



**THE THOROUGHBRED RACEHORSE.
HOW TO BREED, REAR, AND
TRAIN THEM.**

BY AN OLD TRAINER.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The Errors of Training and the Pathological Treatment of the Racehorse.

[From the Spirit of the Times].

I have seen this season, and, of course, many others have witnessed the same, the malpractice of pathology in the treatment of invalid horses. I saw a case of treatment of a splendid young race horse, which, if it had not come under my own personal observation, I should not have believed. The horse was trained from January 1 until June 1, in a rough and savage manner, by an ill-natured negro. He was then purchased for the North, and placed in the hands of a young trainer, whose ignorance, in regard to the proper training of the horse, was only equalled by his former trainer, and combined with a great deal less energy or attention. The horse was trained, and started in his race a little lame. After the race he was quite lame, and could scarcely walk. He was put upon the cars the next day after the race, and taken to his place of destination; when he arrived there the leg was swollen to three or four times the natural size. The young man who had him in charge, being ignorant of the pathological treatment necessary to reduce the swelling, clapped on a blister, which increased the swelling almost to bursting. Being ignorant of the natural effects of a blister, he showered the leg with cold water, thereby driving the inflammation still further into the skin, causing the swelling to run up to the stifle and so stiffen the leg as almost to prevent the horse from walking. They kept up his shower bath, however, until the skin broke out in holes, when, finding the leg was growing worse and worse, they concluded to ask some advice in regard to the treatment of the leg. They were advised to bathe it with tepid water, which treatment they continued for a day or two, but, being impatient, they gave it up, as being too slow a process to cure the leg; so they went to a drug store and procured the following poisons—laudanam, tincture of amies, sugar of lead, sulphate of zinc, blue vitrol, oil of spike, and two or three other stimulants. They mixed that up in a meal poultice, made a sack for the leg, coming up to the hock, in which they packed this trashy mixture all around the leg, and tied the sack over the ham-string, and walked him in the hot sun over an hour, until the weight of the poultice caused the string to cut through the skin into the tendons, producing a profuse flow of blood. He was then taken to the tub and bathed for an hour, and this, during that very hot weather, was his in the early part of last July. There was no one to keep the flies off the poor horse while bathing, although the trainer and two or three other loafers belonging to the stable were laying around. To be sure there was a thin gauze

ing tampered with it. The trainer would deny it in toto, and so it went on, until most persons who saw the horse supposed that he would lose his leg and life too. What became of the horse I have never yet learned, whether he had a big leg or a stiff leg, or whether he had entirely recovered, but this I do know, that a little common sense could have prevented all the trouble and all the suffering the poor horse experienced from the ignorant treatment he received from his trainer.

In the first place, before he blistered the leg, he should have reduced the swelling so as to enable him to have seen whether it was necessary, for firing or blistering should never be resorted to until the parts become calloused. The object of firing or blistering is to arouse a healthy action in a mortified part. In the case of a swelled throat it is necessary to apply a severe blister as a counter-irritant, to prevent death from suffocation by internal swelling. This is the only part of the horse that a blister can be applied with good effect, when the parts are swollen or inflamed. I wish in this article to treat upon the savage treatment by firing and blistering which prevails so much of late in the treatment of the thoroughbred. Now, in the case just treated above, the swelling of the leg should have been reduced in the following manner: Take a quantity of hops, put them in a tub or bucket, as the case may be, and pour scalding water over them, cover them up, and let them macerate for half an hour or so; then when the temperature becomes sufficiently cool, so as not to scald the horse's leg, put it in and bathe it until the water becomes cold, then raise the temperature by additional warm water, so as to continue the bathing for about an hour. In the meantime make a sack about twice as large as the leg. When done bathing, put the leg into the sack, and fill it with the scalded hops, all round the leg, as far as the swelling extends. This poultice should remain upon the leg for several hours or during the night. The moisture of the hops should be kept up by occasional applications of tepid water, and the horse should be kept still during the time his leg is in the poultice. He at no time, during the first four or five days, should be induced to take more exercise than he would naturally take in a large box-stall or small paddock. As soon as the swelling begins to decrease, discontinue the poultice and warm bathing, and allow the leg to be exposed to the atmospheric pressure, which acts as a stimulant, and will produce a healthy capillary action upon the skin. If the leg should swell during the night, which it may from weakness, then use Pond's Lotion, or any liniment that does not blister. All liniments, when there is hair, should be applied without bandage, unless you wish to blister; but the best application that I have used, in cases above described, is salt, vinegar, and cold water, that is, after the swelling has measurably subsided. The mixture should be about a gill of strong vinegar to a quart of water, with a tablespoonful of salt; apply the mixture four or five times a day, without bandage. If the leg of the horse, just above described, had been treated thus, the very valuable turf services of the horse I have alluded to, during the entire season, would not have been lost to his owner. But what I have said in one of my previous articles I now repeat, that there is no

