

BETTING IN ENGLAND.

THE ENGLISH PEOPLE HAVE LONG BEEN LOOKED UPON AS A BETTING PEOPLE, AND YET THEY APPEAR TO BE PROUD OF THE FACT THAT LORD FALMOUTH, WHO WON MORE MONEY ON THE TURF IN 1878 THAN ANY OTHER SPORTSMAN, NEVER BETTED A DOLLAR IN HIS LIFE. There has been a growth and decline of betting in England which has been almost equally rapid, and the Derby may be taken to illustrate our point, which is that the evil is fast dying out on the other side of the water. When Sir John Sturt carried off the 'blue ribbon' with Phantom, in 1811, the fact of his having netted \$35,000 by backing his horse was quite the talk of the town. Bookmaking, soon after this, sprang into vogue, and, beside the London division, an extensive portion of the ring hailed from the cotton district, and was known as the 'Manchester School.' The Blands, Galleys, Hills, Crookfords, Swindells, Risdales, Barbers and Worleys stood at the top, and in time gave place to the Pedleys, Hargreaves, Davises, Jacksons, Stephensons, and others, who, in turn, have been succeeded, so to speak, by men of the present day. Davis took the highest place of them all, and is credited with having made a \$500,000 book on the Derby; hence the title he acquired of 'the Leviathan.' The abolition of betting houses and lists throughout the country dealt the first great blow at future event betting, and the continued interference of Parliament has reduced it almost to a minimum. Now, the only place where betting is permitted is on the race course and at Tattersall's. Limited speculation can, therefore, hardly be wondered at. And yet as recently as 1867, Mr. Chaplin, the owner of Hermit, is credited with having won \$600,000 in bets alone. Blue Gown's year, too, which followed, was a big betting event, and Sir Joseph Hawley won a sum of money which would have been much larger had he not 'hedged out.' Baron Rothschild's *Fayoumis* cantered home heavily backed, in 1871, and then came *Cremorne's* victory over *Pell Mell*, who was supported at Tattersall's to win over \$500,000, and was beaten by a head only. Comparatively little has been done on subsequent Derbys, or for that matter, on most other fixed events of late years. Last year the bookmakers were greatly crippled, and they have not yet made known their intentions for the coming season. Besides the decline in betting, there has been a great falling off in the number of starters. The number of horses that ran last year fell short by over 400 of the season of 1868. So far as this is concerned, the real trouble is that England has too much racing, and only the Newmarket, Goodwood, and Doncaster meetings are plentifully supplied with horses.

TURF INTELLIGENCE.

A BRILLIANT PROSPECT FOR THE COMING SUMMER. Although not officially announced, it is generally understood that the difficulty between the Monmouth Park and the Saratoga Racing Associations as to the dates of their respective meetings next summer have been satisfactorily arranged, and that there will be no conflict of dates. The absolute days on which racing will take place have not yet been decided, but it is understood that the first summer meeting will begin at Monmouth Park on July 4, and end July 12; that the Saratoga meeting will begin on July 19 and end on or about August 20, between which dates twenty-five days' racing will be given and 100 events run, for which a total of nearly \$75,000 will be offered in stakes, added money to stakes, and purses. About August 28 the Monmouth Park Association will begin its second meeting and continue it, with racing every other day, until the first Saturday in September, leaving an interval of four weeks before the fall meeting of the American Jockey Club begins at Jerome Park. Between these dates it is not unlikely that a four-day meeting will be given at Boston, it being understood that several wealthy admirers of racing in that city are willing to guarantee the money necessary for a meeting if the larger owners will positively agree to send their stables, or, at least, a portion of them, to that city. There is also some talk of a meeting in Philadelphia, either to follow the Baltimore May meeting or the June meeting at Jerome. Should the meeting take place, it will have to be after that at Jerome, as the American Jockey Club has already announced its meeting to begin on Decoration Day, May 30, and to continue to Saturday, June 7, with a possibility of one or more extra days during the week following. Should these dates be decided upon the speculators can calculate upon a long and busy season. The Mobile and New Orleans associations will race early in April. At Nashville, the Blood Horse Association will begin its meeting April 29 and continue to May 8; Lexington will follow, May 11, to 16; Louisville, May 18 to 24; Baltimore, May 30 to 22; Cincinnati, June 8 to 7; St. Louis, June 10 to 14, and Chicago, June 21 to 27, with meetings not yet fixed to take place at Columbus and Pittsburg.

