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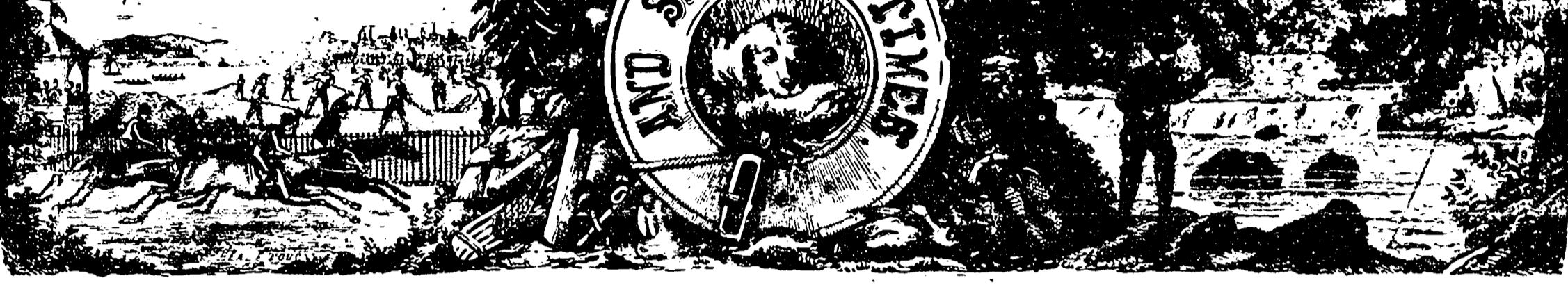
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NOV 6 1876

GENTLEMAN'S CANADIAN SPORTING JOURNAL



V L. VI. TORONTO, ONT., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1876. NO 776.

English Turf.

RACING IN ENGLAND.

We give below the report of the race for the Great Shropshire Handicap, as, if the time reported be correct, it was the fastest race that ever took place. The mile is said to have been run, according to Benson's chronograph, in one minute and thirty-five seconds:

SHREWSBURY MEETING, Nov. 15th.—The Great Shropshire Handicap of 500 sovs., added to a sweepstake of 25 sovs., each 15 for 1; winners extra. New straight mile. 89 sibs.

- Lord Howe's bc Tetrarch, by Mogador—Parma, 5 yrs, 5 st. 12 lbs. (W Macdonald) 1
- Comd Edc Lagrange's chf Lina, 3 yrs, 7 st. 9 lbs. (inc. 5 lbs extra) (Morbey) 2
- Mr E Burd's oc the Ghost, 4 yrs, 7 st 9 lbs (Rositer) 3
- Mr J V Morgan's Lord Gowran, 6 yrs, 8 st 5 lbs 0
- Mr J Baltazzi's Coeruleus, 4 yrs, 8 st, 4 lbs. 0
- Sir J D Aisley's Hopbloom, 3 yrs, 8 st, 1 lb. 0
- Mr J Greston's Paganf, 5 yrs 7 st. 7 lbs. 0
- Mr Gerard's Claremont, 4 yrs, 7 st. 5 lbs. 0
- Mr J Potter's Newport, 3 yrs, 7 st 2 lbs. 0
- Sir Chetwynds Cat's Eye, 4 yrs, 7 st. 1 lb (10 lbs extra) 0
- Mr Perkins' Hieroglyphic, 4 yrs, 7 st. 0
- Mr Ansley's Water Lily, 3 yrs, 6 st. 12 lbs 0
- Mr E Paget's Rochampton, 3 yrs, 6 st. 6 lb. 0
- Lord Bradford's Exuine, 3 yrs, 5 st. 13 lbs. 0

RACING—100 to 80 against Tetrarch, 6 to 1 against Coeruleus, 7 to 1 each against Cat's Eye and Lord Gowran, 100 to 8 each against Gho and Hieroglyphic, 25 to 1 each against Paganf, Hopbloom, Claremont, Rochampton and Exuine, 25 to 1 against Lina and 85 to 1 against Newport.

During the interval of one hour after the previous race no time was lost, and at the appointed moment the fourteen runners drew up to the line at the starting post. The flag at the first attempt, The Ghost and Lord Gowran showing in advance of the others, but going 100 yards the heavy weight was pulled back, and Tetrarch, with Hopbloom, waited on The Ghost, who was next the line, Lord Gowran being in the centre, with Cat's Eye, Coeruleus, Newport and Claremont were racing together on the extreme right. Before a quarter of a mile had been covered Hopbloom retired and Tetrarch went to the front, his attendant as he entered the old course being The Ghost, Cat's Eye, Coeruleus and Lord Gowran, with Exuine wide on the whip hand next and Lina following in the centre. On entering the straight Tetrarch drew clear of his horses, and on the retirement of Lord Gowran and Coeruleus below the distance Lina joined Ghost and Cat's Eye, who were the immediate followers of Tetrarch. Opposite the stand Lina got the best of Ghost and Cat's Eye, who were the immediate followers of Tetrarch, but Tetrarch maintained his advantage to the finish, and won by a length; a head divided Lina and Ghost.

Aquatic.

A SWEEPING CHALLENGE.

The following appear in Bell of the 18th ult: "John Higgins, of Shadwell, will row any man in England from Putney to Mortlake over the Thames Champion Course for the championship of England and £200 a side, or he (Higgins) will row any man in the world over the same course for £500 a side and the championship of the world, and allow any man from the colonies or any foreign part £100 towards his expenses. To row in the spring of 1877. An answer through Bell's Life will meet with prompt attention."

Higgins, it will be remembered, was one of the professional English four oared crew that rowed in the International regatta at Philadelphia in September, pulling number three. He also rowed with W. Spencer in the pair oared race and was matched against P. Luther of Pittsburg, Pa., in the single scull race, won by Hanlan. In his race with Luther a foul occurred, and the latter reached the winning post first, but the two men were ordered to row again the next day, when Higgins withdrew.

HIGGINS' CHALLENGE — HANLAN HEARD FROM.

Sir,—In The Mail of this morning I notice a paragraph taken from Bell's Life, to the effect that John Higgins of Shadwell, England, will row any man in the world from Putney to Mortlake, over the Thames course for £500 a-side and the championship of the world, allowing £100 for the expenses of any man from the Colonies accepting the same.

In answer to said challenge, I would say I am prepared to row John Higgins, of Shadwell, England, or any man in the world; but as Mr. Higgins doesn't like to leave home apparently, and as I anticipate meeting American and Canadian oarsmen on this side of the Atlantic early in the spring, it will be impossible for me to comply with Mr. Higgins' request; but I will allow John Higgins, of Shadwell, England, £150 for his expenses here, and row him over the course on Toronto bay for £500 a side.

I am, Sir, yours ob diently,
EDWARD HANLAN.
Toronto, Dec. 4th, 1876.

ARGONAUT ROWING CLUB, TORONTO

The general meeting of this club was held at the Rossin House on the evening of the 24th ult, at which there was a fair attendance of members. The report of the treasurer was read, showing the season to have been the most successful in a financial point of view yet experienced. The increase of membership was probably owing to additional accommodation afforded for storage of boats and the attractions afforded to junior members, the club having added a new four-oared gig to their list of boats. They now have the largest stock of racing and practice boats owned by any club on the continent.

after his defeat of Sadler, the former champion. The presumption is that Ross's first move will be to throw down the gauntlet to Higgins, when the admirers of this kind of sport may expect to witness such a contest as has seldom been seen even on the classic waters of the Thames, involving as it will, a trial of strength, skill and pluck, between a representative from America—Canada we may say—and one of England's foremost men. It is true that Higgins was defeated the other day by Blakman, a rising young oarsman of Dulwich, on the Thames, but whether this too (which was one of the heats in the Thames international Regatta, whereby a trifling foul ensued) can be regarded as a safe criterion of the rowing powers of the man, remains to be seen. It is hardly safe to assume that it was, seeing that Higgins may have been reserving himself for the subsequent four oared match. We may remark that in the race on the Kennebocasis in the last days of October of this year, between Ross and Brayley, the best four-mile time is said to have been made—viz., 28.28—that was ever accomplished in this country. This may be so, for we fail to recollect the time of the match between Brown and Fulton, but we certainly have seen quicker times made in England, where, however, wind and tide may have favored the rower. The "International Regatta" on the Thames has now become a fixed fact; and as the promoters thereof intend holding it next year earlier in the season, it is not unreasonable to hope that American professionals and amateurs will participate. Mr. Gulston, who was so shabbily treated at the Centennial, was fortunate enough, in a four-oared amateur race at the Thames Regatta, to win a magnificent gold cup with gold medals for his fellow oarsmen; whilst the professionals from the Tyne—Boyd, Lumsden, Bagnall and Hepplewhite—won all the first prizes, defeating the Thames men, after desperate contests, in every engagement.

Billiards.

ROOM OPENING AT SARNA.

The re-opening of the Belchamber House Billiard Parlor, Pt. Sarnia, now under the management of John F. Thyne, took place on Monday evening 27th ult. The room has been thoroughly refitted, and lovers of billiards will find it one of the most comfortable little billiard parlors in the country. Messrs. Thos Huggard and Alex. Kidd, the acknowledged "boss" billiard players of Sarnia, played a match game of 500 points for a Champagne Supper—the loser's backers paying for said supper. The room was crowded to excess, many being unable to get in. After a most exciting contest, Mr. Huggard won by nine points. Referee—E. A. Vidal. Judges—for Kidd, P. F. Maloney; for Huggard, C. M. Garvey. Marker, J. F. Thyne. Time of game, one hour and ten minutes.

BIG BILLIARDS.

A telegraph despatch from New Orleans under date of Nov. 29th, says that Ser'on made a run of 341 points, French, in a there on the evening of the 28th. Th. said to be the biggest run ever made.

backers of the men met about two o'clock to try and postpone the race for a more favorable day, but the proprietor, with his usual desire of keeping faith with the public, would not consent to this proposal, and, securing the services of fifty men, he had the snow cleared off the track by the time advertised for the race, when there could not be less than 3,500 present, and, despite the inclemency of the weather, the great excitement prevailed. J. Sanderson was attended by J. Hill of Whitworth, who, it will be remembered, looked after him for both his four-mile engagements with Hazell of London, at Lillie Bridge and Haganshaw Grounds, Oldham, respectively, in which Sanderson came off victorious. M'Leavy was attended by R. Hindle. Punctually at the advertised time the men took the start, and at the second attempt Mr. J. Muir (the referee) set them away to a capital start, M'Leavy taking up the running, and making the pace a "cracker" for the first half mile, when up to his shoulders amidst the plaudits of his friends, many of whom had come all the way from Liverpool. But M'Leavy, answering gamely to the call, went on with the lead till the end of the first mile, which he accomplished in 4m. 39s.; still the pace seemed too slow for Sanderson, who again and again went up to the Scotchman's shoulders, determined to find a weak point if possible, and it was not until a mile and a half had been traversed that the English champion dashed to the front, amidst cries of "2 to 1 on Sanderson!" At two miles Sanderson was leading by one yard, the Scotch ladie treading on his heels (time, 9m. 45s). Going down the backstretch Mac once more made the running, but soon dropped behind again, amidst the plaudits of his friends, who now began to take the odds kindly, as it was evident the Scotchman was sure to stay the distance. At three miles their positions were the same, Sanderson being first (time, 15m. 2s.), but entering the last mile M'Leavy tried hard to get to the front. Still the old "id" did not give way, rattling along at his best pace till the last lap, where M'Leavy came away with one of his grand rushes, leaving Sanderson as if he were standing still, and ultimately won by 100 yards, doing the distance in 19m. 58s., and considering the race was run in a snowstorm, with the wind blowing a perfect gale, it must be reckoned quite equal to the best time on record. M'Leavy has now earned the proud title of champion from one to four miles.—Sporting Life, Nov. 15.

MATCH AT ONE HUNDRED MILES.

On Wednesday and Thursday, Nov 22 and 23, at the Turn Hall, Newark, N.J., a 100 mile match took place between Miss Adelaide Lormes, a Spanish lady, a native of Barcelona, and John Goulding, who has had the training of some of our most prominent amateur athletes, Goulding allowing the lady four hours start. The female dashed off at a good pace, and succeeded in covering sixteen miles and five hundred yards in the four hours' start. On Goulding getting the signal he went off at a good rate, covering 5 miles in 58m. 10 s., and, keeping up a very

American Turf.

GOOD TROTTING AT PHILADELPHIA.

Belmont Park, Nov. 24 and 25—Purse \$100; 2:50 class.
O P Doble's br s Smiling Tom... 1 3 2 1 3 0 1
J Joslyn's br c Brown John... 2 3 1 3 1 3 2
S H Hine's gm Helen R... 0 1 3 3 0 3
A H Ladd's gm m Annie F... 3 4 4 4 4 4 4
J Hanbrt's gm g Franco Charles 0 6 5 5 5 5 5
E R Miller's gm Lucille... 4 5 dr
Time—2:47, 2:46, 2:47, 2:52, 2:48, 2:46, 2:49.

Obituary.

HENRY PHILLIPS, THE ENGLISH SINGER.

Mr. Henry Phillips, who was at one time one of the most popular dramatic vocalists in England, died recently in London, at the age of seventy six years. He was the son of a professor of music, and was born at the commencement of the present century. In his twenty-third year he was engaged at the London Lyceum, then under the management of Mr. Aruold. Afterward he became the principal bass vocal, at both the English opera houses, Covent Garden and Drury Lane. During his long career he created several roles in various almost forgotten English operas, such as "Gustavus III.," "Siege of Belshazzar," "Maid of Artois," "Gipsy's Warning," and "Annie." In oratorio he was the original singer in "The Last Judgment," "St. Paul" and Rossini's "Stabat Mater." He retired long since from the stage, of which he was a bright ornament.

ROBT. B. WILKES, BATH, N.Y.

We regret to announce the sudden death, on his farm, near Bath, N. Y., on the 25rd inst., of Mr. Robert B. Wilkes, one of the most enterprising farm raisers and breeders of Western New York. His death resulted from the accidental loss of a colt, which ruptured, probably, some of the arteries, and produced death. Mr. Wilkes was universally beloved, and respected by all who knew him, and was one of the best men of his county. He was a practical breeder, and gave considerable attention to the development and breeding of the trotting horse. He had one of the finest farms in the County of Steuben, was an ardent lover of good horse, a supporter of fair play on the turf, and will be mourned by a large circle of personal friends, who respect his many qualities and character that have always distinguished him.

DEATH OF A WELL-KNOWN HORSEMAN.—Mr. Walter C. Brown, of Columbus, C., a well known horseman and a respected gentleman, died recently from a cold contracted at the Centennial.

DEATH OF JOS. A. GREEN. Through our Iowa exchange, we are apprised of the sud-

forfeit; winners extra. New straight mile. 89 sbs.

- Lord Howe's Tetrarch, by Mogador—Parma, 8 yrs, 5 st. 12 lbs. (W Macdonald) 1
- Comet F de Lagrange's ch Lina, 3 yrs, 7 st. 9 lbs. (inc. 5 lbs extra) (Morbey) 2
- Mr E Bird's b c the Ghost, 4 yrs, 7 st 9 lbs (Rossiter) 3
- Mr J V Morgan's Lord Gowran, 6 yrs, 8 st 5 lbs..... 0
- Mr J Baltazzi's Coeruleus, 4 yrs, 8 st. 4 lbs.. 0
- Sir J Astley's Hopploom, 8 yrs, 8 st. 1 lb. 0
- Mr J Grettton's Pagan, 5 yrs 7 st. 7 lbs.... 0
- Mr Gerard's Claremont, 4 yrs, 7 st. 5 lbs.... 0
- Mr J Potter's Newport, 3 yrs, 7 st 2 lbs.... 0
- Sir J Chetwynds Cat's Eye, 4 yrs, 7 st. 1 lb (id 10 lbs extra)..... 0
- Mr Perkins' Hieroglyphic, 4 yrs, 7 st. 0
- Mr Ansley's Water Lily, 3 yrs, 6 st. 12 lbs 0
- Mr E Paget's Roehampton, 8 yrs, 6 st. 6 lbs..... 0
- Lord Bradford's Exuine, 8 yrs, 5 st. 18 lbs.. 0

SETTING—100 to 80 against Tetrarch, 5 to 1 against Coeruleus, 7 to 1 each against Cat's Eye and Lord Gowran, 100 to 8 each against Ghost and Hieroglyphic, 20 to 1 each against Pagan, Hopploom, Claremont, Roehampton and Exuine, 25 to 1 against Lina and 85 to 10 against Newport.

During the interval of one hour after the previous race no time was lost, and at the appointed moment the fourteen runners drew up to the line at the starting post. The flag fell at the first attempt, The Ghost and Lord Gowran showing in advance of the others, but after going 100 yards the heavy weight waggled back, and Tetrarch, with Hopploom, waited on The Ghost, who was next the rails, Lord Gowran being in the centre, with Cat's Eye, Coeruleus, Newport and Clifton were racing together on the extreme right. Before a quarter of a mile had been covered Lord Hopploom retired and Tetrarch went to the front, his attendant as he entered the old course being The Ghost, Cat's Eye, Coeruleus and Lord Gowran, with Exuine wide on the whip hand next and Lina following in the centre. On entering the straight Tetrarch drew clear of his horses, and on the retirement of Lord Gowran and Coeruleus below the distance Lina joined Ghost and Cat's Eye, who were the immediate followers of Tetrarch, but Tetrarch maintained his advantage to the finish, and won by a length; a head divided Lina and Ghost, who was a similar distance in front of Cat's Eye, the latter of whom was placed fourth. Then came Lord Gowran, who was fifth; Newport being sixth, Claremont seventh, Exuine eighth, Hopploom ninth and Roehampton and Pagan next; then came Coeruleus and Hieroglyphic. Water Lily did not pass the post. Value of the stake, \$1,200. Time, by Benson's chronograph, 1:45.

Tetrarch originally ran as the property of Tom Brown, the Graham Place trainer, and it was the fifth attempt that he won a selling race for him. This was at the Newmarket first October meeting, twelve months ago, when Captain Machell bought him for 155 guineas, but let him go at the Liverpool Meeting for 165 guineas after he had won the Gerard Stakes, the purchaser being his present trainer, who sold him privately to Lord Howe, one of his patrons, after the colt had won the Princess of Wales' Handicap at Sandown Park this year. He subsequently returned to Maitland for the Eton Handicap at Windsor, and occupied a like position in the Oxonian in the Stewards' Cup at Liverpool last week. He is a very good looking colt, and a well-bred one, for his sire, Mogador, who was foaled in 1860, is a son of King Tom and Moonshine, while his dam is an sister to that smart mare Modene, being a Parthenon out of Archers. Tetrarch is the first foal of Parina, who must not be confounded with another mare of the same name bred by Mr. Naylor.

Bell's Life will meet with prompt attention.

Higgins, it will be remembered, was one of the professional English four-oared crew that rowed in the International regatta at Philadelphia in September, pulling number three. He also rowed with W. Spencer in the pair oared race and was matched against P. Luther of Pittsburg, Pa., in the single scull race, won by Hanlan. In his race with Luther a foul occurred, and the latter reached the winning post first, but the two men were ordered to row again the next day, when Higgins withdrew.

HIGGINS' CHALLENGE — HANLAN HEARD FROM.

SIR,—In The Mail of this morning I notice a paragraph taken from Bell's Life, to the effect that John Higgins of Shadwell, England, will row any man in the world from Putney to Mortlake, over the Thames course for £500 a side and the championship of the world, allowing £100 for the expenses of any man from the Colonies accepting the same.

