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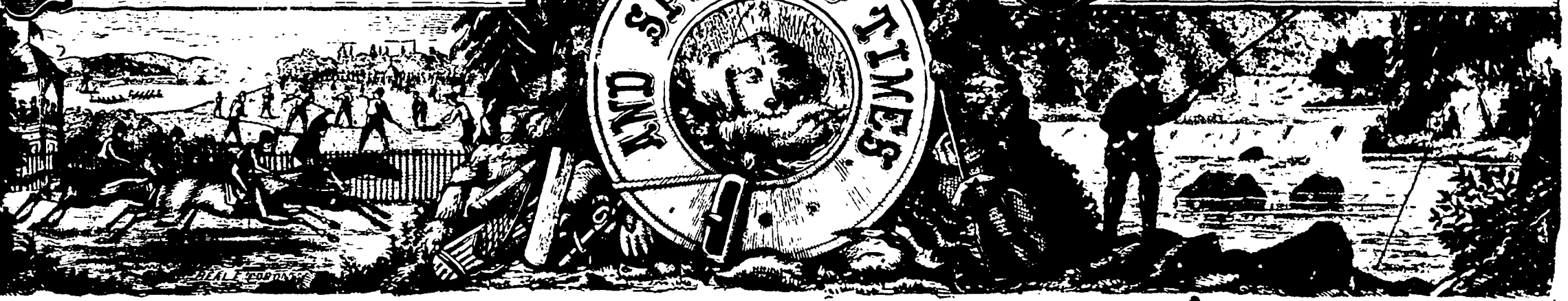
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# THE CANADIAN JOURNAL

## GENTLEMEN'S SPORTING TIMES



VOL. VI TORONTO ONT., FRIDAY, NOV. 16, 1877. NO. 325

### American Turf.

#### RACING AT JEROME PARK, N. Y.

Jerome Park, Nov. 6.—Purse \$500, for all ages, of which \$100 to second; mile and a quarter.  
 Belmont's ch f Susquehanna, 3 yrs, by Lexington dam Susan Beau, 102 lbs.... 1  
 McIntyre's b c King Faro, 3 yrs, by Phaeton, dam by Knight of St. George, 105 lbs..... 2  
 W & Co's b h Vicaroy, 4 yrs, by Gilroy, dam Sister of Ruric, 118 lbs..... 3  
 Time—2:15 1/2.

Same Day—Purse \$600, for all ages, of which \$100 to second; mile and a half.  
 Williams' b g Vera Cruz, 3 yrs, by Virgil dam Regan, 103 lbs, (inc. 2 lbs overweight)..... 1  
 A Grinstead's ch h St. Martin, 5 yrs, by Phaeton dam Tokay, 124 lbs..... 2  
 Lorillard's ch c Barricade, 4 yrs, by Australian dam Lavender, 118 lbs..... 3  
 Time—2:51 1/2.

Same Day—Purse \$2,000, for Ten Broeck and sole at \$100 each, h. ft.; two mile and a half.  
 Lorillard's b g Parole, 4 yrs by Lexington dam Muiden, 105 lbs..... wo  
 Harper's b h Ten Broeck, 5 yrs by Phaeton, dam Fanny Holton, 114 lbs.... pd ft  
 Same Day—Purse \$600; handicap steeplechase for all ages, of which \$100 to second; regular course.

D Brown's b h Coronet, aged, by Jonesboro dam Garland, 153 lbs..... 1  
 Nolan's b g Dead Head, 6 yrs, by Julius dam Leisuro, 156 lbs..... 2  
 Guire Bros' ch h New York, 5 yrs, by Planet dam Hester, 139 lbs (inc 2 lbs overweight)..... 3  
 Lady ran unplaced.  
 Time—5:03 1/2.

#### TROTTING AT BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

Battle Creek, Nov. 1.—Purse \$100; 3:20 class.  
 Brown's b m Hamilton..... 2 2 1  
 D Cady's b m Nina..... 1 1 dr  
 No time.

Nov 1 and 2—Purse \$175; 2:40 class.  
 Deyo's b m Nellie..... 5 5 2 0 1 1 1  
 C Walker & Co's b m Lady Moscow..... 1 1 3 0 3 4 3  
 D Mizener's b g Senator..... 2 2 1 0 2 3 2  
 T Davis' b m Lizzie Davis... 6 5 5 0 5 2 5  
 F Foster's gr g John S..... 8 4 6 0 4 5 4  
 Tiltow's m g Ironsides..... 8 8 8 0 6 dis  
 F Day's b g Captain Crapo... 4 3 4 0 dr  
 McAllister's b m Lady Kellogg 7 7 6 0 dr  
 No time.

#### GOOD TROT IN CALIFORNIA.

L H Brown's blk g Bolly..... 4 4 4 3  
 Best time—2:55.  
 Nov 7—Purse \$200; 2:21 class.  
 G Walker's blk m May Bird..... 2 1 2 2 1 1  
 J H Batchelder's b g John H.... 1 4 4 1 2 3  
 J J Bowen's b g Honest Harry... 3 2 1 3 3 2  
 Thorpe & Chamberlain's blk g Clifton Boy..... 4 3 3 4 4 0  
 Time—2:24, 2:25, 2:25 1/2, 2:24 1/2, 2:27, 2:27 1/2.  
 Same Day—Purse \$200; 2:35 class.  
 Owner's gr m Cora F..... 1 1 1  
 Owner's b g Harry..... 2 2 2  
 Owner's blk g Nigger Boy..... 4 3 3  
 Owner's b g Peter..... 3 4 4  
 Time—2:36 1/2, 2:35, 2:32.

#### RACING AT WASHINGTON, D.C.

Washington, Nov. 5.—Selling race; horses sold for \$1,200, full weight; \$1,000 allowed 5 lbs; \$750, 7 lbs; \$500, 10 lbs; \$300, 15 lbs; purse \$150 to first horse, \$50 to second; one mile and a quarter.  
 D McDaniel's b c Glen Dudley, by Glenelg, dam Madame Dudley, \$1,000..... 1  
 J McMahon's ch f Blondell, by Bonnie Scotland, dam Benlah, \$750..... 2  
 H Gaffney's b g Dailgasian, by Blarney Stone, dam Lucy Fowler, \$300..... 3  
 D McDaniel's b f Lady Salyers, by Longfellow, dam Geneva, \$1,000..... 4  
 No time.

Same Day—Consolation purse; \$100 to first, 50 to second, one mile and an eighth.  
 C W Medinger's ch g First Chance, by Baywood, dam Dot..... 1  
 F M Hall's b m Euterpe, by Vauxhall, dam Eugene..... 2  
 D McDaniel's b c Major Barker, by Asteroid, dam Ballanckel..... 3  
 F M Hall's b c Dick Sasseer, by Eugene, dam LaBosse..... 4  
 Time—2:07 1/2.

#### TROTTING AT ST. LOUIS, MO.

St Louis, Oct 27—Greeley Challenge Cup.  
 T H Mookwood's blk g Staucliff 2 1 3 0 3 1 1  
 H Beniost's b g Trigg..... 3 3 1 0 1 3 3  
 J Garneau's br g Billy Straw-bridge..... 1 2 3 2 2 2  
 J Adams' br g Bismarck..... 4 4 4 4 4 0  
 Time—2:37, 2:36, 2:41, 2:37, 2:39 1/2, 2:40, 2:39.

#### TROTTING AT DECKERTOWN, N.Y.

Deckertown, N.Y., Oct 30—Purse \$200; mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness.  
 Cole & Martin's b g Joseph A..... 2 1 1 2 1  
 Jas M Mills' b g Geo B Daniels... 1 2 2 1 2  
 Time—2:32, 2:33, 2:32, 2:33, 2:34.

#### TROTTING AT BALTIMORE, MD.

Herring Run Course, Baltimore, Md, Oct 29—Purse \$1,000; mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness.  
 T McConnell's ch m Sadie Bell..... 1 1 1  
 Owner's ch g Carrollton..... 2 2 2  
 Time—2:36 1/2, 2:32 1/2, 2:32.

Mr. Moore says that the snaffle bit is the best kind of bit to use on a horse, from the fact, that he claims, that it will not hurt the horse's mouth. But Mr. Cole says so, and claims that the snaffle bit is severe in the extreme and says it should not be used on a trotting horse.

How stupid the thousands of horsemen must have been who have been using snaffle and bar bits for so many years, not to have found out the great merits that Messrs. Moore and Cole have discovered in them. What a great blessing they have conferred upon mankind in publishing their discoveries, to say nothing about the great good they have done for the poor dumb horses. What a pity it will be, if horsemen should still remain so ignorant as not to understand their wise counsels.

While reading Mr. Moore's first letter I was somewhat astonished at the great wisdom displayed by him in writing on the bit question, and searched his letter carefully to find out, if possible, the source from which he derived his great knowledge concerning bits, but was unable to do so. However I was not long kept in ignorance concerning the matter, for in his next letter he unfurled his banner, and while it floated upon the breeze I distinctively saw inscribed on it the following words: "A man to be a horseman must be born such, and follow the business because he can't help it." I pity a man who comes into this world so formed that he is forced to tell all he knows, and shall ever be thankful to my Creator that I am not a born horseman. I should rather be a bob-tailed cow in my time, than a born horseman bound to tell all I know. It is surprising to hear men in this enlightened age of the nineteenth century, claiming that they have been born wise, when it is so plain that all who are not blind can plainly see.

Every man carries Adam's apple in his neck, which should remind him of the fact that our ancient father, Adam, lost his situation in the Garden of Eden by attempting to eat the forbidden fruit. The good Book tells us that when Adam was determined to eat of the tree of knowledge, and become wise, that he was driven out of the Garden of Eden, and told that he should earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. Yet, with this declaration staring them in the face, some men try to tell us that they have been born with a sprout of the tree of knowledge in their heads, and want to force us to eat of their fruit. I am very fond of fruit, but prefer to raise mine by the sweat of my brow, until my Master shall order otherwise.

We learn from sacred history that there was a man of olden times, who lived in an Oriental country, and rode under the cognomen of Baalam, who imagined himself a born horseman, but we are told that on one occasion, he attempted to force his animal to do his will, and would not desist in his effort, until this dumb ass opened its mouth and spoke. This so astonished Baalam, that the scales immediately fell from his eyes, and he at once saw and admitted that he was not infallible. Dr. Cole, V. S., does not claim to be a born horseman, yet he tells us that he has handled horses ever since he was an infant and from what he says he must have

the resistance of the air while speeding.

I am aware that it is a very common thing for horsemen who are not acquainted with the anatomy and physiology of the horse to think that he can breathe through his mouth, but when a veterinary surgeon, as Mr. Cole claims to be, makes such a statement, I must say I am astonished at his ignorance. The man who attempted to whitewash the sky to improve its appearance should be more excusable than a veterinary surgeon who would tell us that a horse breathes through his mouth.

No perfectly-formed horse, while in a healthy state, can breathe through his mouth. This fact can be ascertained in a few moments by placing the hand over the horse's nostrils in such a manner as to prevent his breathing through them. It will be seen that the horse cannot breathe, and that he will choke and fall unless he is relieved. Horse tamers sometimes choke horses down by gripping them by the nose, for the purpose of subduing them. The soft palate in the horse's mouth prevents him from breathing through his mouth. He cannot lift his palate at his will, neither has the air sufficient force to raise it, hence inspiration and respiration must necessarily be performed through the nostrils.

The act of coughing is a spasmodic effort, and during that kind of effort a horse may breathe through his mouth. When the horse is about to die, and nature, striving to prolong existence, causes all the muscles to be spasmodically contracted, the palate is frequently raised, and consequently the animal breathes through his mouth. Had Dr. Cole known that a horse did not breathe through his mouth, he would have been saved the great trouble he has put himself to, to invent a bit with pads on it to keep the cold air out of the horse. Botting moonshines for the Paris Exposition would have been a more profitable business than making pads to prevent a horse from breathing through his mouth.

When it is intended that a creature should fly, it is given wings; and as the horse is created, I don't think that Dr. Cole's pads will make any improvement on his breathing apparatus; yet, as there are a great many people in this world trying to do unnecessary things, I suppose the Doctor has a right to try his hand.

Messrs. Moore and Cole, in their letters, give us to understand that they think that professional horsemen are a very ignorant class of men, and tell us that they use bits and check reins without understanding their proper use. From what they say, it is evident that they would have us believe that professional horsemen handle horses merely to make money out of them, and tell us these men care not how much cruelty they inflict on their horses, so they can make them win money for them. This kind of talk is all bosh, and none but hysterical old maids would ever listen to it. It is true there may be some very shallow-brained men amongst horsemen, yet it is a well-known fact that there are many intelligent and useful men in that class.

horses' mouths.

I have used, during the time I have been engaged in handling horses, a great many different kinds of bits, and have derived some good from most of them. In choosing a bit for a horse I try to suit the horse and not myself, for I find that the bit that suits one horse may not suit another. The bit that a horse works well in one day may not suit him in a week from that day. Horses' mouths, like men's, are not all shaped alike, consequently a bit that might suit one horse might not suit another. A bit that might answer well to drive a horse in at certain kinds of work might not be a suitable one to use on a horse in when speed was the object in view. Some horses have wider mouths than others, consequently the wide-mouthed horse must have a long bit than the narrow-mouthed one.

It is just as impossible to work a horse out, without soreing his mouth, as it is to use a tent, as it is for a man to use mechanical tools without soreing his hands. As different kinds of mechanical tools may sore the hands in different places, so may different kinds of bits sore the horse's mouth in different places. When a horse's mouth becomes sore in a certain place, that place may be relieved from pressure by a change of bit, and in some cases might prove beneficial. When I have a horse that is not a ting well on a bit, I take out his mouth, and try to ascertain the cause. The bit used on a horse is in a way, the cause of a horse's mouth becoming sore, yet it is the tongue and angles of the lips that part of the horse's mouth that becomes sore by the use of the bit.

It would appear from what Messrs. Moore and Cole say, that there was no other part of a horse's mouth that ever became injured by the use of bits, except his tongue and the angles of the lips, at least they are the only parts mentioned except by Mr. Cole. And I believe he is right that a snaffle bit will lacerate the roof of a horse's mouth when it is used on him.

I have heard of drivers pushing on the reins to help their horses along, and doubtless the horses that Mr. Cole saw that had their mouths lacerated by means of the snaffle bit to press against the roof of a horse's mouth, without shoving on the reins. I have been using snaffle bits for at least twenty years, and I have never seen a horse injured in the roof of the mouth by one in all my experience. And as there are but few drivers that push on the reins, I shall not notice the kind of injury.

Some horses, owing to the formation of their mouths, and the peculiar manner in which they carry their heads, allow the bit to rest at an angle of the jaws, near the first nostril. When a horse puts a head that carries the bit in this position he is liable to bruise the soft parts of its membranes, and frequently excoriate the result. I have removed in this growth from horses' mouths frequently, that were the result of this kind of injury. Such growths are more or less very irregular in form, sometimes I have found them when they have been detached from the jaw, and were the

Same Day—Purse \$2,000, for Ton Broeck and Parole at \$100 each, h. ft.; two mile and a half.

William's b g Vera Cruz, 3 yrs, by Virgil dam Regan, 103 lbs, (inc. 2 lbs over-weight)..... 1

A Grinstead's ch h St Martin, 5 yrs, by Phaeton dam Tokay, 124 lbs..... 2

Lorillard's ch c Barriado, 4 yrs, by Australian dam Lavender, 118 lbs..... 3

Time—2:51½.

Same Day—Purse \$2,000, for Ton Broeck and Parole at \$100 each, h. ft.; two mile and a half.

Lorillard's br g Parole, 4 yrs by Leamington dam Maidon, 105 lbs..... wo

B Harper's b h Ten Broeck, 5 yrs by Phaeton, dam Fanny Holton, 114 lbs.... pd ft

Same Day—Purse \$600; handicap steeplechase for all ages, of which \$100 to second; regular course.

D Brown's b h Coronet, aged, by Jonesboro dam Garland, 163 lbs..... 1

Nolan's b g Dead Head, 6 yrs, by Julius dam Leisure, 156 lbs..... 2

McGuire Bros' ch h Now York, 5 yrs, by Planet dam Hester, 139 lbs (inc 2 lbs over-weight)..... 3

Daddy ran unplaced.

Time—5:03½.

**TROTTING AT BATTLE CREEK, MICH.**

Battle Creek, Nov. 1.—Purse \$100; 3:20 class.

Brown's b s Hamilton..... 2 2 1

D Cadz's b m Nina..... 1 1 dr

No time.

Nov 1 and 2—Purse \$175; 2:40 class.

Deyo's b m Nellie..... 5 5 2 0 1 1 1

Walker & Co's b m Lady Moscow..... 1 1 3 0 3 4 3

Mizener's b g Senator..... 2 2 1 0 2 3 2

F Davis' b m Lizzie Davis..... 6 5 5 0 5 2 5

F Foster's gr g John S..... 3 4 6 0 4 5 4

Tilow's rn g Irousidess..... 8 8 8 0 6 dis

F Day's b g Captain Crapo..... 4 3 4 0 dr

McAllister's b m Lady Kellogg 7 7 6 0 dr

No time.

**GOOD TROT IN CALIFORNIA.**

Bay District Court, San Francisco, Cal., Oct. 31.—Sweepstakes, for 2:26 class; \$25 for each horse that starts in the race; 70 per cent to first, 30 per cent to second, 10 per cent to third; mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness.

Dennison's b g Confidence..... 3 2 1 2 4 1 1

A Guerrero's b h Gas..... 1 1 4 3 2 2 2

N Phillips' br m Lou Whipple 4 5 3 1 1 3 3

F Jacobs' gr m Sweetbriar 2 4 5 5 3 ro

J Green's ch g Professor..... 5 3 2 5 5 ro

M Daniels' b m St Helena..... dis

Time—2:27½, 2:27, 2:26, 2:26½, 2:27½, 2:27½, 2:28½.

**TROTTING AT ADRIAN, MICH.**

Fair Grounds, Adrian, Mich, Oct 31.—Purse \$75, for four-year-olds; mile heats, in harness: 3:0, 2:0, 15, 10.

C Fisk's b m Belle Smith..... 1 1

Owner's b g Buffalo Bill..... 3 2

Owner's ch m Little Mag..... 2 3

Time—3:15, 3:15.

**TROTTING AT RITTSVILLE, PA.**

Rittersville, Pa, Nov 12.—Purse \$30; mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness.

Miller's b g Tommy Tucker..... 3 2 1 1 1

Miller's ch g Lantern..... 1 1 2 2 2

Rood's ch g Frank Beck..... 3 3 4 3 3

Eckroth's b g Frank Knox..... 4 1 3 4 4

Time—3:05, 3:04½, 2:57½, 2:59, 2:56.

**TROTTING AT EASTON, PA.**

Institute Track, Easton, Pa, Nov 3.—Match bet for \$50; mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness.

Rood's b g Frank..... 1 2 1 1

os Newman's blk g Tommy Dodd.. 2 1 2 2

Time—2:50½, 2:50, 2:40½, 2:48.

**TROTTING AT MYSTIC PARE, BOSTON.**

Mystic Park, Nov 5.—Purse \$200; 3:00 class.

Magure's ch g Dick..... 5 1 1 1

raig's blk g Black Diamond..... 1 5 3 4

ner's br g Eastern Prince..... 3 2 2

Sargent's b g Honest N..... 2 3 5 5

Washington, Nov. 5.—Selling race, horses sold for \$1,200, full weight; \$1,000 allowed 5 lbs; \$750, 7 lbs; \$500, 10 lbs; \$300, 15 lbs; purse \$150 to first horse; \$50 to second; one mile and a quarter.

D McDaniel's b c Glen Dudley, by Glenelg, dam Madame Dudley, \$1,000..... 1

J McMahon's ch f Blondell, by Bonnie Scotland, dam Benlah, \$750..... 2

H Gaffney's b g Dalgasian, by Barney Stone, dam Lucy Fowler, \$300..... 3

D McDaniel's b f Lady Salyers, by Longfellow, dam Geneura, \$1,000..... 4

No time.

Same Day—Consolation purse; \$100 to first, 50 to second; one mile and an eighth.

C W Medinger's ch g First Chance, by Baywood, dam Dot..... 1

F M Hall's b m Euterpe, by Vauxhall, dam Eugene..... 2

D McDaniel's b c Major Barker, by Asteroid, dam Ballanckel..... 3

F M Hall's b c Dick Sasseer, by Eugene, dam La Rosa..... 4

Time—2:07½.

**TROTTING AT ST. LOUIS, MO.**

St Louis, Oct 27—Greeley Challenge Cup.

H Kockwood's blk g Stanchiff 2 1 3 0 3 1 1

H Beniost's b g Trigg..... 3 3 1 0 1 3 3

J Garneau's br g Billy Straw-bridge..... 1 2 2 3 2 2 2

J Adams' br g Bismarck..... 4 4 4 4 4 ro

Time—2:37, 2:36, 2:41, 2:37, 2 '94, 2:40, 2:39.