A TALE WITH A MORAL.

Little Johnny, the youthful contributor of the *Agronaut*, records this moral tale: A preacher who had been a wicked gambler fore he was a preacher he seen a feller which was a gambler too, and he sed, the preacher did: 'He jest play cards with this pore miserable sinner and win of his munny and wen he is busted maybe he will listen to Divine trooth, and be saved.' So they played and the preacher he wonned all the feller's munny every cent, and then he said: 'Now see how wicked you have ben to loos yure munny, and yure wife and baby havn't got no bread for to eat.' And the gambler he sed: 'That so, and he bust out cryin'. Then the preacher he sed: 'Pore sinner, if you prommice me unto yure onner not to play cards agin I'll give it ol back, oos I'm a preacher.' So the gambler he was astonish, and he sed: 'I never see sech a good man, I prommice, yes indeed, and even bless you!' and he bust out cryin' agin, the gambler did. Then the preacher he gave him back all his munny, and the feller put it in his pocket, and whiped his eyes and blode his nose, and he thot a wile, and pretty sune he cofed, and he sed to the preacher: 'I feel mity mean takin' back this hundred dollars from a man which has rescewed me from card playin'; tel ye wot I'll do, you put up a other hundred agin it and weel toss up for the pile, heds or tails, beat two out of three.'

SPIDER AND FLIES.

(Chicago Times, Silver Cliff (Col.) Letter.) Down in one of the gambling houses on Cliff street may be found a female gambler dealing 'twenty-one' to a few admirers and to others, eager in their hopes of making a stake. Poor deluded fools! they play on night after night, and at the woman's call of 'Gentlemen, show your pluck; I'm ashamed of you,' walk up to the table with probably their last dollar and—lose it. Over the woman's head, tacked to the wall, is a sign reading: 'Please remember that you are gentlemen.' Beside her at the table is her 'man,' ready at a word from her to hustle out into the street any offending player.

HOW VACCINE IS OBTAINED—AN INTERESTING PROCESS.

Through the kindness of Dr. Beatty our reporter yesterday had an opportunity of visiting Logan's Farm to inspect the process of collecting vaccine lymph from an animal vaccinated for the purpose with cow-pox. On arriving at the farm house of the late Sir William Logan, (now occupied by Mr. Thomas Irving), we were shown the fine stock of Ayrshire cattle for which the farm is famous. The animal that attracted particular attention was the vaccinated Ayrshire heifer, one year old, valued at \$100. It had been closely shaven about the flanks, had been vaccinated about six days previously, and the spot was now covered with a fine crop of genuine cow-pox pustules. The latter were hundreds in number and had the appearance of beads of pearl, with a depression in the centre of a drab or slate color, having a whitish rim. The animal having been properly secured to prevent kicking, the pustules were punctured with sharp ivory points, especially made for the purpose. The clear, water-like lymph which exuded from the puncture was collected on the ivory points alluded to, and these were laid on a board dry. A number of the vesicles were left untouched, so as to produce 'scabs,' which are still preferred to lymph by many of the older practitioners. The lymph having dried on the ivory points, the latter are carefully packed in in cotton wadding, blue paper and tin foil, and placed in an air tight tin box in a cool place for preservation. On Logan's Farm are about thirty animals which have had the cow-pox during the past six months. No injury results to them from the infection. In a fortnight all trace of the disease disappears, and the animal is not again susceptible to the infection.—*Star*.

STRANGE HABITS OF BIRDS.

