

force of iron machinery, and the race was won. What he performed in the race will be better understood when it is known that his partner was only so much weight in the boat. His appearance is too well known to require a description here; I will only say that to be convinced of the massiveness of his muscle he must be seen stripped. Under ordinary circumstances he does not appear so much larger than other men. "Is that Courtney?" said a person who saw him for the first time, at Greenwood lake of sorrowful memory. "I thought Courtney was a large man?" "Come down and see him strip," said a backer; he did so and was lost in wonder and superlatives over the champion's arm. Most of his fellow townsmen wish him all possible success in the great aquatic season now about to open. Courtney has nothing of the gambler about him, none of the bad qualities often found in racing and sporting men. He is a good citizen and an honest friend, and would not beggar his neighbors to enrich himself. He cannot be bought, for it has been tried unsuccessfully, and his word is good. Whenever he has promised to do his best to win a race, his friends have gone confidently and bought all the pools on him they could, and never had cause to regret so doing. Of course, there are people in this village who would like to see Courtney defeated, especially those among who acknowledge with bad grace that the only significance of Union Springs is its being the home of America's champion oarsman. It seems but a very few years since he lived in our midst a poor boy, unnoticed and unknown, and our men of wealth, of education, and of eminent respectability; men who have carried the heavy responsibility of village office on their shoulders, and have been prominent on election day; men who have objected to his becoming connected with their families because their station in life was so much higher than his, are growing disgusted with an indiscriminating public that elevates mere brawn and muscle into the light and glory of world-wide fame and leaves intellectual power and eminent respectability in the shadow of neglect. However, they console themselves with arguing that his renown is only the renown of a "Goldsmith's Maid" or a "Dexter," and that though a man is no oarsman he may be more a man "for a' that." It may be true that Courtney is no intellectual giant although a physical one, but he has a good heart and his head is strong enough not to be apparently much turned by the fame he has achieved. He is about the same to those who know him best as he always has been. The only complaints his friends make of him are that he is rather obstinate about having his own way, too silent in his plans and opinions, and too eager to exhibit his capabilities on all occasions, thereby seriously damaging his prospects for money-making; but these tendencies are the result of his temperament, which is one of those peculiar ones, where a species of bashfulness, strong will, power, great sensitiveness to the opinion of others, and intense but undemonstrative desire for fame are mingled. That unfortunate Greenwood lake affair—how it occurred is pretty generally understood here I believe—and the disparaging newspaper comments worried him greatly, until the stain on his fair name was washed out in the waters of Owego, last autumn. Courtney has but few peculiarities that I am aware of. His time is now employed in rowing, walking, working in his shop and beautifying his home.—*Union Springs Correspondence of Rochester Democrat.*

One secret of O'Leary's success in the great pedestrian tournament is told, in a recent letter from Sir John Astley to *Sporting Life* in London. He says that the American had India rubber and leather alternately fixed on the heels of his boots, which materially counteracted the hardness of the track after it had got set, and he had an ample supply of the best made boots, whereas the other competitors had most of them ill made boots and shoes, and very few had two pairs, and many not even a change.

PARTIAL MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT.

Any careful observer, passing along our busier thoroughfares, or happening into any country town on market day, or any where else where men congregate, can hardly have failed to notice that while there are many strong ones and many hearty ones, there are very few who are either thoroughly erect or well proportioned throughout. And when it is remembered that the large majority of men in this country are sons of farmers, merchants, mechanics or laborers, it is not difficult to account for this one-sidedness of build and indifferent carriage. For, while the farmers work is vigorous and in the open air, far the greater part of it, and especially the harder part of it, constantly uses his back, and does little for his front, and particularly for the front of his chest. Mowing stoops him over and rounds his back; so do spading, and hoeing, and weeding, and lifting of nearly every sort. His back grows thick and strong, perhaps massive; so do some of the muscles of the arms, of his abdomen, and of his legs, until they soon so outstrip the others that his spine, getting once crooked from being so long and so firmly held in one position, never gets out of it day or night. While his whole work strengthens, it also stiffens him. He is seldom a good walker, the habit of always hitching up, though the errand is to a place hardly a mile away, contributing to this stiffness, found, as it usually is, with an incorrect position as he rides, so unlike, by-the-way, that which is so common among the English stage-drivers, who elicited praise from Emerson for their dignified grandfatherly air.