In answer to said challenge, I would say I am prepared to row John Higgins, of Shadwell, England, or any man in the world; but as Mr. Higgins doesn't like to leave home apparently, and as I anticipate meeting American and Canadian oarsmen on this side of the Atlantic early in the spring, it will be impossible for me to comply with Mr. Higgins' request, but I will allow John Higgins, of Shadwell, England, £160 for his expenses here, and row him over the course in Toronto bay for £500 a side.

I am, Sir, yours ob. dently,
EDWARD HANLAN.
Toronto, Dec. 4th, 1878.

ARGONAUT KOWING CLUB, TORONTO

The general meeting of this club was held at the Bossin House on the evening of the 24th ult., at which their was a fair attendance of members. The report of the treasurer was read, showing the season to have been the most successful in a financial point of view yet experienced. The increase of membership was probably owing to additional accommodation afforded for storage of boats and the attractions afforded to junior members, the club having added a new four-oared gig to their list of boats. They now have the largest stock of racing and practice boats owned by any club on the continent, as well as accommodation for about fifty private boats.

THE COUNTESS OF DUFFERIN.

The Countess of Dufferin still remains unsold, and Major Gifford, it is understood, is likely to be a heavy loser by his spirited undertaking to whip the champion yacht of the New York Club. If properly sailed and trimmed, the best American authorities agree that the Countess could next year give them very serious trouble. Under these circumstances we are not surprised to hear that several gentlemen have it in contemplation to buy and equip the Countess for what is sure to turn out a more successful trial of her speed. The price asked for her is so moderate that we need not despair of patriotic sportsmen enough being found to improve the occasion.

ROSS IN ENGLAND.

The arrival in England of Wallace Ross, the intrepid young sculler from New Brunswick, will create no little flutter among sporting men of the Thames and Tyne. Wallace Ross is not yet out of his teens, but has demonstrated by a number of successful matches—notably his recent defeat of the veteran Brayley—that he is no mean adversary. Whether he will prove himself a match for such men as Boyd, or Lumsden on the Tyne, or Higgins, Blackman, Farryer and others on the Thames remains to be seen. It is not very generally known, but we see it stated by Bell's Life, that Higgins is now the Champion Sculler of England—he having challenged Trickett, the Australian, before and

himself for the subsequent four oared match. We may remark that in the race on the Kennis-basis in the last days of October of this year, between Ross and Brayley, the best four-mile time is said to have been made—viz., 28.38—that was ever accomplished in this country. This may be so, for we fail to recollect the time of the match between Brown and Fulton, but we certainly have seen quicker time made in England, where, however, wind and tide may have favored the rower. The "International Regatta" on the Thames has now become a fixed fact, and as the promoters thereof intend holding it next year earlier in the season, it is not unreasonable to hope that American professionals and amateurs will participate. Mr. Gulton, who was so shabbily treated at the Centennial, was fortunate enough, in a four-oared amateur race at the Thames Regatta, to win a magnificent gold cup with gold medals for his fellow oarsmen; whilst the professionals from the Tyne—Boyd, Lumsden, Bagnall and Hepplewhite—won all the first prizes, defeating the Thames men, after desperate contests, in every engagement.

Billiards.

ROOM OPENING AT SARINIA.

The re-opening of the Belchamber House Billiard Parlor, Pt. Sarinia, now under the management of John F. Thynne, took place on Monday evening, 27th ult. The room has been thoroughly refitted, and lovers of billiards will find it one of the most comfortable little billiard parlors in the country. Messrs. Thos Huggard and Alex. Hadd, the acknowledged "boss" billiard players of Sarinia, played a match game of 600 points for a Champagne Supper—the loser's backers paying for said supper. The room was crowded to excess, many being unable to get in. After a most exciting contest, Mr. Huggard won by nine points. Referee—E. A. Vidal. Judges—for Kidd, P. F. Maloney; for Huggard, C. M. Garvey. Marker, J. F. Thynne. Time of game, one hour and ten minutes.

BIG BILLIARDS.

A telegraph despatch from New Orleans under date of Nov. 29th, says that Sexton made a run of 841 points, French, in a game there on the evening of the 28th. This is said to be the biggest run ever made.

Pedestrianism.

GREAT RACE FOR THE FOUR-MILE CHAMPIONSHIP.

On Saturday last, this great race, which has been looked forward to with much interest, was decided at the Springfield Recreation grounds, Glasgow. It will be recalled the proprietor offered some six weeks ago a splendid silver cup, value 65 guineas, added to a sweepstake of £25 each, to be competed for in a four mile champion race, but only two posted up, viz., J. M'Leavy of Alexandria, and J. Sanderson (alias Truscley) Whitworth, and notwithstanding that the entries were left open till the second deposit, no one else came forward. However, it was determined to give the cup to the man first past the top. M'Leavy, who had been under the care of the veteran R. Hindle, of Paisley for his recent race for the one-mile championship, the result of which appeared in last week's issue, having only one week to get ready, his friends were very chagrined taking the 7 to 4 offered on Sanderson. The latter, along with his trainer, arrived in the early part of the week, and "old Truscley" took a few spins on the ground, with which his friends are were so satisfied that they thought there was nothing for him to do but to go to the post and win. On Saturday morning, however, a severe snowstorm set in, which threatened to last all day, and the

off victor. M'Leavy was not able to start. Punctually at the appointed time the men took the start, and at the second attempt Mr. J. Muir (the referee) sent them away to a capital start, M'Leavy taking up the running, and making the pace a "cracker" for the first half mile, when up to his shoulders amidst the plaudits of his friends, many of whom had come all the way from Liverpool. But M'Leavy, answering gamely to the call, went on with the lead till the end of the first mile, which he accomplished in 4m. 39s.; still the pace seemed too slow for Sanderson, who again and again went up to the Scotchman's shoulders, determined to find a weak point if possible, and it was not until a mile and a half had been traversed that the English champion dashed to the front, amidst cries of "2 to 1 on Sanderson!" At two miles Sanderson was leading by one yard, the Scotch ladde treading on his heels (time, 9m. 45s). Going down the back stretch M'Leavy once more made the running, but soon dropp'd behind again, amidst the plaudits of his friends, who now began to take the odds kindly, as it was evident the Scotchman was sure to stay the distance. At three miles their positions were the same, Sanderson being first (time, 15m. 2s.), but entering the last mile M'Leavy tried hard to get to the front. Still the old "un did not give way, rattling along at his best pace till the last lap, where M'Leavy came away with one of his grand rushes, leaving Sanderson as if he were standing still, and almost literally wor by 100 yards, doing the distance in 19m. 53s., and entering the race was run in a snowstorm, with the wind blowing a perfect gale. It must be reckoned quite equal to the best time on record. M'Leavy has now earned the proud title of champion from one to four miles.—Sporting Life, Nov. 15.

MATCH AT ONE HUNDRED MILES.

On Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 22 and 23, at the Turn Hall, Newark, N.J., a 100-mile match took place between Miss Ada De Lorze, a Spanish lady, a native of Barcelona, and John Goulding, who has had the training of some of our most prominent amateur athletes, Goulding allowing the lady four hours start. The female dashed off at a good pace, and succeeded in covering sixteen miles and five hundred yards in the four hours' start. On Goulding getting the signal he went off at a good rate, covering 5 miles in 53m. 10 s., and, keeping up a very even gait, succeeded in getting on level terms with her on commencing the ninety-third mile. From this out the race was virtually ended, as Goulding won by 4m., completing his hundred miles in 22h. 53m. The lady took 27h. 57 min. to complete her hundred miles—no mean performance for a woman. The lady rested 1h. and 57m. Goulding rested over 2h.

CANADIAN FISH FOR ENGLAND.

Mr. Samuel Wilton, Government Fishery Superintendent, passed through London on Saturday with 150,000 white fish from the Sandwich fishery establishment. A number of these ova are to be forwarded to the Duke of Marlborough and Lord Exeter. At an interview Mr. Black had with these noblemen in England they expressed a strong desire to have forwarded to them some of our Canadian fresh water fish, for the purpose of introducing them into the waters of Great Britain.

A PROMISING TROTTER KILLED.—On Friday, the 17th inst., while several gentlemen were shooting at a target in the Schuetzen Park, Rochester, N.Y., a rifle, held by one of them, was fired by accident and the bullet struck a young horse which was grazing near by. The horse was not instantly killed, but died during the night. He had trotted low down in the thirties, and was valued by his owner, Mr. McGarry, at \$1,000.

Obituary.

HENRY PHILLIPS, THE ENGLISH SINGER.

Mr. Henry Phillips, who was at one time one of the most popular dramatic vocalists in England, died recently in London, at the age of seventy-six years. He was the son of a professor of music, and was born at the commencement of the present century. In his twenty-third year he was engaged at the London Lyceum, then under the management of Mr. Arnold. Afterward he became the principal bass vocalist at both the English opera houses, Covent Garden and Drury Lane. During his long career he created several roles in various almost forgotten English operas, such as "Gustavus III.," "Siege of R chelle," "Maid of Artois," "Gipsy's Warning," and "Amilie." In oratorio he was the original singer in "The Last Judgment," "St. Paul" and Rossini's "Stabat Mater." He retired long since from the stage, of which he was a bright ornament.

ROBT. B. WILKES, BATH, N.Y.

We regret to announce the sudden death, on his farm, near Bath, N. Y., on the 28rd inst., of Mr. Robert B. Wilkes, one of the most enterprising farmers and breeders of Western New York. His death resulted from the accidental kick of a colt, which ruptured, probably, some of the intestines, and produced death. Mr. Wilkes was universally beloved, and respected by all who knew him, and was one of the best men of his county. He was a practical breeder, and gave considerable attention to the development and breeding of the trotting horse. He had one of the finest farms in the County of Steuben, was an ardent lover of a good horse, a supporter of fair play on the turf, and will be mourned by a large circle of personal friends, who respect the manly qualities and character that have always distinguished him.

DEATH OF A WELL-KNOWN HORSEMAN.—Mr. Walter C. Brown, of Columbus, C., a well-known horseman and a respected gentleman, died recently from a cold contracted at the Centennial.

DEATH OF JOS. A. GREEN.—Through our Iowa exchanges, we are apprised of the sudden death, last week, at Muscatine, of the well-known Western breeder, Mr. Jos. A. Green. Mr. G. has for a long period been identified with the breeding interests, and for a number of years past owned the stallion Green's Bashaw, the sire of Bashaw, Jr., Kirkwood and grand sire of General Grant.

COACHING IN NEW YORK.

Colonel Delancy Kane didn't make much money with his four-in-hand during the past season. He has balanced accounts for the seven months during which he has been paying the whip between New York and New Rochelle, with the following result. He carried 2,672 people to Pelham and 444 to New Rochelle. These brought him in \$4,904. Other items, extras, raise the receipts to \$5,472. The expenses aggregate \$6,254. The loss is consequently \$782, or \$112 a month, or about four dollars a day. The average number of passengers was ten per day, and the colonel was out forty cents on each. They paid him about two dollars apiece. From this result the Turf, Field and Farm derives the conclusion that as the colonel paid in cash only one-fifth as much for his own party as they gave him, it is manifestly demonstrated that he is to be considered five times as attractive as they.

Stratford Town Council has ordered that boxes be placed on poles near the Market Square for the sparrows.

MARKET HARBOROUGH!

How Mr. Sawyer went to the Shires.

CHAPTER IX.

"Tiptop," said his master, raising himself from his seat on the corn bin, and taking the dog from his lips, "Tiptop, as they're all pretty fit, you may send on Catamount and Catamount tomorrow."

"Catamount's hardly got over his physick, yet, and I'm keeping confidence for you on Thursday," replied the master of the hounds.

"Well, then, the mare and old Plantagenet," urged the Honorable. "I can ride Plantagenet first, and send him home by two o'clock."

"The mare's had a gallop this morning, and we want Plantagenet second loss for Friday," objected Mr. Tiptop.

"Well, then, I'll go on the Life Boat," said Mr. Sawyer. "I had a ride on Life Boat Wednesday, and I'll see the Banker would do very well for second."

"I'll go on Topsy Turvy and Chance," said Mr. Tiptop somewhat imperiously, and the Honorable's face lengthened considerably at the announcement. To do him justice, he was one of those sportsmen who will describe in the Cheahiro hunting song—

"To whom nought comes amiss—
One horse or another, that country or this;
Who through fairs and bad starts undauntedly
Ride up to the motto—*Be with them I will!*"

But Mr. Sawyer himself was mortal, and Topsy Turvy was a very awkward mare to ride on a cross. With great pace and jumping power she had all the irritability of her high-born race, and more than all the jealousy of a stallion. Her ears in her ears annoyed her, and she never thoroughly comfortable, and as sailing away by herself with the lead, it is only fair to add, that she was quite capable of keeping Chance, by Gallopster out of Happy-go-lucky, was no sater a mount. Just out of training, she was never less at her fences with considerable audacity; but was prone to over-jump herself when she didn't run through them. As Struggles observed of her, "It was a safe bet to lay five to two on the Caster."

However, the Honorable never dreamed for an instant of disputing Mr. Tiptop's fiat; so he consoled himself by thinking what a start he would get, and how he hoped the hounds would keep out of his way. By the time Topsy Turvy's clothes had been replaced, and a handsome pony examined and approved of, the party, much to old Isaac's disgust, adjourned to Mr. Sawyer's stables, where they were good enough to express their approval of the roan and his companions in that conventional tone which is so much less flattering than one of sincere abuse. These gentlemen hardly knew Mr. Sawyer well enough yet to give their honest opinion; and perhaps it was fortunate for the sake of Isaac's peace of mind that they did not.

"Useful horses, Sawyer!" observed Mr. Savage, considerably sparing the groom the favor of stripping them.

"Useful horses," repeated Captain Struggles and Major Brush in a breath, the latter adding, "and seem pretty fit to go." While the Honorable Crasher, who had not ventured further than the door, remarked that "the mount Jack-a-Dandy the best shaped one of the lot," but conceded, in a faint whisper, that the rest of them looked "very like horses; remarkably useful horses indeed!"

Our friend was not deficient in penetration, and by no means a person to have been nearly a week in the Shires without finding out what this epithet means. "When a man says me he has got a useful horse," Mr. Sawyer was once heard to observe, "I interpret it that he is the owner of a useless brute, which he wishes to sell me!" And Mr. Sawyer was not deceived by the politeness of his companions. He held his tongue however, but more than once he caught him self brooding over the offensive adjective during the evening.

"If the roan is only half as good as I take him to be, and I can't get a start tomorrow, thought our friend, "I'll show them what my useful horse can do! Miss Dove will be out too, and that cursed fellow of Putty has just sent down my new boots! Never mind—I've got the right spurs at any rate, and it won't be my fault tomorrow if I don't go for the gloves, as we used to say in the Old Country."

And stooop all together to the scent, when after a cherry twang, the huntsman returns his horn to its case, and the master relieved, for an instant, from the weight of care, which none but an M. F. H. knows, takes his place alongside of his favorites, and observes mentally, though he wouldn't say it aloud for a thousand. "Now, my fine fellows, ride on their backs if you can!" In short, at that delicious moment when the wise bethink them of a fox's pout, and a convenient lane, and the enthusiasts glance exultingly at each other, and say, "All right, old fellow! I think we're landed! then hush each a fair field and no favor, and if a man's hardihood, or his vanity, or his ambition, prompt him to assume a place in the front rank, he has nothing to do but go and try."

As Mr. Sawyer rode down to the gorse, he was pleased to feel Hotspur step so lightly and vigorously under him. The hounds shook his bit, and cocked his ears, and reached at his bridle to get near the hounds. He felt like a good one, and we all know what confidence that education imparts to the rider. Mr. Sawyer forgot all about Miss Dove, and the unprovoked manner in which she had snubbed him. It was cheerful to hear one or two complimentary remarks exchanged between the passing sportsmen.

"That's a clever horse," said a tall heavy man, amidst admirably inaudible, addressing the roan with a nod, addressing a supercilious looking person in a black coat, whose attention was much taken up with the appearance of his own legs and feet, which he was looking at alternately on profile.

"Rather," answered the supercilious person, glancing up for an instant from his occupation—"Who's the man? Never saw such a man; never saw such boots; never saw a fellow so badly put up altogether."

At this juncture the Honorable Crasher, cantering by on Topsy Turvy, accosted our friend with good-humored familiarity, and the supercilious man, changing his mind all in a moment, about Mr. Sawyer and his boots, resolved to take the first opportunity of making the stranger's acquaintance. In effect he followed the last corner to prosecute this intention. The Honorable Crasher, disappearing through a bullfinch, on Topsy Turvy, whom he had hoped to put in good humor, was ere this in a field alongside of the hounds, which he was likely to have all to himself.

Soon a hand-gate stems the increasing cavalcade, and the stoppage becoming more obstinate, owing to Mr. Sawyer's abortive attempts to open the same, a good deal of conversation, rhetorical rather than complimentary, is the result.

"Put your whip under the latch," says one.

"Got the wrong hand to it," sneers another.

"What a tarnation muff!" vociferates a third.

"Ware heels!" exclaims a fourth, as a wicked little bay mare, in the thick of them, leaps out with unerring precision; and one man says, "What a shame it is to bring such a devil as that into a crowd!" and another opines "The kick will be out of her before two o'clock!" and the owner, profuse in apologies, is only thinking of slipping through the gate, and going on to get a start.

Meanwhile Hotspur makes himself profoundly ridiculous, pushing the gate when the latch is down, and wincing from it when he ought to shove; also finding himself totally unassisted by the crook of his master's whip, which keeps slipping on the wet green wood, waxes irritable, rars up, and threatens to vary the easterly, by performing a somersault into the next field.

"Let me do it for you, sir," says a good-natured young farmer; and Mr. Sawyer wisely abandons his office of door-keeper, and after about forty people have hustled by him, manages at last to edge his way through.

By this time the hounds have been put into the gorse. Nineteen couple are they of ladies, with the cleanest of heads and necks, straight and fair on their legs and feet as so many ballet-dancers, and owning that keen wistful look, which is so peculiar to the countenance of the fox-hound. They dash into the covert as if sure of finding, and Parson Dove, standing erect in his stirrups, watches them with a glow of pleasure lighting up his clean shaven face. "There's a fox, Charles, I'll lay a bishopric!" says he, and a whimper from Tracloze confirms the parson's opinion on the spot.

"Not a doubt on it! sir, not a doubt on it! one if not a brace!" replies that functionary, with immense rapidity. He loses very little time indeed, at his phrases, or his fences, or anything else. In another moment he is up to his girths in the gorse, the ring on the beauties, who are working the scent with a vast deal of music. Mr. Sawyer

from which he could command the proceedings, and try to get a good start. Nevertheless, a watchful eye was on his movements. The master was even then deliberating whether he should holla to him to "Come back, sir," and was hoping in his own mind, "that chap in cap wouldn't go on, and head the fox!"

The Honorable Crasher and Topsy-Turvy had already fallen out, as to a cigar, which the former wanted to light. No! the mare would not stand still, and an impatient jerk at the curb-rein had not tended to adjust this difference. So she was bucking and sidling and shaking her head, and making herself intensely disagreeable, whilst the Honorable, who soon recovered his equanimity, scanned a certain stile just in front of her with a critical eye, and employed himself by vaguely calculating how many yards before she came to it she was likely, in her present humor, to "take off," also whereabouts he should land if they did make a mass of it, and whether more than two or three fellows would be on his back at once.