The practical experience of the uneducated classes has, on many points, accumulated a treasure of accurate observations of nature, which the hasty civilization of the eighteenth century threw away with contempt, because the metal has generally been coined out in fabulous stories and superstitious tales, but from which the more comprehensive and more penetrating researches of the nineteenth century have extracted more than one nut of pure gold. Thus, it has been for a long time an axiom to the ornithologists how certain species of small singing birds, which spend the winter in Egypt or Algeria, and the summers in Southern and Western Europe, ever succeeded in crossing the Mediterranean, as many of them are not able to fly one-quarter of a mile without resting. The Bedouins of Africa say they travel on the backs of larger birds, whiling away the dreary hours of the sea-voyage by their song, and Bedouin poetry swarms with

CANINE NOTES.

CANINE DENTISTRY.—The other day says the Portland (Me.) Press, Dr. Macclaster, the dentist, noticed that a dog was evidently suffering from a tooth that had ulcerated. He induced the animal to open its mouth, applied the forceps and extracted the tooth. During the operation the dog sat quietly on its haunches and stopped moaning, apparently seeming to realize what the doctor was about. After the tooth was drawn the animal expressed his gratification in many ways.

INSTINCT.—The Live Stock Journal has the following, which anybody may believe, or not, as he likes:—The Ettrick Shepherd one day said to his mother, 'I'm going to Bowerhope for a fortnight, and will not take Hector with me, for he is constantly quarrelling with the rest of the dogs.' Hector being in the room, was missing next morning, and when his master reached Bowerhope, there was Hector sitting on a knoll, waiting his arrival.

EVER FAITHFUL.—On Sunday afternoon last some one passing along the road west of Chip-pawa, found a man lying on the ground dead. On examination it proved to be the body of one John Cassidy, who lives near Niagara Falls on this side. He had been missing since about Christmas. Dr. McGarry held an inquest on the body on Monday last, when an verdict in accordance with the facts was returned. A strange part of the thing is that a small dog of Cassidy's was found dead in his arms. Rather than leave its master it stayed by him and thus met its death.—*Welland Telegraph*.

ANOTHER KNOWING DOG.—The sagacity of dogs is proverbial. One morning last week, as two gentlemen were passing the Ethan Allen estate, on Main street, their attention was attracted by a large Newfoundland dog, which was inside the fence, and kept running towards them, and then running in the direction of the pond in the grove where something was evidently wrong. The curiosity of the gentlemen was excited, and they followed the dog to the pond, where they saw another dog of the same breed in the water unable to get out. His front paws were on the curb-stone, but he could not get sufficient hold to draw himself out. He was nearly exhausted, and would probably have drowned had not the gentlemen assisted him. The dogs showed their gratitude in unmistakable signs, and scampered away to the great delight of the gentlemen who had been instrumental in saving the life of one of them.—*Worcester Spy*.

HUNTING SEA-OTTERS IN ALASKA.

The sea-otter, which constitutes the sole means by which these, the only civilized people of our new Territory, manage to clothe themselves now as we do and maintain their church, may be appropriately mentioned in detail. It is an animal when full grown, that will measure from 2½ feet to 4 feet at most from the tip of its short tail to nose. The general contour of the body is much like that of the beaver, with the skin lying in loose folds, so that when taken hold of in lifting the body out from the water, it draws up like the hide on the nape of a young puppy dog. The skin is covered with the richest of all fine deep fur, a jet black, with silver-tipped hairs, here and there scattered, as is so well known to our ladies of fashion. The sea-otter mother sleeps in the water on her back, with her young one clasped between her tiny forepaws. Frequent attempts have been made to rear the young sea-otters, as they are often captured alive; but, like some other species of wild animals, they seem to be so deeply imbued with fear of man, they invariably perish by self-imposed starvation.

KENTUCKY BOOT.

