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VOL. VII.

TORONTO, ONT., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1878.

NO. 379

### American Turf.

#### RACING AT PHILADELPHIA, PA.

BELMONT PARK, Nov 14.—Purse \$150; \$100 to first, \$50 to second; one mile.  
 Brown's ch f Florence Payne, 3 yrs, by Morneystone, dam Florence I, 92 lbs ..... 1  
 Bevins' ch f Hattie F, 5 yrs, 111 lbs ..... 2  
 Smith's ch f, 3 yrs, 92 lbs ..... 3  
 Montezuma, W I Higgins, Fusilade, Guy, and Edwin A ran unplaced.  
 Time—1:45.  
 Same Day—Purse \$200; \$150 to first, \$50 to second; mile and a half.  
 Brown's ch f Gov Neptune, 3 yrs, by Brown Dick, dam Electra, 95 lbs ..... 1  
 Smith's b h Dick Dick Sasser, 4 yrs, 100 lbs ..... 2  
 Graham's b h Shylock, aged, 118 lbs ..... 3  
 Ventilator, St James, and Manton ran unplaced.  
 Time—2:43.  
 Same Day—Purse \$200; \$150 to first, \$50 to second; mile heats.  
 Graham's b h W I Higgins, 4 yrs, by Mac Malloy, dam Yellow Bird, 103 lbs ..... 5 1 1  
 Brown's ch f Florence Payne, 3 yrs, by Rodegop's b g Edwin A, 4 yrs, 111 lbs ..... 3 3 ro  
 Smith's ch f, 3 yrs, 92 lbs ..... 7 4 ro  
 Bevins' ch f Hattie F, 5 yrs, 111 lbs ..... 2 5 ro  
 Kennedy's b m Carrie Mack, 6 yrs, 115 lbs ..... 6 7 ro  
 McCarthy's ch s Helmsman, 3 yrs, 95 lbs ..... 6 7 ro  
 Bear's ch g King Bee, 4 yrs 114 lbs .. dis  
 McCrystal's ch g Joe, 6 yrs 115 ..... dis  
 Time—1:45, 1:47, 1:50.  
 Same Day—Purse \$200, steeplechase; \$200 to first, \$50 to second; two miles and a half.  
 Taylor's ch g Lord Zetland, 6 yrs, by Lexington ..... 1  
 Deane's b g Patriot, 5 yrs, 151 lbs ..... 2  
 Co's b g Deadhead, aged, 155 ..... 3  
 Did not go to the course.  
 Time—4:49.  
 Nov 15.—Purse \$150, for all ages, of which \$50 to second; mile and a quarter.  
 Graham's b h Shylock, aged, by Lexington, dam Edith, 118 ..... 1  
 Brown's b g Patriot, 5 yrs, 111 lbs ..... 2  
 Bevins' ch f Hattie F, 5 yrs, 111 lbs ..... 3  
 Florence Payne, Carrie Mack, Helmsman, and St James, ran unplaced.  
 Time—2:16.  
 Same Day—Purse \$300, for all ages, of which \$50 to second; two mile heats.  
 Brown's ch f Gov Neptune, 3 yrs, by Brown Dick, dam Electra, 95 lbs ..... 1 1  
 Brown's b g Deadhead, aged, 115 lbs ..... 3 2  
 Smith's b h Dick Sasser, 4 yrs, 108 lbs ..... 2 3  
 Graham's b h W I Higgins, 4 yrs, 103 lbs ..... 5 4  
 McCarthy's ch h Ventilator, aged, 115 lbs ..... 4 5  
 Rodegop's b g Edwin A, 4 yrs, 111 lbs ..... dis  
 Time—3:41, 3:38.

### Veterinary.

#### ONTARIO VETERINARY COLLEGE.

The usual weekly meeting of the above Society was held on Thursday evening of last week, in the lecture room of the College. Prof. A. Smith in the chair. Minutes of last meeting read and approved. Three new members admitted. Mr. J. E. Gemmel, of Toronto, read an essay on Hernia, which was followed by a short debate, at the conclusion of which Mr. R. White, of Whitby, read an interesting communication on a case of Laminitis; this was also followed by an exciting discussion. After a short lecture from the chairman on both diseases the programme for next evening, which is to consist of an essay from Mr. C. Matthews, of Brougham, on Castration; and a communication from Mr. Cleaver, of Allentown, Penn., on a case of Putrid Fever, was arranged and the meeting adjourned.

#### MONTREAL VETERINARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION.

The Montreal Veterinary Medical Association held its usual fortnightly meeting in the Lecture Room of the College on Thursday evening of last week, the President, Prof. McEachran, in the chair, with a full attendance of members.

A letter was read from the Canada Central Veterinary Medical Association, thanking the Association for sympathies extended on the loss of their late Secretary, Mr. H. T. Murcott.

Mr. Lemay described two cases of corns which came under his notice last summer. He minutely described their nature and cause, saying that he believed in the majority of cases bad shoeing was the chief cause of corns, which, if neglected, might lead to very serious results as well as cause intense pain to the animal, and any horse-owner who best consulted his own interests and the feelings of the poor animal, would lose no time in having them properly attended to.

Mr. Baker next read his paper on contagious pleuro-pneumonia, in cattle, or as the disease is sometimes called lung plague or pulmonary murrain. He treated the subject in a very thorough and exhaustive manner, describing its causes, nature, symptoms, pathology and treatment.

Prof. McEachran said, Canada had as yet been free from contagious pleuro-pneumonia, but watchfulness was needed to prevent its introduction. As regards the spontaneous origin, of course it had at one time originated spontaneously, and might again under favorable circumstances.

The Vice-President, Dr. Osler, exhibited an immense tumor sent from Milwaukee by Mr. W. M. Armond, to the museum of the college, taken from the abdomen of a horse.

The Secretary read a letter from Mr. F. W. McLellan, V. S., Bridgeport, Conn., describing a case of intestinal calculi that had occurred in

show that—amongst the very numerous changes which domestication necessarily produces in the manner of dealing with the animal—clipping is a practice which suggests itself to the watchful horseowner, as one eminently calculated to contribute not only to the horse's comfort, but to its general health and power of endurance. It is quite true that the horse, as winter advances, is more abundantly supplied with hair, for the purpose of keeping him warm. This is a wise provision for the animal living in a state of nature; having to contend with cold, storms, rain, and snow, with only such shelter as may be offered by a tree or some friendly wall or hedge. He uses but little exertion, and therefore seldom takes voluntarily sufficient exercise to raise the temperature of his body sufficiently high to cause any considerable amount of perspiration, and when exercise is thus indulged in, the animal has an opportunity of exposing himself to the influence of the sun, and thus accelerate the process of drying by evaporation. This, however, cannot be done in the case of the animal confined within the walls of his stable, as all our stables have not a sou hern aspect, and even if they had, we are not sure we could at all times utilize the solar rays for the purpose mentioned. The horse has by nature a new coat given him twice a year; the winter clothing (hair) is cast off about the same time we exchange cotton for flannel under-clothing, i. e., in April or May, and again when we don our warm clothes in November, the horse is by no means behind, so far as following our example in this respect is concerned, for he also gets his heavy winter garments about this time. But comparison here ceases altogether, for when we are over-heated, or briskly exercised, our heavy overcoats are thrown off, greatly to our benefit and comfort. The temperature is high, consequent upon the circulating fluid being driven through the arteries and veins with accelerated rapidity, but, by and bye, with the cessation of exercise, the temperature falls, and our temporarily discarded great coats are again called into requisition. We do for our horses in this respect exactly what we do for ourselves. It looks to us very much like an absurdity for any one to try and persuade us our heavy clothing should be worn under all circumstances, in the house and out, whether wet or dry. So far as regards our departure from what is understood as 'Nature' is concerned, we practice it quite as much when we clothe our own bodies as when we clip our horses, but both is found not only convenient but absolutely necessary. Clipping was not so much admired formerly as it is at present, for several reasons. The animal was not called upon for an exhibition of speed equal to what is now witnessed, or if he were called, he did not respond; and, besides, within a comparatively recent period, clipping was slow and expensive. Some years ago it took the greater part of two days for as many men to clip a horse, and these should be experts. Now, see how far in advance of such a state of things we are. By looking at the advertisements in The Spirit of the Times the reader will see a little less than a dozen dif-

ferent methods of clipping, but on clipping them it was soon put on again, showing the great advantage of the plan. A chronic cough almost always follows this state of constant sweat. Our daily experience, both among healthy and sick animals, compels us to state unhesitatingly that clipping is of incalculable benefit to the animal so treated, as well as to the owner. The former is healthier, more comfortable, and takes pleasure in work which would be burdensome exhausting and disagreeable, were he compelled to carry his long, thick shaggy coat, or a modification of the same without the clipper. Some few animals do not require attention in this matter, as their coats do not grow sufficiently long to need it, but on account of their paucity these do not enter into the calculation. The benefits derived by the owner are too well understood to need recapitulation here, amongst the most prominent, however, are money, speed, durability, and labor. Besides, he has the unqualified approval of his conscience, and that of all men who have given the subject sufficient attention to enable them to judge the matter intelligently. With respect to the after care of horses who have been clipped, we should say, immediately after the operation has been performed, the animal ought to be sponged over with alcohol, and warm blankets put on, no drafts allowed, and the stable kept warm, for the first few days the blankets should not be removed, then one only, and a lighter one made to take its place. These may be taken off after a week or so, then the warm blanket only, which is usually worn in the stable, kept on. When the animal is in harness, though at rest, in shed, etc., he should be invariably covered warmly, and never unclothed while standing. If those precautions are observed, there is little danger of the horse catching cold. At first the legs should be well hand-rubbed and bandaged, but if the animal's health is good, this need not be continued. The foregoing remarks are intended to apply to road and fast horses, as these are the kind which are generally clipped. We will, in a future number of The Spirit, give our views with reference to the advisability of clipping animals intended for slow heavy work only. We hope to prove conclusively that the animals also will be materially benefited by being clipped.—Spirit.

### Billiards.

#### SLOSSON SLAUGHTERS SCHAEFER.

Wednesday evening of last week these two noted experts played a match of 1,000 points up, for \$500, at Turner Hall, Chicago. It was a merry set-to, Slosson winning. At the close of the fourteenth inning the call stood, Slosson, 288; Schaefer, 90; the former having made a run of 189. In the fifteenth inning Slosson set up another run of 298. At the close of the twenty-eighth inning the call stood, Slosson, 792; Schaefer, 589. The

### Gun, Fin and Feather.

#### TOURNAMENT AT WOODSTOCK.

As will be seen by reference to our advertising columns, one of the largest pigeon shooting tournaments ever held in this country will take place at Woodstock on Dec. 10. The names of the managers are a guarantee that everything will be conducted in a first class manner, and that the conditions will be carried out to the letter. The team shot will, in all probability, be a success, while the \$1,000 purse is not to be sneered at the way times are low. It will be noticed Dominion Rules govern in all the contests. With the exception of the fourth purse, which is pro rata, all the prizes will be paid in full without any consideration as to the number of entries. The date for closing the entries is not indicated in the advertisement, so, for the present, it may be presumed that nominations will be received up to the time of shooting. \$10 pay the entrance fee, which makes the shooter eligible for each purse. It will surprise us greatly if the Woodstock shoot is not one of the successes of the year. Everything looks like it—the promoters are responsible gentlemen, the bill of fare exceedingly liberal, the conditions favorable, and the time well selected.

#### POPPING AT GUELPH.

On Friday last a match between two teams—from the townships of Guelph and Puslinch respectively—took place at Guelph. Mr. John Hower captained the Puslinchers, and Mr. Geo. Atkinson officiated in the same capacity for the Guelphites. Each man shot at eight birds, under the usual rules. The following is the score:—

PUSLINCH.		GUELPH.	
John Hower.....	4	G Atkinson.....	5
John Cook.....	6	J Lullio.....	4
Jos King.....	6	C Blythe.....	4
Jas Cook.....	4	W Mathews.....	6
	20		18

The victors were entertained at an excellent supper at Hower's Hotel, Guelph, the same evening.

#### SHOOTING AT KEMPTVILLE.

A shoot took place at Kemptville on the 23rd for a game supper between Messrs Bacon and Bottom on one side, and Messrs Jones and Hasserl on the other. All are

108 lbs. .... 2  
 Graham's b h Shylock, aged, 118 lbs. .... 3  
 Ventilator, St James, and Mautou ran un-  
 placed.  
 Time—2:43.  
 Same Day—Purse \$200; \$150 to first, \$50 to  
 second; mile heats.  
 Graham's b c W I Higgins, 4 yrs, by  
 Pat Malloy, dam Yellow Bird, 108 lbs. 5 1 1  
 Brown's ch f Florence Payne, 3 yrs,  
 Rodegav's b g Edwin A, 4 yrs, 111  
 lbs. .... 3 3 ro  
 Smith's ch f, 3 yrs, 92 lbs. .... 7 4 ro  
 Bavin's ch f Hattie F, 5 yrs, 111 lbs. 2 5 ro  
 Kennedy's b m Carrie Mack, 6 yrs,  
 115 lbs. .... 6 7 ro  
 McCarthy's ch s Helmsman, 3 yrs,  
 85 lbs. .... 6 7 ro  
 Bear's ch g King Bee, 4 yrs 114 lbs. .. dis  
 McCrystal's ch g Joe, 6 yrs 115. .... dis  
 Time—1:45½, 1:47, 1:50,  
 Same Day—Purse \$2.0, steeplechase; \$200 to  
 first; \$50 to second; two miles and a half.  
 Taylor's ch g Lord Zetland, 6 yrs, by Lex-  
 ington, .. 1  
 Bro's b g Patriot, 5 yrs, 151 lbs. .... 2  
 Green & Co's b g Deadhead, aged, 155. .... \*  
 \*Did not go to the course.  
 Time—4:49.  
 Nov 15—Purse \$160, for all ages, of which  
 \$50 to second; mile and a quarter.  
 Graham's b h Shylock, aged, by Lexington,  
 dam Edith, 118 .. 1  
 Bro's b g Patriot, 5 yrs, 111 lbs. .... 2  
 Bavin's ch f Hattie F, 5 yrs, 111 lbs. .... 3  
 Florence Payne, Carrie Mack, Helmsman,  
 W A, and St James, ran unplaced.  
 Time—2:169.  
 Same Day—Purse \$300, for all ages, of which  
 \$50 to second; two mile heats.  
 Brown's ch c Gov Neptune, 3 yrs, by  
 Brown Dick, dam Electra, 95 lbs. .... 1 1  
 Green Bro's b g Deadhead, aged, 115 lbs. .... 3 2  
 Smith's b h Dic. Sasser, 4 yrs, 108  
 lbs. .... 2 3  
 Graham's b c W I Higgins, 4 yrs, 108 lbs. 5 4  
 McCarthy's ch h Ventilator, aged, 115 lbs 4 5  
 Rodegav's b g Edwin A, 4 yrs, 111 lbs. .... dis  
 Time—3:41½, 3:38½.  
 Same Day—Purse \$200, foxhunter's steeple-  
 chase; \$150 to first, \$50 to second; two miles  
 and a half.  
 D Bray's gr s Waverly, aged. .... 1  
 Costigan's ch g Brave Ally, 6 yrs. .... \*2  
 Joe, and Tom Moore, did not go to the course.  
 Finished first.  
 Time—4:50.