season, that is, if he was really broken down before he was fired or blistered! Nature can not restore any injury about the legs while an irritating inflammation is kept up; the leg must be kept cool, and then nature, producing a healthy circulation, will restore the parts to their previous sound condition. The old opinion or excuse the habitual blistering system had was that it formed a kind of artificial bandage, by thickening the skin, which would contract and support the flexor tendon; but that theory has been entirely exploded, for experience has taught us that a bandage around the leg, made of cloth, leather, or steel, will not prevent the tendon from suppurating and breaking down. The bad effects on the horse's joints, which must become more or less affected from the inflammation produced by the blistering of the cords, are most injurious to the horse's locomotive action by inflaming the substance that lubricates the joints. It often produces big knees and fetlocks, and stiffens the coffin joint.

The opinion that generally prevails, that firing and blistering will cure a ringbone or stop its growth, is a great error, as can be proven on pathological principles. For instance, if you wished to restore a shrunken muscle you would naturally insert a seton in the part affected, which, allowing the atmospheric air to pass in, would set up a local inflammation and cause a flow of blood to the parts inflamed. The result is a discharge of healthy matter, and soon the cavity or shrunken muscles are restored to their full and natural form. So it would be, or rather the result will be, the same if you should fire or blister a joint infected with an incipient form of ringbone; the parts being irritated the blood naturally flows there, with all its properties heavily freighted with phosphate of lime, which is the bone making constituent of the blood, which would be deposited or added to the bone already formed on the joint, and would tend to increase it as long as the logic irritation is kept up. You cannot cure a ringbone; all that can be done is by applying cooling lotions, of which cold water forms the active principle, with a thin linen bandage around it, kept wet during the day and taken off at night, and the utmost quiet must be observed. The horse should have a large, roomy stall, and not to have more exercise than he would take within it, as rest is the main restorative.

(To be Continued.)

THE RUNNING TURF OF 1876.

THE TIME RECORD.

Turfmen of the past generation are generally inclined to enlarge on the superior racing merits of the thoroughbred heroes of the past, and to depreciate the performances of the champion racers of the present day. They look back on turf achievements of the horses they saw run and win in their youthful days, and view them through the roseate hue in which time always envelops the past. They delight in eloquently decanting on the deterioration of the modern race-horse, of his degeneracy in speed and powers of endurance as compared with their equine idols of the past, and the general decadence of the national sport of racing. To argue with this class of turfmen is purely a waste of time, for by them the stern facts presented by the historic racing record are completely ignored, and their legitimate logical deductions

made by Aristides, when two years old, at Jerome Park fall meeting in 1874.

At the Lexington (Ky.) Spring Meeting, May 10, Aristides and Ten Broeck, each carrying 109 lbs., came together in the Sweepstakes for four year-olds, two miles and an eighth, and the time record at that distance was reduced by the victor, Aristides, one second and a quarter, beating his great opponent by five lengths, and with plenty in hand, in 3:45. The best time previously recorded, at this distance, was 3:46, made by Mate, six years old, carrying 114 lbs., at Saratoga, the year before. Only three days afterwards, over the same course, Aristides clearly established his claim to be considered the best horse of his year, by reducing the time record at two miles and a half, from 4:28 (made by Katie Pease, at Buffalo, Sept. 10, 1874) to 4:27, and beating a field of high-class horses, with consummate ease. Turfmen in every section of the country might well regret the unfortunate casualty which shortly afterwards prevented the continuance of this great racer's brilliant turf career, for there is little doubt that he would still further have reduced the time records of other distances.