Of Major Throckmorton, who died at Louisville recently, an improbable anecdote is related. He was long the proprietor of the Galt House, and in 1846 Charles Dickens was his guest. Upon the arrival of the distinguished author, Throckmorton, who was hospitable itself, waited upon him with this glowing speech: 'Mr. Dickens, we are glad to welcome you. We know you and admire you, and will reckon it a privilege to be allowed to extend to you the hospitalities of the metropolis of Kentucky. As your especial host, I beg that you will command me for any service in my power to render.' Mr. Dickens received this with a frigid stare. 'When I need you, landlord, he said pointing to the door, "I will ring." The Major, Kentucky to the backbone, had no finery for such an insult, and sent his ready boot searching for solidity in the region of Mr. Dickens' coat-tails.

DON'T SMOKE WHERE THE CANARY IS.

From the Kingston Courier.

THOROUGHbred BLOOD IN TROTTERS.

Some persons may consider it egotistical for us to refer to our long advocacy of increasing the race-horse blood in the trotter, but the fight has been such a long one that it has been vividly impressed on our mind, and, now that we have such able coadjutors, we can foresee the victory which is sure to follow. The experiments in breeding, which are now instituted by some of the largest breeders in the country, will prove that the position we took years ago was nearly correct, and though we never faltered in our belief, it will be a source of gratification to see it carried to a successful conclusion while we are still in the land of the trotter. We have done the best we could with the limited means at our disposal to put in practice the theory we advanced, and have been successful beyond what could have been anticipated from the meagreness of the capital we could bring to sustain it. Twenty-three years ago next spring we bought Blackbird, and though for several years he had scarcely any mares, he has founded a family. A son trotting in 2:22 and a grandson in 2:20 fairly entitle him to the credit, but more than these fast ones his get had all fine trotting action, and we are satisfied that if he had lived at the present day, he would have taken as high rank as any in the stud. Hedied at the early age, for a stallion, of eleven, and I must admit that neither he nor any of his colts had anything like a fair show in the way of training. We drove him to a one hundred and fifty pound wagon in 2:36, and a quarter to the same vehicle in thirty-four seconds. Looking back at the treatment we gave him, it now surprises us that he could trot at all, and the only thing which enabled him to stand the usage was the blood. As an evidence of the way he was handled, the day after trotting a race of heats of five miles, in which there were three heats, we drove him from Davenport home, sixty-five miles, and he was less than eight hours making the journey. When on the road it was necessary to allow him to stride along at his own will, for if he was held he would fret and worry so as to make the work harder for him, but there is little question that these long drives were inimicable to speed. A few days after this he trotted fifteen miles in 44:05, on a track which took twenty-seven rounds for that distance, the sulky weighing one hundred pounds, and it was impossible to detect from his appearance that the work had fatigued him in the least. Unfortunately he died just as we began to acquire some knowledge of how a trotter should be exercised, shod, &c.; and his great powers were never improved as they would have been under more favorable circumstances.—*Mr. Simpson, in California Spirit of the Times*.

A LIVELY BOXING MATCH.

For some time past Charley Wilkes, a miner employed at the Scorpion on the shotgun shift, has been anxious to meet Harry Maynard, the boxer, in a regular prize fight for \$500 a side. Maynard declined all negotiations with Wilkes, but the latter, hearing that Maynard would box any man in town with gloves on the Alhambra stage, made arrangements to meet him on Thursday evening, 27th ult. Wilkes was on hand when the time came, and the two men stripped for the fray. The rounds were short and decisive.

Round First—Maynard led off with a smack on Wilkes' nob. Wilkes sat down.

Round Second—Maynard let his right loose at Wilkes' breast. Wilkes disappeared from the stage through the wings, and collided with a waiter girl who was carrying a tray of cocktails to a party of married gentlemen in one of the boxes. The girl was carried to her dressing room.

Round Third—Wilkes was knocked in various directions, to wit: N. E., S. W. by W., N. E. by E., and all other points of the compass.