**TROTTING AT DECKERTOWN, N.Y.**

Deckertown, N.Y., Oct 30.—Purse \$200; mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness.

Cole & Martin's b g Joseph A..... 2 1 1 2 1

Jas M Mills' b g Geo B Daniels.... 1 2 2 1 2

Time—2:32, 2:33, 2:32, 2:33, 2:34.

**TROTTING AT BALTIMORE, MD.**

Herring Run Course, Baltimore, Md, Oct 29.—Purse \$1,000; mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness.

T McConnell's ch m Sadie Bell..... 1 1 1

Owner's ch g Carrollton..... 2 2 2

Time—2:36½, 2:32½, 2:32.

**A CANADIAN TRAINER'S EXPERIENCE WITH BITS.**

OUR CORRESPONDENT, "S. T. B." APPEARS AGAIN—TAKES THE FIELD AGAINST SEVERAL CONTRIBUTORS—STRAIGHT VS. SNAFFLE BITS—"S. T. B." TAKES HIS STRAIGHT—THE KINDNESS OF PROFESSIONAL HORSEMEN TO THEIR TROTTERS—MESSRS. MOORE AND COLE HAVE THEIR ARGUMENTS DISSECTED.

CHITHAM, ONT., Nov. 1, 1877.

Dear Spirit:—In my first article on "Too-weights and their Use," published in the Spirit of March 24, 1877, I intimated that I would, at some future time, give you my experience with bits. Since then I have read some letters on bits, that have been published in The Spirit during the past year. The letters I have reference to written by Messrs. A. Y. Moore, of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., and T. J. Cole, V. S. of Van Wert, O. The lightning emitted by these gentlemen gave me such a shock that I have only recently recovered from its effects. Should the above named gentlemen hear thunder, I hope they will not attribute it to me; and if they are as wise as they claim to be, they will at once recognize the sound as being the result of their own lightning; and plainly see that it is the position that I occupy that has caused the echo.

It would appear, from what these gentlemen say, that the wise King Solomon, who had forty thousand stalls of horses at his command, and left it to them to tell us what kind of bits we should use on our horses. Yet, with all their boasted wisdom, they differ as to the kind of bit we should use.

Mr. Moore denounces the bar, i. e., straight bit, and says it causes more cruelty to horses than any other instrument used on them. But, on the other hand, Mr. Cole tells us that the bar, i. e., straight bit, is the very best kind to use on a horse, and further claims that it is impossible to hurt a horse's mouth with this kind of bit when it is properly made.

While reading Mr. Moore's letter, I was somewhat astonished at the great wisdom displayed by him in writing on the bit question, and searched his letter carefully to find out, if possible, the source from which he derived his great knowledge concerning bits, but was unable to do so. However I was not long kept in ignorance concerning the matter, for in his next letter he unfurled his banner, and while it floated upon the breeze I distinctively saw inscribed on it the following words: "A man to be a horse-man must be born such, and follow the business because he can't help it." I pity a man who comes into this world so formed that he is forced to tell all he knows, and shall ever be thankful to my Creator that I am not a born horse-man. I should rather be a bob-tailed cow in my time, than a born horse-man bound to tell all I know. It is surprising to hear men in this enlightened age of the nineteenth century, claiming that they have been born wise, when it is so plain that all who are not blind can plainly see.

Every man carries Adam's apple in his neck, which should remind him of the fact that our ancient father, Adam, lost his situation in the Garden of Eden by attempting to eat the forbidden fruit. The good Book tells us that when Adam was determined to eat of the tree of knowledge, and become wise, that he was driven out of the garden of Eden, and told that he should earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. Yet, with this declaration staring them in the face, some men try to tell us that they have been born with a sprout of the tree of knowledge in their heads, and want to force us to eat of their fruit. I am very fond of fruit, but prefer to raise mine by the sweat of my brow, until my Master shall order otherwise.

We learn from sacred history that there was a man of olden times, who lived in an Oriental country, and rode under the cognomen of Baalam, who imagined himself a born horseman, but we are told that on one occasion, he attempted to force his animal to do his will, and would not desist in his effort, until this dumb ass opened its mouth and spoke. This so astonished Baalam, that the scales immediately fell from his eyes, and he at once saw and admitted that he was not infallible. Dr. Cole, V. S., does not claim to be a born horseman, yet he tells us that he has handled horses ever since he was an infant; and from what he says, he must have been a remarkably smart babe. He claims to have handled horses all his life, without having used a severe bit on one, and says he had never had one run away with him. He tells us that horses appear to know, as soon as they see him, that he is not going to hurt them. He certainly must be a very harmless looking man, and differ much in appearance from the ancient animal tamer, Noah, for we are told that the whole animal creation feared and dreaded him. Yet he was successful in handling wild animals, for he shipped, in one vessel, pairs of all created animals. As we are told that Noah was six hundred years old when he became noted as an animal handler, it may be ago will change the Doctor's appearance.

From the fact that thousands of intelligent horsemen have been using both bar and snaffle bits for many years, and have not found in them all they want in the shape of bits, I can but conclude that Messrs. Moore and Cole are but gaping at goats while they are swallowing camels without notice.

I do not propose to argue the bit question with these gentlemen, from the very fact that their many assertions prove that argument is unknown to them. They appear to settle matters as though all wisdom was at their finger ends. They are as decisive as sledge hammers and as certain as death. As time spent firing at the man in the moon or in holding a looking glass to a blind man is only wasted, so would it be if spent in argument with these gentlemen, yet, for the benefit of many young and inexperienced horsemen, who have no doubt read their letters, I will notice some of the ideas advanced by them.

Mr. Cole, veterinary surgeon, tells us he has seen horses' mouths so forced open by the use of the over-check and bits that it caused them to take in at every inspiration, through their mouth, sufficient cold air to kill them. And he, kind-hearted fellow, tells us that no has gone to work and invented a nice, smooth, straight bit, with soft pads on its ends to keep the cold air out of the poor horse's mouth. In this he has shown as much wisdom as the writer did who spoke of a certain breed of trotters who always carried their ears laid back so as to avoid

the cold air of heaven, by slipping them by the nose, for the purpose of subduing them. The soft padding in the horse's mouth prevents him from breathing through his mouth. He cannot lift his palate at all, neither has the air sufficient force to take it, hence inspiration and respiration must necessarily be performed through the nostrils.

The act of breathing is a spasmodic effort, and during that kind of effort a horse may breathe through his mouth. When the horse is about to die, and nature, striving to prolong existence, causes all the muscles to be spasmodically contracted, the palate is frequently raised, and consequently the animal breathes through his mouth. Had Dr. Cole known that a horse did not breathe through his mouth, he would have been saved the great trouble he has put himself to, to invent a bit with pads on it to keep the cold air out of the horse. Botching moonshine for the Paris Exposition would have been a more profitable business than making pads to prevent a horse from breathing through his mouth.

When it is intended that a creature should fly, it is given wings; and as the horse is created, I don't think that Dr. Cole's pads will make any improvement on his breathing apparatus; yet, as there are a great many people in this world trying to do unnecessary things, I suppose the Doctor has a right to try his hand.

Messrs. Moore and Cole, in their letters, give us to understand that they think that professional horsemen are a very ignorant class of men, and tell us that they use bits and check reins without understanding their proper use. From what they say, it is evident that they would have us believe that professional horsemen were one of the most cruel classes of men in all creation. They assert that professional horsemen handle horses merely to make money out of them, and tell us these men care not how much cruelty they inflict on their horses, so they can make them win money for them. This kind of talk is all vobis, and none but hysterical old maids would ever listen to it. It is true there may be some very shallow-brained men amongst horsemen, yet it is a well-known fact that there are many intelligent and useful men in that class.

Professional horsemen have done more to alleviate the horse from the abuses heaped upon him by the ignorance of man than any other class of men. This fact is plain to all who will examine the case. Go, if you please, to Cleveland, Buffalo, or Rochester Driving Parks during the time of one of the trotting meetings held at those places, and there behold the hundreds of professional horsemen who have met together to test the relative speed of some of the best trotting horses in the world. Inquire into the value of the animals in these men's charge, and then make up your mind if you think professional horsemen are as ignorant as Messrs. Moore and Cole represent them to be. Go to the stalls that these professional horsemen keep their horses in at these parks, notice the comfortable quarters their horses have, and see the great care they get from their grooms. No horses, and few men, get the care and attention that horses do that are in the hands of professional horsemen. Professional horsemen train their horses to develop their speed, and a horse, to be able to show any great amount of speed at any one of his several gait, must be in the best possible state of health, i. e., condition, to enable him to do so. Consequently, the success of the trainer depends much on the judgment he displays in properly caring for his horse, to enable him to keep him in proper condition. This fact has caused horsemen to be very zealous in their efforts to ascertain the best means to relieve the wants of the horse.

Flora Temple, the once queen of the trotting turf, who has now arrived at the ripe old age of 32 years, and Goldsmith Maid, the now queen of the trotting turf, who has attained the age of 20 years, and is still vigorous, are but living monuments of the care and kindness bestowed upon trotting horses by professional horsemen.

It is but the height of nonsense to talk about a trainer using a bit on his horse, when no know that it was injuring his horse's mouth to the extent that Messrs. Cole and Moore speak of, and no trainer with enough of brains to bait a mousetrap would think of doing so. The great number of different kinds of bits now made use of by the horsemen is but an evidence that horsemen are anxious to get bits that will not injure their

mouth, and it is not surprising that many of these mechanical tools may be so made that they will hurt in different places, so may differ in the way in which they hurt, and in the degree of injury. When a horse's mouth becomes sore at a certain place, that place may be relieved from pressure by a change of bit, and consequently a change of bit in such cases might prove beneficial. When I have a horse that is not willing to eat, I examine his mouth, and try to ascertain the cause. The bit used on a horse is not always the cause of a horse's mouth becoming sore, yet it is the tongue and angles of the lips the most part of the horse's mouth that becomes injured by the use of the bit.

It would appear from what Messrs. Cole and Moore say, that there was no other part of a horse's mouth ever became injured by the use of bits, except his tongue and the angles of the lips, at least they are the only parts mentioned except by Mr. Cole. And I believe he is mistaken that a snaffle bit will lacerate the roof of the horse's mouth when it is used on him.

I have heard of drivers pushing on the reins to help their horses along, and doubtless the horses that Mr. Cole saw that had the roof of their mouths lacerated by means of the snaffle bit to press against the roof of a horse's mouth, without shoving on the reins. I have been using snaffle bits for at least twenty years, and I have never seen a horse injured in the roof of the mouth by one in all my experience. And as there are but few drivers that push on their reins, I shall not notice this kind of injury.

Some horses, owing to the formation of their mouths, and the peculiar manner in which they carry their heads, allow the bit to rest on the angles of the jaws, near the first molar tooth. When a horse pulls hard that carries the bit in this position he is liable to bruise the jaw and its membranes, and frequently exostosis is the result. I have removed morbid growths of bone from horses' mouths frequently, that were the result of this kind of injury. Such growths of bone are usually very irregular in form, and sometimes I have found them when they had been detached from the jaw, and were retained in the membranes of the jaws, in a position to be very annoying to the horse. It is quite common for horses to become sore at the angles of the mouth and jaws, and occasionally the tongue may become injured, but this is not often the case, when a properly-finished bit is used.

Sharp and irregular teeth cause more horses to act badly on the bit than all the other causes put together, and injure horses' mouths more than all the severe bits ever invented. This fact most professional horsemen are acquainted with, and usually have their horses' teeth properly attended to before they attempt to use a bit on them. The horns teeth has usually been much neglected, and when they have been operated on, it has usually been but poorly done, partially from want of skill in the operator, and more frequently from want of proper instruments. The common flat, or mouth rasp, is but an imperfect instrument to dress a horse's teeth with, owing to the coarse teeth on it, it leaves the horse's teeth in a very rough state.

I am pleased to learn that Prof. House, Veterinary Dentist, of New York, has been getting up an improved file for dressing the horse's teeth, and from what I hear it must be a very good one, and as the Professor proposes to teach veterinary dentistry, no doubt many will avail themselves of his services. If there were more veterinary dentists in our country, we should have less trouble in suiting our horses with bits, and many horses that now are almost useless as drivers, would soon become pleasant roadsters. Hundreds of horses are being dragged every day to give them an appetite, when, if their teeth were properly cared for they would eat up their own weight by the amount they would eat. In my next, I will try to tell you more about how horses cut on their teeth, and describe some of the bits I have used, telling you at the same time what kind of bits I have found to be the best.

Yours, S. T. B.

A CLOSE SHAVE.—The receipts at the meeting of the Columbus, Ohio, Driving Park Association amounted to \$11,000.00, and the expenditures to \$11,377.93, leaving in the treasury for future expenses the small little sum of forty-five cents.



Poetry.

BRUNO.

BY J. C. BURNETT.

"Well, yes, stranger, he's a getting rather old,  
He's not the sort of dog he used to be,  
But even now he's worth his weight in gold,  
And while he lives he has a friend in me.

"And will he fight?" A little now and then,  
Although he never hunts a muss on eight,  
He's mighty fair; but sometimes, like us men,  
He rather likes a rough-and-tumble fight.

"I've seen him look as if he'd give the odds"  
To two or three, and take 'em turn about.  
Just to accommodate, and then, ye gods!  
He'd waltz in beautiful, and lay them out!

"You ought to see him climb a real wild-cat,  
The savage ones that skulkish round at night;  
Just like a black-and-tan goes for a rat,  
He'll snatch one blind, and that's his who's delight.

"One evening yonder by that poplar tree  
He found a lynx, the worst old varmint here;  
I heard him bark, which meant a jamboree,  
And so I took my gun and gave a cheer.

"There on the river bank I saw two eyes,  
Up in a sapling, looking mighty bad;  
I thought I'd take the fellows by surprise  
So I fired, to give him all I had.

"The old gun missed and something seemed to drop;  
'Twas that there lynx, and down he came on me.  
I shook him, though, and Bruno got on top  
And fixed him in a way 'twas good to see.

"But there's one fact, it's singular to note,  
He'll tackle anything in thick and thin  
From bears to cats, excepting the coyote,  
He thinks that animal is kin.

"I've seen him join a hunt and take the trail,  
And skip ahead of all the rest a mile;  
But when it came to closing in he'd fail,  
As if he kind 'o thought he'd not the style.

"But stranger, you have been on Monument,  
The creek that comes out here by Castle-Rock?  
In sixty-five we lived there in a tent,  
My wife and I, attending to our stock.

"One day I had to go up on the Range,  
And left the dog as I had done before;  
He knew the cause, and didn't think it strange,  
But went and curled himself beside the door.

"When nearly night my wife became afraid,  
For Bruno seemed to have had news to tell,  
As if he knew there was an Indian raid  
And he could hear the Cheyenne whoop and yell.

"There was; and when the Indians saw the tent  
They just went down like devils of their kind,  
On robbing and murder all bent  
And even worse when victims they could find.

"One old scalp-lifter with his knife in hand  
Rushed through the door, but Bruno with a grin  
Just took him by the throat, you understand,  
And with an ax my wife got her work in!

"Another red skin next came in to help  
With gun and knife to shoot and carve his way;  
But Bruno mounted him, and with a yelp,  
As much as if he said, "You'll come to stay!"

"Two others now came yolling through the door;  
But dog and wife were there with teeth and ax  
And there they piled the devil's up, and four!  
'The rest outside?' Well, sir, they just made tracks.

"He's splendid? Shake! And now he's getting old  
I love to think of what he used to be;  
'That's why I say he's worth his weight in gold,  
And while he lives he has a friend in me."

A new star has appeared in the musical world in the person of Miss Reidy, of Simcoot. The Choral Society gave a concert lately at which Miss Reidy made her first appearance previous to her departure for New York to complete her musical studies. She possesses a soprano voice, the notes in the upper register being wonderfully clear and sweet reaching the ledger C. with ease, and the ledger G. apparently without an effort.

A city chap who was out of town shooting at a mark suddenly turned around and asked of a farmer standing near: "What's the law about shooting prairie chickens in these parts? when can I kill them?" "Never," was the old man's quiet response. "Never," shouted the general gunner. "Never," again replied the gentle tiller of the soil. And then, looking from the mark on the fence to the would-be sportsman, he continued: "That is if ye don't care to shoot better'n ye do now, boy!"

A gentleman challenging a renowned pedestrian and runner to a race for a considerable distance with him, simply stipulating that the champion of the "footcourse" should carry ten pounds weight of any article his challenger might choose to select. The champion cried "Done" to the bargain, when, low and behold! his opponent selected—not only for the effectual impediment, but the most grotesque adornment of his competitor—ten pounds weight of full-blown bladders! It is needless to add that the man with speed of foot lost his wager to the man with speed of wit.

Henry Turner, of Maysville, Cal., a bright little fellow, nine years old, died of diphtheria the other day. When the funeral procession left the house, a small pet pig child had raised and had been devotedly attached to, followed the hearse containing the remains of its friend, and, in spite of all the efforts to drive it back, followed the corpse the distance of seven miles to the burial-ground, most of the way remaining between the hind wheels of the hearse. As the graveyard was inclosed by a fence and had no gate, the little grunter, after several efforts to get inside, laid down, almost exhausted, under one of the horses.

WONDERFUL VITALITY IN A HORSE.

A short time ago Mr. John Hamner, of East Oxford, Ont., had one of his fine young horses taken from the field during the night by some fiendish person and tied in a neighboring wood to a tree with a strong rope, there to remain until death would relieve it of its sufferings unless found. Mr. Hamner spent a great deal of time in trying to find his animal, about giving up the task, he was passing through the woods and there to his astonishment saw his horse a living skeleton tied to a tree. It was about two weeks previous to this that the horse had been taken, and it is probable that the animal had been tied to the tree since his capture without food or water. This is the second horse Mr. Hamner has had taken during the year. The other horse was taken out of the church shed last winter and never heard of.

LENGTH OF A HORSE'S BACK.

The Rev. Adirondack Murray is a lover of all manly sports, and, as he is as much of a horseman as it is permitted that divines shall be, his opinion about horses is of value. He lays it down as a rule that the first thing to observe in judging of a horse, as far as their back is concerned, is the length of it. A long back is a weak back the world over, and in every instance. By superior excellence of structure in other respects, the weakness of the back may be, in some measure, made up; but the horse can never be the horse he would have been had his back been a shorter one. We do not care how short a horse's back is; for it is a sure evidence that he can carry or drag a heavy weight a great distance and not tire; neither, if he be speedy, will two or three seasons of turf experience break him down, as in the case with so many of our long-backed horses.

Big Fish.—Capt. J. G. Y. Holbrook, R.N., of Cobourg, one day last week caught a monster maskivonge in Rice Lake, weighing 22 1/2 pounds, length 3 feet 7 1/2 inches, girth 1 foot 7 inches. This is one of the finest maskivongs

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Military men I have met. Illustrated. Lindley Sambourne. \$2 00.

The trotting horse of America; how to train and drive him; with the reminiscences of a trotting turf. By Hiram Woodruff. 18th edition, with new appendix, tables of performance, &c. \$2 50.

Blaine's Encyclopaedia of rural sports: a complete account (historical, practical and descriptive) of hunting, shooting, fishing &c. 4th edition, 600 engravings on wood, from drawings by Leech, Aiker, Landseer, &c. \$6 00.

Lewis' American Sportsman, containing hints to sportsmen, notes on shooting, and the habits of the game birds and wild fowl of America. Numerous illustrations. \$2 75.

Trotting's British Sports and Pastimes. \$2 00. Upton's Newmarket and Arabia; an examination of the descent of races and courses. Colored illustrations. \$2 50.

Norris' American Fish Culture, embracing the details of artificial breeding and rearing trout; the cultivation of salmon, steelhead, and other fishes. Illustrated. \$1 75.

Xonati's The Dog, edited with additions by E. J. Lewis. Illustrated. \$3 75.

Castlemo's The Sportsman's Club in addition. Illustrated. \$1 25.

Castlemo's The Sportsman's Club and Illustrated. \$1 25.

Castlemo's The Sportsman's Club and the Trappers. Illustrated. \$1 25.

Gilmore's Prairie and Forest; a descriptive of the game of North America, with personal ventures in their pursuit. Illustrated. \$1 75.

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Norris' American Anglers' book, embracing the natural history of sporting fish, and the art of taking them, with instructions in fly-fishing, fly-making, and rod-making, and directions for fish breeding. Illustrated with 60 engravings on wood. \$5 50.

Stonehenge's The Horse in the stable and field; his management in health and disease. 80 engravings. \$2 50.

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Miscellaneous and Sporting advertisements 20 cents per line each insertion.

**Miscellaneous.**

My wife and I, attending to our stock.

One day I had to go up on the Raugo, and left the dog as I had done before; He knew the cause, and didn't think it strange, but went and curled himself beside the door.

When a moonly night my wife became afraid, for Bruno seemed to have had news to tell, and if he knew there was an Indian raid, and he could hear the Cheyenne whoop and yell.