He has by no means solved the problem, when a violent rush is made towards the lane. Somebody has seen somebody else gallop, who has seen a cheap-dog run; this is a sufficient reason for some eighty or ninety horse-men to charge furiously in the same direction, their leaders finding no bounds, then pull up, and the crowd proceed leisurely back again. But this false alarm has been in favor of the fox, who perceiving a clear space before him, and having obtained by a dexterous turn round the covert, a little way of his pursuers, takes advantage of the lull, to slip away unobserved by any one but the first whip, and that official is far too discreet to make a noise. He telegraphs mutely to the huntsman, who has the ladies out of covert, and dashing to the front, with three blasts of his horn. Ere the Honorable Crasher has had time to indulge Topsy-Turvy with a fling at the stile, which she jumps as if there was a ten-foot drain on each side, the pack are settled to the scent, and racing away a clear field ahead of every one but the huntsman and whip. The Honorable Crasher, however, is coming up hand-over-hand, Topsy Turvy laying herself out in rattling form. The master, with a backward glance at the crowd, is alongside of him, and Mr. Sawyer, sailing over the first fence, in such good company, with a tight hold of his horse's head, and an undeniable start, thinks he is "really in for it at last!"

CHAPTER XI.

"A MERRY GO-ROUNDER."

A mile-and-a-half of grass, some six or eight fences, and the sustained brilliancy of the pace, have had their usual effect on the moving panorama. A turn in his favor, of which his old experience has prompted him to take every advantage, enables Mr. Sawyer to pull Hotspur back to a trot, and look about him. He is in a capital pace, and has every reason to believe the new horse is "a flyer." Hitherto, he has only asked him to gallop, best pace, oversound turf, and take a succession of fair hunting fences in his stride. Hotspur seems to know his business thoroughly, and though a little eager, he allows his rider to draw him together for his leaps, and the way in which he cocks his ears when within distance denotes a hunter. Mr. Sawyer is full of confidence. He has been riding fence for fence with the Honorable Crasher, whose pale face wears a smile of quiet satisfaction. The latter has indulged Topsy-Turvy with two awkward bits of timber, and an unnecessary gate; the mare is consequently tolerably amiable, and, though she throws her head wildly about in any other horse comes near her, may be considered in an unusually composed frame of mind. The huntsman has been riding close to his hounds, in that state of eager anxiety which the philosopher would hardly consider enjoyment, and yet which is nevertheless not without its charms; all his feelings are reflected, in a modified form, in the breast of the master. The latter, riding his own line, as near the pack as his conscience will permit him, is divided between intense enjoyment of the gallop and a host of vague apprehensions lest anything should turn up to mar the continuance of the run. He has already imbibed a qualified aversion for Mr. Sawyer, whom the instinct peculiar to his office prompts him to suspect as "a likely fellow to press them at a check;" while he knows his friend Crasher so well, as to feel there is but one chance with that mild enthusiast, viz., that Topsy-Turvy should come to a difficulty before the hounds do. Besides these four, Captain Struggles and Major Brush are very handy, whilst Mr. Savage heads another detachment in the next field, of which Miss Dove, riding with considerable grace, is at once the ornament and the ad-

emerge again, throwing their tongues as they take to running, and looking darker and less distinct than before.

"Is there a ford, Charles?" halloos Major Brush, who has shaken to the front, and would fain continue there without a wetting. "Never a one for miles," answers Charles with inconceivable rapidity, catching his horse by the head, and performing a running accompaniment with his spurs.

In a few seconds, he is over with a considerable effort, a certain scramble and flourish when they land, showing there are very few inches to spare.

The ill-fated Major has no idea of refusing. His horse, however, thinks differently; so they compromise the matter by sliding together, and climbing up separately, dragged, disgusted and bemired.

"There is no mistake about it," thanks Mr. Sawyer; "I must jump or else go home!" He may take a liberty, he hopes with a friend; so he puts the roan's head close behind the Honorable Crasher, and devoutly trusting that gentleman will get over, drives Hotspur resolutely at the brook.

Topsy-Turvy, wild with excitement, throws her head in the air, and takes off a stride too soon. Consequently she drops her hind legs, and rolls into the opposite field. The roan, who jumps as far as ever he can, lands on Crasher's reins, of which the latter never lets go, and drives them into the turf.

"Line, sir! line!" expostulates the Honorable, not knowing who it is. "Oh! it's you, is it?" he adds, picking himself up, and re-mounting. "All right! Go along, old fellow! The hounds are running like smoke!"

Mr. Sawyer apologizes freely as they gallop on. In his heart he thinks Crasher the best fellow he ever met, and contrasts his behavior with that of Sir Samuel Suffy in the Old Country, on whom he once played the same trick, and whose language in return was more Pagan than Parliamentary.

The master and Struggles get over also, the latter not without a scramble. Those who are not in the first flight wisely diverge towards a bridge. For five minutes and more there are but half-a-dozen men with the hounds. Those run harder than ever for another minute, then throw their leads up, and come to an untoward check.

"What a pity!" exclaims Mr. Sawyer. Not that he thinks so exactly; for Hotspur wants a puff of wind sadly!

"Turned by them sheep!" says Charles, and casts his hounds rapidly forward and down wind. No; he has not been turned by the sheep; he has been cursed by a dog. Charles wishes every dog in the country was with Cerberus, except the nineteen couple now at fault.

"Pliant has it," observes the master, as Pliant, feathering down the side of a hedge, makes sure she is right, and then flings a note or two off her silvery tongue, to apprise her gossips of the fact. They corroborate her forthwith, and the choros of female voices could scarce be outdone at a christening. Nevertheless, they are brought to hunting now, and must feel for it every yard they go.

But this interval has allowed some twenty equestrians, amongst whom a graceful form in a habit is not the least conspicuous; to form the chase once more. Great is the talking and self-congratulations. Watches are even pulled out, and perspiring arrials announce the result of their observations, each man timing the burst to the moment which he himself came up.

"How well your horse carried you!" said a soft voice at Mr. Sawyer's elbow; did he, Papa?" added the siren, appealing to Reverend Dove, who was eagerly watching the hounds. "We all agreed that the best cap had the best of it."

She wanted to make amends to him for her rudeness in the morning, and this is the opportunity to choose. The hard male heart is sufficiently malleable under a combined influence of heat, haste, and excitement, though how this girl should have made the discovery it is beyond ingenuity to guess. How do they discover thousand things, of which we believe this to be ignorant?

Mr. Sawyer smiled his gratitude, as he opened a gate for the lady, and very nearly let it swing back against her knees. He had not acquired sufficient practice yet at his gates; that's the truth; and perhaps there were other portals wherein his inexperience had better have forbidden him to venture. Miss Dove was fast luring him into a country which, to use a hunting metaphor, was very cramped and blind, full of "doubles," "squire-traps," and other pitfalls for the unwary.

Hounds are apt to be a little unsettled after so rapid a burst as I have attempted to describe, and it takes a few fields of persevering attention to steady them again.

"A MERRY GO-ROUND."

A mile-and-a-half of grass, some six or eight fences, and the sustained brilliancy of the pace, have had their usual effect on the moving panorama. A turn in his favor, of which his old experience has prompted him to take every advantage, enables Mr. Sawyer to pull Hotspur back to a trot, and look about him. He is in a capital pace, and has every reason to believe the new horse is "a flyer." Hitherto, he has only asked him to gallop, best pace, oversound turf, and take a succession of fair hunting fences in his stride. Hotspur seems to know his business thoroughly, and though a little eager, he allows his rider to draw him together for his leaps, and the way in which he cocks his ears when within distance denotes a hunter. Mr. Sawyer is full of confidence. He has been riding fence for fence with the Honorable Crasher, whose pale face wears a smile of quiet satisfaction. The latter has indulged Topsy-Turvy with two awkward bits of timber, and an unnecessary gate; the mare is consequently tolerably amiable, and though she throws her head wildly about if any other horse comes near her, may be considered in an unusually composed frame of mind. The huntsman has been riding close to his hounds, in that state of eager anxiety which the philosopher would hardly consider enjoyment, and yet which is nevertheless not without its charms; all his feelings are reflected, in a modified form, in the breast of the master. The latter, riding his own line, as near the pack as his conscience will permit him, is divided between intense enjoyment of the gallop and a host of vague apprehensions lest anything should turn up to mar the continuance of the run. He has already imbibed a qualified aversion for Mr. Sawyer, whom the instinct peculiar to his office prompts him to suspect as "a likely fellow to press them at a check;" while he knows his friend Crasher so well, as to feel there is but one chance with that mild enthusiast, viz., that Topsy-Turvy should come to a difficulty before the hounds do. Besides these four, Captain Struggles and Major Brush are very handy, whilst Mr. Savage heads another detachment in the next field, of which Miss Dove, riding with considerable grace, is at once the ornament and the admiration. Her father has lost his place from a fall, but is coming up with steady skill and energy, going as straight as if he were close to the hounds, and ready to take every advantage. At the first turn in his favor he will be with them as if nothing had happened. In addition to these, many score of sportsmen are scattered over the neighboring district, and a serried mass of scarlet, which may be termed not inaptly, "the heavy brigade," is moving in close column down a distant lane.

All this our friend observes at a glance, but his attention is soon arrested by the business in his front. The hounds, having over-run the scent a trifle, swing to the lane again with dashing confidence, and take it up once more with an energy that seems but increased by their momentary hesitation. They might have been covered by a sheet hitherto: now they lengthen out into a string, and the leaders scour along, with their noses in the air and their sterns lowered. Every yard increases their distance from their pursuing horsemen. They are pointing to a dead flat surface of old yellow grass, with patches of rusches and ant-hills interspersed. There would appear to be a mile or more of plain without a fence, and he wishes in his heart that he was quite sure Hotspur could jump water! Presently the hounds disappear, and

Manate, owing to Mr. Sawyer's abortive attempts to open the same, a good deal of conversation, rhetorical rather than complimentary, is the result. "Put you whip under the latch," says one. "Got the wrong hand to it," sneers another. "What a tarnation muff!" vociferates a third. "Ware heels!" exclaims a fourth, as a wicked little bay mare, in the thick of them, leaps out with unerring precision, and one man says, "What a shame it is to bring such a devil as that into a crowd!" and another opines "The kick will be out of her before two o'clock!" and the owner, profuse in apologies, is only thinking of slipping through the gate, and going on to get a start.

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By this time the hounds have been put into the gorse. Nineteen couple are they of ladies, with the cleanest of heads and necks, straight and fair on their legs and feet as so many ballet-dancers, and owning that keen wistful look, which is so peculiar to the countenance of the fox-hound. They dash into the covert as if sure of finding, and Parson Dove, standing erect in his stirrups, watches them with a glow of pleasure lighting up his clean shaven face. "There's a fox, Charles, I'll lay a bishopric!" says he, and a whimper from Truelove confirms the parson's opinion on the spot.

"Not a doubt on it! sir, not a doubt on it! one if not a brace!" replies that functionary, with immense rapidity. He loses very little time indeed, at his phrases, or his fences, or anything else. In another moment he is up to his girths in the gorse, cheering on the beauties, who are working up the scent with a vast deal of musical energy. The master casts an uneasy glance at the crowd, countless anxieties and apprehensions cross his mind. One way the fox will be headed, another the hounds will be cut off a third leads up to the village, and we all know how fatal are houses and pigsties at the commencement of a run. But the fourth side is clear; happily the hounds are even now bursting eagerly towards it.

Diverse occupants engross the attention of the field; few of them seem to be much taken up with the business in hand. Here a gentleman is giving a farmer's horse a gallop preparatory, as it would appear, to a purchase. There another is detailing the last news from Warwickshire, to an applauding audience. Struggles, on his feet, is adjusting a snaffle-bridle more comfortably on the head of a game little thorough-bred. Savage is discussing the merits of a new novel with a literary friend. Major Brush is taking up a link in Miss Dove's curb-chain; that damsel, very killing indeed, in a little hat and feathers, is surrounded by admirers, and yet, *lassata, nondum sattata*, in inwardly regretting that she had snubbed poor Mr. Sawyer so gratuitously at the meet. You see, however low or o may rate the value of his vassalage, still a victim always counts for one, and it is a pity needlessly to throw away the veriest weed that helps to make up one's chapter. Truth to tell, Mr. Sawyer was not thinking about her." He had crept on, as he thought, unobserved, to a place

compliment to a man, partly out of respect for the good horse. Now we observe a scarlet group collected in a knot, where the hounds meet in the centre of the village, and the church-clock points to five minutes before eleven, as we had the cherry huntsman "Good morning," and exchange our back for our hunter.

Mr. Sawyer probably felt very much the sort of sensations I have endeavored to describe, as he lashed along on the free-going Dandy, in company with some of his new companions. If so, he kept it to himself. Our friend was a man of few words at the best of times; and when, as in the present instance, "big with high resolve," taciturnity personified. Also, notwithstanding the want of the new boots, he had "got him self up" to day with peculiar care. The result, I am bound to admit, was not entirely satisfactory, and, when that is the case, a man's loquacity is apt to decrease in proportion. However, the roan, or "Hotspur," as we must now call him, made a pretty good figure, as far as appearance went, even among a bevy of celebrated hunters, and his master felt a considerable accession of confidence when he found himself fairly mounted and ready for the fray. Miss Dove, too, had arrived in company with her papa. There was no doubt about it; she did look remarkably well in her riding habit.

Mr. Sawyer, a little nervous and rather ashamed of it, doffed the velvet hunting cap, and rode up to accost her. I need scarcely observe that the young lady's greeting was of the coldest and most reserved. The last time she had been all smiles and sunshine, so, on the principle of rotation, to-day must be one of frigidity and decorum. It's a way they have, you see, and one that seldom fails to put the inexperienced to utter confusion. A man cannot be said to know what the ague really is till he has suffered from the fits—both hot and cold. Take warning, John Standish Sawyer! you who have once before burnt your fingers, and had cause to dread the fit. Miss Mexico, with her quadrillion stain and her thirty thousand pounds, was a queerish one to manage; but she was a fool to Miss Dove.

"Confound the girl! what does she mean by it?" said the humiliated swain to himself as the hounds moved off towards the gorse. He felt a little disgusted, and not a little irritated; just in the humor that makes a man ready for a bit of excitement rather keener than ordinary. He thought he had never felt so like riding in his life before! With the natural instinct of one who knew himself capable of going in the first flight, the observant Sawyer proceeded to scan narrowly each of the surrounding sportsmen as looked to him like "meaning mischief." Out of a hundred riders it was not so difficult as might be supposed to pick a proportion of flyers, and the proportion, as my hunting readers will not dispute, was little over ten per cent. Shall I name them? Shall I add lively enterprising and energetic gentlemen to the list of my mortal enemies? Heaven forbid that I should do anything so invidious and ill-advised! Mr. Sawyer did not know them, and why should I? Each of the hundred, doubtless, believed him one of the chosen ten. I fancy that every man who goes out hunting thinks he only wants an opportunity to show his back to the rest of the field. I fancy that when the opportunity does come, he lets it slip in hopes of a better and that no one attributes to want of nerve, horsemanship, or common sense, that failure on which it would be no bad investment to offer each equestrian nine to one! Well, everybody has an equal chance on a fine scenting day, when the fox has slipped quietly away, by good fortune only seen by a countryman, with the quansy, who couldn't halloo to save his life. When the two or three couple of leading hounds have flashed a hundred yards or so over his line, thus enabling the body of the pack to join them,

It was a sad business to lay five to two on the favorite. However, the Honorable never dreamed for an instant of disputing Mr. Tiptop's flat, and consoled himself by thinking what a start he would get! and how he hoped the hounds would keep out of his way. By the time Topsy-Turvy's clothes had been replaced, and a handsome pony examined and approved of, the party, much to old Isaac's disgust, adjourned to Mr. Sawyer's stables, where they were good enough to express their approval of the roan and his companions in that conventional tone which is so much less flattering than one of sincere abuse. These gentlemen hardly know Mr. Sawyer well enough yet to give their honest opinion, and perhaps it was fortunate for the sake of Isaac's peace of mind that they did not.

"Useful horse, Sawyer!" observed Mr. Savage, considerably sparing the groom the labor of stripping them. "Useful horse," repeated Captain Struggles and Major Brush in a breath, the latter adding, "and seem pretty fit to go. While the Honorable Crasher, who had not ventured further than the door, remarked that he thought Isaac-a Dandy the best shaped one of the lot, but conceded, in a faint whisper, that the rest of them looked "very like horses, remarkably useful horses indeed!"

Our friend was not deficient in penetration, and by no means a person to have been nearly a week in the shires without finding out what this epithet means. "When a man tells me he has got a useful horse," Mr. Sawyer was once heard to observe, "I interpret it that he is the owner of a useless brute, which he wishes to sell me!" And Mr. Sawyer was not deceived by the politeness of his companions. He held his tongue however, but more than once he caught himself brooding over the offensive adjective during the evening.

"If the roan is only half as good as I take him to be, and I can but get a start to-morrow, thought our friend, "I'll show them what my useful horse can do!" Miss Dove went to bed, too, and that cursed fellow of Puty's hasn't sent down my new boots! Never mind—I've got the right spurs at any rate, and it won't be my fault to-morrow if I don't go for the gloves, as we used to say in the Old Country."

He dined at home, and reduced the allowance of snuff considerably, also consumed but one of the Languas before going to rest at the sober hour of 10.00. Mr. Sawyer's stomach has his nervous system into consideration, and on this occasion, with all his good confidence (and he had as much as his neighbors), he was indeed resolved not to throw a chance away.

CHAPTER X.

"HAIL! SMILING MORN!"

When we read in 'Bell's Life,' the 'Morning Post,' or the Northampton paper, that the Pychley hounds will meet on Wednesday at Crick, we confess to the same sensation which the old coachman is said to experience at the crack of the whip. We call up a picture tinged with the colors of a memory that Time has no power to fade. It seems again to be a soft-eyed morning in the mild winter or the early spring, and the sky is dappled with serene and motionless clouds; whilst here below, a faint breeze from the south whispers of promise and fragrance only biding its time to exude from Earth's warming bosom—she sleeps, the mighty mother, but in repose she is clothed in majestic beauty, and instinct with vitality and hope. On such a morning the

Hotspur wants a puff of wind sadly! "Turned by them sheep!" says Charles, and casts his hounds rapidly forward and down wind. No: he has not been turned by the sheep; he has been cursed by a dog. Charles wishes every dog in the country, was with Cerberus, except the nineteen couple now at fault. "Phant has it," observes the master, as Phant, feathering down the side of a hedge, makes sure she is right, and then flings a note or two off her silvery tongue, to apprise her gossip of the fact. They corroborate her forthwith, and the chorus of female voices could scarce be outdone at a christening. Nevertheless, they are brought to hunting now, and must feel for it every yard they go.

But this interval has allowed some twenty equestrians, amongst whom a graceful form in a habit is not the least conspicuous to form the chase once more. Great is the talking and self-congratulations. Watches are even pulled out, and preparing arrivals announce the result of their observations, each man timing the burst to the moment at which he himself came up.

"How well your horse carried you!" and a soft voice at Mr. Sawyer's elbow; die! he, Papa?" added the siren, appealing to Reverend Dove, who was eagerly watching the hounds. "We all agreed that the vest cap was the best of it."