**TROTTING IN OHIO.**

MASON, Ohio, Oct 22.—Purse \$200; 2:29  
 Lockwood's b m Bay Fannie.. 1 2 1 0 2 1  
 Caton's gr g Napoleon. .... 2 1 4 0 5 3  
 Hamilton's ch g Gen Lee. .... 5 3 3 0 1 5  
 Parrel's b g Bay Dick. .... 3 4 2 0 4 2  
 Brown's wh m Carrie K. .... 4 5 6 0 7 4  
 Kennedy's ch g Hunter. .... 10 9 9 0 8 7  
 Gentle's b s Broker. .... 9 6 5 0 3 dis  
 Bro's b g Tom Battery. .... 8 8 7 dr  
 Time—5:36, 2:35, 2:35, 0:00, 2:38, 2:36.  
 Oct 25—Purse \$300; free for all.  
 Grassman's b g Brother Jonathan.. 1 1 1  
 Tucker's gr g Gray Salem. .... 2 2 5  
 Kinzer's gr g Deception. .... 3 4 2  
 Gentle's gr g Hazor. .... 4 3 3  
 Kennedy's ch g Hunter. .... 5 5 4  
 Time—2:30, 2:30½, 2:31.

The Canadian Poultry Review tells the  
 following story, and says it occurred one  
 day, at Guelph, during the late central  
 exhibition: Then Mr. B— told of his  
 ducks. These were none of your ordinary  
 ducks—they had three legs each! When  
 swimming two feet did the propelling and  
 one aft did the steering. On dry land  
 feet were used at a time, and the third  
 leg, while walking. And when they stood  
 all three legs were utilized, making the  
 ducks look like an animated and diminutive  
 swan's tripod. "You see," he continued,  
 "I never had to invest in much real estate  
 these ducks—each one provided its own  
 shadow." "How was that?" from all sides.  
 "Why, everybody knows that three feet  
 make a yard, and three duck's feet make a  
 yard! And that man never smiled  
 in the shadow of a smile."

**MONTREAL VETERINARY MEDICAL ASSO-  
 CIATION.**

The Montreal Veterinary Medical Association  
 held its usual fortnightly meeting in the Lec-  
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 of last week, the President, Prof. McEachran, in  
 the chair, with a full attendance of members.  
 A letter was read from the Canada Central  
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 of their late Secretary, Mr. H. T. Murcott.  
 Mr. Lemaire described two cases of corns which  
 came under his notice last summer. He min-  
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 that he believed in the majority of cases bad  
 shoeing was the chief cause of corns, which, if  
 neglected, might lead to very serious results as  
 well as cause intense pain to the animal, and  
 any horse-owner who best consulted his own in-  
 terests and the feelings of the poor animal,  
 would lose no time in having them properly at-  
 tended to.  
 Mr. Baker next read his paper on contagious  
 pleuro-pneumonia, in cattle, or as the disease  
 is sometimes called lung plague or pulmonary  
 murrain. He treated the subject in a very  
 thorough and exhaustive manner, describing its  
 cause, nature, symptoms, pathology and treat-  
 ment.  
 Prof. McEachran said, Canada had as yet  
 been free from contagious pleuro-pneumonia,  
 but watchfulness was needed to prevent its in-  
 troduction. As regards the spontaneous origin,  
 of course it had at one time originated sponta-  
 neously, and might again under favorable circum-  
 stances.  
 The Vice-President, Dr. Osler, exhibited an  
 immense tumor sent from Milwaukee by Mr. W.  
 M. Armond, to the museum of the college, taken  
 from the abdomen of a horse.  
 The Secretary read a letter from Mr. F. W.  
 McLellan, V. S., Bridgeport, Conn., describing  
 a case of intestinal calculi that had occurred in  
 his practice. A photograph of the calculi was  
 exhibited. Both of these cases were of consid-  
 erable interest and their pathology was fully ex-  
 plained by Dr. Osler.

**CLIPPING HORSES.**

This subject is one which occasionally gives  
 gentlemen an opportunity to ventilate their  
 ideas, either for the purpose of throwing addition-  
 al light on the effect produced by the process, or  
 to give their personal experience. Now, whilst  
 we are disposed to treat with the greatest respect  
 the opinions of those who may conscientiously  
 condemn the practice of clipping horses, we  
 have no hesitation in placing ourselves on record  
 as uncompromising advocates of the practice,  
 and we trust that the reasons advanced in sup-  
 port of our views will commend themselves to  
 the careful attention of our readers, and afford  
 even to those who may feel disposed to differ  
 from us, abundant food for reflection. We have  
 lately seen an article copied from the Chicago  
 Tribune, condemnatory of the practice, and we  
 must carefully give the writer credit for adducing  
 the strongest arguments which can be presented  
 on his side of the question, and in order that  
 our readers may thoroughly examine the *pros*  
 and *cons* touching this very important subject,  
 we shall reproduce the strongest point in the  
 said article, and then offer such remarks in reply  
 as appear to be demanded, leaving intelligence  
 of the general public to decide as to the alleged  
 cruel or humane practice. The strong part of  
 the article alluded to is as follows: "We un-  
 hesitatingly say that the practice of allowing an  
 animal to run about in full possession of nature's  
 clothing during summer's heat, and to deprive it  
 of every protection during the cold winter  
 months, is not only cruelty to the animal, but  
 highly injurious. Now, this argument is so  
 specious as to be accepted by many people not  
 given to calm reflection, as pure gospel; they  
 consider it an outrage on nature. In our opinion,  
 it is just here where the mistake is made, for we  
 are not dealing with animals in a state of na-  
 ture. If clipping is an outrage on nature, so is  
 domestication. But as our most strenuous op-  
 ponents will not venture the assertion that do-  
 mestication is an outrage, we shall endeavor to

and when exercised is thus indulged in, the animal  
 has an opportunity of exposing himself to the  
 influence of the sun, and thus accelerate the  
 process of drying by evaporation. This, how-  
 ever, cannot be done in the case of the animal  
 confined within the walls of his stable, as all  
 our stables have not a southern aspect, and even  
 if they had, we are not sure we could at all times  
 utilize the solar rays for the purpose mentioned.  
 The horse has by nature a new coat given him  
 twice a year, the winter clothing (hair) is cast  
 off about the same time we exchange cotton for  
 flannel under-clothing, i. e., in April or May,  
 and again when we don our warm clothes in  
 November, the horse is by no means behind, so  
 far as following our example in this respect is  
 concerned, for he also gets his heavy winter gar-  
 ments about this time. But comparison here  
 ceases altogether, for when we are over-heated,  
 or briskly exercised, our heavy overcoats are  
 thrown off, greatly to our benefit and comfort.  
 The temperature is high, consequent upon the  
 circulating fluid being driven through the ar-  
 teries and veins with accelerated rapidity, but,  
 by and bye, with the cessation of exercise, the  
 temperature falls, and our temporarily discard-  
 ed great coats are again called into requisition.  
 We do for our horses in this respect exactly  
 what we do for ourselves. It looks to us very  
 much like an absurdity for any one to try and  
 persuade us our heavy clothing should be worn  
 under all circumstances, in the house and out,  
 whether wet or dry. So far as regards our de-  
 parture from what is understood as 'Nature'  
 is concerned, we practice it quite as much when  
 we clothe our own bodies as when we clip our  
 horses, but both is found not only convenient  
 but absolutely necessary. Clipping was not so  
 much admired formerly as it is at present, for  
 several reasons. The animal was not called  
 upon for an exhibition of speed equal to what is  
 now witnessed, or if he were called, he did not  
 respond; and, besides, within a comparatively  
 recent period, clipping was slow and expensive.  
 Some years ago it took the greater part of two  
 days for as many men to clip a horse, and those  
 should be experts. Now, see how far in advance  
 of such a state of things we are. By looking at  
 the advertisements in The Spirit of the Times  
 the reader will see a little less than a dozen dif-  
 ferent kinds of machines for clipping horses, all  
 admirable specimens of invention and mechan-  
 ism, each having points of excellence peculiar to  
 itself, but all combining to annihilate both ex-  
 pense and time. In writing in defense of clip-  
 ping horses, Stonehenge says: "The natural  
 protection is good for a horse when left in a state  
 of nature, but when man steps in and requires  
 the use of the horse for such a work as will  
 sweat him severely, he discovers that a long  
 coat produces great exhaustion, both during  
 work and after it, that it entirely forbids the  
 use of the horse for hunting and fast work. I  
 have myself many times found it impossible to  
 extend a horse for any distance, on account of  
 his long coat, which distressed him so much as  
 to make him blow directly, whereas, by remov-  
 ing it with the clipping scissors, he could gallop  
 as lightly as a racehorse, and be able to go as  
*fast and far again as before* (the italics are our  
 own). When this happens in the course of the  
 week following the previous failure, the only  
 change made being in the coat, there can be no  
 mistake made, and a constant repetition of the  
 same result leaves no room for dispute as to the  
 beneficial effect of removing the hair." Some  
 who speak on the subject, try to make a point,  
 by asserting that the horse that has been clipped  
 is more likely to catch cold than his brother, who  
 has not been introduced to the clipper; this,  
 however, is not correct, as in practice we find it  
 is the unclipped animal that almost invariably  
 takes cold. According to the author above  
 quoted, clipping and singeing a horse renders  
 him far less liable to catch cold than if left in  
 his natural state. There is no possible doubt  
 but an animal's health is, if slowly, certainly  
 surely undermined by being permitted to wear  
 thick heavy hair, while at the same time they  
 are compelled to work so hard or so fast as to  
 produce copious perspiration; the latter takes  
 hours to dry, and frequently breaks out afresh,  
 thus greatly debilitating the animal, and thus  
 reducing his strength. In "The Horse in the  
 Stable and the Field" we find the following pas-  
 sage: "In former days I have had horses  
 wet for weeks together, from the impossibility  
 of getting them dry in the intervals of their  
 work; they would break out afresh when appar-  
 ently cool, and by no possible means could they  
 be thoroughly dried; this of course wasted their

strength, and money, speed, and labor. Besides he has the unqualified approval  
 of his conscience, and that of all men who have  
 given the subject sufficient attention to enable  
 them to judge the matter intelligently. With  
 respect to the after care of horses who have been  
 clipped, we should say, immediately after the  
 operation has been performed, the animal ought  
 to be sponged over with alcohol, and warm  
 blankets put on, no drafts allowed, and the  
 stable kept warm, for the first few days the  
 blankets should not be removed, then one only,  
 and a lighter one made to take its place. These  
 may be taken off after a week or so, then a  
 warm blanket only, which is usually worn in the  
 stable, kept on. When the animal is in harness,  
 though at rest, in shed, etc., he should be in-  
 variably covered warmly, and never unclipped  
 while standing. If these precautions are ob-  
 served, there is little danger of the horse catch-  
 ing cold. At first the legs should be well hand  
 rubbed and bandaged, but if the animal's health  
 is good, this need not be continued. The fore-  
 going remarks are intended to apply to road and  
 fast horses, as these are the kind which are gen-  
 erally clipped. We will, in a future number of  
 The Spirit, give our views with reference to the  
 advisability of clipping animals intended for  
 slow heavy work only. We hope to prove con-  
 clusively that the animals also will be materi-  
 ally benefited by being clipped.—Spirit.

**Billiards.**

**SLOSSON SLAUGHTERS SCHAEFER.**

Wednesday evening of last week these two  
 noted experts played a match of 1,000 points  
 up, for \$500, at Turner Hall, Chicago. It  
 was a merry set-to, Slosson winning. At  
 the close of the fourteenth inning the call  
 stood, Slosson, 288; Schaefer, 90; the former  
 having made a run of 189. In the fifteenth  
 inning Slosson set up another run of 293. At  
 the close of the twenty-eighth inning the call  
 stood, Slosson, 792; Schaefer, 589. The  
 game closed in thirty-nine innings, the score  
 standing, Slosson, 1,000; Schaefer, 739.  
 Average of winner, 25:25:39. Best runs,  
 Slosson, 293; Schaefer, 217.

