

Veterinary.

THE POSITION OF THE VETERINARY SURGEONS OF ONTARIO IN RELATION TO QUACKS.

To the Editor of the Free Press:

SIR,—I trust that the important relation which exists between the Veterinary Surgeons and the farmers of this Province will be a sufficient apology for my entering at some length into a consideration of their present status.

You are doubtless aware that the wide prevalence of quackery in the Veterinary art rendered it necessary for the Council of the Agricultural and Arts Association of Ontario, some years ago, to authorize the formation of a Veterinary College, with a competent staff of professors, in whom rested the power of licensing those who had gone through the requisite course of studies. This was done as much with a view to the protection of farmers as well as of elevating the profession in the eyes of the public, who had before nothing to guide their choice between the ignorant quack who hesitated not to place M.R.O.V.S. after his name, although he was often so illiterate as to be unable to tell what the magical letters meant or even to write his own name. There are at this present time scores of these quacks wandering through the country, earning a precarious living, and by their ignorant treatment of disease, bringing odium on a respectable profession. The most noticeable defect in the law with reference to the Veterinary College is that there is no adequate machinery provided for bringing the quacks to justice. Lawyers, doctors, dentists, &c., are duly protected in this respect, and the duly qualified veterinary surgeon should be placed on an equal footing, so that the farmer may no longer have his animals killed and his purse depleted by the ignorance of unlicensed quacks. There should be a provision in the law to compel all duly licensed Vets. to register at the Ontario College, and a list of those qualified should be published annually. The graduates of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons of England, and of similar colleges in other countries, should be entitled on producing proper credentials to a registration. The absence of such registration would be sufficient proof of imposture, and should bring the impostor to condign punishment. It is incumbent upon the College to take prompt steps to protect its members, and with an amended law and the appointment of a public prosecutor, whose special duty it would be to bring the unlicensed humbugs to justice, we might hope to place the profession in a better light before the public, as well as to protect the farmers and others from the losses sure to follow the operations of ignorant pretenders.

A VICTIM OF QUACK V. S.

Nov. 6, 1878.

A GOODLY TRIUMPH.

NOW A BODIE PARSON CLINCHED CHEROKEE JACK.

A Benoit, corrupted by a recent visit to Bodie, is ruining his soul by the relation of a sinful anecdote concerning Cherokee Jack, a Bodiean gambler, and a clergyman of that place. The parson was asking for subscriptions looking to the erection of a church for the ornamentation of the Bodie-landscape, and entered a saloon where the gambler was seated at a table, stirring a hot whiskey. The parson hailed him in this style:

"Mr. Jack, you're an ungodly, but, I believe, a generous man. Will you contribute something to the erection of a church in our midst?"

The gamblesome one thought deeply for a time, consumed half his punch, and made reply:

"I'll tell you what I'll do, parson. You were one o' the boys yourself onst, I've been told. Suppose we play a game o' seven up to see whether I give you \$10 or nothing."

A light, born of the recollection of other days, gleamed in the eyes of the holy man, and he lifted up his voice and cried aloud:

"It's a whack!"

They sat them down, these two, the godly and the sinful man, and cut for deal. The parson won and turned up a jack.

"Count one for the Lord," spoke the parson, and Cherokee begged.

Cocking.

GRAND COCK FIGHT.

We have received from one of our many Georgia friends, a large circular under the above caption, the contents of which are given below. It would afford us the greatest pleasure to be present to witness the sport, but as that is impossible, we hope some one of the readers of the Sportsman who do attend, will send us a report of the meeting. Following is the programme and premiums to be awarded:

At Blakely, Early county, Ga., Nov. 28th, 1878, will be one of the grandest cock fights ever seen in America. Cockers are especially invited to come and bring their choice cocks and enter them for the handsome premiums offered by the Early Co. Cocking Club. Those desiring to see cock-fighting are invited to attend and assured that they will see rare sport. Over 50 fights have already been arranged and some of the finest fights ever seen will take place, as the cocks are entered by some of the best cockers in America. As a large number of cocks will be shown, parties desiring to purchase games, will find a rare opportunity to select, and cockers who desire to sell will find purchasers here for their surplus stock. No entry fee for back fights. The premiums will be: 1st. The best fighting cock shown gold badge and cash, \$25. 2nd. The second best cock shown certificate of record and cash, \$15. 3rd. The third best cock shown certificate of record and fine pair gaffs, \$10. A citizens' purse will also be offered as a premium. The premiums to be distributed by a Committee, selected by the contestants, and who shall award according to the fighting qualities.