She wanted to make amends to him for her rudeness in the morning, and this was the opportunity to choose. The hardest male heart is sufficiently malleable under a combined influence of heat, haste, and excitement, though how this girl should have made the discovery it is beyond my ingenuity to guess. How do they discover thousand things, of which we believe that to be ignorant?

Mr. Sawyer smiled his gratitude, as he opened a gate for the lady, and very nearly let it swing back against her knees. He had not acquired sufficient practice yet at his gates; that's the truth; and perhaps there where other portals wherein his inexperience had better have forbidden him to venture Miss Dove was fast luring him into a country which, to use a hunting metaphor, was very cramped and blind, full of "doubles," "squire-traps," and other pitfalls for the unwary.

Hounds are apt to be a little unsettled after so rapid a burst as I have attempted to describe, and it takes a few fields of persevering attention to steady them again. After this, however, I think we may have remarked they make but few mistakes, and a fox well rattled, up to the first check, huntsmen tells us, is as good as half killed.

The description of a run is tedious to all but the narrator. What good wine a man should give his guests, who indulges in minute details of every event that happened!—how they entered this spinny, and skirted that wood, and crossed the common, and finally killed or lost, or ran to ground, or otherwise put an end to the proceedings of which the reality is so engrossing and the accounts so tedious. I have seen young men longing to join the ladies, or pining for their cigars, forced to sit smothering their yawns as they pretended to take an interest in the hounds and the huntsman, and the country, and their host's own doings, and that eternal black mare. I can stand it well enough myself, with a fair allowance of '41 or '44, by abstracting my attention completely from the narrative, and wandering in the realms of fancy, cheered by the flushing fluid. But every one may not enjoy this faculty, and you cannot, in common decency, go far asleep in your Amphitryon's face.

To be Continued.

Wild ducks are passing northward in great numbers, so the farmers say, which is regarded as an indication of a late winter.

SHORT RULES FOR TRAINING TWO-YEAR OLDS.

FROM THE TURF, FIELD AND FARM.

Fourth Week

Give the same work in the morning as last week, and at the end of the second gallop let the colts stride along a little the first morning after the sweat, and again about the middle of the week, taking care the track is in good order.

Fifth Week

Work the same as fourth week as to distance. First morning after sweat, let the colts move through the stretch in the last gallop at a good strong pace, but not at the top of their rate.

Sixth Week

The colts that have the most flesh should be made to go a little further in their work than the others. Give the same work in other respects, but let them move a little, say three hundred yards at the end of the first gallop, and through a stretch at the end of the second gallop, at about half speed, keeping them well together.

Seventh Week

In the afternoon, give about thirty swallows of water, half the usual quantity of fodder, and only half the usual quantity of grain. After the colts have finished eating, muzzle them. Next morning walk and trot as usual, then gallop a mile slow; walk for ten minutes.

Eighth Week

After the sweat, prepare the colts as after the last sweat. Next morning walk, trot and gallop a mile, then strip; and in the next gallop, let the colts move from the half-mile post at about half speed; when they get into the front stretch make them run through at the top of their rate.

It is not intended to put the spurs on to ride the half mile move, but to get the colts a little accustomed to them in their exercise before giving them the half-mile and repeat run.

time (twenty minutes expires; rub quickly and lightly. In the fourth week, make the feed stronger by mixing three parts of hominy to five of oats.

PHYSIC.

All gross horses should have at least one dose of medicine before they go into active training. The best medicine for horses is Barbadoes aloes. After the horses or colts have been walking for eight or ten days, give them bran mash for thirty six hours, with one half the usual quantity of hay.

Some very gross, heavy-bodied horses would derive advantage from two doses of physic before going to work, at an interval of two weeks. Should any one of the horses while at work refuse their feed, become feverish, with warm and rather full legs, stop their work, and give them a dose of physic.

FOR A TWO-YEAR-OLD:

- Four drachms best Barbadoes aloes. One drachm best ginger. Two drachms of Castile Soap—is a dose.

For three or four-year-olds, the aloes may be increased a drachm for gross, heavy-bodied ones. For older horses, if properly prepared beforehand by mashes, &c., five or six drachms of aloes will be sufficient.

THE END.

SHARK FISHING IN THE WEST INDIES.

Having read the article "Among the Sharks in Australia," in your last issue, it struck me that it might interest some of your readers to have a description of a similar sport as lately enjoyed by some friends and myself in the West Indies. Our best fishing was off the harbor of St. Thomas, where, on account of the quantity of food thrown overboard from the numerous vessels which frequent that port, sharks are to be found in considerable numbers, and, if I am to believe all the stories I have heard, of great size.

it time to go and did so, but with the steel head of my harpoon well into him. The only drawback to this exciting sport was the heat—generally about 85 deg. in the shade—which, with the reflection of the water, pretty well cooked me.—D. C. S., in London Field.

IMPREGNATION.

I have repeatedly been asked the question what I thought the best manner of impregnating spawn? In the year 1861, I discovered what is known as the dry process of impregnation, and have practised it ever since.

I will briefly describe the process. We take a pan and dip it into water, rinse it around and pour it out again, leaving only that in which adheres to the pan. We then strip the spawn of the female in the pan, and on top of it the milt of the male, mix them thoroughly by tipping the pan from side to side for a few seconds.

This process is found to work admirably on brook trout, salmon trout, whitefish and shad.

SETH GREEN.

HOW TO WINTER THE TROTTER.

As I have had several years in wintering trotters and trotting them the following Spring, and also have been a close observer of the way others wintered their trotters and how they handled or worked them, and of the performance of those horses in the subsequent season after their different modes of treatment; I have come to the conclusion that as much, or more, depends upon the wintering of a trotter as upon the working of him in the Spring.

Every year teaches me more and more how to winter the trotter, as well as how to condition him in the Spring. I have not the least doubt but that Hiram Woodruff knew very well how to winter a trotter, but still I do not believe he cautioned his readers half enough on this point, taking it for granted that to say "be careful and do not let your horse get fat" would be sufficient.

But as I am not about to discuss training—we will return to wintering—our subject. As I have already said, I have had several years' experience, and have been a close observer both of how horses acted after my own system of wintering and the systems of others. I have learned that much depends upon the wintering; therefore I feel it my duty to all horsemen and owners to impart to all the readers of this article all I can of what I know of how to winter a trotter.

First: As soon as the horse is done trotting for the season, and is about to go, or has already gone into winter quarters, I would take him to the blacksmith's, have all the shoes pulled off and his feet well pared, being careful not to allow the frogs or soles to be touched, and after having the toes and rim of foot well rasped off, should you think the feet liable to chip and break off, put tips on the front feet, but unless your horse's feet are likely to break do not use the tips.

the safe side and feed too little than feed too much grain; but let them have plenty of good hay. Should your horse appear too fat, stop the grain entirely, but give three quarts of bran night and morning, and walk him further and longer.

The first of March arrives, and should put you on your guard, as it is the worst month for catching colds, but still it is time to commence jogging your horse, and it should be done every day that is at all pleasant; but do not work enough to warm him up much, as that is when they catch cold. Continue to jog every fine day through March from five to ten miles a day.

THE ENGLISH HUNTING SEASON.

INTERESTING STATISTICS OF PACKS, &c.

For the present season there are no less than 842 packs—foxhounds, staghounds, barriers and beagles—regularly advertised, and in addition to these there are several private or "scratch" packs which do not court publicity, but which none the less afford excellent sport in their respective neighborhoods. Out of the total of 842 packs 165, or nearly one-half of the whole, are foxhounds, and of these, again, 189 are in England, 18 in Ireland, and 8 in Scotland.

SCENT.

Many years ago, when in India, I had a hound of a kind of cross-breed, which in India is known as the Polygod. These dogs are unsuited for coursing, but make splendid companions for long and rapid journeys, a horseback, being able to go great distances without fatigue, and carrying their pack (Phakroo) beautifully for such was her name, had been my companion for years, and during the time was seldom out of my sight.

GREAT TURF SWINDLING CASE.

One of the greatest cases of swindling in connection with the turf that has ever been perpetrated has just unearthed in London. It began with the issuing of a newspaper called The Sport, controlled and edited by a Mr. Montgomery, purporting to be the leading sporting paper in England.

After the sweat, prepare the colts as after the first sweat. Next morning walk, trot and gallop a mile, then strip, and in the next gallop, let the colts move from the half mile post at about half speed when they get into the front stretch make them run through at the top of their rate. This move will give you some idea of the speed of the colts. Every brush morning this week, let the colts, in their last move, go nearly up to the top of their speed. At the end of the week, sweat as usual, and prepare for a run next morning. Stom the fodder, and give only a handful, give only two quarts of feed, and only twenty swallows of water. Muzzle immediately after they have finished eating. Next morning walk, trot and gallop a mile, slow; then strip; put up the riders, and direct them to gallop slowly to within twenty five or thirty yards of the half mile, and break and run the half-mile home. Direct them to keep a good pull on the colts, but to make them do their best. If you have not done so already, now put spurs on the riders. As the colts will probably be frightened by the run, the day after gallop very slowly; and on the brush mornings do not let them go more than half speed, but let the brush be longer. Continue this kind of work through the week. Sweat as usual, and prepare for a brush only. The morning after the sweat, give a good strong brush in each gallop; that afternoon prepare for a run next morning by giving twenty swallows of water and a handful of steamed fodder, and two quarts of feed. In the morning give a pint of feed; walk, trot and gallop as before directed; then strip and saddle for half a mile run. Direct the boys to break and run half a mile as before directed. In twenty minutes repeat them, and you ought to be able to determine which of the colts is the best.

Eighth Week.

It is not intended to put the spurs on to ride the half-mile move, but to get the colts a little accustomed to them in their exercise before giving them the half-mile and repeat run. Should you not be satisfied with the trial, go on a week or two longer, giving the work to suit the condition of the different colts—of this, the half-mile and repeat run will enable you to judge. If it is in the Fall after the colts are two, or in the Spring before they come three, you can, at the beginning of the ninth week, after the usual sweat, let your colts (or those you wish to try at that distance), stride a mile at about half speed; the others you can run a half-mile and repeat again, using this time the spurs. At the end of the ninth sweat, as before directed, prepare for a brush the next morning, and the afternoon, after the brush, prepare, as before directed, for a run of a mile. Walk and trot as usual; strip and run a mile. Direct the boys to pull well all the time, and have them a little in hand round the turn, but let them do nearly their best up the back stretch, and their very best down the front stretch. If you have any doubts as to which is the best colt, or if it be late in the fall, or a second spring training, repeat them a mile, unless they appear very much distressed after the first run. In that case, continue them in training another week. In the middle of the week draw them a little, and let them in their second gallop move through the mile with their clothes on at half speed, not faster.

No brush or strong work, except the move of a mile. Sweat as usual at the end of the week each colt according to his state of flesh, condition, &c. Next morning work as usual, and give a light move of three or four hundred yards at the end of the first gallop; in the second gallop, give two moves, but do not let the colts go quite up to the top of their speed. Prepare for a mile and repeat run as before directed; walk and trot as usual; strip and run. Take care to have the exact weights up if possible. Shoes make a difference of three seconds in a mile. Retain the heats cloths according to the weather, and try to get some sweat; and as soon as you get a scrape, begin to cool down a little. If you cannot get a scrape at all, begin to cool down about seven minutes before the

struck me that it might interest some of your readers to have a description of a similar sport as lately enjoyed by some friends and myself in the West Indies. Our best fishing was off the harbor of St. Thomas, where, on account of the quantity of food thrown overboard from the numerous vessels which frequent that port, sharks are to be found in considerable numbers, and, if I am to believe all the stories I have heard, of great size. I myself have never been fortunate enough to kill one of greater length than 14 feet. Our bait was a dead horse, which we towed to the mouth of the harbor, where we let it drift, harpooning the sharks as they came to seize it from the bow of a four-oared whaling gale. As my funniness for this amusement soon became known, I had before long the complete command of the market for dead horses, and though I tried mules, calves, etc., the sharks seemed to prefer the horses. At last, when I had harpooned a shark, after giving him a few fathoms of line, a half-inch Manila rope, I fastened the line to the front seat of the boat, and quietly allowed him to tow us until I could see he was tiring, but I found that in this way I sometimes lost a fish when the harpoon had not been well driven into him, and was pulled out by the great strain or by a sudden jerk, if, as often happened, he did not run straight. I, therefore, afterwards played them to a certain extent, standing in the bow, taking care to protect my hands with buckskin gloves, and giving directions for steering the boat. I cannot find words to describe the exciting thrill that is conveyed to one from a line with a fourteen foot shark at the end of it, while the boat is flying fast through the water. As soon as I found the fish was beginning to tire, often not before I was doing the same myself, I gradually worked him up to an oblique angle of the boat, when he sometimes would go off with a rush that nearly took my arms off. Having prepared a shipboard, and of my men watching his opportunity, slipped it over his tail, and, lashing him with his tail out of the water to the stern of the boat, we towed him ashore to cut the harpoon out, which we dared not do with a large fish unless on dry land. Besides on this, the iron part of the harpoon was always bent, and we had to beat it straight on a rock. Our best afternoon's sport was landing five fish, of from twelve feet to fourteen feet, with two boats. We might that day have had many more had it not taken us time to tow the fish ashore. When a dead horse was not procurable, I varied the sport by setting "trains," consisting of small sherry casks, with large hooks fastened to them with chains, and baited with lumps of meat. Having set these at some little distance from shore, I, with my usual companions, the late American Consul in St. Thomas, a well-known ex-Federal officer, retired to a dismantled fort on a rocky point, where, with a bottle of Hennessey, a bucket dice, a box of cigars, and a book, we waited patiently, rousing ourselves occasionally to have a shot with a rifle at a passing sea-bird, until we saw a cask beginning to move. Off we then rushed to our boat, and gave chase to the cask, which the shark would be dashing through the water at a great rate; as that always tried to take it to the bottom, he soon tired, and we finished him with the harpoon. I must confess, however, that we often had our chase for nothing, as the fish, after running with the cask for some time, frequently got off. On one occasion I saw the shark turn upon the cask, and try to bite it, it was most amusing to watch his efforts to seize it, it always slipping away from him. From my experience of sharks, and in this last couple of years I have had many opportunities of observing them, I believe the shark not to be nearly so bold a fish as is generally believed, though when he has once tasted blood he is not easily driven off. I have seen one fast on the bows, with his ugly head out of water, allow me to come so close that my boat almost touched him, when he thought

judged properly almost any man of good judgment can put him into condition to trot a fair race in June. But if he has not been wintered properly, but allowed to get fat, the very best trainer cannot get him into condition to trot in the above mentioned month, as there is much more danger of overworking when fat than if otherwise. Every year teaches me more and more how to winter the trotter, as well as how to condition him in the Spring. I have not the least doubt but that Hiram Woodruff knew very well how to winter a trotter, but still I do not believe he cautioned his readers half enough on this point, taking it for granted that to say "be careful and do not let your horse get fat" would be sufficient. But I have noticed that several students of Woodruff, do just this and allow their horses to get so fat that it is impossible, even with the best of handling in the Spring, to bring them to the score in condition to trot a good race in June, whilst with such handling as mine out of the get, they are not fit to trot during the season. But as I am not about to discuss training—we will return to wintering—our subject. As I have already said, I have had several years' experience, and have been a close observer both of how horses acted after my own system of wintering and the systems of others. I have learned that much depends upon the wintering, therefore I feel it my duty to all horsemen and owners to impart to all the readers of this article all I can of what I know of how to winter a trotter. First. As soon as the horse is done trotting for the season, and is about to go, or has already gone into winter quarters, I would take him to the blacksmith's, have all the shoes pulled off and his feet well pared, being careful not to allow the frogs or soles to be touched, and after having the toes and rim of foot well rasped off, should you think the feet unable to cup and break off, put tips on the front feet but unless your horse's feet are likely to break do not use the tips. When you are done at the shop take him to a good dry stall well bedded down with sweet dry straw, give him plenty of good timothy hay to eat, together with chopped feed, composed of one part oats to four parts bran, let him have four quarts of this mixture, night and morning with a little salt occasionally. This you will find will keep your horse with a good big middle, which is very essential; for I find that after trotting all the season that the intestines of a horse become small and contracted, and they should be filled up with a diet tending to stretch or enlarge them. No horse is as good after losing his middle for any length of time, in fact, after a very short time, I find it makes a horse irritable—short it spoils their trotting disposition to be kept fine drawn too long. Therefore allow your horse to fill up well, for it is very easy to take the middle off of most horses, and that before trotting many races. Now that you are feeding your horses as above, you should have a lot to turn him out into very fine hay, or at least very dry that it is not stormy. Continue this till about the middle of January, but in the meantime be careful that his feet are kept well pared down round the toe and edge or wall of the foot, by letting the sole and frog well down, it will have a tendency to spread the foot, which in many cases a out of a hundred is needed. When the 15th of January arrives you should commence walking him an hour a day every day that it is fit to be out on. If you have a covered place for exercise, the horse should walk over it day, rain or sunshine; but in the weather is at all fit, the exercise should be taken in the open air, as I believe fresh air is of great value to a horse. For this reason be careful to have plenty of fresh air in your stables. Should your horse be thin and weak by the first of February, which I would much prefer to being fat, you may increase his feed a very little, but it is better to be on

hounds. Out of the total of 342 packs 160, or nearly one-half of the whole, are foxhounds, and of these, again, 130 are in England, 18 in Ireland, and 8 in Scotland. There are 139 packs of harrers, of which 63 are in England, 45 in Ireland, and only two in Scotland. Of the packs of stag hounds, 18 are in England and the other 3 in Ireland, Scotland not being able to boast of a single pack, though it is from that part of the United Kingdom that most of the venison comes. There are 23 packs of beagles in the list, including those which are advertised as belonging to Trinity College, Cambridge, and to the 82d Light Infantry, at Devonport. The statistics as to the number of packs throughout the United Kingdom are, perhaps, the best answer that could be given to those who have maintained that hunting is on the decline. It must be remembered that these 342 packs, some of which hunt five, and none less than two days a week, are affording sport to certainly not fewer than 50,000 people, who hunt regularly, to how many more, if we were to take into account the numbers who assist at a lawn meet (for breakfast), or who have an occasional gallop at Christmas tide and upon other special occasions, it would be hard to say. These 342 packs consist altogether and taking into account some seven or eight packs which have not sent in a complete return, of about 10,000 couples hounds. There are 6,826 couples in England, 689 in Ireland, and 294 in Scotland. There are 2,666 couples of harrers; 1,416 couples in England, 821 in Ireland, and 29 in Scotland. There are 3714 couples of stag-hounds; 279 couples in England, and 92, in Ireland; and 2964 couples of beagles. To say nothing of the huntsmen and whips, of whom there are about a thousand—being upon an average of nearly three to each pack—there must be, taking one with another, about ten men in each of the 342 establishments, so that at this computation there would be nearly 8,800 persons directly engaged in the stables and kennels of the different masters. It would be interesting to publish the inquiry still further, and calculate the number of horses in the stables, and the amount of money spent on hunt; but it would take up more space than is available for the purpose, and it may be sufficient to state broadly that the 342 packs—taking the annual cost of each at two thousand a year, which is certainly not an extravagant estimate—entail an annual expenditure of £350,000. Thus, be it remarked, is merely the expenditure of the master, whether coming from his own pocket or those of the subscribers, and if a return could be obtained of the money spent by hunting men who follow these 342 packs north and south, east and west, we should arrive at a total which would afford the best practical illustration of the esteem in which the chase, in its modern form, is held by all sorts and conditions of Englishmen.