There was; and when the Indians saw the tent they just went down like devils of their kind, on looting and murder all hell bent, and even worse when victims they could find.

One old scalp-lifter with his knife in hand rushed through the door, but Bruno with a grin just took him by the throat, you understand, and with an ax my wife got her work in!

Another red skin next came in to help with gun and knife to shoot and carve his way; but Bruno mounted him, and with a yelp, as much as if he said, "You'll come to stay!"

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"He's splendid? Shake! And now he's getting old I love to think of what he used to be; That's why I say he's worth his weight in gold. And while he lives he has a friend in me."

### Miscellaneous.

It is stated that a disease is spreading among the chickens which takes the form of violent diarrhoea, and kills them off at wholesale. Mr. D. McLaughlan, of East Williams, lost fifty or sixty fowls by this disease last week.

A Burlington preacher discoursing about Petté and Paul, a few days ago, remarked that they "were a good pair." Without opening his eyes the deacon in the first pew said: "Take the pot; see high's all I've got."

The professional ball player will be the hero of every grocery gathering this year and for once the old veterans who "fit in the war of the revolution" will be compelled to take a secluded seat, and his stories of hair-breadth escapes will sink into comparative insignificance before the wonderful recitals from the ball field.

An old woman named McGregor, died at the Elgin House of Industry on Sunday morning, who was upwards of 107 years of age, having been born in Scotland in the year 1770. She had possession of all her senses up to the time of her disease.

At a Chester "Eng'ano" hotel, Jack Mytton, a sporting celebrity, observed a sporting person busy counting the chairs for guests at the table d'hotel, and guessed that a bet was coming. Toward the close of the evening the clerical "leg" raised a bet of £50 as to the number of legs of chairs in the room and Jack Mytton had contrived to get four less than all.

Harper's Bazar says: "Ladies will wear canners hair waders during the winter." We don't like to assume such an authority as the Bazar, but we'll let Mr. Harper \$500 we know a woman would wear the same article in any winter of all winter.

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**BIG FISH.**—Capt. J. G. Y. Holbrook, R.N., of Cobourg, one day last week caught a monster maskinonge in Rice Lake, weighing 22 pounds, length 3 feet 7 inches, girth 1 foot 7 inches. This is one of the finest maskinonge caught in Rice Lake for a long time, and the manner of landing it, after securing a "bite," reflected credit on Capt. Holbrook's angling abilities.

**EAGLE CAPTURED.**—A magnificent specimen of the white-headed American eagle was captured by Messrs. Rich. Stephens and Andrew Ball, son of F. R. Ball, Esq., of Woodstock, on Saturday last, on Turkey Point. The bird measures a trifle over seven feet between the extremities of the wings, and weighs eleven pounds. With the exception of one broken wing it is not in the least mutilated, both form and plumage being perfect.

**No Excuse for Any One being Out of Employment.**—Our attention has been called to some new and useful household invitations recently patented by L. E. Brown, of Cincinnati, Ohio, which make housekeeping a pleasure, instead of a dreaded necessity. They have been having a large sale for them throughout the United States, and now wish to introduce them through the Dominion of Canada, and offer good reliable lady or gentleman canvassers an opportunity seldom met with for making money rapidly. For terms and territory write at once to L. E. Brown & Co., 214 and 216 Elm Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. 323-at

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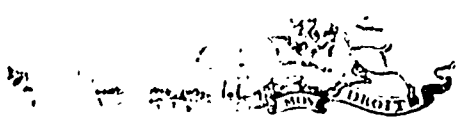
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The Gentleman's Journal

100 KING ST. W. DAY NOV 16 1877

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All communications intended for the "Sporting Times" should be addressed to P. COLLIER & Co., Sporting Times, 100 King St. W., Toronto, Ontario.

Managers, Agents, Bookkeepers, etc., of Amusement, and Managers and Secretaries of Racing Associations, Shooting Clubs, Athletic, Base Ball and Cricket Clubs, etc., etc.

It is respectfully informed, that all Correspondents of the SPORTING TIMES are supplied with a card of PAPER color, with the name of the city or town and correspondent, signed by the proprietors of this paper, with a punch stamp of a horse's head upon the right upper corner, and dated October, 1877, each card running for three months. No person is authorized to use any other credential on our behalf. Managers will save themselves from imposition by demanding an exhibition of said card, and refusing to accept any excuse whatever for its non-production. The card is not transferable; and if it be presented by any person other than the one whose name it bears, managers and others will retain it and mail it to this office.

Persons applying for the position of Correspondent are respectfully requested to consider SUCCESS A NEGATIVE.

DATES CLAIMED FOR 1877.

AMERICAN.

RUNNING MEETINGS.

New Orleans ..... Dec 1 to 4  
Charleston, S. C. .... Feb 5 to 9 (1878)

DATES CLAIMED FOR 1878.

CANADIAN.

Oshawa ..... May 24

AMERICAN.

Freeport, Ill. .... May 30 to June 2  
Prophetstown, Ill. .... June 4 to 7  
Clyde, N. Y. .... July 8 to 5  
Toledo, O. .... July 16 to 19  
Cleveland, O. .... July 23 to 26  
Buffalo, N. Y. .... July 30 to Aug 2  
Freeport, Ill. .... Aug 1 to 4  
Rochester, N. Y. .... Aug 6 to 9  
Prophetstown, Ill. .... Aug 6 to 9  
Utica, N. Y. .... Aug 13 to 16  
Springfield, Mass. .... Aug 20 to 23  
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3. The Courts have decided, that refusing to take newspapers or periodicals from the Post Office, or removing and leaving them uncollected for, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

TO OUR FRIENDS.

THE HORSE INTEREST.

There possibly never was a time in the history of Canada when the horse interest of the country was so great and abiding as at present. True, during the progress of the late fratricidal struggle between our cousins on the other side of the lines, the demand for horses was probably greater than now, but the class of stock required was not equal to the standard when the purchaser of to-day stands upon. Then, almost anything was good enough, now the best is demanded. Fortunately for our producers since that morbid demand has ceased, some, we might say many, of the finest sires on the continent have been imported into Canada, and the crossing of this rich blood on our native mares has produced a type of horses which supplies the demand for saddle and cavalry horses in the old country. As true as this is of the thoroughbred importations, as much could be said of his species relative to the trotting horse, whose domestic value is considered in many quarters to be equal to his more aristocratic relative. It is only of late years that any degree of importance has been attached to the production of the trotting horse in this country, but in that short time rapid strides have been made in developing this type. In most every section the demand for trotting sires has exceeded the supply. The importation of high-bred horses of this class has been accompanied with great expense, and comparatively the number has been few. In various parts of the country our native sires have had the field to themselves. However, some of our more enterprising horsemen indulged in the best class of imported stock that could be secured, and for the short time they have been in the country the results have been of the most satisfactory nature. The gradual dissemination of their produce has elevated the standard, until now pedigree enters as much in the purchase of a driving horse as any of his other qualifications. No good farmer would be satisfied with the class of horses which was generally in existence twenty years ago. The country demands something better, and as the producer he is obliged to supply it, or else see himself left behind by his more go-a-head neighbors.

One great means by which the United States has been supplied with such a fine stock of horses is to be found in the establishments in their midst of elegant breeding establishments, where scrupulous care is taken in the selection of sires and dams of the most approved and fashionable strains of blood. These are most carefully guarded, and the produce of this selection is now found in all parts of the Union, leaving their mark wherever they have been placed. The semi-annual or annual sales of these primary producers have been a great means for distributing the choicest strains, as it were broadcast throughout the country. In Canada so far our large producers of fine equine stock have been small in numbers, but those who have engaged in it have shown a most meritorious spirit. While we have lacked the periodical sales of our American cousins, individual enterprise has done much to supply the deficiency. The time must shortly come when our breeders will have to adopt the American system of disposing of their surplus stock. Indeed, already we are informed that Mr. J. P. Wiser, Rysdyk Stock Farm, Prescott, Ont., has determined on this means of sale, and from the accumulation of his stock during the past few years he will be able to present a flattering bill. He intends to conduct it on the same basis which has met with so much success on the other side—being positive and without reserve. His first public sale will

conclude not to buy at all. Worse than this he may get the idea that the man who will not promptly answer a business enquiry in which he is as much interested as any one else is a fool or a slave, and will have nothing further to do with him, as not being the right kind of a man. Many a good sale we know of has been spoiled in this way, when just a little attention to the comity of business would have ensured a transaction satisfactory on both sides. There is nothing to be gained by such an exhibition of carelessness, while the chances are strongly in favor of loss. Let sellers be governed by the same rules which they would expect buyers to observe, promptness and want of equivocation, and their obligation is fulfilled. In any class or trade, business rules must not be neglected, and in no department is this more required than in selling fine and valuable equine stock.

A CHANCE FOR ED. HANLAN.

The London correspondent of the Boston Globe in a letter to that journal says considerable interest is evinced in England, in a recent challenge of Trickett, the Australian oarsman. He offers to row any man in the world three or five miles straightaway for £500 or £1,000, and will allow expenses to row in Australia. If this proposition is not accepted, Trickett says he will meet any man in the United States or in the Provinces for £1,000 and pay his own expenses; or, if they decline to row for that sum, he will row for £500 a side—no less—and will take £100 for expenses. New York Clipper to be stakeholder and select the referee.

There is no reason to doubt the correctness of this broad challenge, and the boat-racing section of America will expect Hanlan or Courtney to pick up the glove so boldly thrown down. There should be no difficulty in raising £500 and the expenses £100 (about \$2,900) for Hanlan to row the Australian in Toronto. As the negotiations will take some time, it would be quite proper for Hanlan's friends to take action in the matter as soon as possible. A match for the championship of the world between such men as Trickett and Hanlan would truly set the aquatic world in a blaze.

A RINGER EXPOSE.

WHO "NOTFIELD" IS.—HOW ABOUT "BRIGHTWOOD."

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RAPID TRANSIT.

In this age of steam and telegraph it is hard to be surprised at anything in the way of the annihilation of space and time. It is

Sporting Gossip.

Mr. Charley Boyle will winter Sunnyside at Woodstock. Charley will develop a couple of his young trotters this winter, giving them their first lessons to a cutter.

There is a man in the city who prides himself on having a 2:20 horse. He purchased him at a down-town auction last week for \$2.20.

The old Riley Hotel property in Dundas, has been purchased by A. R. Wardell, Esq., and has been leased by Mr. P. B. Riley.

Mr. Thomas Greenwood, of Fullarton township was disposed of the colt that took the first prize at the Mitchell horse fair last spring to Mr. Cressman, of Waterloo, for the sum of \$600. This colt was sired by "Lord Haddo," who is owned by the above named gentleman. Mr. Greenwood has purchased the thorough-bred Kentucky stallion, Dr. Butler, from Mr. Eby, of New Hamburg.

The seventh article in the will of a late citizen of New Orleans reads: "Whereas, it seems that my son John seems inclined to play poker, which is a dangerous game to trifle with, unless you know what you are doing; therefore I leave my son John \$10,000 that he may go to Halifax, North Carolina, and learn how to play the game."

The cross-country horses Grey Cloud, Skylark, and Lady Robinson will be wintered at R. Wilson's, Carleton, under charge of Dedrick.

The regular meeting of the Board of appeals of the National Association will be held at Hartford, Conn., on Dec. 4.

The short-horn breeders have now formed a National Association. The object seems to be to praise each other's cows.

The match between Smuggler and Great Eastern at Cleveland has been declared off, inclement weather being the cause assigned for its indefinite postponement.

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Mr. Pierre Lorillard seems to be disposed

Veterinary.

PARACENTESIS ABDOMINIS.

COMMUNICATION READ BY MR. W. T. DERR, OF WOOSTER, OHIO, STUDENT AT THE ONTARIO VETERINARY COLLEGE.

One day last Spring I was called on to visit a mare, the property of Mr. James Taggart, suffering from acute indigestion. The animal had been treated by a so called Veterinary Surgeon, since ten o'clock, this being about five o'clock in the afternoon, but his treatment had given no relief; so Mr. Taggart sent for me to see whether I had obtained any knowledge in a case of this character, while attending the lectures of the Ontario Veterinary College, last winter. On arriving at the stable I found the animal as follows: A large bay mare, six years old, and in her ninth pregnant month; the abdomen was distended with gas to its utmost extent; pulse feeble and indistinct; respirations accelerated and laborious; the body was bedewed with a cold clammy perspiration; legs and ears cold; and eversion of the rectum about four or five inches. After making an examination, and taking the subject into consideration, I had a desperate case to deal with. I went on the old maxim, "while there is life there is hope," and "where there is a will there is a way." So I undertook to administer a drachm of laudanum, carbonate of ammonia and ginger, but did not succeed in getting much down, for she regurgitated it and ate a small amount of food back through the nostrils. The food being corn and chopped oats, of which she had received the first feed that morning. She would sit on her haunches like a dog, and this sitting down and regurgitating food began to make me think that rupture of the stomach or diaphragm was a near neighbor. Her eyes looked glassy and delirious; she was very careful about lying down, and would lay but a few moments until she would rise up on her front extremities and sit on her haunches. I now began to think my case looked hopeless, having had but little faith on my first arrival, and it being my first starting in practice. I told the owner that there was no chance of saving his animal except by surgical operation. I explained the theory of the operation and danger thereof. After hesitating a few minutes, and seeing the mare suffering intense pain, he gave his consent, thinking this to be the last of her. I then tried percussion over the right flank, and after finding a place, that, to my opinion, I thought best, pushed the trocar and canula through the abdominal walls into the intestines. After withdrawing the trocar the gas escaped very rapidly. The worst symptoms now subsided, so that I had no trouble in administering medicine to my patient. I now gave a drachm of carbonate of ammonia and ginger; had the rectum well fomented with warm water, it being very much inflamed on account of the manipulation, and trying to return it by two doctor in attendance. I had no trouble in reducing it after the operation was performed. I now had my patient rubbed dry and some clothing put on, and left her for the night. Next morning I found the case much improved; she had eaten a bran mash; her pulse fifty; respiration about natural, but some pain and swelling over the place I had made the puncture. I ordered warm fomentations to the sides, and gave a laxative combined with a stimulant. I called to see the animal in the evening and found her doing well. I then gave her a ball composed of gentian and ginger. On the following day I called to see her again and found her improving rapidly; swelling subsided where the puncture had been made. I put her under tonics and discharged her convalescent. In a few days I received word that the mare was not well, and had not laid down; so I paid her a visit and found her appetite improved, pulse



Proport, Ill.....	May 30 to June 2
Prophetstown, Ill.....	June 1 to 7
Clyde, N. Y.....	July 3 to 5
Toledo, O.....	July 16 to 19
Cleveland, O.....	July 23 to 26
Bullala, N. Y.....	July 30 to Aug 2
Proport, Ill.....	Aug 1 to 4
Rochester, N. Y.....	Aug 6 to 9
Prophetstown, Ill.....	Aug 6 to 9
Utica, N. Y.....	Aug 13 to 16
Springfield, Mass.....	Aug 20 to 23
Parisville, Ill.....	Aug 20 to 23
Mystic Park, Boston.....	Sept 3 to 6

## NEWSPAPER DECISIONS.

1. Any person or persons who takes a paper regularly from a Post Office, whether directed in his name or another's, or whether he has subscribed or not, is responsible for payment.

2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrears, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and then collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.

3. The Courts have decided, that refusing to take newspapers or periodicals from the Post Office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

## TO OUR FRIENDS.

We have on our books a large amount of money due us for subscriptions. We have been particularly indulgent to our friends and patrons, and trust they will see the necessity of promptly remitting their indebtedness in this respect. As the issue and collection of drafts is a pecuniary loss to us of some moment, it is hoped that those who are indebted for subscription will remit without entailing on us the trouble and expense of individual drafts. We make this broad appeal in the fullest confidence of a ready response.

Everything used about a printing office is cash, and to meet the weekly drain on our exchequer we are compelled to ask payment of outstanding obligations. Our expenses naturally increase as the winter approaches, and as most of our subscription accounts are far past due—our terms being *in advance*—we feel no delicacy in making the request for prompt remittance. Many of our readers are a couple of years in default, and their assistance will greatly assist us and place us under renewed obligations.

## NAME CLAIMED.

By C. J. ALLOWAY, V. S., MONTREAL.

ASTERAEA, for bay filly, foaled May 18, 1877, by Astronomer, dam Marseillaise, by Lexington.

would be satisfied with the class of horses which was generally in existence twenty years ago. The country demands something better, and as the producer he is obliged to supply it, or else be himself left behind by his more go-ahead neighbors.

One great means by which the United States has been supplied with such a fine stock of horses is to be found in the establishments in their midst of elegant breeding establishments, where scrupulous care is taken in the selection of sires and dams of the most approved and fashionable strains of blood. These are most carefully guarded, and the produce of this selection is now found in all parts of the Union, leaving their mark wherever they have been placed. The semi-annual or annual sales of these primary producers have been a great means for distributing the choicest strains, as it were broadcast throughout the country. In Canada so far our large producers of fine equine stock have been small in numbers, but those who have engaged in it have shown a most meritorious spirit. While we have lacked the periodical sales of our American cousins, individual enterprise has done much to supply the deficiency. The time must shortly come when our breeders will have to adopt the American system of disposing of their surplus stock. Indeed, already we are informed that Mr. J. P. Wiser, Rysdyk Stock Farm, Prescott, Ont., has determined on this means of sale, and from the accumulation of his stock during the past few years he will be able to present a flattering bill. He intends to conduct it on the same basis which has met with so much success on the other side—being positive and without reserve. His first public sale will take place early in the spring, and we expect it to be a great success. In due time doubtless other breeders will adopt the same system, the public competition at such sales forming an index to the estimator in which the producer's efforts are held by the public. Years ago some such sales were held, but for some reason or other they were not continued, possibly we were not sufficiently advanced in this domestic industry to render such a course necessary; but as before remarked the time must shortly come when public sales of fine stock will be a necessity to all parties.

## SELLING HORSES.

Sometimes a man who has a good horse for sale, loses the opportunity of disposing of him by a laxity of the common rules of business. Some one who is able and willing to purchase a horse of this kind reads the advertisement and writes for particulars—price, description, and pedigree. His communication is worded with candor, and the owner thinks he has a purchaser who is extremely anxious to possess himself of the animal in question. Now, he concludes, "if I answer his application immediately he will think I am very desirous of selling, and consequently will not feel disposed to give my price; I will wait for a further request." Here is where the seller oversteps himself. The intended purchaser may in the meantime see something that will suit his purpose equally as well, or, growing cold in his desire, may

take some time, it would be quite proper for Hanlan's friends to take action in the matter as soon as possible. A match for the championship of the world between such men as Trickett and Hanlan would truly set the aquatic world in a blaze.

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## RAPID TRANSIT.

In this age of steam and telegraph it is hard to be surprised at anything in the way of the annihilation of space and time. It is only a few years since it took a couple of months at least to receive intelligence between Canada and England. This has now been reduced as will be seen by the following to two weeks.

Mr. T. C. Patteson, of Eastwood, shipped from that station on the Great Western Railway, on Monday, 22nd ult., a car load of horses for England. On Monday, 5th inst., he received a cablegram at Eastwood, stating that they were stabled in Liverpool; thus only two weeks elapsing from the time the horses were shipped from the western part of Ontario until word was received of their arrival in the old country. If this rapid transit of live stock could be guaranteed, it would prove a great incentive to the trade. Surprising as this is, a few years may develop even a more expeditious method of communication. Indeed we have almost as much reason to expect improvement in this branch as in any other, as the spirit of invention which has produced such great results within such a short time is neither idle, dormant or exhausted. A few years hence, fourteen days for such a venture as is above stated, will possibly be considered slow, and the exporters of live stock then will look upon their brethren of to-day with surprise, and wonder how they could carry on a business of this nature when the delay was so great.

The Milton, Co. Halton, Curling Club has been incorporated.

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In the list of the winning jockeys in the States we see that Billy McBride, Archie Fisher's cross-country rider, is credited with seven mounts of which he won four. This is the largest percentage of any steeple-chase rider in the list. The winnings attached to his name amount to \$1,490, of which all but \$50 was first money.

Mr. Pierre Lorillard seems to be disposed to settle the question of supremacy between Ten Broeck and Parole, by proposing to go to Louisville, in May next, and run the brown gelding against the Kentucky crack, for \$20,000 aside. This is a proper spirit, and leaves but one road out for Mr. Harper, and that is to accept the challenge.

There is talk of several gentlemen in Toronto and vicinity being about to invest in speedy horse-flesh this winter in Kentucky. We hope they will. "Talk is cheap but it takes money to buy race-horses."

A remarkable trotting pony is advertised for sale in to-day's paper. A midget as it were, only 11 hands high, but who can trot a full mile out close to :40 is truly a wonder. It will be sold well worth the purchase money, and we expect to hear of an immediate sale.

