

made on behalf of the colony by Sir Charles Tupper reflect great credit upon his enterprise and public spirit, and there can be no doubt that the recognition given yesterday to his efforts by his Royal Highness will tend considerably to advance greatly the interests of the fine country he represents.

THE CLYDESDALE CROSS QUESTION.

HIGH KNEE ACTION—MR. DOUGLAS HAS THE FLOOR.

LIVERPOOL, 18th July, 1885.

To the Editor of THE CANADIAN BREEDER.

It would never do to allow you to fire the last shot at me, so let me once more analyse your remarks on myself and the now happily rather celebrated "Clydesdale cross" question in your issue of June 26th.

I must premise my remarks by saying I fear the springs must have got out of order in the editor's easy chair, or his supper (on the evening previous to writing on my *presumed theory*) must have been, let us say, indigestible, otherwise surely his pen would not have emitted so much bile.

If, as he says, my proposed cross is by no means new, let us have some particulars. Where, when, and by whom have these crosses been tried? My contention was that it was absolutely impossible that such crosses could long since have been tried in the States, and I had good reason to know what I was talking about, as not more than thirteen years ago I took considerable numbers of Canadian-bred draught stallions to the States, principally Illinois and Iowa, and so scarce were such animals that I could then sell these half-breds for considerably more money than thoroughbred imported horses bring to-day. And at the Grand Rapids, Mich., State Fair in 1872, I think I had the only imported draught horse in the Fair; his name was "Highland Chief," and at that time he weighed about 1,900. This weight seemed preposterous to the Michiganders, so much so that he was ruled out of competition, being considered too big, and I was the same evening offered \$100 to put him in a tent for exhibition. This I declined, and came home disgusted. All this goes to show how much people in the Western States (now the home of draught horses) knew about Clyde stallions 12 years ago. Then look at the Centennial in Philadelphia. The gold medal was given to a half-bred Canadian draught stallion, and exhibitors of heavy horses were pestered morning, noon, and night with absurd questions as to the suitability of these, to them, newly found animals. Consequently I say it is impossible that the cross has been intelligently tried in the States.

In the next place, I am accused of having an axe to grind and of writing in the interest of Shires and Clydesdales. To show how utterly silly and foolish such an accusation is I have only to refer you to your own advertising columns, where you will find I am ready and willing to purchase all kinds of stock on commission. Had I stock for sale I should say so;

as a matter of fact, however, I have not a hoof, and in consequence am not in need of a grindstone. This ought to be sufficient to show I am not prejudiced, and I think I can give good and sufficient reasons for selecting Clydesdale mares in preference to your favorite Percherons and Suffolks. I gave my objections to both in my last, but I think in the case of the Suffolks I omitted to say that here in England they are to be had in Suffolk, and in Suffolk only, and there they will remain. They are not favorites anywhere, and consequently have never found their way out of their own county to any appreciable extent. As to the Percherons, I have this to add, that had it not been for the touting of one or two influential Twenty-fourth street dealers and another feeling I will now describe, they never would have gained what little notoriety they have. The feeling I refer to is this. Americans of all classes some years ago, whenever they made a start for Yurup, passed through England with all possible speed and never pulled up till they got to Paris. When there they saw these everlasting grey horses from morning to night, and grew to believe that they were unequalled. When ready to return to the States our American friends were bent on passing through England with all possible expedition again, and had it not been for seeing a few cart horses about the Liverpool docks, they would have returned home thinking the Percherons were the only draught horses in the world. Once arrived in America, they were never tired of trumpeting all sorts of buncomb about Paris and its Percherons, so that when these wonders really arrived in America people thought they must have them anyhow.

This is fast righting itself, and will continue to do so. The Americans acted in ignorance and have to pay through the nose for their experience.

I see you finish up your article by saying grey is as good as any other color. Of course we all know the old saying, "A good horse is never a bad color." That is *Theory*; but *Practice* says bay or brown, and both breeder and dealer will say the same, for somehow people will regard their pockets in these little matters. Allow me in conclusion to compliment Mr. St. George on his logical deductions in his letter to you of the 26th. His letter I consider capital from start to finish, and the effect of crossing in other animals most conclusive.

In speaking of C. I. D. in your letter on *High Knee Action* allow me to suggest it would have been clearer to your readers had you put C. I. Douglas, and further to remark that he is not ashamed of what he wrote, and to add that good animals with action will, in England, out-sell trotters twice over, even though told by THE BREEDER that "*Practical horsemen*" ship trotters to advantage. Again, I say, who are they, where are they? Should you be a bit short of information on that head I fancy I could supply you with some.

Yours truly,

C. I. DOUGLAS.

FIXING UP OLD HORSES.

From the Chicago Herald.

People who make a living by selling old horses for young ones, by means of clever devices for freshening their appearance and concealing their defects, are known to the police and sporting fraternity as "copers." Their tricks and methods by which an old horse or diseased one is rejuvenated and "fixed up" so as to look like a five-year-old, until the bargain is completed, are so numerous that it would require a book to describe them.

In attracting customers the "coper" resorts to the advertisement columns of the daily papers. He announces to "bona fide and cash customers" some astounding prodigy of horse-flesh which must be sold for next to nothing on account of the financial embarrassment of the owner, the death of the head of the family, removal from the city, or some such plausible reason. The advertisement also sets forth that the animal is warranted to be what is represented—in fine, the wording of the announcement is such as to make the average reader believe in the honesty of the troubled owner of the horse without the shadow of a doubt.

The class of horses upon which the "coper" operates is known to the "horse jockey" by the slang term of "Adam." It is an aged equine of some blood, but sadly betraying the ravages of time. To cover up the latter temporarily until the animal has changed owners, and until the price is paid, is the scientific achievement of the "coper." For instance, the horse's teeth will slant outward at a most acute angle, a well-known sign of equine senility. He will have deep depressions over the eyes, which also give him a very ancient appearance, and finally he will show white hair all over his coat. To get rid of these signs of going down the hill the "coper" resorts to various tricks. By means of a file he speedily reduces the teeth of the "old critter" to the length of those of a five-year-old, and by a clever process, called "bishopsing," he manages to imitate the dark marks or cavities which are to be found on the biting edges of all young horse's teeth. This is done by a hot iron, which burns out a cavity in the tooth, making the latter look like the real thing, at least to the uninitiated or casual observer.

Hair dye of all conceivable shades, and mixed upon scientific principles, reduces the white hair which has been bleached by the exposure of years, to the prevailing color of the coat of the "hoss." The third process indulged in by the "coper" is that of "gypping," or "puffing the glims." It is as important as the manipulation of the teeth, because it gives the features of the animal a youthful appearance. The sunken cavities over the eyes are treated in this manner: The loose skin, which in very old horses nearly drops over the eyes, is punctured, and the "cooper" proceeds to blow up the hollows either with his lips or with a small bellows constructed for the purpose. The fine punctures close up readily, the depression is obliterated, and in its place a smooth brow of youthful appearance is seen.

As has been remarked, all these attempts to renew the "old Adam" are of a very transitory nature, but they last long enough to deceive the purchaser. The latter is only too eager to bite at a bargain which, to all outward appearances is a very profitable one. The price is immensely cheap, and consequently the guarantee is not very closely looked after. The horse is taken to the buyer's stable, where, after being groomed the next morning, the animal looks as if a score of winters had passed over his head in one night.