CAMPBELL'S QUININE WINE.—Report from Dr. J. Baker Edwards, Ph. D. D.C.L. F.C.S. Professor of Chemistry and Microscopy. I hereby certify that I have carefully analysed the samples of "Quinine Wine" submitted to me by Messrs. Kenneth Campbell & Co., with the following result: No. 1—Dark in color and turbid, deposits a muddy sediment on standing, has a sweet and acid taste, Orange Flavor and scarcely bitter, yields on evaporation a thick syrup of inverted sugar, contains only a microscopic trace of Quinine and Quinidine. Is made with Orange Wine. Sample 2—Dark color, with dark muddy deposit on standing has an acid and slightly bitter taste, contains Cinchona but no Quinine. Is made with an acid wine, not sherry. No. 3—Campbell's—Light color, clear, with no deposit, contains Disulphate of Quinine in the proportion of 1 grain to two fluid ounces. Is made with sound sherry wine. N.B.—The latter (Campbell's) is the only genuine "Quinine Wine" of the three samples examined.—Signed. JOHN BAKER EDWARDS, Ph. D. D.C.L. F.C.S. Prof. of Chemistry and Microscopy Bishops College and College of Industry, Montreal.

One of the greatest cases of swindling in connection with the turf that has ever been perpetrated has just unearthed in London. It began with the issuing of a newspaper called The Sport, controlled and edited by a Mr. Montgomery, purporting to be the leading sporting paper in England. The paper announced that Mr. Montgomery would execute commissions in the way of betting on various turf events, and was forwarded to a number of persons abroad, who received a very plausible tale about the dilution of the gentlemen (?) had in executing all the orders that were pouring in upon him, accepted a deduction drawn by the cunning conductors of the story. Commissions were entrusted to him from all quarters, and for a time he carried on a flourishing business, but the book makers grew jealous of his success and determined to circumvent him in his operations. Acting in combination, they gave him less than the market odds. Other means were adopted to run him off the market, but the wary schemer met their opposition by establishing agencies in Paris and other continental cities. Gentlemen, and even ladies, were solicited to become his confidential agents, fortunes were to be made in the enterprise. This was followed by letters from Montgomery to various parties, stating that he was carrying out the plan freshadvised in The Sport, and giving elaborate calculations as to the sums of money to be won. In several cases the bait was swallowed whole and a correspondence ensued. A lady resident in Paris entrusted him with £10,000. His plan of operations was to follow the horse checks on a fictitious bank were sent up to the best style, and sent to those who had agreed to act, the instructions being that the checks should be remitted to a certain bookmaker in London, who would give the odds on the horse named. In the case of the Countess—so satisfied was she of the good faith of Mr. Montgomery and the genuineness of the plan, that she sent £10,000 of her own money to be invested in the scheme. Other letters followed, until at last accounts of the value of more than £20,000 in bank in England notes the thieves succeeded in getting as far as Glasgow, where they cashed the notes for a letter of credit on a bank back in Greenock, and ultimately got on with the entire sum in £100 Scotch notes. The plan was worked out with great facility, the chain being perfect in every link, and even to the last act the perpetrators of this bold swindle seem to have left no stone unturned to escape detection. The various parts which they had recourse to in the making of the paper, the fictitious checks, the letters written in faultless and idiomatic French—everything seems to have been done with a care and precision worthy of a better cause. Up to the present time the police authorities have not succeeded in apprehending any of the parties who are known to have been confederates in the scheme.

Miss Warren, Mover, has just published a Quarto Dictionary, as one of the best, containing more intellectual labor, more money put into it, and a larger number of beautiful engravings than any other, with four pages of colored plates. This is a popular one in this or any other country. It is largely the standard in libraries, and is in the collection of the British and Foreign Bible Societies, and the Librarian of the House of Commons. This magnificent volume

A CARD.—To all who are suffering from the excess and indiscretions of youth, and from weakness, early decay, loss of memory, and all the ailments which attend the decline of life. This great remedy was discovered by a physician in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. JOHN T. INMAN, Station D, Bible House, New York City. 250 cm



The Gentleman's Journal

TORONTO, FRIDAY, DEC. 8, 1876.

P. COLLINS & CO., PROPRIETORS. OFFICE, No. 90 KING ST. WEST.

All communications intended for the "Sporting Times" should be addressed P. COLLINS & Co., Sporting Times Office, and not to any of our employees. This will avoid any delay.

Managers, Agents, Doorkeepers, &c., of Amusements, and Managers and Secretaries of Racing Associations, Shooting Clubs, Athletic, Base Ball and Cricket Clubs, &c., &c.

Are respectfully informed, that all Correspondents of the Sporting Times are supplied with a card of a Light Green 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 1st, 1876, 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 whatsoever 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 SILENCE A NEGATIVE.

DATES CLAIMED FOR 1877.

AMERICAN.

Table listing dates for various locations: Freeport, Ill. (May 29 to June 1), Cleveland, O. (July 24 to 27), Springfield, Mass. (July 24 to 27), Buffalo, N. Y. (July 31 to Aug. 8), Freeport, Ill. (July 31 to Aug. 8), Rochester, N. Y. (21 week in Aug.), Prophetstown, Ill. (2d), Tiskilwa, Ill. (2d), Utica, N. Y. (3d), Eastville, Ill. (4th).

Correspondents and others will remember the change of our office, No. 90 King-St. West Toronto, is our present address.

ICE CIRCUITS.

Be our arrangements are made for holding meetings it is hoped that those who have charge of them will endeavor to come to an understanding, one with another, by which circuits will be formed. In this way there is every chance of being more successful, as the number of entries in each case, in all probability will be increased, better competition guaranteed, the spectators united in their attendance, and consequently, the financial result will be more satisfactory to those at the helm.

Already the initiatory steps have been taken to establish a circuit of ice races in Central Canada, commencing at Montreal and embracing Ottawa, Prescott, Brockville, Kingston, and possibly Belleville. There is plenty of material to form a winter circuit with Toronto as the start, and it will be found to the advantage of those who may be interested if they have some sort of order in the arrangement of their dates, instead of huddling a week without any consideration how it will affect other organizations. This unseemly competition does much to waken the interest in our winter racing, and to assure the fullest mood of success must be avoided. The best results are only to be arrived at by the use of the best systems, and there can be no question as to the mutual benefits which are likely to be realized by general co-operation.

Let us experiment of trotting winter races over regular tracks instead of on level ground with the most satisfactory results. Usually a track has to be made on the expense of which would go a

raises the margin is proportionally great as given in the leading sporting papers. In this race the French carried 82 lbs. or 8 lbs. less than his impost would have been under our Dominion Rules. Our detailed report of the race gives full particulars. This, if correct, would eclipse Kadi's time at Hartford, Conn., on September 2nd, 1875, by six and one-quarter seconds. In this race Kadi carried catch weights and ran over a smooth, level, hard trotting track. We make an additional note of this race so that many of our readers may not labor under a misapprehension. Disputes, referred to any American authorities, will be decided in favor of Kadi's 1:41, being the fast at mile on record, as the time in England is not made a portion of the official record of the race as it is in this country.

SALE OF RACE HORSES.

On Wednesday of last week an extensive sale of thoroughbreds was held in New York. The stock belonged to Messrs. J. S. Donahue & Co., and comprised a number of horses well-known on the American turf. Spin-drift, ch. h. aged, by Bonnie Scotland, dam by Wagner, a horse well-known in this section of Canada, was knocked down at \$150, a price some of our Barrie friends would probably be willing to double with eagerness. Standard, 5 year, by Bay Dole, \$130; Huckleberry, b. h. 5 years, by Imp. Hurrab, \$225; Pa-tor, b. c. 4 years, by Narragansett, \$45; M. c. h. c. 4 years, by Narragansett, \$90; Gray Lag, gr. 1, 4 years, by Baywood, \$165; Mollie Carew, b. 1, 8 years, by Narragansett, \$75; New York, ch. c. 4 years, by Planet, \$200. The prices seem ridiculously low to us here, but the sale was extensively and timely advertised, and shows that thoroughbred stock is rapidly depreciating in value, or the wherewithal to invest in such horses is very scarce.

EXTENSIVE SALE.

Mr. A. F. Lee, of Brantford, announces this week that he intends to dispose of his entire stock of Trotting and Road Horses. Hambroian 8 allions, Sulki's, Road and Track Waggon, Harness, &c., &c. This presents one of the most desirable opportunities ever offered in Canada for gentlemen to invest in first-class equine stock. Most of the horses are well-known to the turfmen of this country, and Mr. Lee's reputation as a horseman is a guarantee of the merits of the animals that will be submitted to sale. The terms are particularly favorable, and as the sale is positive, rain or shine, without any reserve, parties wishing to attend can do so without the danger of disappointment. Some of the younger stock promises to be extremely valuable for track purposes, and the sale should not be lost sight of by those desirous of obtaining horses of this class. The stallions are well-known throughout the County of Brant, and are Hambroians, closely connected, we have understood, to the old horse "The Hero of Chester." Thursday next is the day appointed for the sale. Brantford is easy of access by the Great Western and Grand Trunk Railways, and it is anticipated a perfect congress of horsemen and turfites will be present, if not to buy, at least to look over this rare collection of well-bred trotting stock.

MORE ABOUT GREAT EASTERN.

Mr. George Hamill, the owner of the now noted horse, writes from Rome, N. Y., to the Spirit, giving the following account of Great Eastern's breeding and early life:—"Great Eastern's sire was Walk II Chief; his dam was by a Consternation colt; his grandam was by Ferguson's Kentucky Hunter, the sire of Flora Temple's sire; great gran am by what was called the Hollister horse; he had four white legs, and a white stripe down his face, resembling the Oays. This Hollister horse was by a horse that I sold in this place one season, and call it Bad-gazette, said to be well bred; think he was a Highlander; at any rate he got fast trotters, of which he got quite a number; among them was the great-grandam of Great Eastern, a mare that to my certain knowledge, could out-trot any mare of her day. She lived to be 32 years old, and raised a colt when 28. The above mares were raised by me, with the exception of the great-grandam, which was raised by one of my neighbors. G. at

Sporting Gossip.

The steeple-chaser Paladin, recently imported from the States by Messrs. Burgess & Forbes, of Woodstock, has been added to the list of geldings. He has rapidly recovered from the operation, and it is thought in the spring will give some of our best ones a race to beat him. Messrs. B. & F. report their stock doing well. York State is said to be feeling like a colt.

Mr. J. Grand, jr., of this city, recently disposed of his speedy half-mile Provincetown, Oscar, by Ruric, to Mr. Snow, of Teaswater, Ont., the gentleman who recently imported the thoroughbred stallion Meteor, by Asteroid, mentioned in last week's paper. This horseman is rapidly acquiring a fine stable, and may come down some fine day on our knowing ones, like a "wolf on the fold."

Mr. Butterfield, of Wright & Butterfield, Petit-Cote, will go to England next month, to purchase a number of thoroughbred animals to replenish their stock farm.

Gentlemen who think of purchasing a thoroughbred stallion for stock purposes, before going to the States, should take a look at Oss-o, by Eclipse, dam Oleata by Lexington, or correspond with his owner, Dr. Smith, V.S., of this city.

Some in this section, for whom hanging would be too refined a punishment, recently cut the tail and mane off a horse belonging to Mr. Crain, of Merrickville, Ont.

Recently we published an article on Worms in Dogs, and credited it to M. Arnold Burgess, the author. The editor of the Chicago Field writes us, claiming it should have been credited to that paper, as Mr. B. is a salaried attorney of its staff.

There is some talk of putting the fine thoroughbred stallion Hydr Ali into training next season. If he should come back to his three-year-old form, he would soon take his place among the best horses in America, and not be in the rear rank. We have understood, if his owners choose to devote him to the turf next season, he will be placed in Mr. Cass Boyle's hands for development. Quarley would turn him quite a crack stable inspiration, Bill Bruce, and Hyter Ali—a bad lot to beat.

Our athletic column contains a challenge to Prof. Miller, the Grand-Roman wrestler, respecting dumb-bells. We fancy Mr. Merrill has mistaken the import of that portion of Prof. M.'s definition. The latter's intimation was heavy dumb-bell lifting, while the Chatham athlete's challenge was a ruffian to holding a dumb-bell out for the greatest length of time. Quite a difference. However, we shall see what the Professor says about it.

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We learn that Mr. W. H. Harris, of Chicago, Ill., has purchased from his uncle Mr. Isaac Harris, of Oshawa, Ontario, for \$1,250, the gray stallion Charleston, six years old, and after a few weeks training showed three heats better than 2:43, and is said by horsemen to be one of the most promising young horses in Canada. He will be handled the coming season in connection with Allen H. and Frank Granger, by Isaac Harris, Jr.

The Montreal horse market was very dull last week. There were a few horses sold at Mr. Eaves' sale, but they were of the cheap sort. An outside dealer sold a fine team to go to Boston, for \$530, gold.

Two Brussels, Ont., Driving Park Association has declared a dividend of 60 per cent. in favor of its stockholders. Some of our more ostentatious track managers should take a leaf out of the book of this rural club, and learn how such flattering results are arrived at.

Lady Jane, the well-known five-mile mare of Ottawa, has been again put in training.

Battle of this city, and in 1874 that gentleman sold him to Mr. Murray of Racine. He is a large horse standing 17 hands, and weighing at out 2,800 lbs. He is seven years old, and has been quite a prize taker in the western States.

Mr. Sam Detrich of this city recently sold his hurdler, Boney, to a Mr. Cox of Montreal. The consideration reported was \$400. Boney is quite a good cross-country horse though his late owner never aspired to having him classified as a first-rater.

We observe that Mr. W. H. Hannon, more familiarly known as "Doc," formerly owner of the fine thoroughbred stallion, Major Macon, and the trotting mare Gertrude, has purchased the livery business recently carried on at No's. 8 and 10 Park street, Hamilton.

Veterinary.

ONTARIO VETERINARY COLLEGE.

A meeting of the Society in connection with the above College was held in the lecture room on 80th ult.

There was a very good attendance, showing the interest that is being taken in these weekly meetings.

The President occupied the chair. The usual preliminary business being gone through, the President called upon Mr. Henry Hopkins, who read a carefully prepared essay on Laminitis, (he having treated a number of horses affected with this disease with success,) which, as was anticipated, elicited a lengthy debate.

Mr. David Stovel's paper on Kicks was succinctly read and warmly applauded, and although it left little room for debate, still on some points it created an interesting discussion.

A vote of thanks to Messrs. Hopkins and Stovel, moved by Mr. Newton, seconded by Mr. Hamilton, and carried unanimously by the meeting, was conveyed by the President to both gentlemen.

The papers this week are, an essay by Mr. R. A. Harting, and a communication by Mr. Walter Langton.

MONTREAL VETERINARY COLLEGE.

A special course for Junior students will be opened at the Montreal Veterinary College on January 10th, 1877. The Quebec Government have made arrangements for a course of lectures in French, which will prove of immense benefit to students of that nationality. With the increase in the educational staff, this institution is now prepared to offer even superior advantages to those which have given it its popularity. It is one of the most complete schools of Veterinary knowledge in the world, and under the principalship of Dr. McEachran is gradually winning high honors. Full information regarding the course of studies, expense, &c., can be obtained by addressing the principal as per advertisement in another column.

A SAFE PROFESSION.

Someblins overheard two scientific gentlemen in a private conversation. One says: "Doc, I see you have your shingle out as a regular family physician; how is that? I thought you were intending to practice the veterinary." "Well, I'll tell you, Colonel, I did practice at that, but it's so awkward, sometimes you know; a valuable horse dies on your hands, and there's a devilish sight of talk about it—everybody speculates upon what the horse is worth, and how he might have been saved, and there's a chance of a suit for damages, malpractice, and all that; but in this family line, if a child slips the looks, or somebody's wife or mother-in-law dies, the ground is turned up and dug over on the whole story, and there's none of that foolish talk."—[Exchange.]

To Correspondents.

We would particularly request our correspondents and advertisers to send their favors as early in the week as possible—so that they will reach us by Wednesday morning. We are unable to use many items sent us in consequence of not receiving them in time for the issue intended.

(No notice taken of anonymous communications or queries. No answer by mail or telegraph.)

FROM ARKANSAS.

HOW HORSE RACES ARE CONDUCTED THERE. HOT SPRING, ARK., Nov. 18, 1876. To the Editor of Sporting Times:

There has not been much here in the way of horse news. Our race course is about three miles across the mountains, in the woods, and is known as Ward's Track. It is four hundred yards in length; and is graded with ditches from one to two feet deep, and between four and six feet wide.

We had a race a week ago over it. One horse gave the other thirty yards start, and beat him twenty or more on the come-out. The principal event of the day was the shooting of a colored man who came out to sell "bug juice" as they call "the ardent" here. He was ordered off by Ward, the proprietor of the track, but would not go; so Ward walked into the house and brought out an old musket, levelled it on the contraband, and shot the cullud gemmon's hand off. The shooter then drove into town, gave himself up to the authorities, and was bound over to appear on his own recognizances.

To-day we had another race. The way they picked the judges in this event was, two to start, and as soon as they give the word if one horse gets a little start of the other they decide how many feet the best of it the leader had, and mark it down on a piece of paper; and then two at the finish mark down the number of feet the winner leads. Both memorandums are then put in a fifth man's hands, who figures up, and decides which horse is entitled to the race. The race to-day was very short and sweet. I was about fifty yards from the finish, and it was "dead" when they passed me. The judges at the finish decided the same, but the starting judges' paper showed that Wonder got the worst of the start by two feet, and being dead at the finish Wonder was declared the winner—and no shooting. If anything else turns up which would be of interest to your readers I will keep you posted.

Yours, etc., BILLY.

FROM INGERSOLL.

INGERSOLL, Dec. 2nd, 1876.

To the Editor of Sporting Times:

DEAR SIR,—The lovers of the gun are having splendid sport here just now. Game was never so plentiful. One day last week a party consisting of Messrs. John Haskett, Chas. Carey and Wm. Fowler bagged in about seven hours 15 pheasants, 12 black squirrels and 1 woodcock—a pretty good days work.

Gen. Tom Thumb and party are billed to play here on Saturday (Dec. 9th.)

"Doc" Sommerville, of Buffalo, and Mr. James Collier have been here for a week buying horses for the Scotch market. They are a magnificent lot of animals and ought to pay the plucky speculators well.

The Sporting Times Stallion Race is already bearing fruit. Capt. Tom stock is going up wonderfully. I asked a man one day last week the price of a three-year old colt, and he said \$500; so it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good.

Mr. Wm. McMurray the well-known horseman of this town, met with a severe domestic affliction in the death of his wife on the 27th ult. Mr. McMurray's numerous friends will extend to him their heartfelt sympathies in his bereavement.

Yours very truly, THE WEIGHT.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The business advantages of Toronto are appreciated by well-known manufacturers of the tobacco sections of the States. We had the pleasure of a call last week from Mr. J. R. Morris, an old expert new tobacco manufacturer and lately publisher of a Tobacco Trade Journal, which familiarized him with the latest and most approved styles, and acquainted him with the sections producing the finest qualities. Mr. M. is now with our well-known tobacco manufacturers, Messrs. T. & C. & Co. of Toronto.

Correspondents and others will remember the change of our office, No. 80 King St. West, Toronto, as our present address.