Mr. Harry Piper, "everybody's friend," will be again a candidate for Alderman in the noble ward of St. John at the ensuing elections. Last election Harry went in rashing.

Sexton beat Cyrille Dion at New York on Tuesday evening for the billiard championship of America, by a score of 600 to 428. The winner's average was 11 17-53; and the loser's 8 4-52. Sexton's largest run, 97; Dion's, 105.

An elegant grey gelding, 7 years, 16 hands, can trot in :40 is announced for sale to-day. He is without record, and promises to be very speedy. His owner being engaged in business, has not time to develop him, and will dispose of him cheap.

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Whether my treatment was right in performing paracentesis abdominis with the results that followed, or whether the animal could have been relieved without the operation is for you to say, as I am only a beginner in the profession, and being called in at the eleventh hour I did the best I knew under the circumstances, and by doing so doing saved the life of the animal.

## MONTREAL VETERINARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION.

The regular meeting of this association took place on the evening of the 8th, in the lecture room of the Veterinary College. Prof. McEachran, President, occupied the chair, and in opening proceedings referred to the number of standard works securely added to the library, donated by Prof. Osler, Mr. C. J. Alloway, and others, to whom a vote of thanks was returned. Mr. J. A. Couture, V. S., described a case of sloughing of the skin and muscles on a horse's thigh. Prof. Wm. Osler, Vice President, read a paper on "The So-called Hog Cholera, or Typhoid Fever in Pigs," in the course of which he showed that the United States stock raisers suffered an annual loss of some \$20,000,000 by this scourge, and it has also made some ravages in this Province. He explained the symptoms, which he studied from experiments, and said that drawings of the post

of excellent judgment. The two mile race at the same meeting was amusing on account of the appearance of the youngest pedestrian in the world at the scratch. His name is John Hargraves, eight years old, and weighs 65 lbs. He hails from Youkers. He had a start of 5 minutes from the scratchman, but only 3 minutes from the winner, who turned up in G. D. Phillips, Hudson Boat Club. Little Hargraves looked like a baby on the track, but his little legs moved in the style of piston rods, and he managed to keep in advance until the last lap. Hargraves' first mile was 9m. 51 1/2s., and his two miles in 19m. 40s. The winner, Phillips, did the distance in 17m. 25s.

ONV. VET. COLLEGE SOCIETY.

A meeting of the Society in connection with the Ontario Veterinary College took place in the Lecture Room of the Institution on the evening of the 8th inst. The President, Prof. And. Smith, V. S., occupied the hour. After the usual preliminaries Mr. Fadel, of Seneca, read a very interesting paper upon Flatulent Colic, which was warmly discussed by the gentlemen present. Mr. Humphreys, of Lookhaven, Pa., then read a communication upon a case of Navicular Arthritis, which he successfully treated by the use of frog seatons and other remedies. This led to a lively debate; after which the President gave an address in which he set forth the various theories held by the several authorities upon this disease. After a vote of thanks had been tendered to Messrs. Fadel and Humphreys, the meeting adjourned.

Canadian Turf.

RACING AT COBOURG.

Cobourg, Ont. Nov 7, 1877.—\$— Hurdle race. Mile heats. B Williams, b g Jack, by Jack the Barber 1 1 Caesar, b m Lady Henderson..... 2 2 No time. Same Day—Trotting. Mile heats, 3 in 5 \* Ferguson, Pt Hope, b g Favorite.. 2 1 2 1 0 McKie, Pt Hope, b m Lady Mack 1 3 1 2 0 Hayden, Pt Hope, b m Kate.... 3 2 3 3 1 Hunt, Pt Hope, g m Grey Daisy, dis No time. Same Day—\$—. Running. Half-mile heats, 2 5. Dickinson, Grafton, b m Fannie 4 1 1 0 \* Brewster, Centreton, b s Kon- 1 2 0 0 Scott, Pt Hope, b g Brown Frank ..... 2 0 0 0 Dean, Cobourg, b m Lady Dean 3 0 0 0 \*Owing to darkness, postponed until 8th, then on account of wet weather put off until 12th. †Declared "no heat."

RACING AT TORONTO.

Newmarket Course, Toronto, Nov. 10—\$200. Hurdle. Running. Dash of a mile. White, b h Jack, pedigree unknown ..... 1 Dalton, b m Lady Break, pedigree unknown 2 No time.

Correspondence.

INGERSOLL.—People outside the horse business have little or no idea of the importance and magnitude to which this branch of commerce has attained. Notwithstanding the passing of the obnoxious pool bill, the exportation of horses from Canada to the old countries is on the increase.

Dr. Wm. Somerville, the celebrated horseman and veterinary surgeon of Buffalo, was the first, I believe, to take hold of the business. He alone, has spent over \$113,000 in horse flesh this season; besides this, he has buyers all over the Dominion, one of the principal ones being Mr. Jas. Collier of Beachville.

These facts alone should tend to encourage farmers and breeders to try and raise the very best of stock. The destructive war now raging in Europe, where whole regiments of cavalry are swept away in one day, must, in time, necessarily increase the demand, and breeders of equine stock can rely, that if only proper attention is paid to the pedigree of the sire they will find a ready market and good prices for all they can raise—TOE WEIGHT.

Pedestrianism.

A "QUEER" RACE AT OTTAWA.

of excellent judgment. The two mile race at the same meeting was amusing on account of the appearance of the youngest pedestrian in the world at the scratch. His name is John Hargraves, eight years old, and weighs 65 lbs. He hails from Youkers. He had a start of 5 minutes from the scratchman, but only 3 minutes from the winner, who turned up in G. D. Phillips, Hudson Boat Club. Little Hargraves looked like a baby on the track, but his little legs moved in the style of piston rods, and he managed to keep in advance until the last lap. Hargraves' first mile was 9m. 51 1/2s., and his two miles in 19m. 40s. The winner, Phillips, did the distance in 17m. 25s.

ATHLETIC.—At an athletic entertainment at the French Theatre, New York, on the 9th, Mr. R. A. Pennell put up a 140 lb. dumb bell four times within five seconds, and again poised one weighing 190 lbs over his head with straight arm for sixteen seconds.

W. Gale, of Cardiff, having accomplished the task of walking 1,500 miles in 1,000 consecutive hours, has engaged the Agricultural Hall, Islington, England, and started to attempt the more difficult feat of walking a quarter of a mile every ten minutes 4,000 times consecutively, a feat he claims to have performed at Cardiff some time since, but which has not been accepted as a record. If successful Gale will accomplish 1,000 miles in twenty-eight days without the opportunity of obtaining more than a few minutes' rest at one time during the walk.

Five Civil Service gentlemen walked from Ottawa to Aylmer and back on Saturday afternoon. The fastest time made was three hours and fifty-five minutes. The distance is 18 miles. Not bad for amateurs.

The members of the Montreal Snow-Shoe Club have learned with great regret of the intention of Mr. C. P. Davidson, Q. C., their esteemed president, to retire from office. Mr. Davidson has occupied the position for a considerable period with honor to himself and credit to the club. It is no mean distinction to be elected president of a body comprising 400 members like that of the Montreal Snow-Shoe Club, and it speaks well of the man who has occupied the position, that, on his retirement, the universal expression among the members is, "We shall not look upon his like again."

Aquatic.

BOYD AND HIGGINS MATCHED AGAIN.

Another race for the championship of England has been definitely arranged, and on the Tyne, on January 14, 1878, it will be decided whether the championship and the Newcastle Chronicle Challenge Cup will remain with John Higgins, of Shadwell, or will again pass over to Robert Watson Boyd, of Gateshead. The Northcountrymen, it is known, did not long rest under their late defeat ere sending a challenge to row on the Tyne, and it has been noted to Higgins' advantage that he was nothing loath in speedily accepting it. The little hitch in connection with the use of cutters has been safely got over.

Harvard has accepted Yale's challenge for a race in eight-oared boats, and chooses New London as the place for the race.

A working man met a representative of this office on the street on Wednesday morning and said he would contribute \$25 towards the expense of the match between Hanlan and Trickett. This is a commendable spirit.

LADY GRANT.

THE END OF A FIZZLE.

Since last spring extracts from other papers have appeared from time to time in these columns, telling of the wonderful performances of a mare known as Lady Grant, owned by Mr. Trask, Otego, N.Y. It was reported she could trot in two minutes, and it was only an exercising jog for her to beat Goldsmith Maid's time—2:14. Items were

Thus, after having been deceived for years, Mr. Trask's friends find it impossible to deceive the old gentleman. His fancies he has the fastest trotter in the world, and nothing less than \$50,000 will buy her. Moral: Never put any faith in private trials."

WINTER RACES AT OTTAWA.

The turfmen of Ottawa are determined to take time by the forelock. Already they have prepared a programme for their winter meeting. Although it has not been absolutely settled upon, no doubt it will approach the reality. A meeting of those interested was held at the Union House in that city, on Saturday last to take the subject into consideration. A four days' meeting was agreed upon, but the question of place remained undecided. It was suggested that Leamy's Lake should be fenced in and the races be held on the ice; while another proposal favored Mutchmor Park, over the snow. The programme submitted was as follows:—3:00 class, \$200; 2:45 class, \$200; 2:40 class, \$200; 2:36 class, \$200; 2:33, \$300; 2:30 class, \$300; 2:27 class, \$300; 5-mile dash, \$150; Free-for-all, \$500. Rigid rules will be adopted to prevent "ringers" putting in an appearance at the meeting.

AN ENGLISH DECISION.

It is quite easy to understand how some practices are not looked upon in the same light in different countries. Now, there is a great diversity of opinion on some subjects in the English and American views. A short time ago we published a short paragraph to the effect that an English magistrate had decided that throwing three-card monte was not gambling, but was a trial of skill between the manipulator of the cards and the outside bettor. The magistrate certainly took a prima facie view of the matter, and did not plunge very deeply into the enquiry. From an English exchange we are able to give a report of the case, which will show our readers how such questions are treated in the old country:—

"At the Salford Police Court, Thos. Cunningham, moulder, has been charged before Mr. Richard Radford with gambling on the race course. Mr. Bennett was for the defense. Detective Sergeant Eyre stated that he saw prisoner and other men playing what was known as the 'three-card trick,' with playing cards on the race course. Mr. Bennett contended that the 'three-card trick' was a game of skill and not a game of chance, because if the eye was sufficiently educated to follow the player's hand the selected card could be detected. Cases of this kind had been brought before Sir J. I. Mantell, who considered that the case was one of skill, and dismissed the prisoners. Some years ago he (Mr. Bennett) defended a person who was charged with a similar offense before Sir J. I. Mantell. At his (Mr. Bennett's) request the prisoner was brought out of the dock, placed near Inspector Lythgoe, and allowed to manipulate the cards. On three different occasions the inspector detected the 'marked' card. It was, therefore, decided by the stipendiary that the game was one of skill, and he dismissed the case. Mr. Radford said that in the face of recent decisions he should follow the course adopted by the stipendiary. He thought, however, that gambling ought to be better defined, so that the law might reach cases of this kind. The case was therefore dismissed."

FOOT BALL AT KINGSTON.

A game of this interesting and exciting amusement took place here last Saturday afternoon between two military clubs, viz., Military College Club of this place, and the Victoria Rifle Club, of Montreal, and proved to be no exception to the rule in respect to excitement, &c. The game with the usual military precision was commenced sharp at 3 o'clock, the time announced, and was played

Toronto and Ottawa Railway!

As a matter of interest to every citizen of Toronto, we publish below a copy of a letter from Mr. Scott, the President of the above railway, addressed to the City Council, which explains the present status of the project: To John Candvan, Esq., Chairman, and the Executive Committee of the Council of the Corporation of the City of Toronto:—

GENTLEMEN—Pursuant to the request of the Committee, conveyed at its meeting yesterday, I now have the honor to place before you such information relating to the project we have on hand, and the prospects of its accomplishment, as I understand to come within the desire of the Committee.

1. The Toronto and Ottawa Railway proposes to connect directly the cities of Toronto and Ottawa, traversing the Counties of York, Ontario, Durham, Peterborough, Hastings, Addington, Frontenac, Lanark, and Carleton, and taking on its way the villages of Whitewater, Brougham, Greenwood, Claremont, Manchester, Port Perry, Williamsburg, Bothany, Cananville, Springville; the town of Peterborough; the villages of Norwood, Blairton, Marmora, Madoc, Bridgewater, Lanark, and Carleton Place. Or, should the line be deflected southerly in the County of Lanark, so as to pass by an independent line by way of Perth and Ottawa, the two last-named villages will be substituted by the town of Perth and the villages of Franktown and Richmond.

2. The entire distance from Toronto to Ottawa is computed at 225 miles.

3. The proposed road will cross at right angles—or nearly so—the following railways, viz: the Whitby, Port Perry, and Lindsay; the Midland; the Lakeside branch of the Midland; the Belleville and North Hastings; the Kingston and Pembroke; and the Brockville and Ottawa.

4. For upwards of a hundred miles easterly from Toronto the proposed road will traverse centrally a rich and productive agricultural district. As much can also be said for the district that will be traversed for fifty or sixty miles westerly from Ottawa. The intervening country is but sparsely settled as yet, though rich in mineral deposits, only awaiting means of accessibility in order to their speedy development.

5. The following Municipal aid has already been granted, viz:—

County of Ontario group, including the Village of Port Perry.....	\$ 95,000
Cartwright township.....	20,000
Manvers township.....	30,000
Peterborough town.....	150,000
Peterborough county.....	150,000
County of Lanark group.....	90,000
Lanark village.....	10,000
	\$740,000

And we yet expect for the route by way of Carleton Place, outside of Toronto and Ottawa, aid as follows:—

Cavan township, (section)....	\$ 25,000
Hastings, Frontenac, and Addington.....	100,000
Village of Carleton Place....	20,000
Carleton county (section)....	50,000
	195,000

which, with the aid asked from Toronto and Ottawa would give an average municipal aid of \$5,500 per mile.

6. By the exploratory survey made by Mr. George Keefer a few years ago, two routes from Ottawa westerly were suggested—one as indicated in the last paragraph, by way of Carleton Place, and a more easterly route by way of Richmond and Perth, both leading to a common point in the County of Frontenac. Towards the southern route aid has been voted by the Town of Perth to the amount of \$75,080. A by-law is also in course of submission to a group in South Lanark, for \$75,000, and from the Village of Richmond \$10,000 would no doubt be voted, as it was once before, under the charter of Sir Hugh Allan. Should the southern route be adopted, there would have to be omitted from the bonus schemes mentioned in the preceding paragraph, as follows:—

Northern group, County of Lanark....	\$90,000
Carleton Place.....	20,000
Lanark Village.....	10,000
	\$120,000

And substituted therefor as follows:—

Town of Perth.....	\$ 75,000
South Lanark group.....	75,000
Village of Richmond.....	10,000
	\$160,000

which would still keep up the average aid by that route to \$5,500 a mile.

7. Steps are now being taken towards the submission of by-laws in those places from which aid is expected, so as to have them voted on during the present year.

8. In view of the fact that some 60 or 70 miles of the proposed road partakes of the character of a colonization road, and in view of the policy that has hitherto obtained in the disposition of the public funds of the Province in aid

BUDD DOBLE FOR CALIFORNIA.

SMUGGLER ONE OF HIS STRING.

Budd Doble, the well-known driver and trainer, passed through Chicago last Wednesday morning, en route for the Pacific coast. In his car was Col. Russell's horse Smuggler, in place of Goldsmith Maid, who was with Doble so long—the Maid having gone on to a farm in New Jersey, and permanently retired from the turf. In the same car with Smuggler was Volney, and an unknown green trotter from Kentucky. Besides these, Mr. Doble took with him five thoroughbred colts and fillies for his father-in-law, Lucky Baldwin—the finest lot of thoroughbreds ever shipped to the Pacific coast. They were selected by Mr. Martin, Superintendent for Mr. Baldwin, who has displayed most excellent judgment in the choice of this fine lot of colts.

CHECKERS.

Mr. Ferguson, Listowell, is expected to give Mackenzie another J. night tussle before long.

The Halton News takes exception to Mr. John Leshe, of Salmonville, being styled the champion checker player of the County of Halton, and says that gentleman has no idea of being able to win the championship. The News states that although Mr. M. Mackenzie, of Guelph, the Halton champion has not yet been defeated by the same gentleman.

Amusements.

CITY.

Mr. John T. Raymond closed the most successful engagement of the season at the Grand Opera House on Saturday evening. On Monday evening Woodleigh, a late success at Wallack's, N.Y., was presented with Miss Lettie Allen in the leading role, supported by Mr. J. B. Atwater. The drama is a romantic and picturesque one, and Miss Allen has a part to which she does justice. The Softy of Mr. Atwater is a good piece of acting, but does not come up to the ideal of the audience. The support is very good, while the setting and appointments are fully up to the Grand Opera standard. To-night Miss Allen takes her benefit. On Monday evening Mr. George Fawcett Rowe, the distinguished English comedian, will make his first appearance this season, supported by Miss Kate Girard. During his engagement he will play Brass, Micawber, and will present a new play for the first time on any stage. Mr. Rowe will be sure to meet with a good reception.

The Queens is in the high tide of success this week with the pantomime of Humpty Dumpty, in addition to the regular variety programme. Next week the pantomime of Jack and Jill. The now faces on Monday night will be Miss Annie Wilson, serio-comic and song and dance; and Mr. Hodges, ventriloquist. Coming—Delephanty and Hengler, and Geo. S. Knight. Departures—Burton and Kennedy to Detroit.

It is said the Royal Opera House will be opened by Mr. Geo. Hulman early in December, with a regular dramatic company. Mrs. George Holman met with an accident by falling between the cars at Dayton, Ohio. She was injured, but not seriously. M'ille Rosina Mrs. W. G. Cutter, prominent danseuse, daughter of Mr. Morris, scenic artist, died at No. 8 Emma Street, this city, on November 10.

GENERAL.

MONTREAL.—On Monday evening at Academy of Music a testimonial benefit to the Dramatic Co.; Lancashire Lass being the bill. On Wednesday evening, Mr. Felix J. Morris was tendered a complimentary benefit, when he presented Blow for Blow. Business has not been good at this house, and it is the intention of Mr. Morris to quit at the end of this week.—Messrs. F. John Prume and C. Lavoie announce the lyric drama of Joan of Arc for a season of one week at the Theatre Royal, commencing on Monday next, 19th. Miss Theresa Newcomb, of the Academy of Music Co., will appear in the title role.

HAMILTON.—Mechanics' Hall the P



RACING AT TORONTO.

Newmarket Course, Toronto, Nov. 10—\$200.  
 1/2 m. Running. Dash of a mile.  
 White, b h Jack, pedigree unknown ..... 1  
 Falton, b m Lady Break, pedigree unknown 2  
 No time.

Correspondence.

EGRENSOLL—People outside the horse business have little or no idea of the importance and utility to which this branch of commerce has attained. Notwithstanding the passing of the obnoxious pool bill, the exportation of horses from Canada to the old countries is on the increase.

Dr. Wm. Somerville, the celebrated horseman and veterinary surgeon of Buffalo, was the first, I believe, to take hold of the business. He alone has spent over \$113,000 in horse flesh this season; besides this, he has buyers all over the Dominion, one of the principal ones being Mr. Jas. Collier of Beachville.

These facts alone should tend to encourage farmers and breeders to try and raise the very best of stock. The destructive war now raging in Europe, where whole regiments of cavalry are swept away in one day, must, in time, necessarily increase the demand, and breeders of equine stock can rely, that if only proper attention is paid to the pedigree of the sire they will find a ready market and good prices for all they can raise.—TOE WEIGHT.

Pedestrianism.

A "QUEER" RACE AT OTTAWA.

Boston O'Brien and George Irvine ran a quarter of a mile at Ottawa, on the 5th. O'Brien won easily. At the conclusion a protest was entered by Irvine's backers, who claimed that the contest was not a square one, and that it had been fixed by the two men in order to make money. The stakeholder in the meantime refused to hand over the money until the matter is satisfactorily settled. Irvine is reported by the Citizen, of that city, to have afterwards said that O'Brien was knowing to the fact that the race was "put up," and offers to run O'Brien for \$500 or \$1,000, \$200 to be put up as forfeit. He adds that the Boston ped wanted an overcoat and \$5 to sell the race. The same paper says "the fraud was apparent from the first, and will shake confidence in the men in future." We should rather think so.

EXTRAORDINARY WALKING.

The closing handicap games of the season of the New York Athletic Club took place on the 6th at Mott Haven. The big event was the walking of Mr. T. H. Armstrong, jr., of the Harlem Athletic Club. It was his intention to have attempted eight miles an hour, but there was a heavy, cold wind blowing, and on the advice of his trainer only tried four miles in thirty minutes. He started on his mission, and accomplished his first mile in seven minutes, the second in 7:34, the third in 7:35 8-5, and the fourth in 7:31 1-5. This gives him 14m. 34s. for two miles, 22m. 33-5s, for three miles and 29m. 40 4-5s for the four miles. The three miles beats the English amateur time for that distance 5 2-5s. There is no knowing what Armstrong may accomplish in the way of pedestrian feats if he sticks to the business. He has great saying powers and the exceptional quality

Aquatic.

