Donald Dinnie was present in full force; that the Hon. George Brown, the president, was everywhere; that he was assisted by Messrs. William Christie, sr., and jr., James Michie, W. D. Otter (then major in the Q. O. R.) A. Smith, V. S., John Ritchie, John Torrance, Duncan Forbes, W. D. McIntosh, Alex Muir, John Hendrie, Hugh Miller, Capt. Gardner, Col. Campbell, Thomas Loudon, David Walker and others, who with the Hon. L. Macpherson, divided the responsible positions of judges and referees, there being two dozen of these officials, all told. The Hon. D. L. Macpherson was referee in the dancing contests. At the luncheon in the afternoon the Hon. John Sandfield Macdonald proposed the health of the president, the Hon. George Brown, and among the others at the table were: Hon. D. L. Macpherson, Hon. M. C. Cameron, Mr. Wallis, M. P., Mr. Gray, M. P., Angus Morrison, M. P., D'Arcy Boulton, "president" of the City Council, J. D. Edgar, Ald. Baxter, Ald. Dickey, Professor Wilson, LL. D., William Nelson of Edinburgh, Col. Gilmor, Donald McKay, H. H. Cook, M. P., Mr. Craig, M. P., and Captain Dick. The prizes were presented at a concert in the Horticultural Gardens in the evening before 1500 people. Among the prize winners were Mr. C. H. Bigger, who took first in the standing broad jump with 9 feet 7 1-2 inches, and second in the hitch and kick, kicking 7 feet 6 inches, the winner, one Russell doing 8 feet 8 inches. Mr. Bigger, I might remark, holds the running long jump record, with weights, to this day at 23 feet 3 3-4 inches, although at Buffalo in 1865 Mr. R. R. McLennan was credited with having covered 23 feet 7 inches. Rightly or wrongly measured Mr. McLennan, who was then 23 years of age, must have made a marvelous jump for a man weighing 205 pounds and standing 6 feet 2 inches in height.

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There was a good deal of challenging and counter-challenging for a thousand and two thousand dollars a side, between Mr. R. R. McLennan and Donald Dinnie during 1870 and '71, but they could not agree on styles. The former wanted a match at both styles, but the latted insisted on his own or none. If Dinnie would throw in old Scotch style Mr. McLennan expressed his willingness to give him 50 feet of an advantage in two throws. So hard put to it was Dinnie that at a gathering in Toronto, to save his reputation he asked Mr. McLennan to let him win with the light hammer, and the latter consented, withdrawing from the competition and saying why. Dinnie continued to travel and to talk. In 1872 he was hired at £60 a month to compete in the Caledonian games in America. He came to Toronto, but couldn't be dragged into a competition, claiming he had hurt his arm. Mr. McLennan, who, it should be stated, never made a business of athletics and only took in the games for his own delight, being even then a railway contractor of high standing, expressed his willingness to agree to anything if Dinnie would make a match, but Donald was too canny. It was at the Caledonian gathering in this year that Mr. McLennan made his records with the 21-lb. hammer and 56-lb. weight, the former being for a gold medal given by the Hon. D. L. Macpherson, and the latter for a similar medal given by the Hon. George Brown. Dinnie and James Fleming of Edinburgh, his side partner, under whose watchful and jealous eyes the measuring was done, there and then acknowledged that Mr. McLennan had easily beaten all records. At this meeting Major Sam Hughes, now M. P., won the mile race in 4.58 against eight other competitors, Mr. Harry Piper won a boys' race; C. H. Biggar won the standing high jump at 4 feet 7 inches, R. N. Harrison coming second an inch lower; (Ex-Ald.) E. Verral won the running hop, step and jump at 41 feet 3 inches, against 13 others; C. H. Biggar took the standing broad jump at 9 feet 10 inches; C. H. Biggar was second to Charles Burns in the 200 yard race; Turnbull Smith was first in wrestling; Charles Burns captured the hurdle race and Mr. T. C. Patteson presented a cricket ball and $5 for the longest throw with the ball, J. Storey winning with 98 yards 2 feet 6 in., Robert Wilson being second with 89 yds. 2 ft. 6 in. Trusting that these reminiscences of the mighty men of old may prove interesting I take leave of them for the present.