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Lately the experiment of trotting winter races over the regular tracks instead of on ice has been tried with the most satisfactory results. Usually a track has to be made on the ice, the expense of which would go a great way towards placing the Driving Park course in good fix to trot over. Two advantages of good stands, and some sort of protection from the weather are not overlooked by visitors, and the gate receipts are a means of revenue in this way which are denied on the open ice. The time is rapidly approaching when the preliminary announcements of the winter campaign will be sounded, and it is due that each one should do the best towards contributing to the success of the whole.

A GREAT RACE.

By our report of the Great Shropshire Handicap, run at the Shrewsbury Meeting, England, on the 15th ult., it will be seen it is claimed that Tetrarob, a three-year-old colt by Mexador, out of Parma, ran the mile in the unprecedented time of *one minute and thirty-five seconds*. This, be it remembered, is private timing, does not form a record, and will not govern time 'lets. It is quite possible the chronograph did not indicate correctly to within a few seconds. The judge there does not appoint an official timer, and, as a consequence, even in their principal

and not be in the rear rank. We have understood, if his owners consent to devote him to the turf next season, he will be placed in Mr. Chas. Boyle's hands for development. Curley would then have quite a crack stable inspiration, Bill Bruce, and Hyter Ali—a bad lot to beat.

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MORE ABOUT GREAT EASTERN.

Mr. George Hamilton, the owner of the now noted horse, writes from Rome, N.Y., to the Spirit, giving the following account of Great Eastern's breeding and early life:—

“Great Eastern's sire was *Walk-It Chief*; his dam was by a *Consternation* colt; his grandam was by *Ferguson's Kentucky Hunter*, the sire of *Flora Temple's* sire; great grandam by what was called the *Holister* horse; he had four white legs, and a white stripe down his face, resembling the *Oays*. This *Holister* horse was by a horse that toiled in this place one season, and called *Bad-gazette*, said to be well bred; think he was a *Hughland*; at any rate he got fast trotters, of which he got quite a number; among them was the great-grandam of *Great Eastern*, a mare that, to my certain knowledge, could out-trot any mare of her day. She lived to be 82 years old, and raised a colt when 28. The above mares were raised by me, with the exception of the great-grandam, which was raised by one of my neighbors. *Great Eastern's* dam was the dam of *Peg Woffington*, sometimes called *Peggy*. She is now owned in Brooklyn; also the dam of *Toumy Holland*, which I have just sold to *John D. Gillett*, of Adams, N.Y., at long figures. *Peggy* could trot a 2:25 gait, has a record of 2:37 made at Auburn, N.Y. *Lady Farguharson* (who was a sister to the dam of *Great Eastern*), which I sold to *W. F. Potts*, of *Pauldiphia*, for \$1,500; *Roman Cui f* (a colt mare, by *Woffington*, and sired by *Walk-It Chief*, making *Jim* almost a full brother to *Great Eastern*), which I sold to *Dr. Kiuley*, of this city, for \$10,000. These two brothers, before I sold them, could trot a full mile in 2:30, and it was hard to tell which was the fastest; and one was in his four-year-old form, and the other was five years old; the oldest, *Great Eastern*. I commenced driving *Great Eastern* when quite young, and found I had a trotter; he paced for the first six or eight months of his life; one day on the pasture I sent a small shepherd dog after him, and that was the first I saw of his trotting. It seemed to unjoin him, and he went like the wind, and has never paced since; could trot in 2:27 when I put him in training. Peck says 2:14 will be nothing for him to beat next season. The horse was never in better condition than since he trotted in *Utica*. He feels and acts like a colt, and has four as good pins under him as any horse living, and knows how to use them.”

and not be in the rear rank. We have understood, if his owners consent to devote him to the turf next season, he will be placed in Mr. Chas. Boyle's hands for development. Curley would then have quite a crack stable inspiration, Bill Bruce, and Hyter Ali—a bad lot to beat.

Our athletic column contains a challenge to Prof. Miller, the Grand-Britain wrestler, respecting dumb bells. We fancy Mr. Miller has mistaken the import of that portion of Prof. M.'s diff. The latter's intention was heavy dumb bell lifting, while the Canadian athlete's challenge was a reference to holding a dumb bell out for the greatest length of time. Quite a difference. However, we shall see what the Professor says about it.

Read the advertisement of the Auction Sale of Trotting Stock by Mr. A. F. Lee, Brantford.

We learn that Mr. W. H. Harris, of Chicago, Ill., has purchased from his uncle Mr. Isaac Harris, Caledon, Ontario, for \$1,250, the gray stallion *Charleston*, six years old, and after a few weeks training showed true heats better than 2:43, and is said by horsemen to be one of the most promising young horses in Canada. He will be handled the coming season in connection with Allen H. and Frank Oranger, by Isaac Harris, Jr.

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The Montreal horse market was very dull last week. There were a few horses sold at Mr. Ewens' sale, but they were of the cheap sort. An outside dealer sold a fine team to go to Boston, for \$500, gold.

The Brussels, Ont., Driving Park Association has declared a dividend of 66 per cent. in favor of its stockholders. Some of our more ostentatious track managers should take a leaf out of the book of the rural club, and learn how such flattering results are arrived at.

Lady Jane, the well-known five-mile mare of Ottawa, has been again put in training. Mr. Pat's Curney, formerly of this city, being engaged to handle her. Under Pat's care she may astonish her friends this winter on ice.

The Hamilton billiard tournament has not been all fair sailing. On account of some supposed "crook d" work by a couple of the more youthful players, the bets on the game were declared off, and the billiard pool-seller bounced, Mr. Phelan, the manager of the affair, dispensing with his services and forbidding any further pool-sitting in connection with the playing. In the game between Davis and Paulin, the former made some strong kicking against a decision of the referee, and would not proceed until another one had been appointed. A full report has been promised us, but up to the time of writing has not come to hand. The newspaper reports have been so incomplete as to prevent us making a summary of the games from them.

Mr. George Murray, Racine, Wis., has sold Messrs. Sanders & Donald, Talleysand, Iowa, the Clydesdale stallion *Donald Dinnie*, for \$5,000. This horse was imported from Scotland in the Fall of 1878, by Mr. Simon

MONTREAL VETERINARY COLLEGE.

A special course for Junior students will be opened at the Montreal Veterinary College on January 10th, 1877. The Quebec Government have made arrangements for a course of lectures in French, which will prove of immense benefit to students of that nationality. With the increase in the educational staff, this institution is now prepared to offer even superior advantages to those which have given it its popularity. It is one of the most complete schools of Veterinary knowledge in the world, and under the principalship of Dr. McEachran is gradually winning high honor. Full information regarding the course of studies, expense, &c., can be obtained by addressing the principal as per advertisement in another column.

A SAFE PROFESSION.

Samblins overheard two scientific gentlemen in a private conversation. One says: "Doc, I see you have your shingle out as a regular family physician; how is that? I thought you were intending to practice the veterinary." "Well, I'll tell you, Colonel, I did practice at that, but it's so awkward, sometimes you know; a valuable horse dies on your hands, and there's a devilish sight of talk about it—everybody speculates upon what the horse is worth, and how he might have been saved, and there's a chance of a suit or damage, malpractice, and all that; but in this family line, if a child slips the hooks, or somebody's wife or mother-in-law dies, the ground is turned up and dug over on the whole story, and there's none of that foolish talk."—[Exchange.]

To Correspondents.

We would particularly request our correspondents and advertisers to send their favors as early in the week as possible—so that they will reach us by Wednesday morning. We are unable to use many items sent us in consequence of not receiving them in time for the issue intended.

(No notice taken of anonymous communications or queries. No answer by mail or telegraph.)

H. J. O., Detroit.—The Moose is owned at Ottawa. We do not know his age. The best record we find against him is 2:48, at Governor, N.Y., September, 1876.

Scorch, Woodstock.—Edinburgh, Scotland, 1822.

J. S. Flesherton.—We never heard of the horse. Inform us of the name of his dam, and where he was bred, if possible.

JOHN S. BARNES.—We have a communication of importance for you.

THE CALIFORNIA OAKS.

The California Oaks, a new stake recently opened at San Francisco, for mares and fillies, four-mile heats, for a purse \$15,000, is announced to take place on Saturday, Dec. 9, over the Bay District Course. There are seven entries, viz: *Mattie A.*, 4 years old, by imp. Australian, dam *Minnie Mansfield*, &c., formerly the property of Col. D. McDaniel; *Josie C.*, 8 years old, by imp. Lexington, dam by *Loungton* (late the property of Mr. John O'Donnell, of New York, Emma Scaggs 8 years old, by Norfolk, dam by *Illinois Medoc*; *Mollie McCarty*, 8 years old, by Monday, dam *Hennie Farrow*, by imp. Shamrock; bay filly, by *Loda*, 8 years old, dam *Brigantiae*, by *Billy Cheatham*; *Ball-natte*, 8 years old, by Monday, dam *Ballerina*, by imp. Balrowhie, and *b f Solo*.

FROM INGERSOLL.

INGERSOLL, Dec. 2nd, 1876.

To the Editor of *Sporting Times*:

DEAR SIR,—The lovers of the gun are having splendid sport here just now. Game was never so plentiful. One day last week a party consisting of Messrs. John Haskett, Chas. Carey and Wm. Fowler bagged in about seven hours 16 pheasants, 12 black squirrels and 1 woodcock—a pretty good day's work.

Gen. Tom Thurb and party are billed to play here on Saturday (Dec. 9th.)

"Doc" Somerville, of Buffalo, and Mr. James Collier have been here for a week buying horses for the Scotch market. They are a magnificent lot of animals and ought to pay the plucky speculators well.

The *SPORTING TIMES* St. Lion Race is already bearing fruit. Capt. Tom took is going up wonderfully. I asked a man one day last week the price of a three-year old colt and he said \$500; so it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good.

Mr. Wm. McMurray the well-known horseman of this town, met with a severe domestic affliction in the death of his wife on the 27th ult. Mr. McMurray's numerous friends will extend to him their heartfelt sympathies in his bereavement.

Yours very truly,
T. E. WRIGHT.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The business advantages of Toronto are appreciated by well-known manipulators of the tobacco sections of the States. We had the pleasure of a call last week from Mr. J. R. Morris, an old experienced tobacco manufacturer and lately publisher of a *Tobacco Trade Journal*, which familiarized him with the latest and most approved styles, and acquainted him with the sections producing the finest qualities. Mr. M. is now with our well-known tobacco manufacturers, Messrs. Jobb Scales & Co., and will have charge of the manufacturing department.

SHALL SHOT.

Says the *Orillia Times*:—"Mr. Story shot some twenty brace of ducks near Coldwater within a few hours. We understand there is any quantity of game there this season. Sportsmen during the past week have been particularly successful in shooting deer in this neighborhood. Two came in on Monday, Nov. 27, and three on Tuesday."

Charles Mitchell, of Molesworth, while hunting recently, shot two deer, one of which weighed when dressed 225 pounds.

John McLutye, of Ashfield, captured a lynx recently that measured four feet long and stood over thirteen inches high. There are several in that neighborhood.

James Long and James Cooper, Jr., of Bracebridge, who were on a hunting expedition, are supposed to have been drowned in Trading lake, Muskoka.

Mr. James Conlisk, of this city, has recently returned from a shooting expedition up the Toronto, Gray & Bruce Railway. He made Dundalk his headquarters, where he reports good accommodations at very moderate rates. Among his lot was a fine buck, weighed 320 lbs dressed.

Canadian Turf.

TROTTING AT NEW LOWELL.

A match trot took place at New Lowell on Monday last, between a couple of local horses. Long John was the favorite, and won handily. The following is the summary:

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes entries like 'New Lowell, Ont., Dec. 4, 1876' and 'J Dwrnto's Long John'.

The Trigger.

THE LONDON TOURNAMENT.

A pigeon shooting tournament, open to all, commenced at the Newmarket Race Course, London, on the 29th ult., under the management of Mr. James Glen, jr. The chilly weather was unfavorable for good shooting.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes entries like 'G. Griffith', 'Middleditch', 'R. Crawford'.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes entries like 'Ed. Gillman', 'B. Drake', 'W. Mummary'.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes entries like 'Morrison', 'Brady', 'Spencer'.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes entries like 'Hobs', 'Glen', 'McElroy'.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes entries like 'Stroud', 'Fick', 'Jull'.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes entries like 'Atkinson', 'Nilson', 'Dubois'.

The prizes were awarded as follows: Griffith, first prize, \$75; Mummary, second, \$40; Atkinson, third, \$20; Hobbs, Nelson and Van Dyke divided fourth, fifth and sixth, \$5 each.

At the conclusion of the shooting by the sixth squad the second match was gone on with, the prizes being:—1st \$100, 2nd \$60, 3rd \$40, 4th \$25, 5th \$15, 6th \$10.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes entries like 'Dubois', 'Gillman', 'Cousins'.

The ties in the second match were shot off this afternoon, five birds being allowed at 25 yards rise. Mr. James Glen, jr., killed 28 birds and captured the first...

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes entries like 'Bishop', 'Boulton', 'Morton'.

After the conclusion of the above the following gentlemen had a friendly match. The entrance money, \$1 each, was also divided into prizes. Each man shot at seven birds, usual conditions.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes entries like 'R. D. Wilson', 'R. Anthony', 'J. Marshall'.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes entries like 'R. Sylvester', 'H. Miller', 'R. Armstrong'.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes entries like 'J. Bentror', 'H. McGill', 'J. Hobbs'.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes entries like 'R. Sylvester', 'H. Miller', 'J. Marshall'.

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THIRD DAY DEC. 1st. The ties in the second match were shot off this afternoon, five birds being allowed at 25 yards rise. Mr. James Glen, jr., killed 28 birds and captured the first...

Another match will be shot to-morrow (Saturday), at the same place, between Scar borough and Markham, seven men a side, 7 birds each.

IRA PAINE GOES TO ENGLAND. Mr. Ira A. Paine, long and favorably known as one of the most accomplished "shots" the world has ever seen took his departure for Europe on Saturday, December 2. Mr. Paine goes over under engagement to the Liverpool and London managers with his now celebrated set of Parlor Pigeon Shooting, having succeeded in making a beautiful and highly sensational entertainment by literally reducing the "sport" within the confines of a theatrical stage.

ATHLETIC. A CHALLENGE TO PROF. MILLER. CHATHAM, Ont., Dec. 2, 1876. To the Editor of Sporting Times: SIR,—Having read Prof. Miller's series of challenges in your last week's paper, I will accept one part of them, viz: the Dumb Bell elevating. I will hold him or any other man in Canada a dumb bell from fifteen to twenty-five pounds weight, for from \$500 to \$1,000, at any point within two weeks from his acceptance. A forfeit and articles to SPORTING-TIMES Office will meet with my prompt attention. Let me hear from you.

Yours, SOL. E. MERRELL.

A SECOND TUSSLE.

BAUER LOSER HIS TEMPER. A grand exhibition of manly sports was held in the Academy of Music on Saturday afternoon and evening. Sparring matches took place between Prof. Richardson and Woods, and fencing between Marmion and Contou.

In the evening, Miller and Bauer had a wrestling match. Miller took the first fall, but Bauer's friends claimed no fall. In the second round, the two fell together, Miller under. Amid great uproar the two rose, and Prof. Richardson, the referee, declared "no fall." Bauer then suddenly turned round and knocked Richardson down. The uproar was terrific, and the referee and Bauer were vigorously hissed. Eventually Richardson declining to return Bauer's cowardly blow, gave the fall to Bauer, thus making the match equal. The athletes were subsequently entertained at supper.

The wrestling match for \$1,000 and the championship of the Pacific slope, between Homer Lane and Thomas Arbuckle, was won by Lane. The conditions were collar and elbow, best two in three fair back falls. The contest lasted fifty-four minutes.

EXTENSIVE PURCHASE OF TROT- TING STOCK.

The horsemen of New York have been thrown into quite a flutter of excitement, during the past few days, by the most extensive purchase of trotting stock, that has recently been made. Gov. Leland Stanford, of California is the gentleman who has caused this ripple among circles which had for quite a while been placid. The Governor is making a visit East, largely for the purpose of securing stock for his breeding farm, which contains about 1,800 acres, and is located at Palo Alto, Santa Clara County, Cal.; and before leaving the Pacific Slope he had made up his mind that he would select Hambletonians. Last Saturday he visited Stony Ford, the breeding establishment of Mr. Charles Backman, to which he had made a previous visit, and remained over Sunday. He was accompanied by his brother, Senator Charles H. Stanford, of Schenectady; Mr. McLaughlin, of San Francisco, and Messrs. George B. Alley and Wm. M. Humphreys, of New York. Saturday night the party were joined at Stony Ford by Messrs. David Bonner and Charles H. Kerner. The magnificent display of high-bred stock at Stony Ford was quite thoroughly looked over during Saturday and Sunday, and the comments and criticisms of Governor Stanford proved him to be an accomplished judge of horse-flesh; but it was not until Monday morning that any purchases were made. He then took a last look at the beauties, noted the price of twelve of them, returned to the house, and after inquiring the price of the stallion Electioneer, which he added to the total of the twelve he had before jotted down, quietly said, "I will take the lot." The sum paid for the thirteen head was \$41,200, and yet the consummation of the transaction did not occupy more than ten minutes. There was no talk of reduction in price, the purchaser recognized the rates as reasonable for such stock. Mr. Backman subsequently made Governor Stanford a present of three finely-bred yearling fillies.

This large sale cannot fail to have a most beneficial effect upon the breeding interest in this section. It shows that the intelligent breeder, who confines himself to the best strains of blood, though he may have to wait long for his reward, will find his efforts appreciated at last. Such a purchase will stimulate others to buy, giving them confidence, and will tend to keep prices up to living rates. Not less, perhaps even more, will the Pacific Coast feel the good effects of the transaction, as all the stock bought will be used there exclusively for breeding purposes, and it will be decidedly the most important importation of the kind ever made to that country. One filly, Elaine, will be left in Mr. Backman's hands until after she has completed an engagement in a three-year-old stakes, next fall; all the others will be shipped to San Francisco next week. In making his selections, Gov. Stanford chose several which Mr. Backman would have preferred not to sell, as their breeding can, probably, not be repeated; but in view of the magnitude of the transaction he consented to part with them. These were the progeny of old mares, who may never again drop a foal; such as Imogene and Marret's, dam Mattie's, dam; Blooming, out of R. W. W. dam; Elaine, full sister to Prospero; and America, by Rysdyk's Hambletonian, dam by American Star, grandam by Abtallah, the very consummation of breeding in the Hambletonian line. Their owner would have parted with

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes entries like 'No. 6. Elaine, brown mare, two years old', 'No. 7. America, bay mare, three years old', 'No. 8. Yearling filly, Noah, by Messenger Duroc'.

Total \$41,200

The trio which Mr. Backman presented to Gov. Stanford were, first, yearling filly, by Messenger Duroc, dam Adelle, by Rysdyk's Hambletonian; second, yearling filly, by Messenger Duroc, dam Amanda, by Rysdyk's Hambletonian; third, yearling filly, by Bolton, dam Mildred (the dam of Gen. Baxter's Waldo), by Rysdyk's Hambletonian. These sixteen head of stock would have been a fearful draft upon the resources of any breeding establishment except that of Mr. Backman, but that gentleman has plenty more of the same sort left. There are now over two hundred head of trotters at Stony Ford, of the finest strains of blood. It is proper to say, in connection with this sale, that it was the admiration which Gov. Stanford entertained for Prospero, more than other reason that caused him to buy so extensively. He regards Prospero as the best built horse for speed he ever saw, and predicts that he will astonish the world another season.—Spirit.