Wilkes came up with a vindictive look in his eye, and made a rush at his antagonist. The men closed, and for a few seconds it was nip-and-tuck. Wilkes finally gave Maynard a nasty cross-buttock, but Maynard turned him over after the fall. Both men rose to their feet and closed at once for another bout. Maynard threw Wilkes and they both rolled over and over with wonderful rapidity, and it was hard to tell which was getting the advantage. The audience became intensely excited, and dozens of them kept rushing up to the stage and yelling themselves hoarse. Presently a stream of blood shot down Maynard's naked back, and the cry was raised that he was being bitten. Several men in the audience thereupon sprang upon the stage, and the combatants were separated. Mrs. Maynard, hearing the cry raised that her husband was being bitten, rushed excitedly on the stage and seemed anxious to take a hand in the row. After the men were separated it was found that the blood on Maynard came from a reservoir in Wilkes' nose. Considerable excitement prevailed, but Maynard maintained his usual good

Aquatic.

PROPOSED WORLD'S ROWING REGATTA.

Mr. J. Eglinton Montgomery, United States Consul at Geneva, Switzerland, writes that at a meeting of the consular representatives of different governments held recently in that city to consider a proposition for having a grand world's international amateur rowing regatta in August of this year, upon the Lake of Geneva, comprising the general order of races, with a series of special races for university oarsmen, the proposition was most cordially received by all present, and evoked such a general desire to adopt the necessary measures to accomplish it that a committee was appointed to communicate, through the metropolitan press and other mediums, with the boating organizations of different countries, in order that the views of rowers generally upon the matter may be ascertained prior to taking definite action. Mr. Montgomery says that, should the proposition be favorably entertained, the regatta upon the Lake of Geneva will be made most satisfactory in every respect; that it will be conducted upon the most honorable principles and in strict accordance with the recognized rules of boating, and that all the requirements necessary to insure a most perfect competition for the championship will be scrupulously and carefully fulfilled. In order that the sentiments of the various clubs in America may be ascertained and the Consular Corps advised thereof, it is very desirable that such as may think favorably of the plan shall communicate with him with the least possible delay.

ATTACKED BY GRIZZLIES.

FOUR OF WHICH FEROCIOUS ANIMALS A HUNTER KILLS IN AS MANY MINUTES.

(From the Trinity, Cal., Journal.)

Several weeks ago, in the neighborhood of Hettenshaw, in this county, a remarkable bear hunt occurred. It appears that Dr. Stanley, while on a visit to Hettenshaw, expressed an earnest desire to go bear hunting, and accordingly one morning he started, in company with Green French, George Burgess, and Joe Lightfoot. Arriving at a thicket, the dogs gave notice of their near approach to a bear, and the party decided to station themselves at certain points, and let the dogs go in and drive the bear out. This was done; but the doctor, becoming impatient, entered the thicket himself. The heavy undergrowth made his progress slow, but he fought his way ahead until he came to a fall on tree lying in a little gulch. Helping himself along by the limbs he arrived at the upper end just in time to be confronted by a huge grizzly bear. Retreat was impossible, as it had been with the utmost difficulty that the doctor had advanced so far, there was no tree in convenient distance, and as the grizzly showed fight, there was nothing left for him to do but to shoot. Taking deliberate aim with his Henry rifle, the doctor fired, and the bear fell mortally wounded. Another load was sprung from the magazine into the rifle, and the doctor, looking towards his prey, was surprised to see a second bear in the same spot. This he shot also, and, quickly reloading, was yet more astonished to see a third bear in the same place where he had shot the other two. Again the lever moved and a fresh charge went into position, and again the doctor looked up and discovered a fourth grizzly coming toward him from the same opening in the brush. Wang went the gun again, and down went bear No. 4. By this time the doctor had got warmed up and excited, and he kept moving the lever and firing into the bodies of the bears until the six teen shots in the magazine were exhausted. Meantime his companions, hearing the shooting, and presuming the cause, made their way to where the doctor was, with the intention of assisting him, but found him on top of the largest bear, with the others strewn about, swinging his hat and shouting lustily. One was an immense grizzly, so large that the hunters could not handle him, and the other three were good-sized grizzlies, probably about two years old. The shooting of four bears by one man without even changing his position, is something hitherto unheard of, even in the most highly-civilized annals of the western wilds.