BOYD AND HIGGINS MATCHED AGAIN.

Another race for the championship of England has been definitely arranged, and on the Tyne, on January 14, 1878, it will be decided whether the championship and the Newcastle Chronicle Challenge Cup will remain with John Higgins, of Shadwell, or will again pass over to Robert Watson Boyd, of Gateshead. The Northcountrymen, it is known, did not long rest under their late defeat ere sending a challenge to row on the Tyne, and it has been noted to Higgins' advantage that he was nothing leath in speedily accepting it. The little bitch in connection with the use of cutters has been safely got over.

Harvard has accepted Yale's challenge for a race in eight-oared boats, and chooses New London as the place for the race.

A working man met a representative of this office on the street on Wednesday morning and said he would contribute \$25 towards the expense of the match between Hanlan and Trickett. This is a commendable spirit.

LADY GRANT.

THE END OF A FIZZLE.

Since last spring extracts from other papers have appeared from time to time in these columns, telling of the wonderful performances of a mare known as Lady Grant, owned by Mr. Trask, Otego, N.Y. It was reported she could trot in two minutes, and it was only an exercising jog for her to beat Goldsmith Maid's time—2:14. Items were published recounting her wonderful speed over comparatively poor half-mile tracks in the vicinity of her home. The Philadelphia Item finally offered a premium for the mare to trot for in that city, conditional that she should beat 2:14. To this the owner replied he would make the attempt. In the meantime the New York Turf, Field and Farm sent a special commissioner to the home of Lady Grant, and in the last issue of that journal gives the result of his enquiries. They are embodied in the following statement:—

"Lady Grant is a medium-sized, fine-looking bay mare, a pretty stepper, and on the road can give all cold-blooded plugs and slugs the go-by; but she is no trotter, and would find it difficult to beat 4:00 on a race-track. Her owner, Mr. Trask, is a fine, candid, unsophisticated old gentleman of about sixty years of age, and, having been led to suppose he had a flyer in Lady Grant, is perfectly sincere in his offers to show extraordinary speed. It is about three years since he was taught to think the mare was developing great speed. The "boys" in his neighborhood indulged him in this belief by timing her trials in such fabulous time as 2:20, 2:16, 2:10, &c. This timing business soon got buzzed about in the neighboring villages, and was understood by those who are fond of a lark. They all enjoyed the joke and helped to keep up the delusion. From the boys the joke spread to children of a larger growth, until it culminated at a certain agricultural fair, during the present Fall, not a thousand miles from Franklin, N.Y., when Mr. Trask agreed to show a mile with Lady Grant in 2:10 for a special purse of \$10. After the trial the judges, who had been previously posted, announced 2:12 as the result.

ers how such questions are treated in the old country:—

"At the Salford Police Court, Thos. Cunningham, moulder, has been charged before Mr. Richard Radford with gambling on the race course. Mr. Bennett was for the defense. Detective Sergeant Eyre stated that he saw prisoner and other men playing what was known as the 'three-card trick,' with playing cards on the race course. Mr. Bennett contended that the 'three-card trick' was a game of skill and not a game of chance, because if the eye was sufficiently educated to follow the player's hand the selected card could be detected. Cases of this kind had been brought before Sir J. I. Mantell, who considered that the case was one of skill, and dismissed the prisoners. Some years ago he (Mr. Bennett) defended a person who was charged with a similar offense before Sir J. I. Mantell. At his (Mr. Bennett's) request the prisoner was brought out of the dock, placed near Inspector Lythgoe, and allowed to manipulate the cards. On three different occasions the inspector detected the 'marked' card. It was, therefore, decided by the stipendiary that the game was one of skill, and he dismissed the case. Mr. Radford said that in the face of recent decisions he should follow the course adopted by the stipendiary. He thought, however, that gambling ought to be better defined, so that the law might reach cases of this kind. The case was therefore dismissed."

FOOT BALL AT KINGSTON.

A game of this interesting and exciting amusement took place here last Saturday afternoon between two military clubs, viz., Military College Club of this place, and the Victoria Rifle Club, of Montreal, and proved to be no exception to the rule in respect to excitement, &c. The game with the usual military precision was commenced sharp at 8 o'clock, the time announced, and was played on the ground of the former club. Good play was made by both the contesting clubs, and both sides appeared to be very well matched. At the end of the first half hour, time being called, the "Vics" had succeeded in obtaining 2 Touchdowns and 3 Rouges to the Cadets. Play being again renewed, the Cadets put forth their best efforts and made a desperate attempt to retrieve their loss, and made some good play. An amusing incident took place: Freer, one of the Cadets, being attired in a uniform so much like that worn by the Vics that one of the latter mistook him for one of his brother soldiers and very innocently passed the ball to him, and did not observe his mistake until after the run thereby occasioned was ended. At the end of the second half hour the Cadets, by hard fighting, had obtained 2 Rouges, but their opponents had added to their rising score 3 Rouges. In the next and last half hour both teams fought hard for the victory, and set to work with renewed vigor; but the excellent training and thorough knowledge of the rules displayed by the Vics stood them in good stead, and although Freer, Rivers, and a few more of the Cadets made good play, they obtained a Touchdown behind goal, after which the game soon ended in favor of the Vics.

A marked feature of the game was the absence of disputes on either sides, and the little trouble the Umpires experienced was a source of great satisfaction.

At the close of the game the Cadets entertained their opponents to a splendid supper. The following is the summary:—

	Touchdowns.	Rouges.
Victoria Rifle Club.....	3	9
Military College Club.....	0	2

I understand that a match will take place next Saturday afternoon between the Kingston Club and the Cadets.—BROC.

Place, outside of Toronto and Ottawa, and as follows:	
Cavan township, (section)....	\$ 25,000
Hastings, Frontenac, and Ad- dington .....	100,000
Village of Carleton Place....	20,000
Carleton county (section) ....	50,000
	195,000

which, with the aid asked from Toronto and Ottawa would give an average municipal aid of \$5,500 per mile.

6. By the exploratory survey made by Mr. George Keefer a few years ago, two routes from Ottawa westerly were suggested—one as indicated in the last paragraph, by way of Carleton Place, and a more easterly route by way of Richmond and Perth, both leading to a common point in the County of Frontenac. Towards the southern route aid has been voted by the Town of Perth to the amount of \$75,000. A by-law is also in course of submission to a group in South Lanark, for \$75,000, and from the Village of Richmond \$10,000 would no doubt be voted, as it was done before, under the charter of Sir Hugh Allan. Should the southern route be adopted, there would have to be omitted from the bonus scheme mentioned in the preceding paragraph, as follows:—

Northern group, County of Lanark....	\$90,000
Carleton Place.....	20,000
Lanark Village.....	10,000
	\$120,000

And substituted therefor as follows:—

Town of Perth.....	\$75,000
South Lanark group.....	75,000
Village of Richmond.....	10,000
	\$160,000

which would still keep up the average aid by that route to \$5,500 a mile.

7. Steps are now being taken towards the submission of by-laws in those places from which aid is expected, so as to have them voted on during the present year.

8. In view of the fact that some 60 or 70 miles of the proposed road partakes of the character of a colonization road, and in view of the policy that has hitherto obtained in the disposition of the public funds of the Province in aid of railways, the Company may reasonably look for Provincial aid sufficient with the municipal aid, to form a base of \$10,000 per mile towards the formation of their financial scheme for the accomplishment of the project.

9. The estimated cost of the road, according to the certificate of the Company's engineer, submitted to the Ontario Government, is \$10,000 per mile, which the Company proposes to reach as follows:—

Municipal aid, per mile.....	\$5,500
Government aid, per mile.....	4,500
Mortgage Bonds of the road, to produce per mile.....	10,000
	\$20,000

10. Should the municipal bonus scheme be sufficiently advanced at the assembling of the Legislature to meet the views of the Administration, and should Government aid be then engranted, it is the intention of the Company to commence the work of construction during the coming season at various places on the line, so as to have it completed within as brief a time as practicable.

11. A surveying party in charge of Mr. Stewart, late Chief Engineer of the Midland, has been for some weeks engaged in locating the line easterly from Peterborough, and has now about forty miles located. Another party, under Mr. Murdoch, has now commenced the location easterly from Toronto, and our expectations are to have the entire location completed this autumn.

12. Beyond the location and survey of the line, which is deemed essential towards informing the Government and the Legislature as to the cost of construction, it is not the intention of the Company to commence at all the work of construction until financial arrangements have been made for its entire completion.

Should any additional information be desired on the part of the Committee, we will be glad at any time to furnish such as may be in our power to afford.

W. H. SCOTT,  
 President.

Toronto, Oct. 5, 1877.

evolving Mr. George Fawcett Rowe, the distinguished English comedian, will make his first appearance this season, supported by Miss Kate Girard. During his engagement he will play Brass, Mincester, and will present a new play for the first time on any stage. Mr. Rowe will be sure to meet with a good reception.

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It is said the Royal Opera House will be opened by Mr. Geo. Holman early in December, with a regular dramatic company. Mrs. George Holman met with an accident by falling between the cars at Dayton, Ohio. She was injured, but not seriously.

Mlle Rosina (Mrs. W. G. Cutter) premier danseuse, daughter of Mr. Morris, scenic artist, died at No. 8 Emma Street, this city, on November 10.

GENERAL.

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HAMILTON.—Mechanics' Hall—the Barnabio Concert Co. 12th; Harrison's Two Orphans Combination, with Miss Laura Alberta as Louise, and Miss Alice Harrison as Henrietta, 13th and 14th; Miss Sophie Miles as Hamlet, 29th, Marie Stuart 30th, and Green Bushes Dec. 1. Pullman's London Sensation, with Mr. John W. Whiston as the attraction, 23rd and 24th;—At the Opera House this week Miss Fannie Herring is the star.

OTTAWA.—The Sheppard Jubilee Singers at Opera House, under the patronage of the Gov-General and the Countess of Dufferin, Nov. 12.

MITCHELL.—Emmerson's California Minstrels and London Combination at Town Hall, Nov. 10.

DUNDAS.—The V. C. A. D. A. (whatever that is) made their first appearance in the Town Hall on Friday last, the bill being the Ticket-of-Leave Man and the Persecuted Dutchman. Mr. Doherty appeared in the leading character in both pieces. There was a large attendance.

TROTTER FOR SALE

A grey gelding, 7 years old, 16 hands high, perfectly sound, kind and gentle, has no record and can trot in 2:10, with medical care of great speed. For price and full particulars address 325-st Box 465, P. O. Kingston, Ont.

Trotting Pony for Sale

A beautiful high body, 6 years old, 11 hands high, sound and gentle, is a regular trot. Has no record and can trot on ice or a pool track close to 2:10. For price and full particulars address 325-st Box 364, P. O., Kingston, Ont.



# THE Master of the Hounds

## CHAPTER I.

It was on the morning of the 1st of November, 18— (the fox-hunter's opening day for the season), that a gay party of sportsmen, in their bright scarlet costume, were gathered round the breakfast table of Mr. Beauchamp, of Bampton House, a gentleman of high descent, and large dimensions, many friends were invited the previous evening to dine and sleep there, in readiness for the ensuing gallop; accordingly about half-past nine on that auspicious morning (for so it proved, although not exactly with "a south-city wind and a cloudy sky"), a goodly assemblage of choice and daring spirits thronged the hospitable board of Mr. Beauchamp, all eager to despatch their morning meal, and prepare themselves for the coming fray.

On the sideboard, besides the usual dishes on such occasions, of ham, beef, cord, fowls, game, &c., divers bottles of cherry brandy, Curacao, and Maraschino, stood invitingly displayed.

Of this goodly company, whilst so engaged, we may take this opportunity of noticing a few of the most distinguished characters: one first of all, as standing by fox-hunting etiquette at the head of his brethren in pink, the Master of the Hounds, William Beauchamp, now in his twenty-fourth year (living with his father), to whom the management of the pack was now entrusted. He was tall in stature, though rather slightly formed, yet of great activity and strength, and a fearless though careful rider. He possessed a frank and manly countenance, by many called handsome, with a fine curly head of dark hair, which, of course, in the eyes of the fair sex passed for something; and whilst, not to dwell too long on a description of his personal or mental qualities, he was a general favorite with all classes, high and low, rich and poor, and to his decided popularity the cause of fox-hunting in that district was undoubtedly indebted for its progressive advance.

Although young to occupy the position of master of fox-hounds, he had been brought up from boyhood to the profession, and initiated by his father into the mysteries of the noble science, which, truth to say, provided a far more attractive science than Latin or Greek, and yet William Beauchamp had made such progress at the dead languages at the university, that he took his degrees with flying colors, and, as his friend had once used to affirm, he would have been in the first flight, but for a prolonged fever attack, which at last became so serious, that he was recommended by his doctor and tutor also to give up reading, and take again to the saddle, "and a damned good change," said Bob, "or there had been a capital fall with you."

Mr. Beauchamp, the father, was one of the most accomplished, generous, kind hearted, and hospitable of men. In personal appearance, he was about the middle height, well formed, and of a fresh complexion; he had been one of the handsomest men of his time; but when this tale commences, having nearly reached the age of man, he had become less elegant in form, and feeling his years, handed over all authority in the hunt to his only son, between whom and his father the most affectionate friendship existed, proceeding from a similarity of disposition and pursuits. One day, when Constance, a pretty girl of nineteen, accompanied the family coach, Mrs. Beauchamp was dead some years.

Constance, an exquisitely accomplished and successful huntress, was a superior huntress, possessing, with a beautiful figure, a fine, dark, nervous constitution, and a most refractory temper. Her figure, tall and slender, was a general standard of beauty. Nature's most perfect work, with a profusion of dark, wavy, and finely arch eyebrows. Her eyes were rather reserved, although they had a certain pensive and commanding quality. Her dress was of a simple and elegant style, and her manners were of a most refined and unassuming character.

was too poor and considerate to marry any woman without money, and too proud to marry any one with.

Opposite to Bob at the breakfast table (and opposite to him in almost every particular) sat Richard Vernon, the eldest son of Mr. Vernon, of Leighton Hall, the nearest neighbor, although not the most agreeable one, to Mr. Beauchamp. Richard, although at school and college with his son, was the reverse of William in disposition and feelings; and the two young men, although from early acquaintance long and intimately known to each other, would never be considered friends. Richard was a man of the world—gay and dissipated; insinuating in manners, agreeable in conversation, and strikingly handsome. Although professing to be a fox-hunter, he failed in the essentials of spirit and nerve for the pursuit; but fox-hunting being the fashion during the winter months, when time hung very heavily on his hands, he was perforce obliged to mount the bit of pink cloth in self-defence. Yet he had been overheard to say "he never could see any fun in risking his neck (which, by the way, he was far too cautious ever to place in deep jeopardy) by riding after a damned stinking fox." Richard's grand father lay with the fair sex, of whom he professed to be the most devoted champion; but, save as pandering to his own pleasures or conducive to his own interests, he cared little more about woman-kind than fox-kind. Dick, having felt lately in a very patronizing humor towards the Hebrews, had suffered considerably in financial affairs, by too near contact with his greatly abused race; and old Vernon being also rather close fisted, and highly indignant at his worthy heir's prodigality, his dutiful son, having now attained the great age of twenty-five, resolved to cut the connection with his governor as soon as convenient; in furtherance of which laudable purpose, he was on the look-out for an heiress.

Of the provincial squires who mustered on this occasion, we must accord a prominent position to Somerville Coventry, of Fern Park, and John Tyler, of Weston Lodge, both good sportsmen and first rate performers with fox-hounds; and though the last, not the least, we must not admit two sporting baronets of Leicestershire celebrity, Sir Francis Burnett and Sir Lucius Gwynne, who were then on a visit to Bampton House; with Frederick Beauchamp, a cousin of William's, who could keep his place in the front rank across any country.

Fox hunters have been accused of being men of one idea only, and their conversation has been represented to be so tainted or tainted with fox-hunting as to prove highly offensive to persons of more refined intellect. Mankind generally are unjustly censorious to those who differ from them in taste, ideas, or pursuits; but why a fox hunter should be turned loose as a man to be fired at alone, when a very other man, who talks and prates about his own profession, employment, or peculiar penchant, is to go at large, scot free, I never could understand. The breakfast table with scarlet coats seated round it, is as open to fox-hunting chat as politics, although I agree that both these topics should be deemed forbidden ground for discussion in the drawing-room. But, whether in or out of order, in is quite certain that at Bampton House, on the 1st of November, 18—, the general conversation ran most undeniably on sporting subjects, although in the presence of some of the fair sex, who, by their approving looks and eager attention, seemed anything but *gene* with the topic; in fact, an hour had passed thus agreeably, when Bob Conyers, looking at two o'clock on the chimney slab, suddenly started up, exclaiming, "By Jove! Will, the time is up."

"No hurry, Bob, this morning!—there are lots of fellows flocking in, who will require a little pumping powder as well as yourself, this fine craning morning, and we must give them half an hour's law on the opening day."

"Very well, my boy," replied Bob; "once in a way, it don't signify, although half an hour, on such a morning as this, is a great sacrifice to make for these idle dandies, besides the nuisance they are in the field, always spoiling sport; and here comes that long-legged Captain Markham, who is always riding over hounds when they come to a check, but he can't live twenty minutes with them on a good scolding day. To look at

here he comes, with his well-curled locks and white scented handkerchief in hand, as if he were entering a ball-room. Confound the fellow! say I, and all such undescrip'ts; begad, if a fox smelt half as strong as he does, hounds would never be off the line. There, now he is in his element, making fine speeches about nothing to Constance. How charming—how bewitching she looks in her riding costume! a perfect Diana! and all that sort of trash; but there is one comfort, Will, Con has too much good sense to be taken now with such confounded flummery. A year ago she thought different, until I took the liberty of opening her eyes a little to the Captain's true character; but, saving his epaulettes, and being hair-expectant to a baronetcy, Vernon is a much more dangerous man with young girls than the life-guardsmen, for both are playing the same game. Dick is a devilish handsome fellow, with lots of small talk and soft sawder, and such winning, flattering ways with women, that, by Jove! Will, he is a dangerous fellow, and not to be sneezed at."

"Perhaps not, Bob; but what is he to me? Constance, I know, views him in his proper light, and has known him now too many years to fall in love with him; moreover, her penchant lies in another direction."

"It was not of Constance I was then thinking," replied Bob, "but of another young pet of mine, Blanche Douglas."

"Well, Bob, and what of her?"

"Only that Markham and Vernon, both being hard up for cash, are laying pretty close siege to the heiress already; and she is so young, artless, and warm-hearted, that I am terribly afraid—and it keeps me awake some nights in thinking,—that Vernon bids fair to win the prize, if a certain shy, diffident young fellow, called Will Beauchamp, does not come to the rescue."

"Pshaw, Bob! you know I am not a ladies' man, and, like yourself, will never marry any girl for her money. Besides, I should be obliged to plead my cause in a parody on the words of the 'Pirate's Serenade'—"

Forgive my rough mode, unaccustomed to sue,  
I woo not, perhaps, as you soft dandies do;  
My voice has been tuned to the cry of the hounds,  
When with shrill notes and screeches the cop-  
pice resounds."

"Well, Will Beauchamp—and that I'll warrant that any woman of sense would prefer an honest, plain-sailing, plain-spoken fellow, like yourself, to all the dandies in Christendom."

"No, no, Bob—women like and value all those little attentions and soft whisperings, which Will Beauchamp has neither the time nor the inclination to bestow; for a false tongue, in man or hound, is my abomination, and I will never condescend to flatter man, woman, or child."

"And who ever thought you would, Mr. Will? none of your friends, I'll engage; and least of all Bob Conyers: and that's the reason I want you to tell Blanche Douglas that she must not think of either marrying either Markham or Vernon; a hint from you, Beauchamp, will be enough; she will take your advice; for, to my knowledge, your opinions are highly regarded by the heiress."

"There you are mistaken, Bob; women in affairs of that kind will run riot and have their own way; and the more I were to disparage Markham or Vernon, the more should I be favoring their cause, and be looked upon as an impertinent puppy into the bargain, for presuming to dictate to the young lady in the choice of a husband."

"Well, Beauchamp, perhaps you are right; for young ladies, like young filles, are trickish animals to handle, and will bolt sometimes in the contrary direction you wish them to go. It will not do, perhaps for you to touch on this subject; but as I have dandled her on my knee when a child, she shall know a piece of my mind at all events."

"Only with one proviso, Bob—that you never allude to me in any way, direct or indirect, or I will never forget you."

"Very well, Beauchamp; that you are a confounded sensitive fellow, I know full well; but I know this also, which you don't seem to know yourself, that when you think deeply sometimes of Blanche, and there is a pe-

# Kate Coventry!

## CHAPTER XXII.

(CONTINUED.)

