

## JUDGING HORSES AT FAIRS.

year ago, we elaborated this subject to a considerable extent. The views then expressed in it with a very hearty response from all parts of the country. With these endorsements, however, came the reminder, that it is almost impossible to get agricultural societies out of the ruts of which they have so long. Our experience had taught us long ago, but so much the greater need of "getting away" at these abuses until they are abolished. We have not forgotten we used to fight against a most preposterous premium, that was worded somewhat in this form: "For the best bull of any breed." This was called a "Sweepstakes" premium, and was the highest award. In the ring would appear half a dozen Percherons, two or three Devons, one or two Jerseys, and the same number of Jerseys. Such a ring any ten-year-old child could judge, and the judges must first decide which is the best breed; a question with which they should have had nothing in the world to do. The farce habitually terminated in giving one breed the first premium, another, second, and still another, the third—if there were so many premiums. The only element that could be used to sustain such foolishness was, "We have always done so, and it is best not to change." The same system is applied almost universally to horses. "The best stallion of any breed" is found in almost every catalogue. When you reach the ring, there you are paraded in all their glory, the elegant degree of the fleet-footed trotter, of any size or degree of scrubbiness; the great massive Percheron, the sleek and lithe running horse, any number of nondescripts, that are rather one thing nor another. When the judge enters the ring, if he is an intelligent conscientious man, he reads over the catalogue, "Best stallion of any breed," thinks a moment, and turning to his associates, he addresses them: "Best for what purpose? If it is the 'best' for pulling heavy load, certainly there is nothing here to compare with the Percheron. If it is the 'best' to run a race of a mile or more, certainly there is nothing so swift as a race-horse, and we may as well dismiss the Percheron. If it is the 'best' trotter, the race-horse and the Percheron may both as well be sent to the stable, for neither of them can trot." And thus the question, "Best for what purpose," recurs at every point. This is the dilemma in which the judges find themselves, and in most cases some kind of compromise is patched up that is not satisfactory to the judges themselves, nor to anybody else except the fortunate individual on whom the lightning struck.

But, with whatever degree of indignation you may protest against this worse than fool-practice, into which so many societies have fallen, the practice exists, and we must consider the best way to meet it when it does occur. When the judges enter a ring of this kind, the first point for them to decide is, which family there represented gets the highest average price in the market. After all, the only true test of the value of a horse is the number of dollars he will fetch in his owner's pocket. After determining this question, it then follows to ascertain whether this family or breed is truly represented in the ring, and, if so, whether the representatives are closely allied to this family, whether they are mere remote offshoots. If they are well in the blood of the chosen family, and are fair average representatives of it in form, style, action, etc., the choice is narrowed to the best of the representatives of the family. The class is purely a breeding class, and the questions of blood and family are of the very highest importance. In judging upon the value of the family, whatever it may be, we may be allowed here to suggest to the gentlemen who are assigned to this difficult and thankless task of acting as judges, that the show-ring is the very paradise of bogus pedigrees. Unless a pedigree is recorded, it should be received with great caution. We know very well that many people, from some kind of sentimental idea, object to the money price of a horse being taken as the standard of his value. We have heard a great deal of talk against this, but have been called "fancy horses," and "farmers' horses," but really our views have always been so matter-of-fact, that, as an agriculturist, we have preferred the breed of domestic animals, or the variety of the pumpkin, that would bring the highest price. We have heard cattle-men inveigh against fancy-priced horses, as not

other half, diminutive Arabs, suitable only for toy purposes.

To sum it all up, let the judgment be given on what the animal is as a representative of his family or breed, and not for what he might get by crossing him upon other breeds. If the Percheron is the best breed in the market, judge the Percheron stallion by what he can do or has done on Percheron mares. If the race-horse brings the highest price, judge him by the quality for which he is distinguished, and not by some supposititious animal that he might produce if crossed on some other breed. Consider only the purpose for which a horse is suited and judge him accordingly.—*Wallace's Monthly*.

## CAPT. SCOTT, THE GREAT MARKSMAN.

This gentleman, from his being so famous a shot, was the hero of the con story, which is so well known that it need not be here related. The gist of the matter was, of course, this, viz: "Are you Captain Martin Scott?" said the con. "The same," was the answer. "Then," said the con, "you need not shoot; I'll come down." His reputation for accurate and wonderful rifle and pistol shooting was richly deserved, and we are not aware that he was ever excelled—if, indeed, he was ever equalled—by any of his contemporaries. One of his performances with the pistol, which has been fully vouched for as perfectly true by his fellow army officers who witnessed it, and which strikes us as requiring more skill than almost any other feat we have heard of, was in taking two potatoes, throwing them into the air successively, and putting a pistol ball through both of them as they crossed, one going up and the other coming down.