ETHAN ALLEN'S GRAVE.

A correspondent of Coleman's Rural World, who has recently visited the Kansas Stud Farm, writes as follows: "We cannot leave the stallions without a kind word for the old hero, whose grave we stood beside to-day. He is buried at the entrance to the track, with his head towards it, and looking westward. Mr. Arkers was going to erect a suitable monument, but a number of citizens, admirers of the old horse and friends of his owner, insist on being allowed the honor of contributing that token of love and friendship. Of all the horses that have contributed to make the American trotter famous all over the world, none have done more than Ethan Allen, both as a sire and a trotter, and none have been half so much abused. Poisoned three different times by his owners, to keep him from winning races they had made for him to win, but finding it more profitable afterward to have him lose, and knowing his honesty and gameness, could trust nothing but poison to win their money. But I am happy to say that Ethan Allen's last days were spent in peace and plenty. His wishes were gratified in every way possible; whether he fancied a run on the lawn or a romp in the orchard, it was all right, as every wish possible was granted, and he was very prompt in making them known, by going to the gates and calling for some one to come and open them.

Amusements.

CITY. The Beauclerc Sisters commenced their second engagement at the Grand Opera House on Monday evening, in the burlesque of K. nilworth, Miss Jennie appearing as the Earl of Leicester, and Miss Julia as Treaslian. The burlesque has been well mounted, the dialogue is sparkling and full of puns, local and otherwise, and the piece is freely larded with songs, duets, dances, &c. The stars show to even better advantage than they did in Ixion, while the support is decidedly good. Mr. Hudson's Queen Elizabeth is an unctious piece of grotesque acting, and his reception in the various songs and dances allotted to the part of "ye virgin queen" has rivalled that of its principals. The balance of the cast is effective, and calls for

variety company, gave an entertainment in Albert Hall on Wednesday evening. He wound up with Mr. John F. Scholes. Mr. Sage Richardson has been tendered a benefit, to take place at Albert Hall, on Tuesday evening next, 12th inst.

Mr. McDowell produces the military drama of Ours to-night, at the Academy of Music, Montreal, for the benefit of the reading room and band fund of the Royal Fusiliers. There will also be a grand competition in bayonet exercise, open to city volunteers, for a prize of \$50, the same evening.

During the visit of the Shaughrahan Company to Ottawa, under the management of Mr. E. A. McDowell, on Friday and Saturday last, Piquo and Under the Twilight were presented.

The following are the engagements at Mechanics' Hall, Hamilton: Dec. 12th and 13th, Professor Baldwin, Spiritual Exposé; 14th and 15th, Lottie; 16th, Grimalda Adams' Humpty Dumpty Pantalones Troupe; 18th to 21st, Royal Opera House Company from Toronto, with Mr. Neil Warner as the star; 22nd and 23rd, The Garrick Club, local amateurs.

Tom Thumb and company were at Mechanics' Hall, Hamilton, on Wednesday, 6th inst.

Rev. Chas. Clark, lecturer, puts on two nights in Hamilton, 7th and 8th inst; his subjects being Charles Dickens and Tower of London.

Miss Ida Robertson, Scottish vocalist, assisted by Miss Jessie Emmaden and Mr. James Lundsen, were at Mechanics' Hall, Hamilton, on Monday and Tuesday evenings last.

Prof. Baldwin exposes spiritualism for one night at London on the 4th, and at Hamilton on the 12th.

Cal Wagner's Minstrels were at Gowans' Opera House, Ottawa, on December 4th and 5th.

The Arcadian Bell Ringers gave a one night's show at St. Catherine's on the 6th.

The Minor Family of Lull Ringers, Vocalists, &c., were at Barrie on Dec. 6th.

Harry Lindley and his Ligon Opera Company, with Miss Marian Robinson as the stellar attraction, gave an evening's entertainment at the Town Hall, Barrie, on Monday last.

Buzough lectured to good houses at Path on Wednesday of last week, and at Shannonville on Thursday. He was very well received at both places.

Frank McEvoy's Hibernian Troupe appeared at Palmer Hall, Brantford, on the 4th inst.

Mlle Inez Fernandez, the colored prima donna, gave an entertainment at McLamco's Hall, Pt. St. Charles, on Wednesday of last week. Her future engagements are Odd Fellows' Hall, Point Edward, Dec. 11, benefit of I. O. O. F.; Port Huron, Mich., Dec. 12, under auspices of St. Patrick's Benevolent Society.

Asia Gray and company, under the management of W. H. Grant, are giving dramatic representations in the eastern towns of Ontario.

An amateur dramatic performance will be given by the members of St. Jude's Church Choir, Brantford, at Palmer's Hall, on Dec. 13. The bill consists of tableaux, singing, and the burlesque of Don Quixote.

A complimentary concert has been tendered to Mr. Thomas H. Taylor, the well known basso singer of Guelph, to take place at the Town Hall there on the 15th inst. Mr. Taylor has many admirers on the part of Guelph, and it is just easy to imagine the benefit will be a substantial one.

See Advertisement of War Hulet for Sale, on Seventh Page.

Greenley	6
Cousins	6
MoElroy	6

SQUAD 5.

Westbrook	6
Cross	7
Jull	6
Fick	7
Stroud	7

SQUAD 6 *

Elliott	4
Wells	3
Stenton	5
Van Dyke	8
Dubois	7
Nilson	8
Atkinson	9

The prizes were awarded as follows:— Griffith, first prize, \$75; Mummery, second, \$40; Atkinson, third, \$20; Hobbs, Nelson and Van Dyke divided fourth, fifth and sixth, \$5 each.

At the conclusion of the shooting by the sixth squad the second match was gone on with, the prizes being:—1st \$100, 2nd \$60, 3rd \$40, 4th \$25, 5th \$15, 6th \$10.

SECOND MATCH, NOV. 30th.

Stroud	8
Glen	8
W. Mummery	8
B. Drake	7
Jones	6
Van Dyke	7
Fick	8
McElroy	9
G. Stenton	7
Spencer	8
Grundy	5
Middleditch	9
H. Miller	7
Atkinson	8
Cross	9
Nelson	9
Morrison	8
Rennardson	8
R. Crawford	6
Cousins	9
Gillman	9
Dubois	8

THIRD DAY DEC. 1st.

The ties in the second match were shot off this afternoon, five birds being allowed at 25 yards rise. Mr. James Glen, jr., killed all his birds, and captured the first prize of \$100; Mr. Middleditch, of Stratford, killed four, and received \$60; Mr. E. H. Gilman, of Detroit, and Mr. Nelson, killed three birds and took third and fourth prizes of \$40 and \$25 respectively; Mr. McElroy and Mr. Cook Cousins, of Windsor, killed two birds each and accepted the fifth and sixth prizes of \$15 and \$10. The sweepstake of \$20 entrance, 20 birds each from ground traps, the money to be divided as agreed upon, was taken part in by eleven competitors, the stakes being \$220. Mr. F. Morrison, of Hamilton, secured the first prize of \$60. The handsome vest given by Mr. James Glen, sr., to the sportsman who made the best average shooting during the tournament was taken by Mr. Atkinson, of Chatham.

A MATCH AT ST. CATHERINES.

A pigeon pop took place at St. Catharines on the 30th ult., between Messrs. Boulton and Bishop, of Niagara, on one side, and Messrs. Rogers and Woodruff of St. Catharines on the other; 12 birds each, \$100 a side. It proved very close and exciting, resulting in favor of the Saints by one bird.

ST. CATHERINES.

Rogers	111011110111—10
Woodruff	010111101100—7

7 birds each.

IRA PAINE GOES TO ENGLAND.

Mr. Ira A. Paine, long and favorably known as one of the most accomplished "shots" the world has ever seen took his departure for Europe on Saturday, December 2. Mr. Paine goes over under engagement to the Liverpool and London managers with his now celebrated set of Parlor Pigeon Shooting, having succeeded in making a beautiful and highly sensational entertainment by literally reducing the "sport" within the confines of a theatrical stage. Mr. Paine will, if his London engagement permits, visit Monaco and try conclusions with any of the gentlemen desirous of lowering his colors. He will probably remain until spring, and on his return has a commission, from a well-known private gentleman of New York, to bring a two-year old Rosierucian colt, recently bought at private sale at a very long price.

Athletic.

A CHALLENGE TO PROF. MILLER.

CHATHAM, Ont., Dec. 2, 1876.

To the Editor of Sporting Times:

SIR,—Having read Prof. Miller's series of challenges in your last week's paper, I will accept one part of them, viz: the Dumb Bell elevating. I will hold him or any other man in Canada a dumb bell from fifteen to twenty-five pounds weight, for from \$600 to \$1,000, at any point within two weeks from his acceptance. A forfeit and articles to SPORTING TIMES Office will meet with my prompt attention. Let me hear from you.

Yours,
SOL. E. MERRILL.

MILLER AND BAUER AT MONTREAL.

The a journed wrestling match between Bauer and Miller came off on the evening of the 30th ult. in the Theatre Royal. Both men were in good condition, and there was a very large audience.

Mr. Baysiere, the boxer, acted as referee. The men took hold of each other shortly after eight o'clock, and it was easily seen that the prolonged contest last Saturday evening had given each a high opinion of his opponent's skill. Bauer depended on sudden whirls and in getting Miller into a crotch; Miller on lifting Bauer and endeavoring to fling him.

In 18 min. 22 sec. Bauer got Miller down and while the latter was trying to make a bridge, Bauer took the left hand neck-hold and rolled him over squarely on his shoulders amid frantic applause from the French Canadians.

In the second fall both men were warily on the offensive. Miller being thrown on his hands and knees, was being hoisted over by Bauer, when he suddenly sprung back on Bauer, and with his whole weight on the surprised Frenchman's head and breast pressed his shoulders to the floor; time, 10 minutes.

Bauer claimed a foul, but the referee declared that Miller had the fall, and was accordingly his d by the Frenchmen.

Fall three, the final one, was prettily contested for seven minutes only, when Miller gave an exhibition of his tremendous strength by literally throwing Bauer over his shoulder, and before he struck the ground turning on him and holding him to the floor.

of New York Saturday night the party were joined at Stony Ford by Messrs. David Bonner and Charles H. Kerner. The magnificent display of high-bred stock at Stony Ford was quite thoroughly looked over during Saturday and Sunday, and the comments and criticisms of Governor Stanford proved him to be an accomplished judge of horse-flesh; but it was not until Monday morning that any purchases were made. He then took a last look at the beauties, noted the price of twelve of them, returned to the house, and after inquiring the price of the stallion Electioneer, which he added to the total of the twelve he had before jotted down, quietly said, "I will take the lot." The sum paid for the thirteen head was \$41,200, and yet the consummation of the transaction did not occupy more than a few minutes. There was no talk of reduction in price, the purchaser recognized the rates as reasonable for such stock. Mr. Backman subsequently made Governor Stanford a present of three finely-bred yearling fillies.

This large sale cannot fail to have a most beneficial effect upon the breeding interest in this section. It shows that the intelligent breeder, who confines himself to the best strains of blood, though he may have to wait long for his reward, will find his efforts appreciated at last. Such a purchase will stimulate others to buy, giving them confidence, and will tend to keep prices up to living rates. Not less, perhaps even more, will the Pacific Coast feel the good effects of the transaction, as all the stock bought will be used there exclusively for breeding purposes, and it will be decidedly the most important importation of the kind ever made to that country. Our filly, Elaine, will be left in Mr. Backman's hands until after she has completed an engagement in a three-year-old stakes, next fall; all the others will be shipped to San Francisco next week. In making his selections, Gov. Stanford chose several which Mr. Backman would have preferred not to sell, as their breeding can, probably, not be repeated; but in view of the magnitude of the transaction he consented to part with them. These were the progeny of old mares, who may never again drop a foal; such as Lucetta and Mariette, dam Mattie's dam; Blooming, out of R. Form's dam; Elaine, full sister to Prospero; and American, by Rysdyk's Hambletonian, dam by American Star, granddam by Abdallah, the very consummation of breeding in the Hambletonian line. Their owner would have parted with such animals under no other circumstances, and only did so, as it was, because he was fortunate enough, in each case, to have another representative of the same blood. But the California statesman skimmed the cream from the young stock at Stony Ford. The compliment which he thus paid to the descendants of the old "Hero of Chester," every one of his purchases being a Hambletonian, on one, and generally on both sides, cannot be over estimated, and the impetus given by the transaction will long be felt. We append a list of the stock bought, with prices:

- No. 1. Electioneer, bay stallion, eight years old, by Rysdyk's Hambletonian, dam Green Mountain Maid (the dam of Prospero) she by Harry Clay.... \$12,500
- No. 2. Lucetta, bay mare, six years old (full sister to Mattie) by Rysdyk's Hambletonian, dam Lucy Almack, by Young Engineer..... 5,000
- No. 3. Clarabel, bay mare, four years old, by Abdallah Star, dam Fairy (full sister to Mott's Independent), by Rysdyk's Hambletonian, dam by American Star..... 1,500
- No. 4. Blooming, bay mare, five years old (full sister to Reform), by Messenger Duros, dam Lady Cardinal, by Harry Clay..... 1,000
- No. 5. Mariette, black mare, two years old, by Messenger Duros, dam Lucy Almack (the dam of Mattie) by Young Engineer. Unbroken..... 6,000

World, who has recently visited the best at Stud Farm, writes as follows:—
"We cannot leave the stallions without a kind word for the old hero, whose grave we stood beside to-day. He is buried at the entrance to the track, with his head towards it, and looking westward. Mr. Arkers was going to erect a suitable monument, but a number of citizens, admirers of the old horse and friends of his owner, insist on being allowed the honor of contributing that token of love and friendship. Of all the horses that have contributed to make the American trotter famous all over the world, none have done more than Ethan Allen, both as a sire and a trotter, and none have been half so much abused. Poisoned three different times by his owners, to keep him from winning races they had made for him to win, but finding it more profitable afterward to have him lose, and knowing his honesty and gameness, could trust nothing but poison to win their money. But I am happy to say that Ethan Allen's last days were spent in peace and plenty. His wishes were gratified in every way possible; whether he fancied a run on the lawn or a romp in the orchard, it was all right, as every wish possible was granted, and he was very prompt in making them known, by going to the gates and calling for some one to come and open them."

Amusements.

CITY.

The Beauclerc Sisters commenced their second engagement at the Grand Opera House on Monday evening, in the burlesque of K. Milworth, Miss Jennie appearing as the Earl of Leicester, and Miss Julia as Tresilian. The burlesque has been well mounted, the dialogue is sparkling and full of puns, local and otherwise, and the piece is freely larded with songs, duets, dances, &c. The stars show to even better advantage than they did in Ixiou, while the support is decidedly good. Mr. Hudson's Queen Elizabeth is an unctious piece of grotesque acting, and his reception in the various songs and dances allotted to the part of "ye virgin queen" has rivalled that of the principals. The balance of the cast is effective, and calls for no special remark. To-night the talented sisters take their benefit. On Monday evening Prof. Baldwin and wife, spiritualistic artists, give their masterly exposé of spiritualism.

Mr. Geo. O. Boniface opened at the Royal Opera House on Monday evening, in the 5-act play entitled The American's Gold, written by Mr. A. Pitou, lately a member of the Grand Opera House company here. Mr. Boniface is an actor of the heavy order, but in Eugene Vermond, the artist, had a character well suited to his abilities. The play itself is of the sensational order of the French school, and demands no remarks on its literary ability. He was ably supported by Miss Sophie Miles as Summer Rose, and Messrs. Halford and Smith as Pajul and Lafort respectively. Miss Wakeman made a pretty Sophie, and Mr. Ketchum an extravagant Baudrier. The piece passed off very well, the habitues of the upper story being in costume over the more prominent incidents. To-night Mr. Boniface takes his benefit, when we expect to see a good house. The spectacle of Monte Christo, or Sindbad the Sailor, is underlined.

The friends of Mrs. Morrison have it in contemplation to tender her a grand complimentary benefit, to take place in a few days. Mr. Tom Allen, the pugilist, assisted by a

night show at St. Catharines on the 30th ult. The Meier Family of Full Rogers, Vasa, &c., were at Harris on Dec. 3th. Harry Ludley and his Ethio Opera Company, with Mrs. Maria Robinson as the stellar attraction, gave an evening's entertainment at the Town Hall, Barrie, on Monday last.

Broughborough returned to London on Wednesday of last week, and at Sussexville on Thursday. He was very well received at both places.

Frank McEvoy's Hibernian Troupe appeared at Palmer Hall, Brantford, on the 1st inst.

Mlle Inez Fernandez, the colored prima donna, gave an entertainment at McEwen's Hall, Pt. St. Charles, on Wednesday of last week. Her future engagements are Old Fellows' Hall, Point Edward, Dec. 11, benefit of I. O. O. F.; Port Haron, Mich., Dec. 12, under auspices of St. Patrick's Benevolent Society.

Ana Gray and company, under the management of W. H. Bront, are giving dramatic representations in the eastern towns of Ontario.

An amateur dramatic performance will be given by the members of St. Jude's Church Choir, Brantford, at Palmer's Hall, on Dec. 18. The bill consists of tableaux, singing and the burletta of Don Giovanni.

A complimentary concert has been tendered to Mr. Thomas H. Taylor, the well known buffo singer of Guelph, to take place at the Town Hall there on the 15th inst. Mr. Taylor has many claims on the people of Guelph, and it is quite easy to imagine the benefit will be a substantial one.

See Advertisement of War Hulet for Sale, on Seventh Page.

268-11.

HARD TO BEAT



CIGAR.

Heyneman

and

Harris

Manufacturers, Montreal

Poetry.

A HUNTING SCENE.

In yonder field of late sown grain,
An eager sportsman seeks his prey;
A dashing setter o'er the plain
Cutting trends his winding way.

Swift, bold and dashing is his pace,
As o'er the field he ranges wide,
And in his hot impetuous race,
Snuffs in the breeze on every side.

Mark how he holds his head on high
To try if on the tainted gale
The well known scent comes wafting by
Of grouse, of woodcock, or of quail.

Yes! now his quickened pace proclaims
The nesting bevy somewhere near;
And now his fire the sportsman tames—
"Steady, my lad!" breaks on the ear.

With slackened, yet with eager speed,
He turns, returns, and turns again;
The hunter's cry of "Heed! take heed!"
Comes wafting o'er the verdant plain.

Now fixed and glaring is his eye:
More careful is his tread, and slow;
And now is heard the ringing cry,
"To-ho! good dog! to-ho! to-ho!"

He stands! and firm and staunch, and stiff,
Gazes, statue-like, upon his prey,
With every muscle fixed—as if
Some spell had turned him into clay.

Now springs the bevy. O'er the plain
The quick, successive shots resound;
And, like the crippled and the slain,
The dog low crouches on the ground.

Fresh cartridges are in once more,
"Hold up, my lad! Careful! Seek dead!"
And now the steady dog moves o'er
The field with slow and dainty tread.

As conscious as the hunter where
The whirring whistlers breathless fell,
With lofty pace and head in air,
He slowly nears yon leafy dell.

And now he draws. "To-ho!" He stands!
"He, fetch, my lad," and, with a bound
Obeys his master's glad commands,
And lifts the trophy from the ground.