John's face grew dark with anger. How noble he looked as he squared his fine figure and reared his gallant head, standing erect before his enemy, and scanning him from top to toe. He was very quiet too; he only said—

"Captain Lovell, I claim a brother's right to protect Miss Coventry's reputation, and as a brother I demand reparation for the wrong you have done her; need I say any more?"

"Not another syllable," replied Frank Lovell, carelessly. "Whenever you like, only the sooner the better. Popham always acts for me on these occasions; he don't go away till to-morrow afternoon, so I refer you to him. I'm getting sleepy now, Mr. Jones. I wish you a good-night."

Cousin John took up his candle, and retired. Never in my life had I been in such a position as this. That there would be a duel, I had not the slightest shadow of doubt—and all for my sake. That my gallant, generous, true-hearted cousin could have behaved so nobly, so unselfishly, did not surprise me; but that he should be sacrificed to my devoted uncle—I could not bear to think of it for a moment! How I loved him now! How I wondered that I ever could have compared the two for an instant! How I resolved to make him full amends, and, come what might, to frustrate this projected duel! But what could I do? In the first place, how was I to get out of the room?

My situation was so embarrassing, and at the same time so ridiculous, that I could with difficulty resist a hysterical inclination to laugh. Here I was, at all events, a close prisoner till Captain Lovell should go to bed, and he seemed to have no idea of that rational proceeding, though it was now past three o'clock. He walked about the room, whistling softly. Once he came so near my hiding-place that I felt his breath on my cheek. "Good heavens," thought I, "if he should take it into his head to take a shower-bath now to brace his nerves!" At last he walked to a drawer, selected a cigar, lit it, and throwing open the window, proceeded deliberately to get out. I almost hoped he would break his neck! But I conclude there was a ledge or balcony of some sort to sustain him, and that he was accustomed to a nightly cigar in that position. Here was a chance not to be lost! I bolted out of the shower-bath; I popped the extinguisher on one candle, and blew the other out at the same instant. I heard the smoker's exclamation of astonishment, but heeded it not. I rushed through the door. I flew along the dark passages, breathless and trembling; at last I reached my own room, more by instinct, I believe, than any other faculty, and having locked the door and struck a light, sat me down in a state of immense confusion and bewilderment, to think what I should do next.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

Who was there to whom I could apply? Sir Guy, of course, was out of the question. Then, in an affair of such delicacy, I could not consult a young man; besides, these boys, I fancy, are always for fighting, right or wrong. A woman was no use, or I should have gone straight back to Lady Scapegrace. I pondered matters over and over again. I thought of every horror in the way of duelling I had ever heard of.

My own uncle was shot dead by a Frenchman, when attached to the army of occupation at Cambray. It was a romantic story, and I had often heard the particulars from my godfather, General Grape, who officiated as his second. My uncle was a handsome, chivalrous youth, deeply attached to a countrywoman of his own, whose picture he wore constantly next his heart. Such a man was not likely to become compromised with another lady. It happened, however, that my uncle was quartered in the vicinity of a chateau belonging to a retired general of the

he swore, in extremely bad French, that he had no penchant for Rosalie, had never made love to her in his life; in fact rather disliked her than otherwise.

The Frenchman sacred, and fumed, and stormed at him, and jostled him, till my uncle lost all patience, shook himself clear of Rosalie, who fell fainting to the ground, knocked each of his adversaries down in turn, and walked home to his quarters, very much disgusted with the whole world in general, and the wilfulness of French young ladies in particular. Of course he knew perfectly well it was not to end here. He sent for Grape, then a brother subaltern, and placed his honour in that officer's hands.

No message came for two days, that interval having elapsed in consequence of a deadly quarrel between the marquis and general as to who should take the thing up first. Grape firmly believes they decided the matter with small swords: another version is, that they played piquet for eight-and-forty hours to settle it—the best out of so many games. Be this how it may, the general appeared as the ostensible champion, and the marquis officiated as his *tenoir*. Grape, as my uncle's second, chose pistols for the weapons, and selected a retired piece of ground in a large garden near the chateau as the lists. I gave the conclusion in his own words:—

"Horsingham was as cool as a cucumber, and the only thing that seemed to annoy him was a possibility that the cause of his *rencontre* might be misrepresented to her he loved at home."

"Tell her I was faithful to the last," said he to me, as he squeezed my hand just before I put him up. Tell her, if I fall, that I never loved another; that my heart is pure and spotless as the white rose, which I will wear upon it for her sake."

While he spoke, he plucked a white rose from a neighboring bush, and, in spite of my remonstrances, fixed it in the breast of his close fitting dark coat.

"What are you about, Charlie?" I urged. "This is no time for romance; don't you know all these cursed Frenchmen are dead shots? You might as well chalk out a bull's eye over the pit of your stomach!"

"He was a romantic, foolish fellow. I can see him now, drawing himself up, and looking like a knight of the olden time, with his brightening eye, and his smooth unruffled forehead."

"Give her the white rose," he only said. "She'll keep it when it's withered, perhaps. And tell her I never wavered—never for an hour!"

"I knew too well how it would be. From the instant he came on the ground, the old general never took his eyes off his man. What an eye it was! Cold and gray and leaden; half shut, like that of some wild animal, with a pupil that contracted visibly while I watched it. I knew my friend had no chance. I did all I could. As I had the privilege of placing the men, I stationed our adversary where he would have to look over his shoulder to see my signal, whilst my friend's face was turned towards me. They were to fire when I dropped my bat. I dropped it with a flourish. Alas! all was of no use. The general shot him right through the heart—I know he would; and the bullet cut the stalk of the rose in two, smashed the lower part of the miniature, leaving only the face untouched, and poor Charlie Horsingham never spoke again. As we lifted him, and unbuttoned his waistcoat, the two Frenchmen gazed at the miniature with looks of anger and curiosity. Great was their astonishment to behold the portrait of another than Rosalie. The younger man was much affected; he groaned aloud, and covered his face with his hands. Not so the old general—"Tenez," said he, wiping the barrel of his weapon on his glove, "*c'est dommage! je n'en contais pas la-dessus; mais, que voulez-vous? Parle! c'est qu'un Anglais de moins.*"

This is the carelessness with which men talk and think of human life; and here was my cousin about to go through the fearful ordeal, perhaps to be dead shot, like poor Charles Horsingham. The more I thought of it, the more resolutely I determined to prevent it. I had never taken off my dinner-dress—my candles were nearly burned down—the clock struck five—in two hours it would be daylight. There was not a moment to lose. All at once a bright thought struck me. I would rouse good old Mr. Lumley. He was clever, sensible, and respected; he was likewise a man of honor and a gentleman. With all his infirmities, I had seen him show energy enough when he could do any good. I would go to him at once; and I left my room with the resolution that I, for one, would move heaven and earth for a hair of Cousin's John's precious head should be

...the most attractive science than  
...at the university, but he took his  
...and as his friend  
...a prolonged  
...and became so serious,  
...and he was recommended by his doctor  
...and a deuced good change,  
...and Bob, for there has been a capital  
...profit.

Mr. Beauchamp, the father, was one of the  
...of cheerful, generous, kind-hearted,  
...and given to hospitality. In personal  
...he was about the middle height,  
...and of a fine complexion; he  
...of the handsomest men of his  
...but when this tale commences, hav-  
...he had become beset in term, and feeling his  
...over all authority in the hunt-  
...to his only son, between a  
...and his father the most affectionate  
...proceeding from a simi-  
...and pursuits. One  
...Constance, a pretty girl of nine-teen,  
...the family circle, Mrs. Beauchamp  
...a dead some years.

Constance, although highly accomplished  
...and sciences feminine, was a superior  
...possessing, with a beautiful  
...and hand on horse-back, nerve sufficient  
...the most refractory  
...of the genus equus. Her figure,  
...over her general standard  
...Nature's most perfect  
...features regular, and of the  
...and of a profusion of dark,  
...and finely-arched eyebrows. In  
...she was rather reserved, although  
...and affectionate feelings; but with  
...relations joyous and com-  
...of affection, she was  
...generally beloved by her neighbors,  
...the most particular pet of her father  
...and brother, as well as of Bob Conyers, to  
...I must next introduce my readers.

Bob, as he was usually called, was a back-  
...a stout, of a merry  
...and good men, passionately  
...of fox-  
...and it may suffice to say of the  
...that he had the *cut* of  
...every gentleman's house in the  
...when he was ever greeted with a  
...reception from the seniors,  
...from the junior  
...of the numerous families; in short,  
...party was considered quite com-  
...without the presence of this highly-  
...of Nimrod. He was also great-  
...by the ladies, having a good  
...for music, being also  
...and cheerful partner in a  
...and in lack of other occupation  
...the dead months, that is in Bob's  
...the summer season, he was oc-  
...sitting down at a  
...with a piece of worsted-  
...Bob possessed a most versa-  
...He could discuss politics with  
...of parliament, quote Latin or  
...the scholar, divinity with the  
...small talk with the young ladies;  
...and ply wits with the old  
...Byron and Moore, his  
...at his back to call  
...and a formidable opponent  
...a perfect master of the  
...With these and a few  
...embellishments  
...it was a matter of  
...that Bob remained  
...particularly as his  
...for women and children was so  
...But the secret lay here;—Bob

...in the  
...any country.

Fox hunters have been accused of being  
...and their conversation  
...to prove highly  
...of more refined intellect.  
...are unjustly censorious  
...in taste, dogs,  
...but why a fox hunter should be  
...to be fired at alone,  
...who talks and prates  
...employment, or  
...to go at large, set free,  
...I never could understand. The breakfast  
...seated round it, is as  
...open to fox-hunting chat as politics,  
...although I agree that both these topics  
...should be deemed forbidden ground for  
...in the drawing-room. But,  
...in or out of order, is quite certain  
...on the 1st of  
...November, 18—, the general conversation  
...on sporting subjects, al-  
...in the presence of some of the fair  
...who, by their approving looks and eager  
...attention, seemed anything but *gens* with  
...the topic; in fact, an hour had passed thus  
...when Bob Conyers, looking at the  
...suddenly started up,  
...exclaiming, "By Jove! Will, the time is  
...up."

"No hurry, Bob, this morning!—there  
...who will re-  
...as well as  
...this fine tracing morning, and we  
...an hour's law on the  
...day."

"Very well, my boy," replied Bob; "once  
...although half an  
...on such a morning as this, is a great  
...for these idle dandies, be-  
...in the field, al-  
...and here comes that  
...Captain Markham, who is always  
...when they come to a  
...he can't live twenty minutes with-  
...on a good scenting day. To look at  
...one would think he had been  
...riding a steed already this morning.  
...how she blows! and all  
...because he chooses to  
...over his toilet and breakfast table just  
...it would take any other  
...man but a dandy. Such a contrast to his  
...worth a hun-  
...of such puppies (who, by the way, is  
...from the Captain) told me  
...a good story about him. He had dined and  
...the day before our  
...as usual, at the breakfast  
...table next morning, Dick walked into his  
...and there found  
...in his easy chair,  
...surveying  
...all ranged in  
...order, on a line of chairs across the room."

"Hello! what's the matter, Markham?"  
...exclaimed Dick; "see, I conclude, with a  
...splitting headache?"

"Oh, no, my fine fellow! all right enough  
...to cool the  
...half an hour ago; but those leathers  
...that 'pon my  
...I can't make up my mind which to  
...patronise."

"Oh, indeed," replied Vernon, "if that's  
...the Gordian  
...Dick drove  
...when the Captain  
...further dis-  
...threatening  
...to kick Dick out of the room."

"Here, Markham!" said Dick; "that  
...so don't try that game; but as  
...breakfast is half over, and we have ten miles  
...I will give you twenty minutes to  
...and finish your breakfast, and not a  
...minute beyond that time will I wait."

The Captain, relieved of his difficulties,  
...and

"Well, Will Beauchamp—and that I'll  
...would pro-  
...plain-spoken fel-  
...to all the dandies in Chris-  
...tomdom."

"No, no, Bob—women like and value all  
...and soft whisperings,  
...neither the time  
...nor the inclination to bestow; for a false  
...is my abomina-  
...and I will never condescend to flatter  
...woman, or child."

"And who ever thought you would, Mr.  
...I'll engage; and  
...and that's the rea-  
...to tell Blanche Douglas that  
...either marrying either  
...a hint from you,  
...will be enough; she will take  
...for, to my knowledge, your  
...are highly regarded by the  
...heiress."

"There you are mistaken, Bob; women in  
...and have  
...I were to dis-  
...the more  
...should I be favoring their cause, and be  
...an impertinent puppy  
...for presuming to dictate  
...of a hus-  
...band."

"Well, Beauchamp, perhaps you are  
...and will bolt  
...the contrary direction you wish  
...perhaps for you  
...but as I have  
...when a child,  
...at all  
...events."

"Only with one proviso, Bob—that you  
...direct or in-  
...direct or I will never forget you."

"Very well, Beauchamp; that you are a  
...I know full well;  
...but I know this also, which you don't seem  
...that when you think deeply  
...and there is a pe-  
...and hers  
...which has struck  
...me more than once."

"Fancy, Bob, fancy! only a rather wide  
...but I  
...and here comes Charley  
...with my family."

"Ay, and as handsome a lot as over the  
...but  
...I shall meet you to-morrow, at Harcourt's, I  
...hope?"

"Perhaps you may, as Constance goes, and  
...I believe  
...herself and me."

While William Beauchamp and Conyers  
...in a bay window at the extreme end of the  
...to pay their respects to the old squire and  
...and sherry, with fine sparkling  
...amongst  
...on the lawn;  
...of the hounds,  
...at once directed towards  
...them.

"Ah, Beauchamp!" exclaimed Sir Francis:  
...a hundred  
...a splendid pack indeed! we  
...at that game.  
...but I think a trifle too  
...where a smaller hound can  
...through."

"Well, perhaps it may be as you say," re-  
...although our hounds  
...they are  
...where they can  
...and in our stiff vale country, with  
...and the lands,  
...I think  
...do the work  
...at least, not in their style; and  
...in my opinion, is  
...everything."

(To be continued.)

brace his nerves! At last he walked to a  
...and throwing  
...proceeded deliberately to  
...I almost hoped he would break his  
...neck! But I conclude there was a ledge or  
...and that  
...to a nightly cigar in that  
...position. Here was a chance not to be lost!  
...I bolted out of the shower-bath; I popped  
...and blow the  
...at the same instant. I heard the  
...of astonishment, but  
...I rushed through the door.  
...breathless  
...and trembling; at last I reached my own  
...I believe, than any  
...and having locked the door  
...in a state of  
...and bewilderment, to  
...to think what I should do next.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Who was there to whom I could apply?  
...of the question.  
...I could  
...these boys,  
...right or  
...or I should  
...Lady Scapegrace.  
...and over again. I  
...of every horror in the way of duel-  
...I had ever heard of.

My own uncle was shot dead by a French-  
...of occupa-  
...at Cambray. It was a romantic story,  
...and I had often heard the particulars from  
...who officiated  
...a handsome,  
...deeply attached to a coun-  
...whose picture he wore  
...Such a man was  
...with an-  
...other lady. It happened, however, that my  
...in the vicinity of a cha-  
...of the  
...a British officer as a  
...matter of duty.

The French general had a charming  
...besides being  
...what her  
...*tant soit peu coquette*.  
...on every  
...and of course,  
...for her two  
...as a  
...woman will. To make things simpler, she  
...a young marquis in  
...like a  
...did his best to keep clear of the  
...but he could not avoid meeting  
...in his walks, nor could  
...to make her acquaint-  
...or refrain from perusing the letters she  
...that for-  
...into his  
...with her head  
...The moment was, however,  
...inasmuch  
...of her  
...both of whom, un-  
...had followed  
...to find out where it  
...so persever-  
...ingly.

My uncle had scarcely recovered his sur-  
...ere he was  
...*Malheureuse!*  
...groaned  
...shouted the marquis;  
...the general. My uncle  
...at  
...in the meantime chugging  
...passionately  
...came un-  
...the fire of  
...Nothing would satisfy them  
...in vain

"She'll keep it when it's withered, perhaps.  
...never for an hour."  
...From the  
...the old general  
...What an eye it  
...half-sunt,  
...with a pupil that  
...I knew  
...I did all I could. As  
...I sta-  
...he would have to  
...wink  
...towards me. They  
...I dropped  
...I dropped  
...The  
...I know he would; and the bullet cut the stalk of the  
...of the  
...and poor  
...As  
...with  
...with  
...Great was their  
...than  
...The  
...much af-  
...and covered his face  
...The  
...the old general—  
...the barrel of his  
...*c'est dommage! j'en con-  
...c'est qu'un Anglais de moins."*

This is the carelessness with which men  
...and here was  
...the fearful  
...like poor  
...The more I thought  
...I determined to  
...I had never taken off my dinner-  
...nearly burned down  
...in two hours it would  
...There was not a moment to  
...a bright thought struck  
...Mr. Lumley.  
...and respected; he  
...a gentle-  
...I had seen  
...when he could do  
...and  
...I, for  
...a hair  
...should be  
...imperilled on my account.

I lit my candle, and tripped once more  
...I knew where  
...and soon reached the  
...and audible snores, bass and  
...attested, if not the good conscience, at  
...of the inmates. I  
...no answer. Again I knocked  
...smarted. A sleepy 'Come  
...summons. They  
...it was the housemaid ar-  
...to open the shutters. It was no time  
...and I walked  
...By the light of  
...Of  
...I am not going to describe the lady's  
...but all I can say is, that if ever I am  
...and such a catastrophe  
...I shall not permit  
...at any hour  
...as that of dear,  
...kind, good old Mr. Lumley.

A white cotton nightcap, coming well over  
...with tape  
...like an extinguisher, the entire head-dress  
...a broad black rib-  
...look ridicu-  
...with a small tur-  
...does not add to the beauty or the  
...subject. How-  
...and  
...I could  
...get him.

"What's o'clock?" he murmured, drow-  
...to light the fire in half  
...an hour."

"Why, it's Kate!" exclaimed his better-  
...bright and warm, in a  
...a child. "Goodness! Kate,  
...what are you doing here?"

(To be continued.)



THE ENEMIES OF THE TURF.

There is upon every racecourse a class who know as little about horses, their capacity, condition, and powers, as an oronin does about "puts and calls" in Wall Street. They are large bettors in their way, that is to say, they form a club of half-a-dozen, and "French a horse for a fiver." After considerable consultation, they select one of their number to hold the ticket, for they have no more confidence in themselves—that is a mistake, we mean in each other—than they have in strangers. They at first select the favorite, and, as the racing calendars will fully establish, they lose about three bets out of four, and before the fourth arrives they get on a big disgust, buy the field, and the favorite wins, and thus they lose four times out of as many wagers. We have said that these gentlemen were not experienced horsemen, but in this we did them injustice, that is, they think so, for, according to their opinions, what they do not know about the ins and outs of the turf, of the powers of the thoroughbred, and his capacity to carry their money, is beyond the ken of man to comprehend. They know, however, far less about reputation, for they do not understand that it is valuable, that there are gentlemen who prize it, indeed, who regard it as a gem, the pearl without price. They have not been taught to think this way; in this respect their early education has been somewhat neglected, and as they have none of their own, and do not want any, think that every other man they meet is in a similar condition, and entertains like opinions, that absolutely he could not think otherwise, or have other desires.

We said that these gentlemen sometimes lost as many as four successive bets. This is putting it tamely, for we know of a club whose members declare that they have made thirty-one investments without a winning. This is a very sad state of affairs, but the club—every member of it—have had their revenge, for it must not be forgotten that they are perfect horsemen, thoroughly understand all the rules of racing, know the duties of judges, owners, trainers, jockeys, and stable lads; in a word, are posted to the dotting of an i and the crossing of a t in all of the mysteries of horseflesh, stables, and racecourses. They could not possibly go amiss, therefore, in the absence of schemes, frauds, and swindles, and within a few weeks they have been present at thirty-one races, each of which was a fraud. Terrible, to be sure! In some instances the jockey, under instructions, pulled the horse they backed, in others the judges were implicated, and actually gave the race against them, although their favorite "won by a clear length," or "it was fixed up to beat us," or "it was a villainous fraud, and the judges were in with them." If asked if the judges knew they were "backing the bay," they look with disdain and astonishment upon you, and give you that ever-ready and overpowering answer, "You bet!"

The truth is that this sort of nonsense is getting to be of universal prevalence, and has a sort of omnipresent reign upon all American racecourses. We cannot call to mind at this time a single race that we have witnessed that, according to opinions of these croakers, was run and decided upon its merit. The judges in the stand, wholly disconnected by affinity or consanguinity with the owners of the contesting horses, and without the slightest pecuniary interest in the result to bias or control their judgments, are openly and violently charged with covert corruption, of conniving at the most patent frauds.