**A BILLIARD PRODIGY.**

It is pretty well known among the lovers  
 of Billiards in this city, that a player of re-  
 markable skill has made his advent here, at  
 the Grand Union billiard hall of Mr. W. P.  
 Marshall, 114 Sudbury Street. He is an  
 Indian boy, only twenty-two years of age,  
 named Ranolph Haizer, and the knowing  
 ones speak of him as "the coming man"  
 with the ivories. It is the opinion of those  
 versed in the game that his equal is not to  
 be seen in Boston, if, indeed, anywhere. In  
 the three-ball carom game he is at his best,  
 and his ordinary terms are 150 or "no  
 count," against the best amateurs. Last  
 evening he astonished the spectators with  
 runs of 113, 107, 91, 58, and 53, counting, on  
 one occasion, 84 without going on the rail.  
 Since arriving here he has scored the extra-  
 ordinary counts of 690 and 355. His man-  
 ner of play is modest and unassuming, and  
 his shots are made with wonderful quickness  
 and precision, the "masse" being one of his  
 strongest features. This young man, it is  
 believed, will before long give the more noted  
 players a touch of his quality.—Boston  
 Globe.

The Atlantic cable announces the safe arrival  
 of Duke of Magenta, after a pleasant voyage of  
 eleven days, at Liverpool, Nov. 19, and he was  
 shipped immediately to Newmarket. The latest  
 advices are that the English are much pleased  
 with the youngsters sent over by Mr. Lorillard,  
 and regard them as an exceedingly good-looking  
 lot, but they think this of all that are sent, and  
 yet they do little good. They arrived at New-  
 market without the slightest mishap, and Duke  
 of Magenta, it seems, has been quite as fortu-  
 nate. A gentleman, who should know whereof  
 he speaks, asserts that "That is Pierre Loril-  
 lard's luck. He'll beat the English yet."

the exception of the fourth pair, which was  
 pro rata, and the prizes were paid in full  
 without any consideration as to the number  
 of entries. The date for closing the entries  
 is not indicated in the advertisement, and  
 at the present, it may be presumed that the  
 nominations will be received up to the time of  
 shooting. \$10 pay the cut and fee, which  
 makes the shooter eligible for each pair. It  
 will surprise us greatly if the Worcester  
 shoot is not one of the successes of the year.  
 Everything looks as if the promoters are  
 responsible gentlemen, too but a fair expec-  
 tation is liberal, the conditions favorable, and  
 the time well selected.

**POPPING AT GUELPH.**

On Friday last a match between two  
 teams—from the townships of Guelph and  
 Pasanach respectively—took place at Guelph.  
 Mr. John Hewer captained the Pasanach team,  
 and Mr. Geo. Atkinson captained the Guelph  
 same capacity for the Guelph's. The  
 man shot at eight birds, under the usual  
 rules. The following is the score.

PASANACH.	GUELPH.
John Hewer..... 4	G Atkinson..... 0
John Cook..... 6	J Lullo..... 4
Jos King..... 6	C Blyth..... 4
Jas Cook..... 4	W Mathews..... 5
	20

The victors were entertained at an excel-  
 lent supper at H. W. H. A. Guelph, the  
 same evening.

**SHOOTING AT KEMPTVILLE.**

A shoot took place at Kemptville on the  
 23rd for a game supper between Messrs  
 Bascom and Botham on one side, and Messrs  
 Jones and Hassard on the other. All ar-  
 members of the Kemptville shooting club.  
 O Bascom..... 0111111111  
 W Botham..... 1001101001

F Jones..... 1010011101
E Hassard..... 1110100410

The Kemptville club would like a friendly  
 match with any similar organization, six  
 side, 10 birds each. Address the secretary,  
 Box 111.

**SNAP SHOTS.**

**HEAVY.**—A few days ago a prominent fea-  
 ture on the Winnipeg market was the car-  
 case of a grand moose weighing 750 pounds.  
**URSI.**—Four bears, one of which weighed  
 490 pounds, were recently shot near a settle-  
 ment in the Township of Cashol, near Belle-  
 ville. The roads, especially in the northern  
 townships, are reported to be in a terrible  
 condition. The fur traders are very much  
 depressed, and a number of traps are hav-  
 abandoned the usual fall hunt.  
**GRANGERS AT THE TRAP.**—There was a  
 shooting match in Rockwood the other day,  
 with the following result; G Haigh, captain,  
 0; J McGee, 1; J W Knowles, 2. T Du-  
 field, captain, 1; J Haigh, 2; M Doran, 1.  
 Each man shot at five birds, and the side  
 captained by T Duffield won by one bird.  
 Seven birds out of thirty is not bad shooting  
 —with a stone.  
**STAG-HUNT.**—A three-year-old deer was  
 be let loose at Markham on the 4th prox., to  
 be hunted with hounds. After the chase  
 there will be a pigeon shoot, for which Mr.  
 A. Oxford has provided 400 birds. The deer  
 will be started at 10 a. m.  
**RULES.**—On one of our insir' pages  
 day will be found Bogardus' new rules for  
 single and double bird shooting. The Capt  
 thinks they are perfection.

# The Interpreter.

## CHAPTER I.

(CONTINUED.)

... a woman, Hal! magnificent! Such things: deep brown tones, and masses of the richest grey hair, with superb, solemn, sunken eyes, and a throat and forehead tanned and wrinkled into the very ideal of a *Madama*, or a *Witch of Endor*, or any fine old sorceress, "all of the olden time." I have done her in chalks, and in sepia, and in oils. I adore her in the former. She is, I fancy, a good, careful woman, and much attached to Vere, who promises to be an excellent linguist; but of this I cannot see the advantage. There is but one pursuit, in my opinion, for an intellectual being who is not obliged to labor in the fields for his daily bread, and that is Art. I have wooed the heavenly maid all my life. To me she has been sparing of her favors; and yet a single smile from her has gilded my path for many a long and weary day. She has beckoned me on and on till I feel I could follow her to the end of the world; she shielded me in the dark hour; she has brightened my lot ever since; she led me to nature, her grand reflection for you know my theory, that art is reality, and nature but the embodiment of art; she has made me independent of the frowns of that other jade, Fortune, and taught me the most difficult lesson of all—to be content. What is wealth? You and I have seen it lavished with both hands, and its possessor, weary, satiate, languid, and disgusted. What is rank? a mark for envy, an idol but for fools. Fame? a few orders on a tight uniform; a craving for more and more; even when we know the tastelessness of the food, to be still hungry for applause. Love? a sting of joy and heartache for ever. Are they not all vanity of vanities? But your artist is your true creator. He can embody the noblest aspirations of his mind, and give them a reality and a name. You, Hal, who are the most practical, unimaginative, business-like fellow that ever hedged a bet or drove a bargain, have had such dreams betwixt sleeping and waking as have given you a taste of heaven, and taught you the existence of a fairy-land of which, to such as you, is only granted a far away and occasional glimpse. What would you give to be able to embody such blissful visions and call them up at will? Let me have a camel's hair brush, a few dabs of clay, and, behold! I am the magician before whose wand these dreams shall reappear tangibly, substantially, enduringly: alas! for mortal shortcomings, sometimes a little out of drawing, sometimes a little hard and cold; but still, Hal, I can make my own world, such as it is, and people it for myself; nor do I envy any man on earth, except, perhaps, a sculptor. To have perfected and wrought out in the imperishable marble the ideal of one's whole life, to walk round it, and smoke one's cigar and say, "This will last as long as St. Paul's Cathedral or the National Debt, and this is mine, I made it"—must be a sensation of delight that even we poor painters, with our works comparatively of a day, can hardly imagine; but then, what we lose in durability we gain in reproduction: and so once more I repeat, let who will be statesman, warrior, stock-jobber, or voluptuary, let give me the pallot and the case, the *l'air d'un peintre*, the line of beauty and the brush!

"Can you wonder that I should wish my life to tread the same path? Had I but begun at his age, and worked as I should have worked, what might I have been now? Could I but make amends to him by leading him up the path to real fame, and see Vere the regenerator of modern art, I should die happy."

"And now, Hal, I must ask you of your own pursuits and your own success. I do often see an English paper; but these are a fine sporting people, with a dash of the high tastes and love of horseflesh; and in each posthouse where we put up last week, the very heart of the Banat, I found a pair of flying children, and a Bell's Life of London colt was first favorite for the day, and I can only say that I hope he will be as fervently as I should have done

as any place out of England can be, and my old friend but little altered during the last twenty years. You remember De Rohan at Melton and Newmarket, at Rome and at Paris. Wherever he lived he was quite the Englishman, and always rode a thoroughbred horse. It would indeed be ungrateful on your part to forget him. Need I remind you of the dinner at the old Club, and the procession afterwards, with some fourteen wax candles, to inspect "The Switcher" in your stables, at the risk of burning down the greater part of the town, and converting some of the best horses in England into an exceedingly tough grill. I can see the Count's face of drunken gravity now, as he felt carefully down the horse's forelegs, unlettered by the respectful stare of your groom, or the undiagnosed astonishment of the animal itself. 'What is his name?' was the only question he asked of the polite Mr. Tophorn. 'The Switcher, my lord,' was the reply. 'Ver' nice name,' said the Count, and bought him forthwith at a price that you yourself can best appreciate; but from that day to this he never could pronounce the animal's appellation; and although he rode the 'Switcher' both in England and here, and has got prints and pictures of him all the house, 'The Switcher' he will continue to be till the end of time.

'All this Anglo-mania, however, is not much appreciated in high places; and I can see enough without looking much below the surface to satisfy me that the Count is eyed jealously by the authorities, and if ever they catch him tripping they will not spare his fortunes or his person. I fear there will be a row before long, and I would not trust the wild blood of my friends here if they once get the upper hand. Only yesterday an incident occurred that gave me a pretty correct idea of the state of feeling in this country and the disaffection the peasant has to his imperial rulers. Vere and I were travelling along in our usual manner, occupying the front seat of a most dilapidated carriage, which I purchased at Bucharest for twenty ducats, with the nurse and the baggage behind. We had stopped for me to sketch an animated group, in the shape of a drove of wild horses being drafted and chosen by their respective owners, and Vere was clapping his hands and shouting with delight at the hurry-scurry of the scene (by the way, there was a white horse that I caught in a beautiful attitude, who comes out admirably and lights up the whole sketch), when an officer and a couple of Austrian dragoons rode into the midst of the busy horse tamers, and very rudely proceeded to subject them to certain inquiries, which seemed to meet with sulky and evasive answers enough. After a time the Austrian officer, a handsome boy of twenty, stroking an incipient moustache, ordered the oldest man of the party to be summoned; and placing him between his two soldiers, began to interrogate him in a most offensive and supercilious manner. The old man, who was what we should term in England a better sort of yeoman farmer, of course immediately affected utter ignorance of German; and as the young Austrian was no great proficient in Hungarian, I was compelled most unwillingly to interpret between them, Vere looking on meanwhile with his mouth wide open, in a state of intense bewilderment. The following is a specimen of the conversation:—

Austrian Sub-Lieutenant, in German.—'Thou hast been hiding deserters; and so shalt thou be imprisoned, and fined, and suffer punishment.' I have to modify these threats into Hungarian.—'Brother, this noble officer seeks a deserter. Knowest thou of such an one?'

'Old man—'My father, I know nothing.'

'Austrian Officer, with many epithets, modified as before by your humble servant.—'You shall be punished with the utmost rigour if you do not give him up.'

'Old man, again, my father, I know nothing.'

'Officer, losing all patience, and gestulating wildly with his sword—'Slave, brute, dog, tell me this instant which way he took, or I will have you hanged to that nearest tree, your family shall be imprisoned, and your village burnt to the ground.'

'Old Man, as before—'My father, I know nothing.'

'The case was getting hopeless; but the young officer had now thoroughly lost his temper, and ordered his men to tie the peasant up, and flog him soundly with a stirring-rod. Here I thought it high time to

carriage, he addressed me in German, and with a gentlemanlike voice and manner begged to know in what direction I was travelling. 'I hope to get to Edeldorf to-night,' was my answer. He started at the name. 'Edeldorf!' said he; 'I too, am bound for Edeldorf; can you favor me with a seat in your carriage?' Of course I immediately complied, and Vere and I soon had the stranger between us, journeying amicably on towards my old friend's chateau. You know my failing, Hal, so I need not tell you how it was that I immediately began to study my new acquaintance's physiognomy, somewhat, I thought, to his discomfort, for at first he turned his head away, but after a while seemed to think better of it, and entered into conversation with much more frankness and vivacity. The sun was getting low, and I think I could have sketched him very satisfactorily in that warm, soft light. His head was essentially that of a soldier; the brow deficient in idealism, but with the bold outlines which betoken penetration and forethought. Constructiveness fully developed, combativeness moderate, but firmness very strongly marked; the eye deep set, and, though small, remarkably brilliant; the jaw that of a strong, bold man, while the lines about the mouth showed great energy of character and decision. From the general conformation of his head I should have placed forethought as the distinguishing quality of his character, and I should have painted the rich brown tones of his complexion on a system of my own, which such a portrait would be admirably calculated to bring out.