And oh! how proudly does he bear
And lay it at his master's feet.
With this no pleasure can compare—
Their happiness is all complete.

And as the other birds are brought,
All words their joy can vainly tell,
For each has gained the end he sought,
And each his part has acted well.

Miscellaneous

There is a Scotch woman in the Home of Industry, Elgin County, 100 years of age.

Over 8,000 black squirrels have been killed near Rodney by sportsmen during the past few months.

There has been an unusual quantity of salmon taken in the rivers St. Anne and Jacques Cartier during the present year.

RATTLESNARE SHOES.—Mr. Robert Sanders of Atlanta, recently exhibited in Atlanta, Ga., a pair of shoes made of a rattlesnake's skin. The skin was neatly tanned with a soft smooth surface, and much thicker than a reptile's skin would be supposed to be.

Mrs. Dancan McKraher, a well-known resident of Puskech for the past seventeen years, died suddenly on Friday last. She was an extraordinary heavy woman, her weight being about 400 lbs., when last weighed.

While a man was waiting lately for a train at the Whalley (England) station, his terrier dog ran on the track after a rat. The train coming suddenly along, the dog at once lay down close to the ground, the cars passed harmlessly over him, and he walked off as though nothing had happened.

The Gannoch Reporter says:—"A party of hunters left this place on Thursday for Sharbot lake and other places north, where they anticipate great sport in deer hunting. The Rev. D.puty Reeve, and Village Treasurer were among the number; and how the village will get along in the meantime 'the d or knows.'"

The fish question is a troublesome one in the Village of Grafton. The Grafton Sentinel's correspondent utters:—"Our magistrates were engaged on Saturday last, Nov. 18, with a few more fish cases. This time one of the gentlemen figured before the tribunal. He cost the damsel seven dollars to presso

On one occasion four men, Chaffee, Shaffenberg, Brown, and McCook, sat down for a quiet game of 'draw' in one of Ed. Pierce's rooms, on Larrimer street. They counted need playing at \$5 ante, and \$500 and \$1,000 raises were not uncommon. The game progressed along very quietly, and with no one very badly crippled until midnight, when McCook went \$50 blind on Chaffee's deal, and in a jocular tone of voice he bantered Shaffenberg to straddle it. The latter did so, and in a d also secured a pair of tens, while McCook captured three sevens. Brown and Chaffee passed out, while McCook made his blind good, saw Shaffenberg, and went him \$500 better. Two marshals of the then Territory was not to be snubbed in this manner. He thought he detected a big game of bluff in McCook's eye, and he not only stood the raise, but nearly knocked the breath out of his antagonist's body when he exclaimed in a calm, even tone of voice: "I see the pile and go you \$5,000 better."

There was a period of dead silence. Both men regarded each other with interest, but there was not a tremor, and after moving his money into the pool, Shaffenberg laid his cards down on the table, and, taking out his knife proceeded deliberately to pare his nails.

As for McCook, he pondered and studied. Three sevens in his hand before the draw, and yet here he had been raised clear out of his boots to the tune of \$5,000. He didn't understand it; there was a mystery, and yet his judgment and good sense told him not to lay down. He looked at the marshal and the marshal looked at him, and then the governor brought his fist down on the table with a rousing oath.

"I'll stand the raise, anyhow. Here's my check for \$5,000. Deal the cards."

McCook drew two cards and captured a pair of five-spots, while Shaffenberg was fortunate enough to secure the other ten and a pair of deuces. Each man had what Prof. Schenck would call a 'pretty little full,' and considering the amount of money in the pool each man was disposed to gamble his last dollar on the strength of his hand. They varied and kept raising until each had put up all of his available wealth, until there could not have been less than \$25,000 in the pot, and then Shaffenberg proposed to put up his Villa park property, worth at least \$80,000, against the First National Bank building, owned by McCook, and let the best hand take the pile. The proposition was accepted, and Shaffenberg won, of course, but he lost it all in a few nights after in a single-handed contest with Sam. Browne, and was never able to recover it. The game was regarded as the biggest one ever played in Denver, and for months afterward was the sensation in sporting circles.

THE DEAD SEA OF AMERICA.

There are no fish in the Great Salt Lake. The only living thing beneath its waters is a worm about a quarter of an inch long. This worm shows up beautifully under the lens of a microscope. When a storm arises the worms are driven ashore by thousands, and devoured by the black gulls. We found a pure stream pouring into the lake. It was filled with chubs and shiners. The fish became frightened, and were driven down the brook into the briny lake. The instant they touched its waters they came to the surface belly upwards and died without a gasp. The water is remarkably buoyant. Eggs and potatoes float upon it like corks. Mr. Hood and myself stripped and went in swimming. I dived into the lake from a long pier, which had been built for the use of a small steamboat that formerly plied upon the waters. The sensation was novel. The water was so salty that my eyes and ears began to smart, but so buoyant that I found no difficulty in floating even when the air was exhausted in my lungs. As I struck out for the beach I felt as a feather. In spite of all that I could do, my head would fly out of the water. The lightness of the water and surging of the waves forced my feet from under me. A person who could not swim might be easily drowned in five feet of water. His head would go down like a lump of lead, while his feet would fly up like a pair of ducks. The water is as clear as Seneca Lake—so clear that the bottom could be seen at the depth of twenty feet. When he reached the shore and crawled out upon the sand in the light of the sun our bodies were quickly coated with salt. We are compelled to go to the little stream from which he had driven the chubs and shiners, and wash off in fresh water before we put on our clothes. Our hair was filled with grains of salt which could not be washed out. The Mormons occasionally visit the lake in droves for the purpose of bathing. Many of them say their health is improved by leaving the salt upon their bodies and dressing without washing them.



MANSION HOUSE

CORNER KING AND YORK STREETS,
TORONTO, - ONT

William Kelly, Proprietor.

This Hotel is situated in the central portion of the city, convenient to the wholesale establishments and public buildings, and for tourists and commercial travellers is a most eligible situation. The house has been thoroughly re-organized and re-furnished throughout, and is fitted up in the most comfortable and fashionable style, equal to any first-class house in the Dominion. The bedrooms and drawing-rooms are large and airy, and the best sanitary regulations are observed.

The large and convenient sample rooms, for the accommodation of Commercial Travellers, are commodious, and conveniently located on the first floor.

Omnibuses and Carriages always ready for the accommodation of guests arriving by all the trains and steamboats, and also to convey them to the depots and wharves on leaving.

Telephone Office in connection with this House
TERMS, \$1 50 PER DAY.
Toronto, April 16, 1875. 190ty

Bonney's Hotel,

Only 8 minutes walk to Post Office and R.R. Depots.

GEO. WARNER, Proprietor.

Cor. of Washington and Carroll Streets,

BUFFALO, N. Y.

TERMS MODERATE. Come and try me.

DEADY HOUSE,

COR. YORK AND BOLTON STS.,

Near King-St., Toronto.

M. DEADY, PROPRIETOR.

Having leased the above new premises for a term of years, I shall at all times be happy to see my friends and the public in general. The bar and table surpassed by none.

219-ty

Daniels' Hotel,

Prescott, Canada.

The only first-class House. Large parlours and sample rooms. Omnibusses meet all trains and steamers.

L. H. DANIELS, Proprietor.

187-ty.

THE GRAND SALOON

7 ADELAIDE STREET WEST.

MRS. MORRISON'S GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

231-ty.

COLLINS' North American

Hanmer House,

E. V. HANMER, PROPRIETOR,

BELL EWART, ONT.

This is one of the finest houses in the north-west section, and commends itself to tourists. Splendid fishing and shooting. Yachts, boats, skiffs, &c., for use of guests.
TERMS—\$1.00 per day. 247-nm

THE PACIFIC

Saloon & Billiard Parlor

No. 8 RICHMOND ST. EAST,

Mike Halloran, Proprietor.

217-ly

SHAKESPEARE HOTEL,

CORNER OF KING AND YORK STREETS,

TORONTO, ONTARIO.

3 Bath Rooms in connection.

237-ty

JAMES POWELL, Proprietor.

THE

Renforth House,

268 YONGE STREET,

George Briggs - Propr.

Wines, Liquors and Cigars of the choicest brands always in stock.

FARO TOOLS!

REDUCED PRICE LIST.

We call attention to our new price list, we quote

Faro Checks, in sets of 600.....	\$25
" Dealing Box, plated.....	15
" Layout, on folding board.....	15
Case Keeper, wood markers.....	5
Check Tray.....	8
Card Press, with screw.....	8

will furnish the above with six packs of Cards,

COMPLETE SET OF TOOLS FOR \$65.

A deposit of \$5 with order, balance "O. O. D.

MASON & CO., 84 Dearborn Street, CHICAGO.

Send for our Complete Price List.

206-em

MACNAB & MARSH,

LATE JOHN MACNAB & CO.,

Hardware Merchants,

5 FRONT STREET EAST.

Greener Guns;

Victorious at the great "Field" trial held at Wimbledon last April.

154 GUNS ENTERED.

GREENER'S figure of merit, 297-5

DAVISON'S	"	286-6
PAPE	"	275-7

GREENER TOOK 1st PRIZE & CUP

These Guns make the best shots, and have the greatest penetration of any in the world. We are also agents for, and have in stock, the celebrated

CHILLED SHO,

Which was used by all the winners at the Field trial, and more than three-fourths of the competitors

This is the most perfect shot made, and being VERY HARD, is more effective at sixty yards

THE Gentleman's Journal

—AND—

Sporting Times,

THE ONLY

SPORTING PAPER,

IN THE DOMINION.

PUBLISHED

EVERY FRIDAY.

—OFFICE—

90 KING STREET, WEST

TORONTO, ONT.

The only Journal in the Dominion devoted exclusively to all legitimate Sports. A Weekly Review and Chronicle of the

TURF, FIELD, AND AQUATIC SPORTS,

ART, BILLIARDS, VETERINARY,

SHOOTING, TRAPPING, FISHING,

ATHLETIC PASTIMES, NATURAL HISTORY

MUSIC, AND THE DRAMA.

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—YEARLY IN ADVANCE—

FOUR DOLLARS.

ADVERTISING RATES:

Per line, first insertion, 10 Cents

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One inch space equivalent to twelve lines

A MAGNIFICENT PRESENT!

The proprietors of the SPORTING TIMES have much pleasure in announcing to their patrons that they have made arrangements to present a magnificent horse picture to their advance paying subscribers for the year 1876-7. Realizing the importance of this undertaking, and being determined to offer our subscribers a picture that should in itself be worthy of the paper it represents, and which should be treasured as a work of art; after calling over the finest productions of the American press, we selected the beautiful chromo of GOLDSMITH MAID, printed in nine colors and innumerable shades, size 18 1/2 by 24 inches, believing, as our friends will when they see it, that it is the finest horse picture ever published in America. It is not to be confounded with the miserable pictures hawked around the country by some journals, but is really a work of high art and intrinsically of more value than we receive for our yearly subscription. She is represented standing in a box, stall, stripped, and in this position the picture, from which the chromo is reproduced, was painted by one of the first artists in the profession in America. When varnished and mounted it is impossible to distinguish between the chromo and a very fine oil-painting. It is a work of art worthy of a place in the finest collections in the country, and what adds to its value, it is the only correct likeness of GOLDSMITH MAID ever published. As a memento of the most remarkable trotting equine in the world, shortly to be relegated from the turf, it will be treasured by every horseman in the country, more especially by those who have seen the little mare in any of her races. This picture was sold by subscription only a few months ago for \$5 a piece, and copies of it were in great demand. We expect in this liberal gift to more than double our subscription list in the next three months, and if our friends who receive the picture will only show it to their acquaintances and inform them how they may get a copy, we are sure our anticipations will be realized. The picture

Their happiness is all complete.

And so the other birds are brought,
And words their joy can vainly tell,
For each has gained the end he sought,
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LIFE IN THE WEST.

M. A. Shaflenburg, of Denver, the former marshal of Colorado, arrested on the charge of swindling the United States out of a good big lot of money when in the discharge of his official duties, and subsequent trial, arrest of judgment, incarceration and release on bail is still fresh to the majority of Western readers. Half two years ago writes a correspondent, his elegant mansion was thronged with the wit, beauty and fashion of the metropolis. He was one of the leading spirits in all public enterprises, and was one of the most trusted. The office in which he transacted the humble duties of United States marshal was laid with Brussels carpet, rare pictures from the old masters adorned the walls, paintings filled the room; sumptuous and expensive, and wrote returnable were dashed off on gilt-edged note paper. All of his domestic appointments were on a scale of the grand and magnificent.

When Mrs. Shaflenburg took an airing, she sat in a carriage which cost its thousands, with outriders before and behind, and an Ethiopian, as solemn and grim as Poe's raven, on the box; and when she walked the street her outfit was so stunning that all the world stopped to see.

but he lost it all in a few nights after in a single-handed contest with Sam. Browne, and was never able to recover it. The game was regarded as the biggest one ever played in Denver, and for months afterwards was the sensation in sporting circles.

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Horse Notes.

BROTHER TO GENERAL BENTON.—Mr. John D. Gillett, of Adams, N. Y., on last Saturday shipped to Mr. Charles Robinson, Fishkill Plains, a young stallion known as Henry Ward Beecher, by General Scott, Jam by Rich's Hamblonian, and also a full brother to the stallion General Benton, of whom so much fast private time has been recently mentioned.

BLACK BASHAW.—Charles M. Sharpless, Philadelphia, has bought of J. M. French, Detroit, the stallion Black Bashaw, the sire of John H., 2:28, and of Cozette, 2:10. He is by Bay Bashaw, son of Saladin, dam a mare by Andrew Jackson. Black Bashaw is 16.1, stout and handsome, with long neck and very fine head and ears; his record is 2:38. He is a level trotter, very toppy, of great courage, but good tempered.

The Doble confederacy, now on route for the Pacific Coast, is the strongest ever collected together, viz: Goldsmith Maid, 3:14; Budino, 2:19; Rara, 2:20; Thoradale, 2:22; Sam Purdy, 2:20; Clementine, 2:21; and Abe Edginton, 2:26. The first four are direct descendants of Abdallah; Sam Purdy represents the Clay clan, while Abe Edginton and Clementine look after the interests of the Morgan family.

TERMS MODERATE. Come and try mo.

DEADY HOUSE,

COR. YORK AND BOLTON STS.,

Near King-St., Toronto.

M. DEADY, PROPRIETOR.

Having leased the above now premises for a term of years, I shall at all times be happy to see my friends and the public in general. The bar and table surpassed by none.

319-ty

Daniels' Hotel,

Prescott, Canada.

The only first-class House. Large parlours and sample rooms. Omnibuses meet all trains and steamers.

L. H. DANIELS,
187-ty. Proprietor.

THE

'GRAND' SALOON

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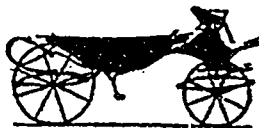
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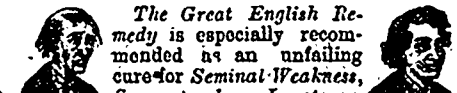
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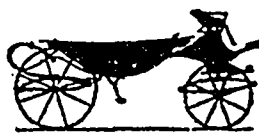
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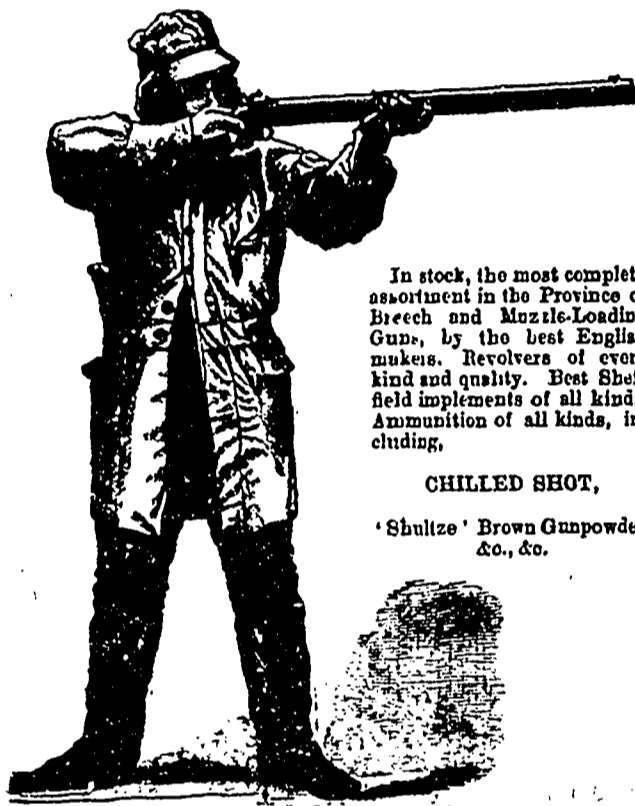
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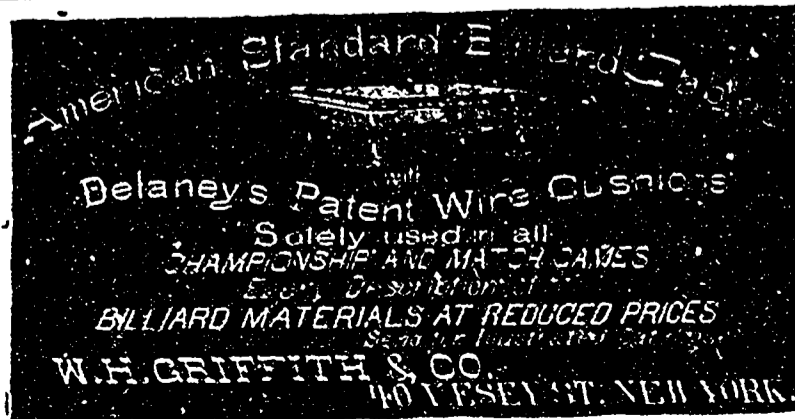
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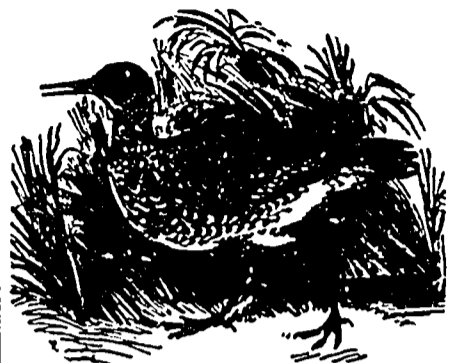


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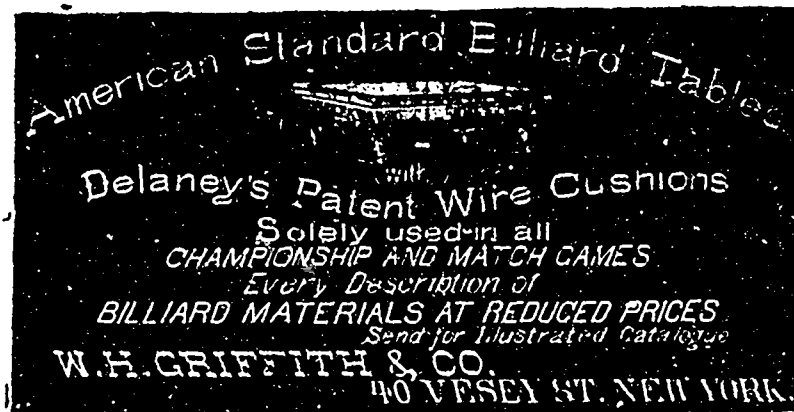
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