Some of his performances in rifle shooting were very extraordinary. Upon one occasion he and another officer took an old-fashioned United States yager that he had, and it was determined which could load and fire three shots in the shortest space of time, and make the best target. Accordingly, a playing card, with a spot or bull's-eye in the centre about the size of a dime, was attached to a log of wood, and placed at 75 yards from where they proposed to stand. Captain Scott then took the rifle, uncharged, with the powder flask at hand, and the balls and patches in his mouth, and made the three shots "off-hand," in one minute and twenty seconds. The other officer then went to the target, and found one hole directly through the centre of the bull's-eye. His companion was surprised at the precision of the shot, but observed to the Captain that the other two had entirely missed the target. The Captain shook his head and called for an axe, when he split the log, and found the three balls in one mass, all having passed through the same round aperture directly in the centre of the card.

The Captain was also a very excellent marksman, with a bird gun, and although he was seen to make numerous shots, no one ever remembered to have known him to miss his bird.

Although Captain Scott possessed his firmness of nerve and accuracy of sight up to the day of his death, yet his qualities as a hunter were seriously impaired by age.

While in his prime, we remember reading and seeing the account (also the engraving) in the American Turf Register of his killing successfully with a pistol, while on the gallop on horseback, on either side of him two running deer.

Capt. Scott was at one time stationed at Prairie du Chien, and in possession of a wonderful sagacious dog—a cross between the setter and pointer. This animal performed some astonishing feats. The Captain would, for example, while sitting in his quarters at the fort, with the dog at his feet, say to him: "Mark, I want you to go over to the island and ascertain if there is any woodcock there, and come back and tell me." The dog would instantly go to the river, swim to the island, and, after hunting it over, return, and, if he had found birds, run up to his master, then to the gun, wag his tail and make other demonstrations of joy, which made it perfectly apparent that he had been successful. Scott would then tell the dog to get the canoe in readiness, and, strange as it may appear, he would take the cushion in his mouth, carry it to the river-bank where the canoe was moored, place it upon the seat, return for the paddle, carry that to the canoe, then go back to Scott, and look up into his face with an expression which indicated that all was ready.

All those who are not familiar with the history of Captain Scott—so astonishing, and almost alone for the accuracy of his shots with rifle, shot-gun and pistol—may have sought some desire to know what became of him. We will add for their information, that he was killed while gallantly leading forward his command in that most sanguinary battle of the Mexican war, "Molino del Rey."

Although, like most of us, he had his faults, yet, upon the whole Captain Martin Scott was a pleasant companion, an honorable man, a kind

## GRAPHIC ACCOUNT OF A THRILLING ADVENTURE WITH A BUFFALO.

WINNIPEG, Manitoba, Sept. 3.

Grand sport is this buffalo hunting on horse-back on the open plains where a fair chance is given the shaggy quarry. I recall with keen enjoyment a chase once taken through the tall prairie grasses about Battle River. One morning, soon after sunrise, I crossed the crest of a grassy ridge suddenly to catch sight of a solitary buffalo just emerging from a ravine near the stream. It was a full grown bull, whose black mane and shaggy dewlaps nearly reached the dark prairie grasses through which he walked. Though not in quest of game, the sight roused all the sportsman's instincts in me; so, dismounting behind the hill, I tightened the girths, replaced the shot with balls, and, remounting, rode over the ridge. As I came in view of the huge beast, standing slowly away from his morning drink, his head was thrown up, one steady look given, then round he went and away for the open bluffs beyond again. Instantly I followed, and the horse, partaking of his master's excitement, answered gallantly to my call. Sharply I urged him forward with voice and spur, until the wild charge became a headlong chase. Then, rising in the stirrups, I took a snap shot at my game. The bullet struck him in the flanks. Quick as lightning he wheeled down upon me, and it was my turn to run. The boot was decidedly on the other leg. If I had before pushed the horse toward the buffalo with whip and spur, still more urgently did I now endeavor, under the changed condition of affairs to make him increase the distance between us. John Gilpin never thundered along the road as did I down the grassy incline, with that huge beast gaining on me at every stride. Looking back over my shoulder, I could see him close to the horse's tail, with towered head, and eyes flashing furiously under their shaggy fringe of hair. It almost seemed as if I could feel his hot breath on the back of my neck. Instinctively I gathered myself up for a fall; for it appeared that nothing could prevent pursuit and pursuer coming into wild collision in another instant. I even picked out a grassy spot on which to alight. As the pony maintained his distance however, I bethought me of another chance. Tucking to the saddle, I threw my gun over the crupper, at arm's length, with the muzzle full upon the buffalo's head, and fired. It was a centre shot; the ball struck him in the centre of the forehead, but he only shook his head when he received it. Still, it served to check his pace somewhat, and as soon as we reached level ground the horse began to gain a little upon him. It was now the bull's turn to change tactics, and quite as suddenly as he had charged he wheeled and made off. After so long a run I could not think of losing him; so I turned and dashed after him at a rattling pace. Riding alongside, this time a shot fired low behind the shoulder brought my fierce friend to bay. Proudly he turned toward me, rage in his eye, but with a bearing at once calm and stately. He pawed the ground, and blew with short angry snorts the long grass till it swayed to and fro. Moving thus slowly toward me he seemed the very personification of brute strength and angry pride. But his last moment had come. I recall vividly all the wild accessories of the scene—the great silent waste, the noble beast, death-stricken but defiant; but no language can picture the coloring of sky and plain, no sound could echo back the music of the breeze, sighing mournfully through the long grasses; no pencil paint the east ablaze with gold and green, and the thousand glories of the prairie sunrise. All this lasted only a moment; for the pant bull, still advancing slowly toward his puny enemy, with low-bent head and angry snorts, sank quietly to the plain and stretched his limbs in death. I am not more sentimental than ordinary men, and have done a fair share of killing; but I should like to be able to call that grim old bull back to life. Never since that fair morning have I taken the life of one of his kind.