At the Louisville, Ky., Fall Meeting, Sept. 22, Ten Broeck, in the Post Sakes, three miles, carrying 104 lbs., his appropriate weight for a four year old, covered the distance in the unprecedented time of 5:26. Up to that date, the fastest record for three miles had been 5:27, made by Norfolk, in California, eleven years before. It was done in the first heat of a three mile heat race, and the horse, then four years old, carried 100 lbs., or 4 lbs. less than Ten Broeck, who ran the distance in a second quicker time than the great son of Lexington and Novice. With such consummate ease did Ten Broeck accomplish this extraordinary feat, that his owner, Mr. Harper, four days afterwards, with the same weight up, and over the same course, started him for a special purse of \$1,000, to beat Follower's record of 7:19, which was the fastest four mile time on record. How successfully he accomplished the tremendous task imposed on him is now a matter of history. There is little doubt that Ten Broeck could have beaten over this imperishable record of 7:19, had he been managed more judiciously. In that race the first mile was run in 1:52, which was much slower than the parties managing the horse calculated upon. The second mile was run in 1:45, a violent and injudicious increase of speed upon the first. The third mile was run in 1:46, and the fourth in 1:50, making a grand aggregate for the four miles of 7:15. Had more uniformity of speed in the different miles been preserved, the record, glorious as it is, would have been still faster and more brilliant. It will be observed that the second and third miles were run in 3:32, which, although not a technical record for that distance, is, as a matter of fact, a quarter of a second faster than the official recorded two-mile time of Fivo Blue and Katie Pease. The last three miles was run in 5:23, which is three seconds faster than his own unequalled record at that distance, made four days before. From the time records of the turf season of 1876, we think we are legitimately justified in our conclusion, that the American racer of the present day, as compared with the racer of the past, so far from degenerating and deteriorating, either in the qualities of speed or endurance, is steadily and surely improving in both.—Spirit.

ERIC.

Eric, by Erickson, dam by John Dillard, grand dam by Gaines' Denmark, has passed into the stable of Mr. Robert Bonner, New York. The sale was made last week by Mr. R. S. Strader, of Lexington, Ky., for Joseph

much ground. In coming down the homestretch he made another bad break, and Woodford Chief beat him over the score in 2:31. In the fourth heat Eric continued to act badly, and Woodford Chief was first under the wire in 2:32. In the fifth heat the contest was close. In coming down the homestretch Eric looked a winner, and would have won had he been prudently driven. He tripped just before reaching the wire, went into the air, and Woodford Chief was declared the victor of the race. The time of the last heat was 2:31. It was a remarkable race, and those who witnessed it were moved to the highest pitch of excitement. In adding Eric to his stable Mr. Bonner has secured a prize. He is a horse of size, strength, courage and fine action, has the fastest four year-old record in the world, and, to use a technical phrase, should train on. Having been handled so little, it is safe to say that he possesses a great deal of latent speed which future training will develop.—Turf.

A FISHING ADVENTURE.

A few days ago one of the most remarkable of fishing expeditions occurred down the Lake shore, the like of which has seldom, if ever, been heard of before. It seems that Ben Foulds, of Burlington Beach, near Hamilton, and his men started out at 3 o'clock in the morning to the place where their nets were cast, about ten miles distant. A mile and a half from shore they encountered floating ice, and had to work through seven miles of it to get to their bays. Having arrived there they proceeded to haul in the nets, all of which they found heavily laden with fish, and when the whole thirteen nets were in they found that the marvellous capture amounted to six thousand herrings. With such a cargo there was no wonder that they were afraid to burden the boat with the extra weight of the nets. On returning, they found the floating ice heavier than when going out. The weather was very stormy, waves formed thick and fast on the boat-mast, sails, and their clothing, and had the crew not worked laboriously there is but little doubt that they would never have reached shore to tell the tale. The expedition lasted twenty hours, and when they finally reached terra firma they found that their friends and relatives had given them up for lost. A lengthened time beside a roaring fire scarce sufficed to thaw the ice off their overcoats before they could be taken off.

BARRETT OR BRANIGAN?

A correspondent from Detroit to the Spirit under date of December 25th, furnishes the following statement respecting a disputed question.

The compiler of the brief biographical sketches of stage celebrities, which form an interesting feature of your valuable Christmas number, has fallen into an error concerning Lawrence Barrett. It is stated that the gentleman's real name is Larry Branigan. This mistake, doubtless, owes its origin to a newspaper paragraph, which annually goes the rounds of the press. Mr. Barrett's early boyhood was spent in Detroit and it was here that he commenced an arduous and bitter struggle for histrionic honors. Many of our citizens well remember the slender strip-ling and his parents, and can testify positively of their own knowledge that Barrett is his right name. His first engagement was in 1852, as supernumary, at the theatre at salary of \$2.00