However, I could not well ask him to sit upon so short an acquaintance; so, while he and Vere chatted on—for they soon became great friends, and my acquaintance seemed charmed to find a child speaking German so fluently—I began to speculate on the trade and character of mysterious addition to our party. 'Hair cut short, moustache close clipped,' thought I, 'perfect German accent, and the broad Viennese dialect of the aristocracy, all this looks like a soldier; but the rough frieze coat, and huge shapeless riding boots could never belong to an officer of that nearest of armies—the Imperial and Kingly.' Then his muscular figure, and light active gait, which I remarked as he sprang into the carriage, would argue him one who was in the habit of practising feats of strength and agility. There is no mistaking the effects of the gymnasium. Stay, I have it, he is a fencing-master; that accounts for the military appearance, the quick glance, the somewhat worn look of the countenance, and he is going to Edeldorf, to teach De Rohan's boy the polite art of self-defence. So much the better. I too, love dearly a turn with the foils, so I can have a glorious 'set-to' with him to-morrow or the next day; and then, when we are more intimate, I can paint him. I think I shall do him in oils. I wish he would turn his head the least thing further this way.' I had got as far as this when my new friend did indeed turn his head round, and looking me full in the face, thus addressed me: 'Sir, you are an Englishman, and an honorable man. I have no right to deceive you; set me down, and let me walk.' Vere looked more astonished than ever. I begged him to explain himself. 'I tell you,' said he, 'that I am a thief and a deserter. My name is posted at every barrack-gate in the empire. I am liable to be hanged, if taken. Are you not afraid of me now?' 'No,' exclaimed Vere, his color heightening and his eyes glistening (oh! so like her). 'Papa and I will take care of you; don't be afraid.' My boy had anticipated what I was going to say; but I assured him that as I had taken him into my carriage I considered him as my guest, and come what would I never could think of abandoning him till we reached our destination. 'Of course,' I added, 'you are then free to come and go as you please. If you have done anything disgraceful, we need never know each other again. I do not wish to hear of it. You are to me only a belated traveller; permit me to add, a gentleman, to whom I am delighted to be of service. Will you smoke? Let me offer you a cigar.' The blood rushed to his face as he declined the proffered courtesy; for an instant he looked half offended, and then, seizing my hand, he exclaimed, 'If you know all, you would pity me—nay, more, you would approve of what I have done.' He turned suddenly to Vere, and rather startled him by abruptly exclaiming, 'Boy, do you love your father? is he

pected events, foreign manners and home ideas, to say nothing of a general confusion of tongues; for I could prattle French, German, and Hungarian, with a smattering of Turkish, not to mention my own native language; and I used them all indiscriminately. But my father's letters bring back much that I had otherwise forgotten, and whilst I read the story of the renegade, I can almost fancy I am leaning against his upright soldierlike form, and listening to the clear decided tones in which he told his tale.

## LETTER III.

'I am a soldier, sir,' said my new acquaintance whilst I leant back in my carriage smoking my cigar, and, *more meo*, Hal, and made most of my 'study.' 'I am an Austrian soldier—at least I was a week ago—I would not give much for my chance if ever I come into the clutches of the 'Double Eagle' again. Shall I tell you why I entered the Imperial army? All my life I have thought it best to be on the winning side. If I had been born an Englishman, oh, what happiness! I would have asked no better lot than to wander about with my dog and gun, and be free. But a Croat, no, there is no liberty in Croatia. We must have masters, foorsooth! territorial dues and seignorial rights; and we must bow and cringe and be trampled on by our own nobility. But these, too, have their masters, and I have seen the lord of many thousand acres tremble before a captain of dragoons. So I determined that if a military despotism was to be the order of the day, why I, too, would make a part of the great engine, perhaps sometime I might come to wield it all. My father was appointed steward to a great lord in Hungary—perhaps, had he remained, I might never have left home, for I am his only child, and we two are alone in the world; besides, is not a son's first duty, to obey his father?—but I could not bear to exchange the free open air, and my horse, and my gun, and my dogs (I had the best greyhounds in Croatia), for a leathern stool and an inkstand, and I said, 'Father, I too will become an Austrian, and so some day shall I be a great man, perhaps a colonel, and then will I return once a year to see you, and comfort you in your old age.' So I was sworn to obey the Emperor, and soon I learned my exercise, and saw that to rise even in the Austrian Army was not difficult for one who could see clearly before him, and could count that two and two make four, and never five.

'Very few men are soldiers at heart, and those who love the profession and would fain shine, can only see only one way to success, and that must be the old-established track that has always been followed. If I wanted to move across that stream and had no boats what should I do? I would try if it be too deep to wade. But the regulation says, soldiers shall not wade if the water be beyond a certain depth. So for six inches of water I must be defeated. That should not be my way; if it came no higher than their chins my men should cross; and if we could keep our muskets dry, where would be the harm? Well, I soon rose to be a corporal and a sergeant; and whilst I practised fencing and riding and gymnastics, I learnt something of gunnery and fortification, and the art of supplying an army with food. At last I was made a lieutenant and paymaster of the regiment, for I could always calculate readily, and never shrank from trouble or feared responsibility. So I had good pay and good comrades, and was getting on. Meanwhile my poor father was distressing himself about my profession, and imagining all sorts of misfortunes that would happen to me if I remained a soldier. In his letters to me he always hinted at the possibility of some great success—at his hopes of, before long, placing me in an independent position; that I should leave the army to come and live with him, and we would farm an estate of our own, and never be parted any more. Poor old man; what do you think he built on? why, these foolish lotteries. Ticket after ticket did he purchase, and ticket after ticket came up a blank. At last, in his infatuation, he raised a sum of money—enough to obtain him all the numbers he had set his heart upon—for he mixed calculation with his gambling, which is certain ruin—and for this purpose he embezzled two thousand florins of his employer's property, and wasted it as he had done the rest. In his despair he wrote to me. What could I do? two thousand florins were in the pay-

ber so dark and glossy, now as white as snow; yet he is a very handsome fellow still. In mail or plate, leaning his arm on his helmet, with his beard flowing over a steel cuirass inlaid with gold, he would make a capital seneschal, or marshal of a tournament, or other elderly dignitary of the middle ages; but I should like best to paint him in dark velvet, with a skull cap, as Lord Soulis, or some other noble votary of the magic art; and to bring him out in a dusky room, with one ray of vivid light from a lamp just over his temples, and gleaming off that fine, bold, shining forehead, from which the hair is now completely worn away.'

There is no more of the old dusty letters. Why these should have been tied up and preserved for so many years is more than I can tell. They have, however, reminded me of much in my youth that I had well-nigh forgotten. I must try back on my vague memories for the commencement of my narrative.

## CHAPTER III.

'PAR NOBIS.'

'You shall play with my toys, and break them if you like, for my papa loves the English, and you are my English friend,' said a handsome blue-eyed child to his little companion, as they sauntered hand-in-hand through the spacious entrance-hall at Edeldorf. The boy was evidently bent on patronizing his friend. The friend was somewhat abashed and bewildered, and grateful to be taken notice of.

'What is your name?—may I call you by your Christian name?' said the lesser child, timidly, and rather nestling to his protector, for such had the bigger boy constituted himself.

'My name is Victor,' was the proud reply; 'and you may call me Victor, because I love you; but the servants must call me Count, because my papa is a count; and I am not an Austrian count, but a Hungarian. Come and see my sword.' So the two children were soon busy in an examination of that very beautiful, but not very destructive plaything.

They were indeed a strange contrast. Victor de Rohan, son and heir to one of the noblest and wealthiest of Hungary's aristocracy, looked all over the high-bred child he was. Free and bold, his large, frank blue eyes, and wide brow, shaded with clustering curls of golden brown, betokened a gallant, thoughtless spirit, and a kind, warm heart; whilst the delicate nostril and handsomely-curved mouth of the well-born child betrayed, perhaps, a little too much pride for one so young, and argued a disposition not too patient of contradiction or restraint. His little companion was as unlike him as possible, and indeed most people would have taken Victor for the English boy, and Vere for the foreign one. The latter was heavy, awkward, and ungainly in his movements, timid and hesitating in his manner, with a shallow complexion, and dark, deep-set eyes, that seemed always looking into a world beyond. He was a strange child, totally without the light-heartedness of his age, timid, shy, and awkward, but capable of strong attachments, and willing to endure anything for the sake of those he loved. Then he had quaint fancies, and curious modes of expressing them, which made other children laugh at him, when the boy would retire into himself, deeply wounded and unhappy, but too proud to show it. As he looks now at Victor's sword, with which the latter is vaporing about the hall, destroying imaginary enemies, Vere adds—

'What becomes of the people that are killed, Victor?'

'We ride over their bodies,' says Victor, who has just delivered a finishing thrust at his phantom foe.

'Yes, but what becomes of them?' pursues the child, now answering himself. 'I think they come to me in my dreams; for sometimes, do you know, I dream of men in armor charging on white horses, and they come by with a wind that wakes me; and when I ask 'Nettich' who they are, she says they are the fairies; but I don't think they are fairies, because you know fairies are quite small, and have wings. No, I think they must be the people that are killed.'

'Very likely,' replies Victor, who has not considered the subject in this light, and

... heaven, and taught you the exist-  
... of a fairy-land of which, to such as you,  
... granted a far away and occasional  
... What would you give to be  
... to embody such blissful visions and  
... them up at will? Let me have  
... hair brush, a few dabs of  
... and, behold! I am the magician before  
... wand these dreams shall reappear tan-  
... substantially, enduringly: alas! for  
... short-comings, sometimes a little out  
... drawing, sometimes a little hard and cold;  
... still, Hal, I can make my own world,  
... as it is, and people it for myself; nor do  
... any man on earth, except, perhaps, a  
... To have perfected and wrought  
... in the imperishable marble the ideal of  
... whole life, to walk round it, and smoke  
... cigar and say, 'This will last as long  
... St. Paul's Cathedral or the National Debt,  
... and this is mine, I made it'—must be a sen-  
... of delight that even we poor painters,  
... with our works comparatively of a day, can  
... hardly imagine; but then, what we lose in  
... durability we gain in reproduction: and so  
... more I repeat, let who will be stater-  
... man, warrior, stock-jobber, or voluptuary,  
... give me the pallet and the easel, the  
... *de d'un point-e*, the line of beauty and  
... the brush!

'Can you wonder that I should wish my  
... to tread the same path? Had I but  
... begun at his age, and worked as I should  
... have worked, what might I have been now?  
... I but make amends to him by leading  
... him up the path to real fame, and see Vere  
... the regenerator of modern art, I should die  
... happy.'

'And now, Hal, I must ask you of your  
... own pursuits and your own success. I do  
... often see an English paper; but these  
... are a fine sporting people, with a dash of our  
... English tastes and love of horseflesh, and in  
... a small pothouse where we put up last week,  
... in the very heart of the Banat, I found a  
... print of Flying Childers, and a Bell's Life of  
... the month before last. In this I read that  
... your Marigold colt was first favorite for the  
... Derby, and I can only say that I hope he  
... will win, as fervently as I should have done  
... some years back, when he would have car-  
... ried a large portion of my money, or at least  
... of my credit, on his back. I have also gath-  
... ered that your short-horse won the prize at  
... the great cattle-show. 'Who drives fat oxen  
... must himself be fat.' I trust, therefore, that  
... you are flourishing and thriving; also, that  
... Constance, the most stately little lady I ever  
... held at two years old, still queens it at the  
... Manor-house. I will write again shortly,  
... but must leave off now, as my boy is  
... calling me to go out. He grows more like  
... his poor mother every day, especially about  
... the eyes.—Adieu, Hal; ever yours,  
... PHILIP EGERTON.'

LETTER II.

'The longer I linger here the more I be-  
... come wedded to the land in which, after all,  
... I have known the few hours of real happi-  
... ness I ever spent. Yes, Hal, with all its  
... pain, with all its anxieties, with everything  
... and everybody battling against me—that was  
... my golden year, such as I shall never see  
... again. She was so generous, so gentle, and  
... true; she sacrificed all so willingly for me,  
... and never looked back. Such courage, such  
... patience, and oh! such beauty; and to lose  
... her after one short year. Well, it is my  
... punishment, and I bear it; but if it had to  
... be done again I would do it. Surely I was  
... not so much to blame. Had she but lived  
... I would have made her such amends. And  
... after all she is mine—mine in her lonely  
... grave under the acacias, and I shall meet her  
... again. Weary the years have dragged on  
... since I lost her, but every birthday is a mil-  
... stone nearer home; and in the meantime I  
... have Vere and my art. As we wander about  
... the wild country, and scamper across its  
... boundless plains, and I paint and smoke, and  
... try to be happy.  
... We arrived here last night, and I need  
... scarcely tell you that Edeldorf is an English

... multitude, who comes out admirably and  
... lights up the whole sketch, when an officer  
... and a couple of Austrian dragoons rode into  
... the midst of the busy horse tamers, and very  
... rudely proceeded to subject them to certain  
... inquiries, which seemed to meet with sulky  
... and evasive answers enough. After a time  
... the Austrian officer, a handsome boy of  
... twenty, stroking an incipient moustache,  
... ordered the oldest man of the party to be  
... pinioned; and placing him between his two  
... soldiers, began to interrogate him in a most  
... offensive and supercilious manner. The old  
... man, who was what we should term in Eng-  
... land a better sort of yeoman farmer, of  
... course immediately affected utter ignorance  
... of German; and as the young Austrian was  
... no great proficient in Hungarian, I was com-  
... pelled most unwillingly to interpret between  
... them, Vere looking on meanwhile with his  
... mouth wide open, in a state of intense be-  
... wilderment. The following is a specimen of  
... the conversation:—

Austrian Sub-Lieutenant, in German.—  
... Thou hast been hiding deserters; and so  
... shalt thou be imprisoned, and fined,  
... and suffer punishment. I have to  
... modify these threats into Hungarian.—  
... Brother, this noble officer seeks a deserter.  
... Knowest thou of such an one?

'Old man—'My father, I know nothing.'  
... Austrian Officer, with many epithets,  
... modified as before by your humble servant.  
...—'You shall be punished with the utmost  
... rigour if you do not give him up.'

'Old man, again, my father, I know noth-  
... ing.'  
... Officer, losing all patience, and gestulat-  
... ing wildly with his sword—'Slave, brute,  
... dog, tell me this instant which way he took,  
... or I will have you hanged to that nearest  
... tree, your family shall be imprisoned, and  
... your village burnt to the ground.'

'Old Man, as before—'My father, I know  
... nothing.'