The pit will be elegantly arranged. Seats for all, and Police to keep order. Music by one of the best brass bands in the State. Cheap board for visitors from a distance, and camping ground secured for those who desire to camp. Everybody invited, especially those from Alabama and Florida, and those who wish to see cocking revived. Other amusements will be offered—Horse racing, etc. For further particulars, address Secretary, Early Co. Cocking Club, Blakely, Ga. Remember the day, Thursday, November 28th, 1878.—Sportsman.

CALIFORNIA STOCK-GAMBLING.

(From the San Francisco Bulletin.)

During the recent stock excitement there have been many instances where parties owning lots and small homesteads have sold them, and have invested the money in mining stocks. In rare instances the parties may have made a temporary gain. In most instances they have lost. There is nothing in the condition of the stock market which will warrant any man in selling a homestead or a lot in order to invest the proceeds in stocks. The homestead is a certain and tangible thing. It may increase in value slowly, but it is the one thing which ought to take the precedence of all speculative investments. During stock excitement the attention of thousands is drawn away from real-estate, and they come to think lightly of the slow gains which come from holding on to land. It is to be noted also that many of those who have made large sums in mining-stocks put a large part of their gains into real-estate. There have been instances recently where women have sold the single lot which they owned, in order to obtain money for stock speculations. They will probably find themselves at the end of twelve months without land and without stocks.

ARE THEY MISTAKES.

A question has been raised as to whether many of the deaths which have been foisted by some means or other on to dogs are not owing to a totally different cause. The most recent case, traced by the medical authorities to hydrophobia, but when a non-medical, but seemingly equally sensible man ascribed to lockjaw, is reported from Dee, Kent, where a man named Thomas Riches died a few days ago, owing, it is said, to the bite of a dog, which, however, was never known before or since to be mad, and which he received two years ago. Dr. Chittenden, of Dee, was called in after the man had been taken ill one day, and he pronounced it to be a case of hydrophobia beyond medical aid. Another physician also stated that the symptoms could only be traced to the bite of some rabid animal. The coroner said he was afraid dogs had to answer for a great deal more than they had anything to do with. In his humble opinion the man was suffering from lockjaw rather than hydrophobia, but they could not put aside the opinion of two physicians with such

RAISING GAME COCKS.

THE WAY IT IS DONE IN PHILADELPHIA—AN OLD MAN WHO BREEDS MORE GAME CHICKENS THAN ANYBODY ELSE, AND WHERE HE SHIPS THEM TO AND WHAT THEY SELL FOR—WHERE MAINS ARE HELD.

(From the Philadelphia Times, Oct. 23.)

A little old man who lives in an old-fashioned house on Callowhill street, and whose ostensible business is the manufacture of buckskin gloves, is the most expert and extensive game-cock breeder in the world. He has nearly reached four-score, but his head is well covered with hair that is yet black and his eye is undimmed by the years that have fallen lightly upon him. But for sixty years he has been engaged in raising and fighting cocks, and his breed is known wherever cock-fighting is carried on, and he does quite a business in shipping game chickens not only to all parts of the United States, but to Great Britain, and his consignment shows that fowls of his raising have been taken to Australia. It was only a pair that went to that far country, however, but the old man points with pride to the report of their arriving in Sydney and the subsequent victories—some ten in number—that the yellow-legged Berkley won over the crack fighters of Melbourne. All which were published at length in the Australian papers. The old chicken-raiser bears the name of Ashford, and he hails from Somersetshire, England, where he learned the business from Marshall & Douglass, famous chicken-fanciers in the days when cock-fighting was a recognized sport in Great Britain, and the S. P. O. A.'s had no existence.

There is one thing about cock-fighting which commends it to the sporting man, and that is its almost absolute fairness. The birds fight if they can get together and there is no holding them back, and the gamest and strongest chicken must win.

PREPARING THE BIRD FOR BATTLE.