A man who has a proper sense of self-respect will not thus lightly bandy the good names of gentlemen who can have no motive to do anything but impartial justice between the contending horses. The only manly course—the only one that is in keeping with the dignity of a gentleman—when the fraud is patent enough to be charged, is to be sure he is right, gather the proof, and charge the parties, and through an appeal to the racing club controlling the event, enforce the penalties against them. Unfortunately, however, as a rule, these croakers know that their complaints are groundless, and they would not, for a right arm, demand an investigation. They prefer, rather, to bring the turf into disrepute by poisonous slanders, which they know too well are utterly baseless.

The worst feature of the case is the course pursued by the press of the country. In all the departments of a newspaper, except that of the turf, proprietors take pains to secure competent men, especially skilled in the particular work of a special field, as in politics, dramatics, etc.; but the turf, as a rule, is left in the hands of any local who may be unengaged for the time, and he displays his learning in this branch to the admiration of the ignorant, who may be pleased with every thrust he gives the turf, but to the utter disgust of those gentlemen who know that he has made an ignoramus of himself, and stuffed the columns of his journal with trash and nonsense. The recent race between the great cracks, at Baltimore, Parole, Ten Broeck, and Tom Ochiltree, has had its full share of criticism from these gentlemen.

beauty is the study of the painter and the sculptor. From his proud crest to his delicate pastern he is a succession of interminable lines of beauty; the curve and the reserve curve repeated and varied until the critical eye is lost in wonder and admiration. And what a noble spirit animates the splendid creature. One of the gorgeous military champions of the age of chivalry in his enthusiastic love for his horse exclaims: "Ha ha! He bounds from the earth as if his entrails were air, *le cheval volant*, the Pegasus *qui a les narines de feu*. I soar, I am a hawk; he trots the air. The earth sings when he touches it. The basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes."

No wonder that aristocracy has made the horn a device in the blazony of nobility, and appointed the gold spurs as the badge of the highest knighthood, and that gambling with so noble a creature in the ancient chariot races and on the modern turf makes the "Olympic dust" a phrase of classic lore.

Those who love to trace the blood of the illustrious Diomed in America will find his noblest descendants foaled on the plains and hills that surround the once famous Rebel capital Timoleon, Florizel, Boston, Peacemaker, Revonno, Red Eye, and many other famous four-mile nags raised in that seemingly desolate land of brooms-edge and huckleberry, have left an undying fame in the history of the Metairie Course, the Charleston, the Broad Rock, the Fairfield and others.

The great racer, Wm. R. Johnson, was called "The Napoleon of the Turf" in the days when a road wagon or a sulky were unknown; when gentlemen went courting in a slow, stately tandem, with a negro groom following on horseback who carried the high portmanteau *en croupe*. I have before me a most amusing old colored print of the famous race for Lafayette's carriage, at Tree Hill, near Richmond, in 1825. It was a beautiful baroncha, in which the illustrious Frenchman travelled when in America the last time, when he went along the rich valley of the James River, or rather "Jeems," as it is called in classic Virginia, and was escorted from one mansion to the next by a score of the best gentlemen of the Old Dominion until he arrived at Monticello. As Col. Tom Bolling, who was one of the gentlemen who had the distinguished honor to constitute the escort of outriders, has told me of it, the scene which was there enacted must have been impressive and almost solemn.

The mansion stands on the summit of the late outpost of the Blue Ridge Mountains, which bound the western horizon with lines of blue, whose graceful curves impart an idea of majestic calmness, while to the eastward the rich lowlands stretch away as smooth as the ocean beyond. The dreamy stillness of the autumn held all nature in a trance, and the light floating clouds stood still in the sky, so that when the gay cavalcade reached the height and felt the impressive spirit of the scene, the laughter which had resounded all along the route all the morning suddenly ceased, and even the horses relaxed their speed into a slow and stately gait. These two celebrated men, the statesmen and the warrior, had watched the birth of the young republic—its infancy swathed in battle-flags, and its youth heralded with the world's wonder and acclaim; and now they greeted each other with a mutual congratulation which was too full and great to find utterance in words. The gentlemen stood uncovered; the ladies, the servants, the very household dogs bent their eyes on the two men, as Mr. Jefferson, with the stately dignity that belonged to him, came down from the porch. "What will he say?" thought every spell-bound spectator. The fashion of France prescribed an embrace and a kiss for such an occasion, and the illustrious American, with the refined delicacy of a true gentleman, chose that ceremony as a compliment to the ally and an endearment to the friend; but the two could only regard each other with a look which spoke unutterable things that only they could understand. And it was only when the first toast was given at dinner, and the brimming glass drained that any of that historic party could speak clearly or see clearly so affecting had been this meeting.

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Jack Randolph, as he was always called in Virginia; Col. Wm. R. Johnson, "old John Wyckham," noted for Tinto Madeira; Jas. Harrison, politician and turfman; Col. Nat. Macon, Dr. Wych, Dr. Brownlow and Chief Gunster Marshall were among the characters who at-

a somewhat similar achievement. There is only a dim tradition now of Florizel and Peacemaker, but we may imagine the high scaffold which was erected for the negroes who were staked, and hear the excited voices of the betters: "I'll bet you Caesar on Peacemaker!" or, "I'll go you Dinah on Florizel!" "Two number one field hands and a good breeding woman on Florizel!" and other equally significant offers; for there were as many as five hundred slaves lost and won, and as many more hypothecated to the "traders" who were the great brokers of the slave oligarchy. The race was won by Florizel.

RED EYE AND NINA.

This famous race was won at Broad Rock in the fall of 1853. The famous son and daughter of Boston monopolized the public attention, though Lawson also ran. Red Eye won the first heat, Nina the second, and Red Eye the third. Politics, the Virginian's unvarying theme and tobacco, the Richmond merchant's delight, were all forgotten in the excitement and betting, and a certain young lawyer was called the Virginia Suerdan for an excellent *bon mot*. "*Id certum est quod certum reddi potest*."

It was asserted that a certain well-known preacher was to be hauled over the coals for being caught on the quarter stretch, but the bishop, who was doubtless deeply infected himself with the general excitement, charitably let the sportive parson off. Horse-racing, card-playing parsons were features of the colonial society, and the F. F. V.'s, so proud of their ancestry, could not consistently go back on the revival of a time honored custom. More staid, dignified and proper burghers were drunk that day than ever were seen before, but the occasion was so great that it was a sufficient excuse for anything. Red Eye was a busy devil to be held in, so Con, his owner, very wisely told the boy to let him win the first heat, which, according to accepted ideas, was wrong, because Red Eye's great point was his bottom. So at the finish of that heat there was such a pandemonium as was never heard on a race-course before. When Red Eye came to the string the next his eyes were glaring diabolically and he reared and charged and seemed to jump forty feet at every stride. The third heat was between the horse and the mare only, and as I have said, the former, at the close of the race, had run twelve miles in 22:11.

The Washington course at Charleston in old times was the best in all its appointments in the country. The ladies' pavilion was a marvel of propriety and elegance, while the assemblage of gentlemen was unequalled in America for wealth and aristocracy. The Broad Rock and the Fairfield courses have not felt the hoof of a four mile nag for many a year, and are not likely for many other to see such a display as used twice a year to draw the Virginians there in crowds. Trotting stock is one reason, but the principal cause of decline is the fall of the old planter aristocracy of the Old Dominion.

In the further South there is a marvelous change even in the last few months from the desolation and chaos which characterized the last decade. The typical "old plantation" is reviving; the negroes turn to their former masters since the demise of the carpet-bagger, and the nature of cotton planting demands large farms. Already the system is so far changed into a co-operative one between land-owner and negro, that it is safe to say that large plantations, as in the olden time, will be almost universal. When this is the case the aristocratic planter will patronize the turf, and the racecourses will be as grand as before—except the old Metairie, which a lottery man bought and made into a cemetery, because the Jockey Club blackballed him.—PAGE MCCARTY, in *Forest and Stream*.

THE FISH SHOWER AT ROND EAU.

THE EVIDENCE OF AN EYE WITNESS.

Some days ago a shower of fish was reported at Rond Eau, and many of the papers ventured to doubt the story. In reply to some of these comments, the teacher of school section No. 4, at Harwich, sends the following letter:—

"As you have taken the trouble to copy into your excellent paper the account of the finding of a quantity of fish some few days ago on the 4th con. of Harwich, and as a hint has been very politely (?) thrown out that the strange phenomenon never existed but in the reporter's imagination, I thought it was but just to the public to inform them of the bare facts of the case. In this recital I will only speak what I do know, and testify what I have seen. Having dismissed the children for the day, I was returning to my boarding place, when with a side glance I discovered something in the grass. At first I thought it was some species of rattlesnake; but upon more careful scrutiny, I found it was a fine, firm, fresh fish, of the pickerel species. Having been brought up at the sea shore I knew at once the fish was good, and

THE "BRUNSWICKER'S" STORY OF THE PRODIGAL SON.

"Yer see, fellers, a good way back—a long time before jography was discovered—there lived an old farmer by the name of Prodigal, and he had two sons. He was pretty solid—the old man—had several quarter sections of land, and cattle, and sheep, and hogs, until you couldn't rest. There warn't no politics in them days, and so Prodigal didn't git any fool notion in his head of running for governor. He just tended strictly to the agricultural business, and throw money down into the barrel hand over fist. Well, his boys come of age, and one of 'em told the old man he'd take his sheer of the stamps that would be a coming to him when the head of the ranch pegged out. He'd take his right away, and go off and prospect on his own hook. Old Prod gave him half of all he had, and the smart Aleck shot into the city the first thing. He was green, you know, and the cappers spotted him as soon as he landed. They got him to buck agin monte, and faro, and bunks, and it warn't long before he reached the bottom nickle. He played it on the soup houses, and free lunches for a while, but he got bounced at last and sent to the rock pile for a vag. When he came out the durned sneak started home to get another stake. Old Prodigal took him in, and got up a barbecue, and put up for him generally. The son—the son which stayed home all the time—kicked again this. It 'peared to him that he warn't 'git'in' a square deal. And when the old man took his Durham calf, and make a meal of it for his brother, he got on his ear and called old Prod's hand. Then old Prodigal laid it down like this: 'There is more joy over ninety-nine sinners which return than one who don't go off.' That's scripture, but I don't think that galoot has come sneakin' back after he got broke, was a blamed snoozer, and ought to have been bounced off the farm."

THE SORT OF MAN MORRISSEY IS.

HOW HE GAVE TWO NOISY ROUGHS A LESSON IN MANNERS—HIS RELIGIOUS BELIEF.

Twenty-five years ago Mr. Morrissey was going to Buffalo. When the train stopped at Bergen two men who had been drinking entered the car in which he was seated. Their talk, loud and profane, soon became indecent. Two ladies, accompanied only by a small boy, sat opposite to these two ruffians. Morrissey left his seat, walked up to the offenders, and said, good-naturedly, "Come, boys, let's go into the smoking car and have a good cigar." One of the men churlishly declined. Mr. Morrissey then seated himself in front of them and asked them not to talk so loud. Immediately one of them began to tell an indelicate story. Morrissey requested him to desist, and was told in reply to mind his own business. "My business," said Morrissey, "is to protect ladies from insult, and if either of you says another improper word I will pitch you both out of the cars." The men rose simultaneously, one making a pass at Morrissey, which was, of course, warded off. Morrissey seized both men by the coat collars and knocked their heads together. The conductor appeared, and was requested to open the car doors, when Morrissey pushed one man and dragged the other out of that car, through another, into the smoking car, where he left them.

Mr. Morrissey has passed his summers for more than twenty years at Saratoga. A clergyman who made his acquaintance became especially anxious to converse with him upon religious subjects. Morrissey received him courteously, and the frequent visits seemed mutually pleasant. They continued two or three seasons. The clergyman, always getting interested in general conversation, kept postponing from time to time the real object of his visits. Finally, however, he said, "Mr. Morrissey, we have now been acquainted for several years. You have uniformly treated me with attention and kindness, always replying to the charitable requests I have made; but somehow I have failed in the discharge of a more important duty. I have always wanted to converse with you about religion. Are you willing to hear me?"

"Certainly," replied Mr. Morrissey. "I am confident that a man of your intelligence, absorbed as you have been and are by worldly things, must have had a

satisfactory result may be had.

In selecting wild rice seed great care should be taken to use only sound, ripe and fully matured kernels, such as may be easily shaken or beaten from the stem, as either green or shrunken seed will fail to produce plants. In the case of M. H. C., I consider the failure due to the seed, or, perhaps, to the nature of the soil in which it was sown.

I know not if the wild rice seed will grow in the waters of all our inland lakes, but in Ohio to the opinion that it will thrive in the most shallow waters, where the soil is alluvial rather than sandy, though I have known it to exist where the bottom was merely light sand covered by a thin stratum of vegetable mould. This may be exceptional, at least it is unusual in that section. In sowing the seed at wild rice, it should be placed in such spots as naturally thrives, i. e., along the low, marshy shores, where very little if any current is perceptible, and along all inlets, sloughs or bays extending inland, dropping two seed in every foot to three feet of water, where it may be covered with the dark algal, and will escape the wild fowl until securely rooted. Sown in October, it should mature and seed the following autumn, and will spread and thrive finely. Very high water—as freshets—will kill and drown out rice even more rapidly than will a draught and low water. Should I discover anything of practical value to sportsmen in future experiments in this line I will gladly communicate the same, and in the meantime trust that those who have had larger experience may give your readers the benefit of their observations.

AN EDITORIAL BRUTUS.

An editor out West indulges in the following talk to his subscribers and patrons. The famous speech, on the death of Caesar, rendered by Shakespeare, is made to do service in this amusing travesty:—"Hear ye for our debts, and get ready that you may pay; trust us, we have need, as you have been trusted; acknowledge your indebtedness, and dive into your pockets, that you may promptly fork over. If there be any among you—one single patron—that don't owe us anything, then to him we say, stand aside, consider yourself a gentleman. If the rest wish to know why we dun them, then our answer: 'Not that we care about ourselves, but our creditors do. Would you rather that we went to jail and you go free, than that you pay your debts and keep us moving? As we agreed, we have worked for you; as we contracted, we have furnished the paper to you; but as you don't pay, we dun you. Here are agreements for job work, contracts for subscription, promises for credit, and duns for deferred payment. What is there so stupid that he don't take a paper? If any, he not speak, for we don't mean him. Who is there so green that he don't get a vortise! If any let him slide, he ain't the chap either. Who is there so mean that he don't pay the publishers? If any, let him speak, for he is the man we're after."

A CLEVER EXPEDIENT.

A good story is told in Sherbrooke, P. Q., in connection with Mr. Cochrane's last shipment of stock to England. The valuable cargo was in charge of Mr. Beatty, the well-known stockman, and when the vessel was nearing the coast of England, a valuable animal worth \$2,000 took sick. Beatty, fearing that the animal's sickness might cause the whole lot to be quarantined, asked the Captain to be allowed to throw the beast overboard. The Captain refused positively, to take the responsibility of throwing over such a valuable animal. Beatty waited for his opportunity, and when the Captain was down at dinner, he struck the sick animal with a hammer and killed it, and with the assistance of his men threw the carcass overboard before the captain came back. Beatty's presence of mind saved Mr. Cochrane \$40,000 on his venture.

A STRANGE FACT.

On the 13th of September...



them." If asked if the judges knew they were "backing the bag," they look with disdain and astonishment upon you, and give you that over-ready and overpowering answer, "You bet!"

The truth is that this sort of nonsense is getting to be of universal prevalence, and has a sort of omnipresent reign upon all American racecourses. We cannot call to mind at this time a single race that we have witnessed that, according to opinions of these croakers, was run and decided upon its merit. The judges in the stand, wholly disconnected by affinity or consanguinity with the owners of the contending horses, and without the slightest pecuniary interest in the result to bias or control their judgments, are openly and violently charged with covert corruption, of conniving at the most patent frauds.

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#### REMINISCENCES OF THE TURF.

His ears up pricked, his braided standing mane  
Upon his compassed crest now stands on end;  
His nostrils drink the air, and forth again  
As from a furnace vapors doth he send.  
His eye, which scornfully glistens like fire,  
Shows his hot courage and his high desire.  
*Venus and Adonis.*

The most splendid of animals is not only great in his usefulness, but his nature and the link of love between him and his master have created the Centaur as an emblem of conquest, and established the typical man on horseback to represent advancement and civilization. There is poetry in him which inspires bards, while his

all nature in a trance, and the light floating clouds stood still in the sky, so that when the gay cavalcade reached the height and felt the impressive spirit of the scene, the laughter which had resounded all along the route all the morning suddenly ceased, and even the horses relaxed their speed into a slow and stately gait. These two celebrated men, the statesmen and the warrior, had watched the birth of the young republic—its infancy swathed in battle-flags, and its youth heralded with the world's wonder and acclaim; and now they greeted each other with a mutual congratulation which was too full and great to find utterance in words. The gentleman stood uncovered; the ladies, the servants, the very household dogs bent their eyes on the two men, as Mr. Jefferson, with the stately dignity that belonged to him, came down from the porch. "What will he say?" thought every spell-bound spectator. The fashion of France prescribed an embrace and a kiss for such an occasion, and the illustrious American, with the refined delicacy of a true gentleman, chose that ceremony as a compliment to the ally and an endearment to the friend; but the two could only regard each other with a look which spoke unutterable things that only they could understand. And it was only when the first toast was given at dinner, and the brimming glass drained that any of that historic party could speak clearly or see clearly so affecting had been this meeting.

I did not mean, gentlest of readers, to go off so far in Lafayette's carriage, but to tell a short story about the race. The gentlemen who figure in that old colored print are attired in the long blue frock-coats that reach nearly to the ankle, with voluminous neckties and aspiring collars that threaten the brims of the peaked beavers, and chins all smooth and the boots very pump-like. The older men wear the blue swallow-tail, buff or gray breeches, and Wellington boots. Occasionally among both classes you can see that marvel of a fop's make up at that period, an "ark-in-scar waistcoat," i. e., a vest of such beautiful variety of color that the French tailor's goatee called it a rainbow, (*arc en ciel*).

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Captain Belcher, afterward one of the famous turfmen of America and the owner of Red Eye, was then twenty-nine years old. To-day he seems to carry his eighty-one years with ease. His frame is wiry; his keen gray eyes are very expressive and intelligent, and his manner soft and gentle. Sitting before the great log fire in an old Virginia mansion of a winter night, it is a rare treat to hear him tell of the olden time—the racing, the cock fighting, the drinking, and also the fighting, for in those days the terrible "smooth bores" were the accepted arbiters in all disputes, business, politics, or society.

#### FLOKIZEL AND PEACEMAKER, 1808.

The old Broad Rock course near Richmond was the scene of this remarkable race, which so excited the people generally that ladies staked bracelets and rings, boys bet their marbles, and the gentlemen planters their negroes. Many a pretty farm changed hands, and for many years afterwards "niggers" won on that race were called after the two horses. In those days the first ladies of society were always present in the "ladies' pavilion," as the stand allotted to the fair sex was called; and if descriptions of those scenes be true, they were as enthusiastic and noisy in their applause as the Roman ladies at the chariot races, are represented by Jerome and other painters. Both these horses were famous four-mile bugs, and were accustomed to being held in at the first and let out at the last, which is the reverse of modern tactics generally. The finest horse would jump twenty-two feet at first and twenty-four at the finish. Our racers smile at the dash races of our time and deride the degeneracy of the stock; but it is likely that real speed is as well developed, and too great a strain on the horses avoided.

The famous Red Eye, in his race with Nina and Lawson, ran twelve miles in less than twenty-four minutes; and, though I have not the time made by by Flokizel, it is likely that it was

a year to draw the Virginians from the city. Trotting stock is one reason, but the principal cause of decline is the fall of the old planter aristocracy of the Old Dominion.

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#### THE FISH SHOWER AT ROND EAU.