Few of the mechanical arts are any more favorable to symmetrical development and uprightness of carriage. The blacksmith, like the farmer, works some muscles tremendously; those of his hands, of one of his shoulders, and of one of his arms, for instance; but his legs are often indifferent, and his loins nothing great, while, in common with hosts of mechanics, his work is not done in the open air. Painters and plasterers have good wrists; carpenters plane and saw and drive nails well with their right hands; masons with backs bent, lift heavy stones, which, with one of their hands, they have chiselled into shape for their purpose; shoe-makers hoop their backs rather more successfully than any other trade; and the jewellers, composers, and all who do the finer lighter work, would never, merely by their daily toil, develop into well-built, erect men if they kept at it for a thousand years. Men in mercantile life sit or stand many hours each day, are frequently burdened with important and trying work, have so many irons in the fire as to get no rest, and at the end of the day find themselves thoroughly exhausted, and in humor for any thing but vigorous muscular exertion. If their work calls them out much, it uses their legs only, leaving their arms idle, and so keeping the development but partial. The spade, the pick, and the bar of the laboring man keep him stooped over in spite of all he can do, and he lives and dies, as Charles Read described him in his admirable sketch of the brave blind swimmer of the Scottish firch, James Lambert—a man with a slouch in his gait.—*Wm. Blake, in Harpers Magazine for May.*

A PROTEAN PREACHER.

There has been quite a sensation in Milbrook, Ont., over the arrival of a party styling himself "The Reverend A. N. Experidon, a Bulgarian Monk of the Greek Church of Jerusalem," which title no doubt, is as correct as high-toned, but sounds as mixed or if I were to describe a well known resident of this neighborhood as "Archdeacon Muggins, a Græco-Italian Admiral from Cork." The Reverend gentleman appears in a few and long Jewish gaberdine, and wears his Hyacinth locks in long curls over his shoulders. They must turn out some queer shape from that Jerusalem Monastery, if the Rev. Experidon is a sample; and certainly they must have different ideas from what is popular supposed in this country to be conduct becoming of the cloth. He went fishing in the morning (which is harmless enough), and appeared delighted at catching a dish of snub sufficient to dine all the guests at Crocker's Hotel that day. In the afternoon he gave an exhibition of his marvellous skill with a fowling piece, shooting at two dozen eggs thrown into the air, without missing a single shot. He then offered to bet, at first an even \$50; and when that was no go, \$75 to \$50, that he could kill thirty-three out of thirty-six

in our opinion, that it bears about the same comparison to pigeon shooting, as bagatelle does to billiards. The one is amusement for boys, the other for men. What a thrill goes through one when the string of a pigeon trap is pulled, and your bird, with sturdy wings, flies like a rock up and away. Then comes in eyesight, muscle and nerve, that shoot at balls so long as will, you can never attain so much success as a shot, as at the pigeon trap. When your bird falls after a quick and difficult shot, the feeling is akin to that which you feel, after a successful shot in the field, and to which a smashing of a ball, no matter of what material, is but the tamest sport in comparison. Pigeons for us, first, last, and all the time.—*Turf.*

THE BIG TROTTING CIRCUIT.

EFFECTS OF THE POOL BILL.

The Utica Herald of last week has the following article:

There is every reason for believing that the quadrilateral trotting circuit will not be in existence this year, and there will be no regular meetings in Cleveland, Buffalo, Rochester, Utica, Poughkeepsie, Fleetwood, Springfield or Hartford. We are led to this opinion from conversations with gentlemen deeply interested in turf matters. It is generally understood that the Fleetwood, Poughkeepsie and Rochester Associations are bankrupt, or virtually so. The Cleveland Association was the only one that made money on the last circuit meeting. The Hampton Park Association, of Springfield, is in a bad way. The Buffalo Association, which has been the most prosperous in the past, is now weak and uncertain and, it is well known that the gentlemen of the Utica Park Association have not reaped a rich reward for their large investments. Thus far no arrangements have been made for the circuit, while in former years, grand stand and other privileges were leased before this time. The reason is the passage of the bill prohibiting the sale of pools has taken the very life out of the trotting business. It is claimed that horse trots without betting can not gain enough local support in the various cities to compensate for the absence and patronage of the men who follow the races for the purpose of investing their money in the chances of the pool box. While some States allow pool selling, owners of horses will not go to the expense of entering for one or two pool meetings, and stand the chances for the purses only in the others. If the Legislature of this State would repeal the pool bill, trotting interests might possibly revive and the circuit be opened.

A GRAND JURY REPORT.

Grand Juries will do well to follow the example set them by the grand jury at the recent county of York assizes, which brought in the following recommendation: "Several cases have been brought before them connected with prosecution under Acts for the regulation of sales of liquors. While the Grand Jury are most fully alive to the importance of temperance to the well-being of the community, and feel that every support must be given to the laws which have been enacted for regulating liquor sales, or for imposing restraint against the evils of drunkenness, they feel also that the system of employing whiskey informers is open to grave abuse. It would appear that in some cases parties are led on to violate the laws by the very persons who afterwards lay the information, and however great may be the vice of drunkenness, a vice which cannot be palliated, yet they wish to express their decided opinion, that the cause of temperance is not furthered by such practice, and that the evils arising therefrom are not unfrequently greater than the original offence." In reply, Hon. Mr. Justice Galt said he heartily agreed with the opinion expressed by the Grand Jury in regard to the evil influence exerted by the employment of whiskey informers.

A CURIOUS CASE.

Mr. F. B. Farnsworth, formerly of Paris, Ont., writes to the Chicago Field from Washington, D. C., as follows:—

A week ago last Monday I received from Mr. Von Gulin, of Delaware City, a brace of Field Trial setter puppies by Garlowitz, out of Queen

we all beautifully bred, and the best of the foals, which have been dropped this spring, give promise of turning out high-class yearlings. A foal by him, out of Leonie, by Newminster, is described as the best looking youngster born at Easton this year. As the old horse could not only go fast but stay, and, in addition, had a constitution such as few racehorses can boast of, to say nothing of his wonderful limbs, there is every reason to expect that he will, in a year or two, make his mark at the stud.

BEAUCLERC BREAKS DOWNS.

THE DERBY FAVORITE SCRATCHED.

A cable despatch from London, dated April 24, says:—Mr. C. Perkins's brown colt Beauclerc, by Rosicrucian, dam Bonny Bell, the winter favorite for both the 2,000 Guineas and the Derby, has broken down and has been struck out of both engagements.

Beauclerc was being trained by W. T. Anson, Jr., at Malton. He was bred by Mr. T. Anson's father, who sold the colt when a yearling to Mr. Perkins for 1,050 guineas. There is no better bred colt in England, his sire, Rosicrucian, being by Beadsman, out of Madame Eglantine, by Cowi, a son of Bay Middleton, out of Crucifix, while his dam, Bonny Bell, is by Voltigeur, out of Queen Mary (dam of Blink Bonny), by Gladiator, out of a Plenipotentiary mare by Myrrha. Beauclerc is a brown colt, and stands 15 hands 3 inches. He has a good head, neck and shoulders, strong back and loins, and very muscular quarters. His legs, however, were scarcely as good, and it was noticed that when he won the Middle Park Plate last October he ran in bandages. He won that race so easily, however, that he was at once installed the favorite for the Derby, a position he has held ever since, as little as 2 to 1 having been accepted against him for the Guineas, and 9 to 2 against him for the Derby. With Beauclerc out of the way, Lord Londale's Pilgrimage, the winner of the Dewhurst Plate, will no doubt be installed favorite for the Guineas, with Childerie and Insulaire close up. For the Derby Sir Joseph (by Pero Gomez, out of Prosperity) will find many friends, and may possibly become the favorite.

OVER-REACHING IN HORSES.