'The case was getting hopeless; but the  
... young officer had now thoroughly lost his  
... temper, and ordered his men to tie the peas-  
... ant up, and flog him soundly with a stirrup-  
... leather. Here I thought it high time to  
... interpose; I saw the wild Hungarian blood  
... beginning to boil in the veins of some dozen  
... dark scowling fellows, who had been occupied  
... tending the horses. Eyes were flashing at  
... the Austrians, and hands clutching under  
... the sheepskin where the long knife lies.  
... Fortunately the officer was a gentleman and  
... an admirer of the English. With much dif-  
... ficulty I persuaded him to abandon his cruel  
... intention, and to ride on in prosecution of his  
... search; but it was when his back was turned  
... at the tide of indignation against himself  
... and his country swelled to the highest. The  
... peasants' faces had actually become convulsed  
... with rage, their voices shook with fury, and  
... threats and maledictions were poured on  
... their masters enough to make one's very  
... blood run cold. If they ever do get the  
... upper hand, woe to the oppressor! There is  
... nothing on earth so fearful as a Jacquerie.  
... God forbid this fair land should ever see  
... one.'

'We journeyed on in a different direc-  
... tion from the dragoons, but we caught occasional  
... glimpses of their white coats as they gleamed  
... through the acacias that skirted the road;  
... and I was just thinking how well I could put  
... them in with a dab or two of chalk against a  
... thunder-storm, or a dark wood in the midst  
... of summer, when the bright sun makes the  
... foliage almost black, and debating in my  
... own mind whether the officer would not  
... have made a better sketch if his horse had  
... been a light grey, when my postillion pulled  
... up with a jerk that nearly chucked Vere out  
... of the carriage, and pointing to something in  
... the road, assured "my Excellency" that the  
... horse was dying, and the rider, in all proba-  
... bility, lying killed under his beast. Sure  
... enough, an over-ridden horse was prostrate  
... in the middle of the road, and a young man  
... vainly endeavoring to raise him by the bridle  
... and calling by all the terms of endearment  
... and abuse in the Hungarian vocabulary,  
... without the slightest effect. Seeing our

... no mistaking the effects of the gymnasium.  
... Stay, I have it, he is a fencing master; that  
... accounts for the military appearance, the  
... quick glance, the somewhat worn look of the  
... countenance, and he is going to Edeldorf, to  
... teach Do Rohan's boy the polite art of self-  
... defence. So much the better. I too, love  
... dearly a turn with the foils, so I can have a  
... glorious 'set-to' with him to-morrow or the  
... next day; and then, when we are more inti-  
... mate, I can paint him. I think I shall do  
... him in oils. I wish he would turn his head  
... the least thing further this way.' I had got  
... as far as this when my new friend did indeed  
... turn his head round, and looking me full  
... in the face, thus addressed me: 'Sir, you  
... are an Englishman, and an honorable man.  
... I have no right to deceive you; set me down,  
... and let me walk.' Vere looked more aston-  
... ished than ever. I begged him to explain  
... himself. 'I tell you,' said he, 'that I am a  
... thief and a deserter. My name is posted at  
... every barrack-gate in the empire. I am  
... liable to be hanged, if taken. Are you not  
... afraid of me now?' 'No,' exclaimed Vere,  
... his color heightening and his eyes glistening  
... (oh! so like her). 'Papa and I will take care  
... of you; don't be afraid.' My boy had anti-  
... cipated what I was going to say; but I as-  
... sured him that as I had taken him into my  
... carriage I considered him as my guest, and  
... come what would I never could think of  
... abandoning him till we reached our destina-  
... tion. 'Of course,' I added, 'you are then  
... free to come and go as you please. If you  
... have done anything disgraceful, we need  
... never know each other again. I do not wish  
... to hear of it. You are to me only a belated  
... traveller; permit me to add, a gentleman, to  
... whom I am delighted to be of service. Will  
... you smoke? Let me offer you a cigar.' The  
... blood rushed to his face as he declined the  
... proffered courtesy; for an instant he looked  
... half offended, and then, seizing my hand, he  
... exclaimed, 'If you knew all, you would pity  
... me—nay, more, you would approve of what  
... I have done.' He turned suddenly to Vere,  
... and rather startled him by abruptly exclaim-  
... ing, 'Boy, do you love your father? is he  
... all the world to you?' 'Yes,' said Vere,  
... coloring up again, 'of course I love papa,  
... and Nurse 'Nettich' too.' That worthy  
... woman was fast asleep in the rumble. 'Well,'  
... said the stranger, more composedly, 'I love  
... my father, too; he is all I have in the world,  
... and for his sake I would do the same thing  
... again. I will tell you all about it, and you  
... shall judge between me and my crime.' But  
... my new friend's story I must defer, my dear  
... Hal, to another letter. So for the present,  
... *Vice valeque!*

CHAPTER II.

THE DESERTER.

Dim and strange are the recollections that  
... steal over me while I read these time-worn  
... letters of one who, with all his faults, was  
... the kindest and best of enthusiasts. It seems  
... like a dream; I cannot fancy that I am the  
... child alluded to. It seems though all this  
... must have happened to some one else, and  
... that I stood by and watched. Yet I have a  
... vague and shadowy remembrance of the  
... warm autumnal evening; the road soft and  
... thick with dust; the creaking and monotonous  
... motion of the carriage, and my waking  
... up from an occasional nap, and finding my-  
... self propped by the strong arm of a stranger,  
... and nestling my head upon his broad should-  
... er, whilst my father's kind face and eager  
... eyes were turned towards my new acquain-  
... tance with the earnest comprehensive look I  
... remember so well. My father always seem-  
... ed to take in at a glance, not only the object  
... that attracted his attention, but all its acces-  
... sories, possible as well as actual. I believe  
... he never left off painting in his mind. I  
... remember nothing very distinctly; and no  
... wonder, for my little brain must have been  
... a strange chaos of shifting scenes and unex-

... clearly before him, and could count that two  
... and two make four, and never five.

'Very few men are soldiers at heart, and  
... those who love the profession and would fain  
... shine, can only see only one way to success,  
... and that must be the old-established track  
... that has always been followed. If I wanted  
... to move across that stream and had no boats  
... what should I do? I would try if it be too  
... deep to wade. But the regulation says,  
... soldiers shall not wade if the water be be-  
... yond a certain depth. So for six inches of  
... water I must be defeated. That should  
... not be my way; if it came no higher than  
... their chins my men should cross; and if we  
... could keep our muskets dry, where would be  
... the harm? Well, I soon rose to be a cor-  
... poral and a sergeant; and whilst I practised  
... fencing and riding and gymnastics, I learnt  
... something of gunnery and fortification, and  
... the art of supplying an army with food. At  
... last I was made a lieutenant and paymaster  
... of the regiment, for I could always calculate  
... readily, and never shrank from trouble or  
... feared responsibility. So I had good pay and  
... good comrades, and was getting on. Mean-  
... while my poor father was distressing himself  
... about my profession, and imagining all sorts  
... of misfortunes that would happen to me if I  
... remained a soldier. In his letters to me he  
... always hinted at the possibility of some great  
... success—at his hopes of, before long, placing  
... me in an independent position; that I  
... should leave the army to come  
... and live with him, and we would  
... farm an estate of our own, and never  
... be parted any more. Poor old man; what  
... do you think he built on? why, these foolish  
... lotteries. Ticket after ticket did he purchase,  
... and ticket after ticket came up a blank. At  
... last, in his infatuation, he raised a sum of  
... money—enough to obtain him all the num-  
... bers he had set his heart upon—for he mixed  
... calculation with his gambling, which is cer-  
... tain ruin—and for this purpose he embez-  
... zled two thousand florins of his employer's prop-  
... erty, and wasted it as he had done the rest.  
... In his despair he wrote to me. What could  
... I do? Two thousand florins were in the pay-  
... chest. I have it here in this leathern bag. I  
... have saved my father; he is steward at  
... Edeldorf. I shall see him to-night; after  
... that I must fly the country. I will go to  
... England, the land of the free. I am ruined,  
... degraded, and my life is not worth twelve  
... hours' purchase; but I do not regret it.  
... Look at your boy, sir, and tell me if I am  
... not right.' He is a fine fellow this, Hal, de-  
... pend upon it; and though my own feelings  
... as a gentleman were a little shocked at a  
... man talking thus coolly of robbery in any-  
... thing but the legitimate way on the turf, I  
... could scarcely remonstrate with him now  
... the thing was done; so I shook him by the  
... hand, and promised him at any rate a safe  
... conveyance to Edeldorf, which we were now  
... rapidly approaching. You like a fine place,  
... Hal, you always did. I remember when  
... you used to vow that if ever Fortune smiled  
... upon you—and faith, it is not for want of  
... wooing that you have missed the goddess's  
... favors—how you would build and castellate  
... and improve Beverley Manor, till, in my  
... opinion as an artist and a man of associations,  
... you would spoil it completely; but I think  
... even your fastidious taste would be delighted  
... with Edeldorf. The sun was just down as  
... we drove into the park, and returned the  
... salute of the smart Hussar mounting guard  
... at the lodge; and the winding road, and  
... smooth sward dotted with thorns, and those  
... eternal acacias, reminded one of a gentle-  
... man's place in Old England, till we rounded  
... the corner of a beautifully-dressed flower-  
... garden, and came in view of the castle  
... itself, with all its angles and turrets and em-  
... brasures, and mullioned windows, and pic-  
... turesque ins and cuts; the whole standing  
... boldly out in a chair-o-scuro against the  
... evening sky, fast beginning to soften into  
... twilight. Old De Rohan was on the steps to  
... welcome me, his figure upright and noble as  
... ever; his countenance as pleasing; but the  
... beard and moustache that you and I remem-

... curly, looked all over the high-bred child  
... he was. Free and bold, his large, frank blue  
... eyes, and wide brow, shaded with clustering  
... curls of golden brown, betokened a gallant,  
... thoughtless spirit, and a kind, warm heart;  
... whilst the delicate nostril and handsomely-  
... curved mouth of the well-born child betrayed,  
... perhaps, a little too much pride for one so  
... young, and argued a disposition not too  
... patient of contradiction or restraint. His  
... little companion was as unlike him as pos-  
... sible, and indeed most people would have  
... taken Victor for the English boy, and Vere  
... for the foreign one. The latter was heavy,  
... awkward, and ungainly in his movements,  
... timid and hesitating in his manner, with a  
... sallow complexion, and dark, deep-set eyes,  
... that seemed always looking into a world  
... beyond. He was a strange child, totally  
... without the light-heartedness of his age,  
... timid, shy, and awkward, but capable of  
... strong attachments, and willing to endure  
... anything for the sake of those he loved. Then  
... he had quaint fancies, and curious modes of  
... expressing them, which made other children  
... laugh at him, when the boy would retire into  
... himself, deeply wounded and unhappy, but  
... too proud to show it. As he looks now at  
... Victor's sword, with which the latter is  
... vaporing about the hall, destroying imag-  
... inary enemies, Vere adds—

'What becomes of the people that are  
... killed, Victor?'

'We ride over their bodies,' says Victor,  
... who has just delivered a finishing thrust at  
... his phantom foe.

'Yes, but what becomes of them?' pur-  
... sues the child, now answering himself. 'I  
... think they come to me in my dreams; for  
... sometimes, do you know, I dream of men in  
... armor charging on white horses, and they  
... come by with a wind that wakes me; and  
... when I ask 'Nettich' who they are, she says  
... they are the fairies; but I don't think they are  
... fairies, because you know fairies are quite  
... small, and have wings. No, I think they  
... must be the people that are killed.'

'Very likely,' replies Victor, who has not  
... considered the subject in this light, and  
... whose dreams are mostly of ponies and  
... plum-cake—'very likely; but come to papa,  
... and he will give us some grapes.' So off  
... they go, arm-in-arm, to the great banquet-  
... ting-hall; and Vere postpones his dream-  
... theories to some future occasion, for there  
... is a charm about grapes that speaks at once  
... to a child's heart.

So the two boys make their entrance into  
... the banquetting hall, where De Rohan sits in  
... state, surrounded by his guests. On his  
... right is placed Philip Egerton, whose dark  
... eyes gleam with pleasure as he looks upon  
... his son. Who but a father would take de-  
... light in such a plain, unattractive child?  
... Vera glides quietly to his side, shrinking  
... from the strange faces and gorgeous uniforms  
... around; but Victor walks boldly up to the  
... old Count, and demands his daily glass of  
... Tokay, not as a favor, but a right.

'I drink to Hungary!' says the child, look-  
... ing full into the face of his next neighbor, a  
... prince allied to the Imperial family, and a  
... general of Austrian cavalry. 'Monsieur  
... le Prince, your good health! Come, clink  
... your glass with me.'

'Your boy is a true De Rohan,' says the  
... good-natured Austrian, as he accepts the  
... urchin's challenge, and their goblets ring  
... against each other. 'Will you be a soldier,  
... my lad, and wear the white uniform?'

'I will be a soldier,' answers the child,  
... 'but not an Austrian soldier like you. Aus-  
... trian soldiers are not so brave as Hungarians.'

'Well said, my little patriot,' replies the  
... amused general. 'So you do not think our  
... people are good for much? Why, with that  
... sword of yours, I should be very sorry to face  
... you with my whole division. What a Light  
... Dragoon the rogue will make, De Rohan!  
... see, he has plundered grapes already.' And  
... the jolly prince set back in his chair, and  
... poured himself out another glass of 'Im-  
... perial Tokay.'

To be continued.

*Gun, Gun and Feather.*

**BOGARDUS' NEW RULES FOR TRAP SHOOTING.**

**SINGLE BIRDS.**

Rule 1.—All matches or sweepstakes shall be shot from five ground traps, five yards apart, 25 yards rise and 100 yards boundary, measured from the centre trap, with the use of one barrel only, the choice of trap to be decided by the referee by drawing gun-wads or throwing dice.

Rule 2.—Pulling of Traps.—The trap-puller shall stand from four to six feet behind the shooter. The traps shall be numbered 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5. The referee shall have five gun-wads in his pocket, having numbers upon them corresponding to the numbers on the traps. When the shooter is at the score ready to shoot, the referee shall draw a wad from his pocket or throw a dice, and show the number to the trap-puller. The trap-puller will then say 'Ready,' after which the shooter must call 'Pull.' In all cases the trap-puller must pull fair for each shooter. If the trap should be sprung before the shooter has given the word, he can take the bird or not at his option; but if he shoots, the bird or birds shall be scored, whether killed or not, as the case may be.