The only trickery that can exist is in gaffing, that is in putting the steel spurs on the chicken, with which he is always armed before being sent to battle. The gaffs must be of the same size, and they range from two and a half to three and a half ins. long. When a main is about to begin, two pairs of equal size are put on the table, and the men handling the birds pitch for choice. After that they take choice alternately. The cocks are brought to the pit in bags and their spurs sawed off, leaving a stump just long enough to retain the ring to which the sharp, cruel weapon is attached, and the clever "gaffer," if he can get an opportunity, just before the bird is thrown in, has a chance to do a little bit of swindling. He places a "shore up" on the stump of the natural spur before the artificial one is put on. This "shore up" is a wooden ring that carries the gaff out over half an inch and gives its wearer an immense advantage over its antagonist. It is covered by the straps which hold the gaff to its place, and is therefore difficult, in fact impossible, to detect its presence except by a close examination.

Up in Kensington, not a thousand squares from Beach and Hanover streets, stand the Bolivar House, where one Dixon handles fowls and directs the progress of mains. In that old house some of the most sanguinary ornithological discussions have taken place that this country has ever known. Cock-fighting history that is presumptively truthful, relates how one time in London one hundred battles took place, lasting for thirty-eight hours, without intermission, resulting in the slaughter of eighty cocks, the fatal wounding of a score of others and the maiming of all the rest, except twenty-two. This was the greatest cocking main ever held, and it is told how fifty thousand guineas changed hands and a young nobleman who was ruined by the defeat straightway went and hanged himself. As the last statement is not properly a part of the history of cock-fighting, it may be taken with grains of allowance.

THE FOLKS WHO GO TO COCK FIGHTS.

Up at the Bolivar House and at another establishment away out on Ridge Road mains are often held, and perhaps it would be an interesting list that gave the names of some of the people who go there to look on and enjoy the sport, also to bet their money. There are a good many club men, some merchants, and all the sporting men who can get the "tip," but as a rule it is only the better class of the sporting fraternity who can obtain admission. The writer in a journalistic relation to the event attended one of these chicken disputes recently, where there were present about fifty persons, over half of which number drove there in their own carriages. Dry Verza was the tipple and Reine Victoria the brand of cigars that were consumed, while the chickens struggled for victory in the ten-foot pit below. These facts speak for the pecuniary relation of the witnesses to comfort—their presence spoke for their taste

THE SIZE AND STRAIN.

The cocks rarely grow to be larger than eight pounds—the average size is five, the best fighting weight is six. They are fed like barnyard fowls, and in summer are sent to "walk" in the country for change of air and grass. They stay there during the warm weather—one cock only to half a dozen or more hens. Two cocks left together would fight like the famous Kilkenny cats. During the summer they loose their feathers, and about the last of September they get a new set and are in fighting condition until the 1st of April.

Eggs from a respectable dealer for hatching are worth \$3 to \$5 a dozen. Cocks under six and a half pounds sell according to their breed from \$6 to \$12 each. A frequent winner has been sold for \$150. He met a cock shortly afterward that was smaller in size and untried in valor, and was killed by the youngster in twenty seconds. Cocks over six and a half pounds, called "Shake cocks," sell at from \$9 to \$10.

MRS. HITTLE'S MUSCLE.

Racine, Wis., can come out and claim one of the pluckiest, if not the pluckiest, little woman in the State. Her name is Barbara Hittle, and she lives on the west side of the city. Barbara has always been noted among the neighbors as being a woman of wonderful courage and pluck, and she never brought it into play and made a heroine of herself until Friday night, when she won a victory over two strong tramps. It seems tramps, beggars, etc., have been very annoying of late in the neighborhood where the lady resided to reside, but never tried to force things until on the evening above mentioned, when two burly ruffians made their appearance at Barbara's house, and asked for something to eat. They were invited in and a nice supper set before them, of which they partook freely. When they had finished they did not thank the kind hearted lady for her favor, but proceeded to take improper liberties with her. Did she call for help when the villains did so? Oh, no. She morely grasped a large oak-club that was lying near by, and with the first blow she knocked one of the fellows senseless on the floor, and mauled the other fellow unmercifully until he begged piteously for mercy, and the brave little woman ceased to beat him. Then she took the one she had knocked senseless and dragged him out of doors, where she soused him with a pail of slops that was standing near by, which soon brought him around, and he left in a hurry, as his companion had done previously. If there is a woman who could have done better than this in the State, Racine people would like to hear from her.

IS IT RINDERPEST?

(From the Washington Post.)