In reply to an enquiry in the New York Times whether there was any cure for over-reaching in horses, the following is given:

A sure way of removing this unpleasant falling in the movement of a horse, in a majority of cases, is to shorten the toe of the front shoes. By this arrangement the horse will pick up his fore feet quicker and the hind feet slower—thus accomplishing just what is wanted. If a quarter of a second of time is thereby gained, the fore foot will be clear out of the way of the hind foot, with its elongated toe.

We owned a valuable horse once subject to over-reaching. He was taken in hand by several experienced shoers, and every one adopted the erroneous method recommended by our New York contemporary. Being in the stable one day, we sat down upon a chair, after examining the shoes, to devise some way to cure the animal of this defect; and the conclusion we arrived at led to insisting upon the shoes following our instructions, the result of which was a complete success. Now and then a new shoe would not be aware of this over-reaching, and would shoe in the old way, when the over-reaching was as bad as ever until the shoes were removed. We had another horse cured in the same way, as had at that time many other persons. Indeed, we have never known this method to fail, when properly followed.

\$777 is not easily earned in these times, but it can be made in three months by any one of either sex, in any part of the country who is willing to work steadily at the employment that we furnish. \$66 per week in your own town. You need not be away from home over night. You can give your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. We have agents who are making \$20 per day. All who engage at once can make money fast. At the present time money cannot be made so easily and rapidly at any other business. It costs nothing to try the business. Terms and \$5 outfit free. Address at once, H. HALLITT & Co., Portland and Maine 318-ty

FOX STRATEGY.

Back here in the country, about all the winter sport we have is fox hunting and gun and hounds. I want to tell you about an old fox that bothered me a good deal last fall. I used to start her in about the same place every time, and no matter how good the following, the dogs would loose her. I knew that they did not run her in, as I could tell by their feet that they had not been digging. She used to take a straight line and lead the dogs right out of my hearing, and that would be the last I knew of them. I found at last in was no use, so when she started her I would start for home. I made up my mind to know about it when answer came, but it was a long time before I could start her on a snow. Finally one fine morning the dogs raised her. There had been a fall of about two inches of moist snow in the night, and I knew Madam Reynard would have to work to get away. She soon led the dogs out of hearing, but I took the track, bound to know where she went to if it took a week. Well, I followed on about three miles till I came to the brook. Here, something, must be where she camps them think I. But no; she kept on down the brook, which is about twenty to thirty feet wide, for half a mile or more, past several bridges. She had taken every wall that the wind had blown the snow from on her way, and had got some way ahead of the dogs. But waiting it didn't amount to much, only she gained a little on the dogs, and gave her more time for her finishing stroke. For the last half mile she had kept within a foot or two of the bank of the brook, with long jumps, till she came to a long still stretch of water about three feet deep. Here she came down to a trot or walk and turned off from the brook again toward a long wall upon the side hill, which the wind had blown the snow from, and here the dogs were at work, first one way and then another. I took the wall and followed it a quarter of a mile or so, finding a track once in a while where a little snow hung on the wall, till I came to where there was a long stretch that was not blown off and no tracks over it. Then I went the other way, but I could not find where she had left. Finally I had to give it up and start for home. Following along back on the track, something made me get down on my knees and examine the track. Then I began to see how it was—she had gone up and down that wall for a blind. Finally she came back, and taking her old track to the wall, and stepping in it every time till she came to the brook. Just here a small maple not more than three inches through had blown partly across the stream—she had jumped into the top of this and crossed on the body of it. She must have had this in view all the time, and as she had turned toward it when she went along first, and had not made a long leap between it and the wall, for she knew that she could not strike into a jumping track as nicely as nicely as she could in a fine trotting track. I called up the dogs, went back to the bridge down the other side, and in five minutes had her up again, but she had probably wet herself some in crossing, and in a few minutes ran into a large burrow. I was bound to have her, so I went to a farm house and borrowed a steel trap and thought I had her sure, but she beat me then, for there was an outlet that I did not find, and she got away as she deserved to. I have not started her since, and she has deserted the burrow.

TOM OCHILTREE.—This fine racehorse is reported lame, but not seriously so. It is thought that the lameness is not located in the legs.