Rule 3.—Judges and Referee.—Two judges and a referee shall be appointed before the shooting commences, and the referee's decision shall be final. He may allow a contestant another bird in case the latter shall have been balked or interfered with, if he thinks the party entitled to it.

Rule 4.—Birds and Decision.—If a bird shall fly toward parties within the bounds, in such a manner that to shoot at it would endanger any person, another bird shall be allowed and, if a bird is shot at within the bounds by any person besides the party at the score, the referee shall decide how it shall be scored, or whether another bird shall be allowed.

Rule 5.—Position at the Score.—After the shooter has taken his stand at the score, he shall not level his gun or raise the butt above his elbow until he calls pull. Should he infringe on this rule, the bird or birds shall be scored as lost, whether killed or not.

Rule 6.—Rise and Call of Birds.—All birds must be on the wing when shot at. If a bird is shot on the ground before it takes wing, it shall be scored a lost bird; but if shot on the ground after it takes wing, it shall be counted no bird. If the bird does not rise immediately after the trap is pulled, the shooter shall have the option of calling 'No bird'; and if he shoots at it on its afterward rising, it will be considered a lost bird.

Rule 7.—Gathering Birds.—It shall be optional with the party shooting to gather his own birds or appoint a person to do so for him. In all cases the bird must be gathered by hand, without any forcible means, within three minutes from the time it alights, or be scored as lost. All 'birds' must show shot-marks if challenged. A bird once out of bounds shall be scored as lost.

Rule 8.—Misfires.—Should a gun miss fire or fail to discharge from any cause, it shall score as a lost bird, unless the referee finds, upon examination, that the gun was properly loaded and the misfire unavoidable, in which case he shall allow another bird.

Rule 9.—Size of Gun.—The shooter shall not be allowed to use a gun of larger calibre than that known as No. 10.

Rule 10.—Charge of Shot.—There shall be no restriction as to size of shot used or charge of powder, but the charge of shot shall be not to exceed the regular Dixon Measure, No. 1,106 or No. 1,107, 1½ oz., by measure.

Rule 11.—Penalty for Overloading.—Any person challenging the load of a shooter, after the shooting has commenced, must deposit with the referee the sum of \$5, which is to become the property of the person challenged if his loads are found to be correct. If, however, they are found to be incorrect, he shall forfeit all his rights in that match.

Rule 12.—Ties.—At a shooting match, all ties shall be shot off on the same grounds immediately after the match, if they can be concluded before sunset. In case they cannot be concluded by sunset, they shall be concluded on the following day, unless otherwise directed by the judges or referee. This, however, shall not prevent the ties from

Rule 3.—The time for gathering double birds shall be five minutes. All other rules the same as for single birds.

All ties on single birds shall be shot off at five birds, the same distance as when shooting the match; and ties on double birds at three pairs, the same distance, and so on until the match is decided.

**A CHICAGO BLACK HOLE.**

Among the desperate devices resorted to by the Chicago laro bank proprietors to evade the vigorous raid of the police, a favorite one is to lock up the inmates in fire proof vaults, which are supplied with ventilating holes for this purpose. Sunday morning at 1 o'clock George Hankins' place was raided and seventeen players were bundled into the vault, the door locked, and the police admitted. Hankins and a colored servant remaining outside. Instead of going away, as usual, on finding the room deserted, the officers who were up to the dodge, sat down and waited. In about an hour the air in the vault had become so vitiated that the prisoners became desperate, and from the inside came the faint cries of 'Let us out; we are nearly dead.' Even then the proprietor refused for a time to liberate them, and when he did the seventeen inmates rushed out in a state bordering on suffocation. One old man was nearly dead, and all were terribly exhausted. The confinement of seventeen men in an air-tight vault only seven feet square was a dangerous experiment, which laro-bank patrons will hardly consent to try again, and its disastrous result will be of value in aiding the police in their efforts to suppress gambling in Chicago.

**THE SAGACITY OF CHICKENS.**

The artfulness of common chickens is illustrated by this funny story, published in Land and Water:

In former days, it was difficult for farmers to get anything to eat at John O'Groats, the extreme north of Scotland, there being no butchers or bakers within miles. When visitors arrived, it was the custom of the proprietor of the little inn to chase and catch a chicken, pluck and roast him at once for the visitor's dinner. In course of time, the chickens became very artful. They kept a sharp look-out, and when they saw a carriage coming along the road—they could see a long way down the road from the inn—they bolted with all legs into the heather, and did not reappear until the visitors had eaten their bacon without the chicken, and taken their departure.

That birds learn from experience is quite certain. The following fact proves it. When the telegraph wires were first put up between Berrydale and Hemsdale, the grouse were continually flying against the wires and killing themselves, and in one season the driver of the mail-car picked up no less than forty brace of grouse that had been so killed. Of late years not a grouse has been found killed by the telegraph wires. They seem to have passed on the warnings that telegraph wires were dangerous.

**VALUABLE HORSE FLESH.**

These unheard of winnings of Lord Falmouth have naturally reflected great lustre upon his principal jockey, Archer. There seems to be as great a mania about him as there was under Tiberius for the gladiators and trained athletes of moribund Rome. The practice of noblemen associating on familiar terms with their jockeys is pushed in his case beyond all limits. He frequently takes meals at His Lordship's table, and in the company of his Lordship's noble friends.

The success of Lord Falmouth's stud should not, however, be taken as an indication of a general improvement in the horse breeding of the United Kingdom. In Ireland, in Yorkshire, in Lincolnshire, horseflesh is rapidly deteriorating. In Ireland there is a very large falling off in the number of horses. It is estimated that the island has 60,000 horses less than it had before the Franco-German war. The Whitehall Review, basing its conclusions on facts ascertained at the War Office, says:—

Foreign nations have realized the value of British brood mares, and have lost no opportunity of buying up the best of them. They have imported them wholesale to the continent, and the ubiquity of the Prussian uhlan in the late Franco-German war was a great measure

**APROPOS OF HORSES.**

FRENCH HORSES, ENGLISH HORSES, RUSSIAN HORSES AND COSSACK STEEDS.

(From the Baltimore Sun.)

PARIS, October 3.—I can remember when "hunters and racers" and all fast horses were to be sought in vain in France. Recent contests in England have proved the change or the improvement. The French horses have been crossed by the English and a stock called French produced that in point of speed and endurance will favorably compare with the vaunted racers and hunters of Briton "to the manner born." And I may add that in point of appearance they excel the English horse—in Paris attire. The draught horses of France, and particularly the "black roans" of the Norman breed are unsurpassed and rarely equalled. I should call them as a stock color a dark iron-gray, though they are here designated as "black roans." Their heads are mostly black. Their constitution is powerful and their expense of feeding light. In point of work, they are willing, enduring and trusty; and, though handsome and powerful, can trot with their enormous loads of harness and carts. With such superb, complete anatomy, such fiery eye and grand mien, they combine a speed for cumbrous cart-work equal to eight miles per hour.

The Boulogne bred or "red roans" come next. They are equally stout and vigorous, but more active. America has no such horses in appearance. Rosa Bonheur's horse-fair picture will recall them. England has, but none having the combined qualities of great strength, perfect symmetry and activity. The English brewer's dray horse is a well-known animal, but a sleepy, plodding creature alongside the workhorse of France, particularly those noted herein. France is very proud of these horses, and jealously cares for their form and type, never permitting impurities in the breed or unkind treatment. Next to this class of horse is a smaller, shorter-coupled, yet more powerful class of horse. Their muscular points are superb, and in regard to a hardy, well-set strength they are excellent. Their legs are short-jointed and strong; their thighs fully developed in muscular force; their backs well shaped or lined and firm; their ribs and loins in excellent "form," and their characteristic heads and eyes well set and most intelligent. In a word, they have an immense substance in a little compass. The only features that struck me as objectionable were those which in my time taught us to condemn cavalry horses. They have somewhat coarse points, such as loaded shoulders, heavy-looking and cross-made quarters. Their action is excellent for their type, though they are not as well cared for as the same class of light draught horses and coach horses of England. I have sat behind them in days of yore, when the "diligence and four" made journeying in France "a real ride in the country," and I can bear testimony to their active movements and endurance under those monstrous postillions and their more monstrous jack-boots, to say nothing of their villainous whips and balls. Yet these plump little horses would go their six miles an hour on an average trot, and invariably gallop into the towns, to the delight of inkeepers and bounding beggars. I call them little, for alongside of sixteen and seventeen hands high, like the Norman and Boulogne horses are, fourteen hands, as these are, does look small.

What is termed the "hack" horse in England is unknown in France to the same extent, for the French like not the saddle so much as the English. I can remember when it was a subject of ridicule to sketch "Alphonse and Victorie out for a little ride in the Bois." Poor John Leech, of Punch (himself a capital horseman and one of the few artists who could draw a horse and make him go), was very fond of caricaturing the French horseman. "Things are changed now," but the palm of good riding rests with the Englishman. To make a good hack horse a cross of blood is wanted. The French are encouraging this more than ever with the light Belgian horses, and I was surprised to see some very superior specimens of park hacks at the horse show. They are also doing away with an error in the gait of their saddle-horses, and that is the amble, or motion sacred to sleepy farmers or their sprightly wives, but the most unnatural for the horse. The natural gait of a horse are a walk, trot and gallop. The French ambling horse seldom stumbles. I may here remark that in a relative number of horses in Paris and London, with a similar asphaltum pavement, you do not see one horse "down" here for every fifty you see in London. Is it that the driving or the cleaning of the streets is better here?

In France there is a maxim as to a horse, that half which goes in his mouth is half his goodness, consequently he is well fed (always excepting the public cab company horses—if they be horses at all) and cared for. There is as much difficulty in defining a French race-horse as a "native American." It to be foaled and reared

made to go on the light fantastic hoof so gayly that they appear different animals. And so it is with some people. Paris airs play a huge part in their changed appearance, though often their behavior is not so attractive as that of the horse or even the lower animal. I am convinced the old Roman would have made his horse a consul, nay, an ambassador, out of those Parisian horses at first sight, if the less ambitious equine and docile animal did not intrude, as we frequently find they do.

Napoleon III, more than any other one man, has given to France an impetus to improve the horses of this country—as he did in many other things. I look in vain for any body of men essaying even to do what he did for the agricultural and animal world of France, to say nothing of the human and industrial. The style of riding has changed in France since 1848. The mode of rising in the saddle, after the English style prevails, and the ladies even center. Some people think in America that by this mode the riders go as far in work as the horses. In riding and driving in France the reverse of the English rule is right, and these people keep on the left!

The French horses, as a body, are very much handier than the English. The horses of England at an early age are subjected to more hardships of labor than the same aged horses in France. Hence, in Orleans, Normandy and Polton you see the horse fully formed in years before strained by early work. The average age for a horse to work well in France is from fifteen to seventeen years. In England it is from ten to twelve years. But the lowest age of work in France is six years, while in England four years is not uncommon.

**FATHER M'GLYNN AND GAMBLING.**

(From the New York Evening Post.)

The Rev. Dr. McGlynn, pastor of St. Stephen's Church on Twenty-eighth street, reminds one somewhat of Mgr. Capel, of London. He is fine-looking, dignified, gracious, merry, philosophical. Having greeted the reporter with almost stately courtesy, he treated him to scraps of a dissertation on the moral law, entertaining him meanwhile with charming frankness, amiability and catholicity.

'I desire,' said the reporter, 'to ask you a question with reference to the Cathedral Fair. It is said that there is a good deal of gambling in that institution in the shape of games of chance. Is that so?'

'Well, I can't say that I see any difference between raffling for a pin cushion or a stuffed turkey and raffling for a thousand-dollar bond. By the way, I believe there was a bond raffled for a few days ago and disposed of. Each is gambling, undoubtedly—gambling just as really as Wall street gambling is gambling.'

'And is gambling right?' asked the reporter, modestly.

'It certainly is not wrong,' replied the divine; 'it is a penal act, to be sure, but not an immoral act. It is not a sin in itself.'

'What is a sin?'

'Sin is a willful, deliberate violation of the law of God.'

'Is a violation of the law of man a sin?'

'No. The essence of the moral law consists in the fact of the existence of a lawgiver. Without such a lawgiver (who is God) there can be no moral law.'

'Where is the law to be found—in the Bible?'

'In the heart of man. St. Paul says truly that God hath not left himself without a witness. As soon as a person begins to reason he becomes conscious of the moral law. A child seven years old is thus conscious. No record written in a book or trumpeted by an angel is necessary for the promulgation of it.'

'To apply this to the subject of gambling—is it wrong for a person to gamble when his conscience tells him that gambling is a sin?'

'Undoubtedly. The conscience, though often perverted and unsafe, must nevertheless always be obeyed. That is a prime principal of ethics.'

'Your own conscience, however, does not tell you that gambling is a sin?'

'Not at all. There is high authority for gambling. When Judas died, the disciples held a contest for the vacant apostleship. Each one coveted the temporal honors and spiritual distinction of being an apostle. What did they do? Why, they met together, prayed and that sort of thing, and then cast lots. In other words they risked their chances of getting a valuable emolument. They staked their fortunes upon the result of casting lots. Matthias was the lucky man, and he won. That is not the only instance of the sort in the Bible. Certainly gambling is not a sin per se. If a man has a hundred dollars of his own to spare, if the money is his and he can afford to give it in charity, why can't he stake it on the turn of a die? If he can give it to a church why can't

*Horse Notes.*

**DEATH OF BLACK WARRIOR.**—The trotting stallion Black Warrior was burned with other fine horses, by the burning of the stable of Robert McCrea at Champlain, New York.