##### THE EVIDENCE OF AN EYE WITNESS.

Some days ago a shower of fish was reported at Rond Eau, and many of the papers ventured to doubt the story. In reply to some of these comments, the teacher of school section No. 4, at Harwich, sends the following letter:—

"As you have taken the trouble to copy into your excellent paper the account of the finding of a quantity of fish some few days ago on the 4th con. of Harwich, and as a hint has been very politely (?) thrown out that the strange phenomenon never existed but in the reporter's imagination, I thought it was but just to the public to inform them of the bare facts of the case. In this recital I will only speak what I do know, and testify what I have seen. Having dismissed the children for the day, I was returning to my boarding place, when with a side glance I discovered something in the grass. At first I thought it was some species of rattlesnake; but upon more careful scrutiny, I found it was a fine, firm, fresh fish, of the pickerel species. Having been brought up at the sea shore I knew at once the fish was good, and picked it up, while wondering whence it came. My astonishment was increased, however, when stepping on a few yards farther I found another equally good. A few steps further, and one more, and then I thought I ought to return to the school room for some paper in which to wrap them. On entering the room I seized (rather thoughtlessly you will say) one of the pails, and proceeded to collect the fish. When I had more than half filled the pail, I saw a man in the distance carrying some fish, and, supposing the mystery was about to be solved, I awaited his approach. I dropped the pail, and felt somewhat guilty for having appropriated the fish, till relieved by his assuring me that he had gathered up also those he had in the same way, and that he had just been culling the largest of them. He observed, "These are as good and fresh as money could buy." I filled the pail, not only to the brim, but up the whole height of the handle, and having deposited my heavy burden, naturally, in the farm house where I board, I returned to collect the remainder. When I had finished my task I assure you that I felt fatigued. The work had occupied half an hour. This fall of fish extended about three quarters of a mile. On the same evening one of the maids was sent for the cows to a field about half a mile from my boarding place. She also returned laden with fish that she had picked up in a similar way. This girl reported that she had left others behind her, which she could not conveniently carry to the house. The lady with her maids prepared the fish the same evening for drying or smoking, and they were subjected to this process next day. The circumstance, you will admit, is unique, apart from its strange surroundings; and I cannot but think that the correspondent of the Rond Eau News did not err much in reporting it. As to whether these now famous fishes fell six feet or six thousand, I know not."

talk, loud and profane, seen in some of our cent. Two ladies, accompanied only by a small boy, sat opposite to these two ruffians. Morrissey left his seat, walked up to the offenders, and said, good-naturedly, "Come, boys, let's go into the smoking car and have a good cigar." One of the men churlishly declined. Mr. Morrissey then seated himself in front of them and asked them not to talk so loud. Immediately one of them began to tell an indelicate story. Morrissey requested him to desist, and was told in reply to mind his own business. "My business," said Morrissey, "is to protect ladies from insult, and if either of you says another improper word I will pitch you both out of the cars." The men rose simultaneously, one making a pass at Morrissey, which was, of course, ward off. Morrissey seized both men by the coat collars and knocked their heads together. The conductor appeared, and was requested to open the car doors, when Morrissey pushed one man and dragged the other out of that car, through another, into the smoking car, where he left them.

Mr. Morrissey has passed his summers for more than twenty years at Saratoga. A clergyman who made his acquaintance became especially anxious to converse with him upon religious subjects. Morrissey received him courteously, and the frequent visits seemed mutually pleasant. They continued two or three seasons. The clergyman, always getting interested in general conversation, kept postponing from time to time the real object of his visits. Finally, however, he said, "Mr. Morrissey, we have now been acquainted for several years. You have uniformly treated me with attention and kindness, always replying to the charitable requests I have made; but somehow I have failed in the discharge of a more important duty. I have always wanted to converse with you about religion. Are you willing to hear me?"

"Certainly," replied Mr. Morrissey. "I am confident that a man of your intelligence, absorbed as you have been and are in worldly things, must have reflected upon what concerns your future existence."

Morrissey replied that, though conscious of his deficiencies, he had often thoughts of serious things. The clergyman said that he presumed Morrissey had settled opinions on the subject, and that, at least, he was a believer. To this Morrissey replied affirmatively.

"Then," said the clergyman, "if you are willing to state it, I should like to know just what you do believe."

"I believe," said Morrissey, "in doing as we agree."

#### SOWING WILD RICE.

Mr. Fred. E. Pond, of Westfield, Wis., gives his experience in sowing wild rice as follows, in the columns of Forest and Stream:—

"Last season, desiring to test the expediency of sowing wild rice, I obtained a small quantity of fully ripe seed, gathering it myself to be certain of its condition, and during October had the seed carefully sowed in the stream called Duck Creek, near my present home. Previous to this not a solitary plant of wild rice was known to exist upon the stream, and I awaited with some anxiety the coming season for developments. Although a portion of the seed thus cast upon the waters" was taken by the ducks of the vicinity, I had the pleasure of witnessing the growth of a goodly piece of wild rice, which came to maturity and demonstrated the feasibility of wild rice culture. So well am I satisfied with the experiment that I propose to sow a much larger amount this season along Duck Creek, and am confident that by care in the selection of the seed, as well as the proper places in which to sow it, a most

our answer. Not that we care to pay for ourselves, but our creditors. I will say rather that we want to pay and you get more than that you pay your debts and keep moving? As we agreed, we have worked for you, as we contracted, we have turned the paper to you, but as you don't pay we dun you. Here are arrears for the contracts for subscription, promises for credit, and duns for deferred payment. Who is there so stupid that he don't take a paper? If any, he not speak for we don't mean to. Who is there so green that that he don't take a paper? If any, let him slide, he not a cheap either. Who is there so mean that he don't pay the publishers? If any, let him speak, for he is the man we're after.

#### A CLEVER EXPEDIENT.

A good story is told in Sherbrooke, P. Q., in connection with Mr. Cochrane's last shipment of stock to England. The valuable cargo was in charge of Mr. Beatty, the well-known stockman, and when the vessel was nearing the coast of England, a valuable animal worth \$2,000 took sick. Beatty, fearing that the animal's sickness might cause the whole lot to be quarantined, asked the Captain to be allowed to throw the beast overboard. The Captain refused positively to take the responsibility of throwing over such a valuable animal. Beatty watched his opportunity, and when the Captain was down at dinner, he struck the sick animal with a hammer and killed it, and with the assistance of his men threw the carcass overboard before the captain came back. Beatty's presence of mind saved Mr. Cochrane about \$40,000 on his venture.

#### A STRANGE FACT.

On the 18th of September last, a cow, belonging to John Henderson, of Nassagawes, was missed from the flock, and it was supposed that she had been stolen or strayed away. On Monday last James Henderson, on passing along the stable noticed under the sill the nose of a sheep. On taking the board the lost cow was found in an exhausted condition, having been reduced to a mere skeleton. Nourishing food was given her, and she is now in a fair way of regaining her wonted strength. It appears that she had crushed under the stable for shelter during the hot weather, and had got so far in that she could not return, and consequently remained without food or water during a period of over six weeks.

G. H. W. Crockett, of Texas, has an Indian employed in chopping wood at his residence, and that the aforesaid is an aborigine who goes through the world with his eyes open is evidenced by what is as follows narrated; Yesterday (Sunday) the Indian refused to chop any wood, and when Mr. Crockett asked him the reason of his refusal he replied, "Heap no work Sunday, all same white man; heap play poker." Jim evidently recognizes Sunday as a day of rest in its full sense.

An effort is being made to introduce the English partridge into California. Pairs of these birds were recently received from Australia, having been sent in exchange for some California deer and quail forwarded by the Commissioners. Permission was given by Gen. McDowell to introduce the birds upon Goat Island in the Bay of San Francisco, where there is plenty of cover, and where there are already large numbers of quail. The general is also an order prohibiting shooting on the island for two years, so that the birds might have a chance to multiply.

BOOK BETTING.

There is no denying the fact that book betting, under the system adopted in this country, has not met the demands of the public. It seems, at first glance, that it is strange that books should be so popular in England, France, and in every other country where the turf exists, while with us it can hardly get a foothold. In England and France the system of investing money by pools was as unpopular as books are with us. It died a natural death, for the want of public patronage, while with us book-making seems to be destined to reach the same fate.

Of course, there must be some cause for this state of affairs, or it would not be so. The chief objection made by the public to the new system is, that all bets are play or pay, and in England the fight, since the inauguration of the system in that country, has been very warm upon the question of the propriety of P.P. bets; and not until well advanced into the present century did this agitation begin to quiet. To this day, tricks and jobs are put on the people by horse owners, that often teach them that it is not always safe to invest money upon a horse under the control of another.

Count F. de Lagrange was very highly complimented during the present year, running Chamant in the Derby, after it was discovered that he had gone amiss, in order, as then stated, to protect those who had backed him, but he was quite as readily cursed, for winning the Grand Prix de Paris, with St. Christophe, when the public had made his colt, Verneuil, a strong favorite for that prize. The nonsense of supposing that Count Lagrange would or would not start a horse for a race, to gratify the backers of the horse, is too patent to require comment. Sportsmen do not rear, train, and bring to the post, at enormous expense, their horses, for the benefit of the public, but alone for their own gratification, pleasure, and profit.

A similar instance occurred in 1812, when an English lord had two horses, Cwrw and a Remembrancer colt, in the same race. The public made a very warm favorite of the latter, and piled money on him without stint. The then celebrated jockey, Chiffney, mounted him, and passed the post to start, with a stable lad upon Cwrw. The owner in the meantime got his money placed where he wanted it, when Chiffney suddenly changed his mount, and the Remembrancer colt was led off the course and did not start. Cwrw won, thus swamping the public for every dollar placed on the Remembrancer colt, and he was a great favorite. It follows, as a matter of course, that the people did not like this usage. It is but natural that they should have become disgusted when they saw their money taken from them without even a start for it, but when they complained they met with the reply, "It was your money and my horse." In a word, it often happens that the public make so much use of a horse that the owner feels that they have done him great harm. By laying money in large sums upon him they make him a great favorite, much greater often than his merits (of which the owner is generally the best judge) justify, and hence the owner does not feel that he is safe in betting his money at the short odds the public have forced the horse to. It is with horses upon a race course as it is with everything else that is for sale, the demand regulates the price. So the owner in such a case becomes the disgusted party, and declares that, as he cannot bet his money at such odds as he thinks are reasonable, he will not start his horse.

The failure of Ten Broeck to start at Jerome Park this week left his backers in a very unpleasant position. The general public, the masses, believed that he was able to beat Parole, and they backed him freely to do so, very often at long odds, and when he failed to start the disappointment and chagrin were great. But as very few seem to understand that all bets were play or pay, they expected their money back, and on being refused by the book makers, they did not hesitate to denounce the system in unmeasured terms. It is somewhat difficult to understand how a book-maker could protect himself in making a great number of bets, unless all wagers are made play or pay. Suppose for instance, there were five horses in a field, and books are opened on the race, the odds are so laid as to make each bear his relative value in the other four. If there were but four instead of five, or the field was reduced to three

that it would seem to be next to impossible for a book-maker to lose. As a gentleman expresses it, "It is you lose and I win every time." Take the Belmont Stakes for 1878, and examine the odds: 5 to 1 against Spartan, 8 to 1 against Duke of Magenta, 10 to 1 against Albert, and so on to 80 to 1 against Bridget. There are 49 nominations in this event, of these forty-two are in training, and are soon enough to-day to calculate that they may come to the post to start. In case they should, then the idea of placing the short odds of 5 to 1 on any colt is out of question. He has to pass through the winter, change forms in the spring, pass through a careful preparation and training, and he is threatened with a chapter of accidents such as befall ninety nine out of every hundred colts in the land, and the odds offered against the list of mischance that he is liable to are far below what they should be. Look to the others, the highest in the list is 40 to 1, when it is well known that the real odds against many of them is really nearer 200 to 1, and a dozen or more of them should not be allowed to carry money at short odds than 50 and 100 to 1.

The reply to this is that no such field will start as the one we speak of. Of course not, but this is all in favor of the book-maker, and strengthens the argument, for every horse that breaks down, goes amiss, dies, or from any other cause fails to start, leaves, if backed, the money he carried in the book-maker's pocket. The layer forgets, too, that many people will often buy what they neither need nor want if it is cheap, whereas if the price is increased they have no inducement. Hundreds of men would bet ten or twenty dollars on an inferior colt, and take the chances of his winning, if the odds were 100 to 1 against him, while they would not think of doing so if the rates were 25 to 1. It would, therefore, be greatly to the advantage of the book makers to put the rates higher, for it draws customers, and if they win the winnings are much larger. This is the only system of book-making that can ever be made popular in this country. It is the one that is in use in England and France and there the odds are great enough to justify the public in making the bets play or pay, and by that means, and that alone, it meets with public favor.—*Spirit*.

Fur, Fin and Feather.

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A thrilling adventure happened the other day at Black Lake in Eyre Township, Ont. The clerk in Mr. Boyd's shanty, Mr. C. J. Kane, in company with the cook, undertook to kill a deer which they had put to water. Kane fired two shots at it, but did not kill the animal. He and J. Lane, the cook, then got into a bark canoe, and went out, armed only with a club, their ammunition having run out. The deer, a very large buck, went for the canoe in very lively style, punching a hole in it, so that it filled rapidly. This happened about 800 yards from the shore, and Lane swam to land, but Kane not being able to swim, stuck to his canoe, and with difficulty managed to reach the terra firma again, exhausted, but very thankful that he had not become winter grub for the bass in the lake. The buck which had thus raised Cain with our sports, and so nearly sunk the real Kane, was killed not long after by another man, and the shanty-men have now 248 lbs. of venison to eat this winter along with their pork.

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Billiards.

In the billiard tournament at St. Louis, Mo., on Nov. 8, Thomas Gallagher, champion of Ohio, beat Anthony Hyser, of Indiana, in a 500 point French carom game, by a score of 500 to 74. Gallagher's average was 27 7/18, which is said to be the largest average on record for a 500 point game.

Last week Maurice Daly and Cyrille Dion played a practice game, 600 points up, at the Vesey street billiard room, New York. To the gratification of Daly's friends, and the surprise of all present, the game was a phenomenal one, and such as has never been equaled anywhere. Maurice started in with a run of 142, followed this with 140 and 200, and then ran the game out with an average of 120.

It is with more than ordinary sorrow that we record the death of Mr. John D. Stockton, of New York, who died at Philadelphia, where he was born, on Monday last week. He was one of the most brilliant writers on the metropolitan press, his style being graceful and pleasing. Mr. Stockton was also well known as an amateur billiard player, and for years had been a frequent visitor at all the prominent rooms. He was also an excellent chess player, and an ardent lover of the game.

TROTTING AND RACING AT LOCKPORT

Lockport, N. Y., Nov. 9—\$80. Trotting. For county horses that had never beaten 2:55. \$40. 20, 12, 8.  
 Owner's Champion..... 1 1 1  
 Owner's Lady May..... 2 3 2  
 Owner's Red Eye..... 3 2 3  
 Time—3:05, 3:00, 2:58.  
 Same Day—\$50. Running. Half-mile heats, 3 in 5. \$30, 15, 5.  
 Owner's Berger Boy..... 1 1 2 1  
 Owner's Modoc..... 3 2 1 2  
 Owner's Gypsy Girl..... 2 3 3 3  
 Time—:57, :55, :59, :59.

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FOR SALE.

THE CELEBRATED STALLION

CALOGRAM!

CALOGRAM, chestnut horse, foaled 1868, 16 hands 4 inch; weighs 1,150 lbs.  
 PEDIGREE—Calogram, by Censor, dam imported Maud, by Stockwell; 2nd dam, Countess of Albermarle, by Lanercost; 3rd dam, sister to Hornsea, by Velocipede; 4th dam, by Cerberus; 5th dam, Miss Cranfield, by Sir Peter Teazle; 6th dam by Pegasus; 7th dam, by Paymaster; 8th dam Pomona, by Herod; 9th dam, Caroline, by Snap; 10th dam, by Regulus; 11th dam by Whip; 12th dam, Largo Hartley, by Hartley's Blind Horse; 13th dam, by Flying Whig, by Williams' Woodstock Arabian; 14th dam, by St. Victor Barb; 15th dam, by Whynot (a son of Fenwick Barb; 16th dam, a Royal mare. (See Bruce's Am. Stud Book, Vol. 1, p. 107) Censor, foaled 1859, by Lexington, dam Fleur de Lis (by imported Sovereign, out of Maria West-Wagner's dam.) LEXINGTON, by Boston, dam Alice Carneal.  
 Full particulars on application to DAVID VAN CAMP, BOWMANVILLE, ONT. 323-tf

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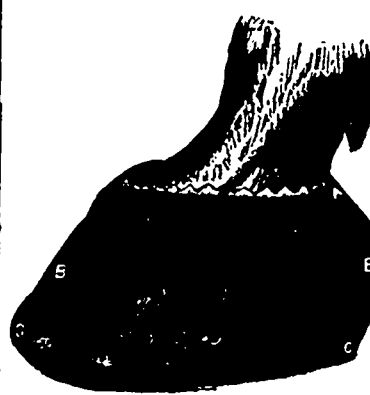
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This useful little article, which is beautifully finished and full nickled, is now selling by the thousands in the States, and it is considered that no sportsman's field kit is complete without it. Use Extractor and Wad-Rammer, unscrew at joint. It will thus be in two pieces, and may be conveniently carried in the vest pocket. It sells at sight everywhere, and is pronounced to be just the thing that is wanted for home or field use. Sent post free to any address on receipt of \$2.00. Satisfaction guaranteed and money promptly returned if the buyer is not pleased with it.

American houses will be supplied as heretofore from our factory in Newark, N. J. Canadian sportsmen will please apply to their respective gunmakers.



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his mount, and the horse, being a great favorite, was led off by force and did not start. Crow won, thus swamping the public for every dollar placed on the Remembrance colt, and he was a great favorite. It follows, as a matter of course, that the people did not like this usage. It is but natural that they should have become disgusted when they saw their money taken from them without even a start for it, but when they complained they met with the reply, "It was your money and my horse." In a word, it often happens that the public make so much use of a horse that the owner feels that they have done him great harm. By laying money in large sums upon him they make him a great favorite, much greater often than his merits (of which the owner is generally the best judge) justify, and hence the owner does not feel that he is safe in betting his money at the short odds the public have forced the horse to. It is with horses upon a race course as it is with everything else that is for sale, the demand regulates the price. So the owner in such a case becomes the disgusted party, and declares that, as he cannot bet his money at such odds as he thinks are reasonable, he will not start his horse.

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After years of fruitless experiments in England, the book-betting system has, outside of the Ring, the Committee of Tattersalls, and Newmarket Subscription Room, become almost exclusively play or pay. Inside the Ring, by the rules of the Jockey Club, all bets on the Derby, Oaks, St. Leger, the Two Thousand Guineas, the One Thousand Guineas, Cesarewitch and Cambridge-stakes, the Ascot, Goodwood, and Doncaster Cups, and all handicaps of the value of £200, with two forfeits, the minor of which shall not be less than £5, are declared play or pay, and the Committee of Tattersalls, and of the Subscription room at Newmarket, are forbidden to take cognizance of any disputes respecting play or pay bets on any other races.

Bets in the books, in this country, are all play or pay, under the general betting rules that all bets are play or pay unless otherwise stipulated. This rule is so general, so universally adopted everywhere, that persons at all conversant with the laws of the turf can hardly fail to understand when they make a bet on a running event, either in the books or with a private party, that it is play or pay, unless he sees fit, as he has a right to do, to stipulate for a start for his money.

There is another point, however, that the public make against our book-makers that is much more plausible, and in which there is unquestionably real ground of complaint. We allude to the odds offered the public; on the contrary, they are made at such rates

## Hur, Hun and Healer.

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Mr. Henry Hilder, of Armow, Ont., one night last week, caught two wild ducks in a rather peculiar way. On bringing his flock of tame ducks home to be shut up, he discovered among them two wild ducks, and by careful management succeeded in housing the lot. The decoyed ducks were served at table the following day.

Paris, the champion setter, belonging to Mr. L. E. Smith, Strathroy, Ont., was withdrawn from the Nashville, Tenn., Field Trial, last week, on account of having broken a leg. Paris was valued at \$1,000.

A canine discussion took place near Ottawa, on Monday last, between a dog from Quebec and one from the Dominion capital. There was a large attendance of spectators. The fight was of short duration, the animal from the ancient city proving to be a rank quitter. Considerable money changed hands the Quebec dog being the favorite. It is now said the Ottawa dog will be matched against a celebrated dog of this city, and money will not stand in the way of business.

Messrs. T. Hunter & Co., Art Dealers, 89 and 41 King street west, Toronto, have some of the most attractive game pictures we have ever seen. The subjects are in relief, and it is hard to believe you are not looking at taxidermic specimens of the birds, so artistic is the execution of the pictures.

BALANCE ALL—The reported breakin down of Mr. G. L. Lorillard's beautiful chestnut filly Balance All, by Bonnie Scotland, dam Lahtana, by Captain Elgee, that is at this time taking a general sweep of the press is a mistake. She is perfectly sound in body and limb, and promises to be a clinker next season.

## THE CELEBRATED STALLION

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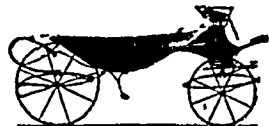
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PEDIGREE—Calogram, by Censor, dam imported Maud, by Stockwell; 2nd dam, Countess of Albermarle, by Lanercost; 3rd dam, sister to Hornsea, by Velocipede; 4th dam, by Cerberus; 5th dam, Miss Cranfield, by Sir Peter Teazle; 6th dam by Pegasus; 7th dam, by Paymaster; 8th dam Pomona, by Herod; 9th dam, Caroline, by Snap; 10th dam, by Regulus; 11th dam by Whip; 12th dam, Large Hartley, by Hartley's Blind Horse; 13th dam, by Flying Whig, by Williams' Woodstock Arabian; 14th dam, by St. Victor Barb; 15th dam, by Whynot (a son of Fenwick Barb; 16th dam, a Royal mare. (See Bruce's Am. Stud Book, Vol I, p. 107) Censor, foaled 1859, by Lexington, dam Fleur de Lis (by imported Sovereign, out of Maria West—Wagon's dam.) LEXINGTON, by Boston, dam Alice Carnoal.

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