## CURVE PITCHING—IS IT POSSIBLE?

One of the best known base-ball men in America, excepting Harry Wright, and a resident of Cincinnati, declares that no pitcher ever curved a ball in its delivery, and, moreover, declares it an impossibility to do so. He says he will deposit one thousand dollars in bank to cover a bet which any gentleman wishes to make with him to that amount on the above proposition. To test the matter he will have three sticks driven, fifteen feet apart in a straight line, and he will wager as above that no pitcher can deliver the ball so that it will pass on one side of the second, and on the same side of the third as the first. He declares that what is called the pitcher's curve is merely a straight delivery caused by the position of the pitcher and manner in which he holds his arm. Without the resistance of a substance which touches only one part of the ball, this gentleman says, the laws of philosophy teach him that a curve cannot be produced, and, as the pressure of the air is equal on every part

## DUCK SHOOTING ON ST. CLAIR FLATS.

Speaking of the action of the Canadian Government in leasing the shooting on the St. Clair Flats, and the southern end of Walpole Island, to an association known as the St. Clair Flats Shooting Company, a year since, the *Sarnia Observer* explains as follows:

We have reason to believe that the whole action of the Government in relation to this matter has been taken in behalf of the Indians, and for the purpose of securing to them some compensation for the game which the locality produces. Previously, the shooting in question was trespassed upon with impunity by people from all quarters, the United States as well as elsewhere, who plundered it of the game without respect to the laws passed for its preservation. By the lease a right was given to the company to occupy the territory, and charge a fee not exceeding \$10 a week from all parties wishing to shoot thereon, on payment of which for one or more weeks, permits were given, which gave those holding them the right to shoot for the time therein stated. So far as the Government is concerned, they derive no revenue whatever from the lease. The Indians get the whole amount. The company, however, have found it somewhat difficult to prevent trespassing on their privilege; and some weeks ago they made arrangements with detective Win. Smith, well known in the country, to look after interests, giving him full power to take all necessary steps to prevent trespassing. This he has been able to do without any difficulty, parties who came to the place disposed to dispute the claim of the lessees having in all cases given way after a little calm explanation and remonstrance on the part of Smith, and either accepting permits or leaving the ground without any difficulty occurring. The practice followed by the company is to exact this rate of fee from all parties wishing to obtain shooting privileges. If at the close of the season the amount realized from the sale of permits is more than sufficient to pay the rent and other legitimate expenses the surplus is divided amongst those who paid it; if it is not sufficient for these purposes, then they must make up the deficiency.