The filly Maud 9 has been sent by Mr. Vanderbilt to Comao, L. I., where she will pass the winter in charge of Carl S. Louis. Her owner had some thoughts of allowing her to winter in charge of her former proprietor, Capt. Stone, of Cincinnati, and there was correspondence to that effect, but Mr. Vanderbilt at last decided to keep his trotting wonder near home. She could not be a better hand than those of Mr. Burr. She was driven a few days ago without weight and cut herself in consequence, but the injury is slight. The probability now is, if she comes out next season in as good form as expected, that she will be exhibited in public.

**RARUS VS. SWEETZER.**—An exhibition of speed was given at Salt Lake, Utah, on the 2nd inst., between Rarus, trotter, and Sweetzer, pacer, before some 3,000 persons. A purse was made up for the occasion, and the horses were to be allowed trials of a mile in harness. Neither seemed to take kindly to his work, Sweetzer being especially fractious and could not be settled down to his work. Rarus won in 2:21½. The spectators were dissatisfied with the exhibition, and Sweetzer was then drawn and a running horse sent to accompany Rarus. Even with this advantage the King of the Turf did not succeed in doing better than 2:10½. Splan then drove Sweetzer alone, but he could not be kept upon his feet. Murmon soil did not suit him, and the best Splan could get out of him was 2:34½.

Dan Maco has bought the two thorough-breds, Dr. Livingstone and Lucifer.

**PATIENT TRAINING REWARDED.**

Swinging in a gilded cage in the cozy parlor of Mrs. C. W. Carpenter, whose husband is the proprietor of the Continental Hotel, in Newark, is a brown and yellow canary bird. It looks like an ordinary bird, but listen to it for a second, and you will hear a tune, occasionally varied by genuine bird warblings.

'Dick is about four years old,' Mrs. Carpenter said yesterday, 'and when he feels like it will sing the German waltz, a few notes of which you just heard, though correctly. He has a mate down stairs that sings nearly as well as does Dick, but he is molting now, and doesn't sing. Dick has also been molting, and isn't in good condition. When he is, he will sing that waltz by the hour, but whenever he makes a mistake he will break into a more canary warble, and then begin again. I wish he would sing now. Perhaps we can get him to.'

Thereupon Mrs. Carpenter played the waltz on an organ, using a stop that gave a tone much like a bird's. She played the waltz through, and as she ceased the bird began and sang the waltz nearly through, but it made a false note and then warbled sweetly. The organ sounded again, and then the bird sang again. This time Dick sang the waltz correctly, and at the end of the song gave himself great airs, evidently proud of his skill.

'How did we teach him?' said Mr. Carpenter, in answer to the question of the reporter.

'Mrs. Carpenter took Dick when he was just off the nest, and put him into a room, where he saw no light and heard no sound. Then daily she played the waltz to him, two or three times a day, for fifteen or twenty minutes every time. At the end of a month or two the bird began to sound a note of the waltz, then another. Soon it combined them, and after a time he whistled an entire strain. It was nearly a year, however, before its education was complete. It requires considerable patience to teach a bird. These birds are a cross between a linnnet and a canary, and are a heartier bird than a thoroughbred bred canary. I would not like to part with either of my birds. When the Kellogg opera troupe was here Miss Kellogg was delighted with Dick's performances. She said if she owned him she wouldn't take \$1,000 for him.'—N. Y. Sun.

**NIGHT WORKERS.**

Bats live their active lives in the night, but at sunrise they fly away to their holes, there to sleep until twilight comes again when they resume the occupation of insect killing. The female bat has rather a hard time of it, she is the nest and the food of her young, and they themselves are at it by night.

is shot on the ground before it takes wing, it shall be scored a lost bird; but if shot on the ground after it takes wing, it shall be counted no bird. If the bird does not rise immediately after the trap is pulled, the shooter shall have the option of calling 'No bird;' and if he shoots at it on its afterward rising, it will be considered 'a lost bird.'

**Rule 7.—Gathering Birds.**—It shall be optional with the party shooting to gather his own birds or appoint a person to do so for him. In all cases the bird must be gathered by hand, without any forcible means, within three minutes from the time it alights, or be scored as lost. All birds must show shot-marks if challenged. A bird once out of bounds shall be scored as lost.

**Rule 8.—Misfires.**—Should a gun miss fire or fail to discharge from any cause, it shall score as a lost bird, unless the referee finds, upon examination, that the gun was properly loaded and the misfire unavoidable, in which case he shall allow another bird.

**Rule 9.—Size of Gun.**—The shooter shall not be allowed to use a gun of larger calibre than that known as No. 10.

**Rule 10.—Charge of Shot.**—There shall be no restriction as to size of shot used or charge of powder, but the charge of shot shall be not to exceed the regular Dixon Measure, No. 1,106 or No. 1,107, 1½ oz., by measure.

**Rule 11.—Penalty for Overloading.**—Any person challenging the load of a shooter, after the shooting has commenced, must deposit with the referee the sum of \$5, which is to become the property of the person challenged if his loads are found to be correct. If, however, they are found to be incorrect, he shall forfeit all his rights in that match.

**Rule 12.—Ties.**—At a shooting match, all ties shall be shot off on the same grounds immediately after the match, if they can be concluded before sunset. In case they cannot be concluded by sunset, they shall be concluded on the following day, unless otherwise directed by the judges or referee. This, however, shall not prevent the ties from dividing the prizes, if they may all agree to do so. Should one refuse to divide, then it must be shot off. Any one of the ties being absent thirty minutes after the time agreed upon to shoot them off shall forfeit his right to contest for the prize.

**Rule 13.—Bribing and Penalty.**—Any competitor or other person bribing, or attempting to bribe, the trapper or puller, or attempting to obtain an unfair advantage in any manner whatsoever, to be disqualified from shooting or sharing in the results of the match.

**Rule 14.—To Prevent Accidents.**—The shooter, if he uses a breech-loader, shall not put the cartridge in his gun until called to the score. If he use a muzzle-loader, he shall leave it uncapped until called.

**Rule 15.—Time at Score.**—Each participation in a shooting match shall hold himself in readiness, and come to the score prepared to shoot when his name is called by the scorer. If he be longer than five minutes, it shall be discretionary with the referee whether to allow him to shoot or not in the match.

#### DOUBLE RISES.

**Rule 1.—Rise and Boundary.**—All matches shall be shot from H and T plunge traps, which shall be set five yards apart, and the rise shall be 90 yards, and 100 yards boundary.

**Rule 2.—Birds on the Wing.**—In double shooting, both birds must be on the wing when the first is shot at, and if the other should alight before shot at, the party shooting shall shoot at two more birds. If the first bird should be killed on the trap before it rises, it shall be scored a lost bird; but if either is killed on the ground after they have been on the wing, the shooter shall have two more birds to shoot at; or, if both birds fly and are killed with one barrel, he must shoot at two other birds.

coming along the road—they could see a long way down the road from the inn—they bolted with all legs into the heather, and did not reappear until the visitors had eaten their bacon without the chicken, and taken their departure.

That birds learn from experience is quite certain. The following fact proves it. When the telegraph wires were first put up between Berrydale and Hemsdale, the grouse were continually flying against the wires and killing themselves, and in one season the driver of the mail-cart picked up no less than forty brace of grouse that had been so killed. Of late years not a grouse has been found killed by the telegraph wires. They seem to have passed on the warnings that telegraph wires were dangerous.

#### VALUABLE HORSE FLESH.

These unheard of winnings of Lord Falmouth have naturally reflected great lustre upon his principal jockey, Archer. There seems to be as great a mania about him as there was under Tiberius for the gladiators and trained athletes of moribund Rome. The practice of noblemen associating on familiar terms with their jockeys is pushed in his case beyond all limits. He frequently takes meals at His Lordship's table, and in the company of his Lordship's noble friends.

The success of Lord Falmouth's stud should not, however, be taken as an indication of a general improvement in the horse breeding of the United Kingdom. In Ireland, in Yorkshire, in Lincolnshire, horseflesh is rapidly deteriorating. In Ireland there is a very large falling off in the number of horses. It is estimated that the island has 60,000 horses less than it had before the Franco-German war. The Whitehall Review, basing its conclusions on facts ascertained at the War Office, says:—

Foreign nations have realized the value of British brood mares, and have lost no opportunity of buying up the best of them. They have imported them wholesale to the continent, and the ubiquity of the Prussian uhlans in the late Franco-German war was in a great measure due to the foresight of the German nation in mounting its cavalry at the expense of English horseflesh. And still this system of purchase for foreign export goes on, depleting our British resources and making cavalry equipments more difficult and more expensive from year to year. Foreign exports is not, however, the only cause of the diminution in numbers and in the quality of the Irish horse. The task of breeding has become less popular with the farmer, because, even with the increased price which he obtains for his horseflesh, he finds it less remunerative to breed it than to breed sheep and cattle. The latter come to earlier maturity, and are a safer commodity to offer for sale. Two causes may be said to underlie this disinclination to breed horses—the one the earlier market which beasts which are destined for food obtain, and the other the inferiority of the stallions which in most cases are within reach of the farmer's purse.

At first sight it might appear as if the purchase by foreigners in our markets would enhance the price of horses and so be in the breeder's favor. If foreign agents confined themselves to buying horses for work alone, this would undoubtedly be the case; but continental Governments have been aware of the importance of improving their own national breeds. With this view they have devoted their attention to buying up the best brood mares that they could find, and have drawn largely upon Ireland in this respect.

What is wanted is a better class of mares, and also of stallions. The former can be secured in two ways, first, by discouraging and even prohibiting export of mares, except under a heavy duty; secondly, by utilizing mares more largely for cavalry remounts, so as to keep them in the country, and then turning them to breeding purposes in their later years. It has been suggested by the Earl of Charlemont, in his evidence before the Select Committee of the House of Lords, which reported upon the supply of horses in Great Britain in 1873, that if the Government would buy their remounts (at all events mares) at three years old instead of four, they would anticipate foreign buyers, and so keep animals of this class in the country. Foreigners do not buy till horses are four years old.

though they are not as well cared for as the same class of light draught horses and coach horses of England. I have sat behind them in days of yore, when the "diligence and four" made journeying in France "a real ride in the country," and I can bear testimony to their active movements and endurance under those monstrous postillions and their more monstrous jack-boots, to say nothing of their villainous whips and bells. Yet these plump little horses would go their six miles an hour on an average trot, and invariably gallop into the towns, to the delight of inkeepers and bounding beggars. I call them little, for alongside of sixteen and seventeen hands high, like the Norman and Bolougne horses are, fourteen hands, as these are, does look small.

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In France there is a maxim as to a horse, that half which goes in his mouth is half his goodness, consequently he is well fed (always excepting the public cab company horses—if they be horses at all) and cared for. There is as much difficulty in defining a French race-horse as a "native American." If to be foaled and reared in France makes the colt of an English mare a French horse, then you have one. The celebrated Daniel O'Connell rebuked somebody for calling the Duke of Wellington an Irishman. "What," said the great agitator, "is a man a horse if he be born in a stable, or are kittens loaves of bread if born in an oven?" I inquire into the pedigree of all these exquisite-looking thoroughbreds before me to-day, and find that their origin, one degree removed, is English. However, to those familiar with records of such French racers who have won their cups in England and known to the sporting world under the glorious names of Bolard and Bohemed, Boston Idol and Salvator, Flageolet and Mortimer, nothing is too eloquent in their praise. They are types of the best racing blood of France, and in beauty excel. Such horses as Eole II, Fer ragus and Francour, Graverus and Gontran, to say nothing of the whole brigade of other beauties, were alone worth a visit to Paris to see.

The modern Paris landau, brougham or victoria carriage horse is a fine and well-set-off animal. The gay writer Toinette, in his almost forgotten "Malade Imaginaires," says "the beard is more than half the doctor." To-day in Paris the stylish carriage horse is more than half the bean. No bean is without one, and he who is solely dependent on "shanks mare" is socially "split." So is a belle. Not with him as with the beau Gouenant, who, when he took to a horse raised a scandal, and the comments of Bolleau: "Gouenant, sur son cheval, en passant meclabousse." But the French carriage horse is only a Britisher transplanted. In six weeks he becomes so thoroughly Parisian that none of his recently arrived equine confreres know him. He also reminds me of some of our "native Americans," only he does not vote so early and so often, however great his intelligence. Like the country clodhopper from the mountains of Greece, who spoke such high-flown Greek to the Athenians that they did not understand him, so the British horse puts on so many French "airs" that native Paris steeds cannot comprehend him. The French horse dealers have their agents at all the markets in England, and pick up, regardless of price, the best young horses. When brought here they are washed and trimmed and dressed, and reined up so marvellously and

turkey and rattling for a thousand-dollar bond. By the way, I believe there was a bond raffled for a few days ago and disposed of. Each is gambling, undoubtedly—gambling just as really as Wall street gambling is gambling.

'And is gambling right?' asked the reporter, modestly.

'It certainly is not wrong,' replied the divine; 'it is a penal act, to be sure, but not an immoral act. It is not a sin in itself.'

'What is a sin?'

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'To apply this to the subject of gambling—is it wrong for a person to gamble when his conscience tells him that gambling is a sin?'

'Undoubtedly. The conscience, though often perverted and unsafe, must nevertheless always be obeyed. That is a prime principle of ethics.'

'Your own conscience, however, does not tell you that gambling is a sin?'

'Not at all. There is high authority for gambling. When Judas died, the disciples held a contest for the vacant apostleship. Each one coveted the temporal honors and spiritual distinction of being an apostle. What did they do? Why, they met together, prayed and that sort of thing, and then cast lots. In other words they risked their chances of getting a valuable emolument. They staked their fortunes upon the result of casting lots. Matthias was the lucky man, and he won. That is, not the only instance of the sort in the Bible. Certainly gambling is not a sin per se. If a man has a hundred dollars of his own to spare; if the money is his and he can afford to give it in charity, why can't he stake it on the turn of a die? If he can give it to a church, why can't he raffle with it at a church fair? The money belongs to him, and to gamble with it is not to violate a law of God.'