Considerable alarm is being felt by the citizens of Washington and the neighboring country over the destructive disease raging among the cows in this section, and great interest is manifested to ascertain whether it is really identical with the German rinderpest, the foot and mouth disease or another and less dreaded complaint. Dr. J. W. Gadsden, a veterinary surgeon of Philadelphia, has sent a communication to Health Officer Townshend, of this city, enquiring whether the rinderpest was prevalent in this section. He said he was one of the government inspectors in England during the great cattle plague of 1865-6, and advised that all cattle affected with it should be killed and burned. Dr. Townshend, in replying to Dr. Gadsden, said that he did not think the disease was rinderpest. He described the disease, as is expected, to be a species of lung fever, with such symptoms as blue, watery milk, the animal losing flesh rapidly, the milk drying up entirely, the supervention of fever; a copious discharge from the nose, and great suffering from difficulty of breathing and a loss of appetite. He also informed Dr. Gadsden that the article published in the Post calling the disease rinderpest was published without the knowledge or authority of the Health Office.

Notwithstanding Dr. Townshend's opinion, the impression that the cattle disease, now carrying off much cows in this section, is the German rinderpest is gaining ground, and some of the circumstances appear to be in favor of that impression against the health officer's opinion. The symptoms he gives as those of lung fever are also characteristic of the rinderpest. The disease is a terribly fatal one. Besides the cases on the north bank of the Potomac, there are very many certainly of pleuro-pneumonia in Alexandria, Fairfax, and contiguous counties in Virginia.

DEATH OF A CELEBRATED CRICKETER.

Another of the grand old Kent Eleven of

Miscellaneous.

Hens and turkeys are dying of some unknown but fatal disease in Colchester, Ont. The Galt dramatic club are happy. Their scenery was not destroyed by the late fire as at first supposed.

An Indian who has recently arrived from his hunting grounds at Quebec reports bears as unusually numerous.

The game fowl is generally conceded to bear the same relation to other fowls that the high bred race to two equine species.

Among the recommendations of Cyprus is the quality of its 10,000 mules, which are considered the finest bred in the Levant.

Mr. Westbrook, proprietor of the Commercial Hotel, Brantford, has given a complimentary supper to the Grand Trunk work shop employees.

A faithful watch dog belonging to Mr. John Brooks, of the township of Lowe, failed an attempt by burglars to enter the store last week.

An animal, part elk, with two living bodies and seven legs, was on exhibition at the Fair Grounds in Reno. This animal was captured in Washington Territory among a band of wild elks. It is about three year old, and weighs 1,000 pounds.

Mr. Stephen Palmer, grocer, of Brantford, purchased a goose on the market on Saturday, which, when its insides were taken out, preparatory to inserting the dressing, two fully developed hearts, also two gizzards and two livers, were among the internal organs of this remarkable purchase. Wonderful, isn't it.

Attention is being called to the fact that the Glasgow Bank Directors, who so successfully and shamefully swindled the shareholders, were all prominent church members and leaders in charitable undertakings, and odium is being heaped on religion in consequence. This is not as it ought to be; scoundrels frequently assume religion as a cloak, but until they are found out the church cannot exclude them.

How beautiful is Science! A few days since an academician, rising in his place, made in a tone of the deepest earnestness the following announcement: "Gentlemen, it is with unspeakable satisfaction that I have the honor of informing you that, thanks to the most persevering efforts, Mr. P—, our correspondent of the Maritime Alps, has succeeded in inoculating a man with the mange of the dog, a cutaneous disease which thus far has seemed wholly incompatible with the human temperament." (Prolonged enthusiasm.)

Sir Richard Sutton, an eminent sporting baronet, son of one yet more famous, died lately. He owned Cambridge House, Piccadilly, long the residence of Lord Palmerston, and a great deal of London property. He succeeded a brother who became a Roman Catholic, but died childless, of whom his father had said that he would "give any one £10,000 who'd make John a sportsman," but John preferred to play the organ in a church at Bruges, and loathed dogs, guns, and stables to the last.

NOVEL METHOD OF CATCHING STURGEON.

Vice-Consul Gardner in his trade report on Poti gives an account of an ingenious method by which sturgeon are captured by fishermen at the mouth of the River Rhion during the Spring and Summer months. The process is simple in the extreme, yet difficult to describe and hard to believe. A strong line or lanyard about 100 feet in length, with short lines attached at a distance of six feet apart, and having a large hook at the end, very sharp but barbed; a small gourd is fastened to the back of each hook to keep it floating point downwards; these lines, hooks, and gourds are neatly arranged on the gunwale of a dug-out, or boat made from a single log, and run out quickly across the river, and are visited morning and evening. If a sturgeon in its passage down the river is picked up