## A LIVELY REGATTA.

## FIGHTING FOR THE PRIZE.

The announcement that a yacht race would take place attracted a large crowd of Jersey City and Newark boatmen on October 8rd to Murphy's boathouse on the shore at the foot of Communipaw avenue, Jersey City. There were four classes with seven entries each, and the course was from off Murphy's boathouse, passing between Ellis' and Bedloe's Islands to Robbin's Reef and return, the course to be sailed over twice. The boats started between two and three o'clock and the finish was at half-past five. The Addie Taylor won in the first class, her corrected time being 2h. 4m. 17. In the second class the Katie Joram won in 3h. 9. 7s. The boats of the fourth class did not return, two of them upsetting and the others going home. On the return of the boats of the third class to the boathouse it was discovered that the judges had not kept any time, and a scene of the greatest disorder and rowdiness ensued. Everyone claimed that his boat won the race, and the judges, who had retired to a corner of the room to make up a time sheet were pelted with beer glasses and bottles. The prizes were a gold watch for the first class and a silver water pitcher for each of the others. "Top" Gilligan, of Jersey City, one of the crew of the Addie Taylor grabbed the gold watch, and claimed that the Taylor had won it. John Mouan, well known in pugilistic circles as Steve Taylor, picked up one of the water pitchers and claimed that the Taylor won that also. Some one fired another of the pitchers and struck him on the head, and when one of the crew of the Alice attempted to carry off another of the pitchers a rough named Traphagen knocked him down and bit a piece out of his cheek. As the darkness came on the fighting grew more fierce, and the judges, to save their lives, fled from the place. The boathouse was held by the roughs, who continued the fight until a cry of "Police!" was raised and they jumped into their boats and put off.

## RETIREMENT OF S. HAYES.

We learn that Stephen Hayes, familiarly called "Uncle Steve," has retired from the turf as driver. This is in consequence of the loss of the use of his left hand. His fellow turfmen and friends have generously tendered him a grand complimentary benefit at Beacon Park, Boston, on Oct. 4, when some of the best horses of the period will be present, and take part in the races. We trust and hope there will be a large turnout on the occasion. As it would be of interest to many of our readers to know something of his early life in the horse business, we give a synopsis of his experience. His first debut on the turf was with his old chestnut mare Deborah, on the old Cambridge Trotting Park, in a match with S. Langmaid, a well-known horseman, against time. This was thirty-eight years ago. This race proved a success, and created great excitement throughout Boston, that a shoemaker from Natick should come down to Cambridge and "beard the lion in his den." The next was with the same mare against time. This was thirty-eight years ago. The next was with the same mare against M. Sanford, who is now figuring successfully with his running horses in England. A little incident of the race was, Sanford's driver, Josh. Seward, ran into Hayes and upset his sulky, throwing him out; his sulky righted up, he sprang to regain it, but failed. The mare struck her trot he cracked his whip, and sang out, "go it, Deb!" and go it she did, and came in on the trot ahead. Hayes claimed the money, the judges objected on the ground of her not bringing in the required weight. Hayes replied, "she would if Sanford's driver had not run into me, and thrown me heels over head on the track." A discussion ensued, which ended in dividing the stakes. Then he thought that he would go for something more solid, which he did in the shape of Old Columbus, who never lost him a race during the two years he owned her.—*Spirit*.

## SENSIBLE TALK.

One of our exchanges aptly says: "During the period of stagnation which for nearly four years depressed every business in the country, the hardship of the situation was greatly aggravated by a class of people who, while abundantly able to meet all engagements, seized upon the opportunity to avoid payment of their honest debts. Losses, shrinkage and poverty were pleaded in order to effect a compromise of so much on the dollar. To which we beg to add: The way to make the times easier is for every man to strain a little, if necessary, in order to meet his just obligations. An earnest desire to pay in one quarter will begot confidence in another quarter. Doubts of all kinds should be cancelled as speedily as possible; and printing bills should not be overlooked. It is incomprehensible to us why some people should treat a newspaper dun as lightly as they do. A well-conducted journal collects the news at great outlay. If it sends a representative to report a meeting, for instance, it has to pay in cash his railroad fare, his hotel bill, his bill for telegraphing, and his incidental expenses. The white paper on which the report is printed, the wages of the compositors and pressmen, and all other bills have to be paid weekly. The outlay is cash, and yet some men, who take advantage of the aforesaid columns of the newspaper, labor under the curious impression that it can always wait for a settlement. Possibly this is thoughtlessness on their part. Instead of putting aside the printer's bill for payment after all other obligations have been met, it should be the first to receive attention. Two newspapers mould opinion, and without its support a great many enterprises would prove disastrous. We are not speaking for ourselves alone. Our remarks are applicable to the patrons of nearly all the journals in the land.—*Turf, Field and Farm*."

## CHARLESTON'S NOVEL STAG HUNT

Some Charleston South Carolina sportsmen recently conceived the idea of getting up a stag hunt on the Washington race course, near that city. The project was received with enthusiasm by sportsmen throughout the county, and the affair as described in the *Charleston News*.