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It is my pleasant duty to congratulate Mr. J. F. Snetsinger, proprietor and editor of The Canadian Sporting News, on the first number of that journal, which is now before me. Typographically it could undoubtedly be improved upon, and Mr. Snetsinger himself says it will be, but in all other respects it is difficult to see where anything is short. All branches of sport are well and interestingly covered by men who are apparently thoroughly up in their subjects, are, in fact, specialists, something that they must be to be thorough. A good deal of space is given up to the turf, of which Syphax, the name of a writer well known to readers of The Empire, has the able control. A particularly valuable feature of this department is a complete list of all the horses in training, or that will be in training, in Canada. The paper, it should be said, is aptly illustrated. On the first page are portraits in group, with sketches of their careers, of the members of the newly organized Toronto Baseball Club. On another page is a good picture of Canada's champion trotting mare, Clara K., while on page 6 is a portrait of Mr. George H. Orr, a veteran bicyclist, as things go, and the most popular of them all; and on page 8 an admirable two-column likeness of "the most prominent Canadian on the stage," Mr. Franklin McLeay. The bicycling department, edited by another old Empire man, is most complete, and when it is stated that the dramatic department is in the hands of "the foremost critic and most entertaining writer on things theatrical in Canada," it must not by any means be understood that the table of virtues of the new paper has been exhausted. Important points are that the journal is in clever hands, has plenty of financial backing, and is to be pushed for all it is worth, correspondents having been secured all over the country, whose efforts to supply entertaining matter and to secure subscriptions will be supplemented by a corps of traveling agents. If under such auspices the paper cannot be made to go, then there is no adhesiveness, no appreciation and no patriotism among Canadian lovers of sport.

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His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. seems to have decided that Catholic priests should not cycle. He considers it indecorous for a priest in a "soutane" to be seen straddling on a bicycle or tricycle; and he is utterly against cycling as means of locomotion for priests engaged in their parish rounds. The wisdom of "infallibility" is, of course, not to be questioned. I venture, however, to submit that the use of donkeys on the part of rural priests in Italy, Spain and elsewhere has been sanctioned from time immemorial; and that the utility of the humble ass is not without support in the New Testament itself. Now, is it any more ridiculous or indecorous for a priest to carry the Viaticum to a dying patient living at a distance on a bicycle or tricycle than on a donkey? Cycling machines were unknown in Palestine, but if they had been I have no doubt they would have been utilized.

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An agitation is abroad for the extension of the close season to black bass. On the one hand the government is pestered to make the fish laws coincide with those of our neighbors on the other side of the boundary streams, while on the other it is urged to extend the close season and make the regulations stricter. If that International Fishing Association that was formed at the Izaak Walton tercentenary celebration eighteen months ago with so much flourish of trumpets would but get together and make recommendations that bore the stamp of general approval, there doubtless something would be done; but if the government listened to every little deputation, the fish laws in the Dominion would speedily become as changeable and unsatisfactory as the game laws of the province, which are enforced in the city and ignored in the country.

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That best and most elaborate of publications devoted to sport, Outing, is to hand for March. As usual, it is replete with captivating excellence, I am a little late, but I wish to congratulate Outing upon its enterprise in sending William Sachtleben and a searching party to discover the fate of poor Lenz, the bicyclist who vanished a year ago in the country of the Kurds. The story of his travels and disappearance is best told in the pages of the magazine, and, therefore, will not be repeated here.

CHIPS.

A Religious Horse.

A Dexter man has a mare that knows several things, and among other accomplishments apparently can tell the day of the week. The other Sunday, the gentleman hitched up and having assisted his wife into the carriage, got in himself. He was busied for a moment in arranging the robe, and before he had taken up the reins the horse started out of the yard into the street. His purpose was to attend church, and as the horse took the direction he decided to let her go without guiding, to see what she would do.

The route is altogether different from that taken in the week-day driving. He left the reins hanging on the dasher, but nevertheless was carried as straight to the church as he would have gone if he had reined his horse.

Without a word, when she had turned up to the church door and the carriage was in position at the steps, the mare stopped for her master to alight.

A Dixmont man has one to tell that is fully as odd as the foregoing. He had a young horse called Dick, evidently possessed of brains and talent to do funny things. He had a barnyard surrounded by a high fence, and into this he turned the animal soon after he bought him. Dick sniffed around for a while and then bounded out of the enclosure and went racing down the high