'It is a violation of a law of man, though, isn't it?'

'Well, I am not enough of a lawyer to know just how far, if any, this raffling at church fairs is illegal. In New York State, to be sure, gambling is illegal, but that doesn't make it immoral. In Louisiana, for example, the lotteries are legal. General Beauregard is the President of one company—a very good man, I believe. There is no inherent sinfulness in lotteries. At the 'policy shops' in this city, as they are called, a good deal of swindling goes on; a man hasn't a fair chance to win, and when he has won what he receives is often almost worthless. Therefore it is well for the State to protect its citizens from such swindling. But at a church fair it is to be presumed that the controlling motive of visitors is not cupidity. They desire to give money for the glory of God, for the establishment of an institution which will further the interests of religion and charity—in other words, of Christianity. Or else they wish to gratify a personal friend who has charge of a table. Or else they like the pleasant excitement of the risk. It is not to be presumed, however, that their motive primarily is cupidity.'

'If a man assumes the risk of losing \$10 in a raffle in order that he may promote the glory of God, does the end in this instance justify the means?'

'The means doesn't need justifying. It is not a sin to raffle or gamble. If it was a sin the end would not justify it.'

#### A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, Bible House New York City 852-em

ter said yesterday, and when on the 11th will sing the German waltz, a few notes of which you just heard, though correctly. He has made down stairs that sings nearly as well as Dick, but he is molting now, and doesn't sing. Dick has also been molting, and is in good condition. When he is, he will sing the waltz by the hour, but whenever he makes a mistake he will break into a mere canary warble, and then begin again. I wish he would sing now. Perhaps we can get him to.

Thereupon Mrs. Carpenter played the waltz on an organ, using a stop that gave a tone much like a bird's. She played the waltz through, and as she ceased the bird began and sang the waltz nearly through, but it made a false note and then warbled sweetly. The organ came again, and then the bird sang again. This time Dick sang the waltz correctly, and at the end of the song gave himself great airs, evidently proud of his skill.

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#### NIGHT WORKERS.

Bats live their active lives in the night, and as sunlight comes they fly away to their haunts there to sleep until twilight comes again, when they resume the occupation of insect killing. The female bat has rather a hard time of it, as she is the nest and the food of her young, and they themselves are able to fly. Often have I seen a female bat, with her young clinging to her breast, flying about in search of food, and the little ones were not so small either. How else could they get along? The old ones make no nest; if they wanted to ever so much they could not, and the chances are that, from their wandering habits, they spend the day in some place and the next in another two or three miles distant, just as they happen to be when day overtakes them, and if they leave their young behind them, their exact locality might be forgotten. When the young ones are able to shift for themselves the mother's life is easier, and until winter comes, to kill their insect food, she lives luxuriously. Then, when all nature is prepared to put on the livery of winter, bats, instead of leaving the scenes where they have passed the summer, repair to their haunts in the caves and walls, and, hanging by their hind feet, in little groups of five or six together, pass the dreary season in one unbroken sleep.—London Naturalist.

#### IS IT A FACT?

Proof that the top of a wagon wheel, when running along on the ground, moves faster than the bottom, is given according to the Scientific American, by instantaneous photographs of a wagon in rapid motion. It is obvious, says the writer, that an instantaneous photograph of a wheel, revolving upon its axle in the air, will show all parts of the wheel with equal distinctness. But if the wheel has a progressive motion and any one portion has a greater motion than its corresponding part, above or below, there must be a liability to blurring in that part of the picture. These pictures are taken with an ultra exposure that the horse, though moving at 2:24 gait, is sharply outlined. The wheels of the driver's sulky, however, have a different tale to tell. The lower third of each wheel is sharp and distinct, as if absolutely at rest. Not so with top, that part of the wheel showing a perceptible movement during the two thousandth part of a second of the exposure of the plate. The upper ends of the spokes and the rim are blurred.



TORONTO, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 20, '78

P. COLLINS. PROPRIETOR  
OFFICE.—No. 90 KING ST. WEST.

All Communications Intended for the "Sporting Times" should be addressed P. COLLINS, 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 Yellow 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 1, 1878, each card running for three months. No person is authorized to use any other credential on our behalf. Managers will save themselves from imposition by demanding an exhibition of said card, and refusing to accept any excuse whatever for its non-production. The card is not transferable; and if it be presented by any person other than the one whose name it bears, managers and others will retain it and mail it to this office.

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

DATES CLAIMED FOR 1879.

CANADIAN.

Dundas ..... May 24  
Hamilton..... July 1 to 3

AMERICAN.]

TROTTING.

Milwaukee, Wis..... June 2 to 6  
Chicago, Ill..... July 15 to 19  
Cleveland, O..... July 22 to 25  
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been managed by the Club, or he thinks his interests will be better protected in other hands. If such is the case the Hanlan Club without Hanlan will not be a very ostentatious affair, and its early dissolution may be looked for, when doubtless the hidden hand will be shown. The public, the jury in such matters, have clearly acquitted Hanlan of any complicity in the deception and mismanagement of the race at Lachine, which struck a vital blow to boat-racing in Canada. Just now it is a mystery all round who has the champion in hand. It is clearly not the Hanlan Club, as they repudiate any knowledge of the English engagement for their proteges. It may probably be as well if he is withdrawn from their influence, as if he was as pure as the driven snow a few more matches managed like the Courtney one would involve him in suspicions from which he would find it difficult to clear himself, however innocent. The depressing effect of the deception practised in that race on the champion's prospects is strikingly shown in the lack of interest that has been taken in the Homestead Fund since that event. For this mismanagement, though beyond his control, Hanlan, it will be admitted, has been the sufferer personally. This is manifestly wrong, but it is difficult to overcome public sentiment even when private worth is balanced against it. Such has been the effect in this instance, and if the champion, finding the incubus of the Club is destroying his anticipations, his withdrawal will be considered a politic move. That there is trouble in the camp somewhere, the making of this English match establishes beyond a doubt. It will be the prayer of the champion's friends, however, that under any and all circumstances, no matter who may assume the future management of his affairs, that it will be conducted in a new line, and in such a manner as not to cast even a breath of suspicion on his actions or destroy an atom of that confidence which is so largely placed in him by his countrymen.

A LIVERY STABLE CASE.

AN IMPORTANT DECISION.

At the Division Court held at Baden, Ont., on the 12th inst., a case of general importance came up for settlement. We give the facts as related to us. Some few months ago a young man who was visiting some friends in New Hamburg, hired a horse and rig from a livery stable in the village, and when driving in the vicinity of the railway station the horse got scared at a passing train and became unmanageable. He finally broke away from the driver and smashed some portions of the buggy and harness. The proprietor of the livery stable—Mr. Becker—presented his customer with a bill of damages, amounting to some thirty odd dollars, but the young man refused to pay it, and the result was an action in the Division Court. The Judge held that evidence being given to the effect that the defendant had done everything in his power to prevent the runaway he was not liable for the damage sustained. This being the case livery keepers will need to exercise great care that their rigs are placed in competent hands.

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Sporting Gossip.

"The last of his race," said the man when his horse fell dead upon the track.

Mr. Attrill, of Goderich, has offered \$250 reward for the conviction of the person who drugged a valuable mare belonging to him, and caused an abortion.

Mr. John Dulmage, proprietor of the Royal Hotel, Parkhill, one of the best known horse-men in the western part of the country, is just now on a trip to New York, taking in the sights of the American metropolis. It is possible he may bring something handsome back with him in the way of fancy horse-flesh.

Mr. Morton, of Rose Lea Farm, Greenwood, Manitoba, recently imported eight Clydesdale mares and two stallions—all prize taking stock at the Ontario exhibitions—and some blooded stock. One yearling stallion cost over \$500. This importation is quite an addition to the stock of the new Province.

In one of the races at Fleetwood Park, New York, lately, there were no less than four "Ringers," and still it wasn't considered a good day for ringers.

Mr. James A. Frazer, of Goldenville, N. S., recently purchased from Gen. Wm. H. Tilton, of Togus, Maine, the yearling bay colt Flanker, by Constellation (a son of Almont), dam by Bonney's Son of old Eaton. Mr. E. M. Shaw, of Victoria, N. B., also purchased from the same gentleman the black weanling colt Godfrey, by Constellation, dam by Henry Mambrino.

It is positively stated that where sawdust is used for bedding horses they are far more healthy than where straw is used. Col. Jones, one of the firm who opened the Metropolitan Hotel at Pembroke, the early part of the season, has been so encouraged that he has lately leased it for five years.

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The winter trotting meeting at Ottawa will probably be held on the St. Louis dam, a short distance above the city, and within easy access. It is proposed to fence in a half-mile track. The treasury of the Club is in a healthy condition, having a credit of several hundred dollars on the right side of the ledger, and no liabilities.

Read the advertisement of thoroughbred stallions for sale. Bargains await early applicants.

At Ottawa last winter a protest was made against the mare Miss Tartar, the winner of the 2:50 race as not being eligible. The protest we learn has been sustained, and

against Fullerton's wagon time of 2:20½. He paced the first heat in 2:17½ and repeated in 2:18.

Signor Farini, through his agent Mr. T. W. Hunt, jr., has secured from Mr. Lyon, Toronto, the thoroughbred horse Hyder Ali, by imported Leamington, dam Lady Duke, by Lexington, for his stock farm at Port Hope. With two such stallions as Hyder Ali and Oysterman, jr., our enterprising friend can lay claim to a little pre-eminence over most of his fellow breeders. The consideration was not made public.

Any one wanting a fine, large trotting mare, either for breeding purposes or a driver should give attention to the announcement in another column that Lady Tartar is for sale.

The Veterinary Medical Association for Central Canada will hold a session early in December at Brockville. The proceedings are expected to be of more than ordinary interest, as some of the leading members have prepared papers especially for this meeting.

One of the reporters for a city paper was approached on the street one day this week by a gentleman who remarked, "Perhaps I've got an item for you. Did you know that I was an heir?" The young man confessed his ignorance and naturally inquired, "What kind of an heir?" "Heir-pin," was the reply, and yet lightning did not strike him, nor a street car run him down.

Mr. Thos. P. Fee, "Dad," the boss backman in Hamilton, was joined in the bonds of wedlock with Miss Bella Ritchie, of Grimsby, on Tuesday morning.

TRAMP'S GOSSIP.

In your last week's issue you doctored my remarks on betting, missing out what I said about a number of horses starting for the Cambridgeshire at 200 to 1 against each.

In 1822, when Mr. Petre's Theodore won the St. Leger, he started such an outsider that the night before, Jem Bland, the big bookmaker of the day, bet £100 sterling to a walking stick against him. In 1819, when Mr. Ferguson's Ontario won the same race, the owner (who was a lawyer) was in the grand stand when a friend bet him £10 even that he couldn't whistle when the horses were coming in. As they came into the straight, Mr. Ferguson commenced to whistle shrill and clear, but his friend touching him said, "No, no, you must only whistle when I tell you," and as the horses swept past the winning post with Ontario in front, beating Wrangle by half a length, now said "whistle," but the lucky lawyer could only make a blow of it.

At Pesth, Hungary, The Maiden (Kinsem) got in front again, but only a neck from Altona, but as they are stable companions it don't do to criticise the closeness of the finish. Nil Desperandum, by Buccaneer (the winner of the Australian Derby), pulled through in his race; and Vockta, by Buccaneer, won the principal two-year-old race. At Vesinet, France, the Prix de Novembre went to Jonville, a bay 5-year-old horse by Fort a' Bras, and the next race was won by Jouvillairo, his 2-year-old sister. In the Hurdle Race a jockey with the beautiful name of Blenco had a mount.

At Brighton, Placida, four years old, with 140 lbs. up, won the Autumn Cup, 1½ miles, giving away 37 lbs. and 39 lbs. to her two competitors, both 8-year-olds. The next day she tried to give 82 lbs. to Grey Friar, a 4-year-old, but was beaten by two lengths in a mile.

Mr. Lorillard's venture in England will be looked on with much interest, and as Parole, Duke of Magenta, and Uncas are undoubted.

London to York and back, a distance of 400 miles, in 5 days 18 hours. In 1778 he did the same distance in 5 days and 20 hours, and in 1792, when 68 years of age, he again did 400 miles in 5 days, 15 hours and 15 minutes. Many other performances are recorded but the above are the principal.—TRAMP.

VALUABLE HORSES FOR SALE.

One great want in our country at the present time is the lack of a sufficient number of thoroughbred stallions of a proper class to supply the demand. The great importance of the old country trade demands that an increase in our stock of sires in this particular is necessary to continue the supply of eligible horses for that market. In our advertising columns to-day we are pleased to direct attention to two of the finest stallions ever offered for sale in this country, Galway and St. James. Galway is by Concord (whose get show good trotting qualities), dam Maudina, by imp. Australian. He was a high-class horse of his year, and has shown his heels to such flyers as Rhadamanthus, Big Sandy, Vigil, Madge, Spindrift, and a host of others, all good ones. He is over 16 hands, very dark chestnut. St. James is 4 years, 16 hands, chestnut, by Lexington, dam Banner by imp. Albion. He was a crack of his year, having beaten Basil, Bushwhacker, Cloverbrook, Baden-Baden, &c. All who have seen him say he is one of the handsomest horses in America. Either or both of the above horses will be sold at an astonishing low price, sufficient to almost guarantee a sale to the first applicant.

FAST TROTTING.

THE TEN-MILE RECORD OUT DOWN.

For the second time this year the California trotting gelding Controller has cut down the 10-mile record. Last March, in a match with old John Stewart, at the District course, San Francisco, he reduced the figures from 28:08½ to 27:30. Last Saturday, in a race with Red Cross, Controller knocked off six and three-quarter seconds from this time, and credited himself with 27:28½, or at the rate of less than 2:44½ for a mile. This last and greatest performance was over the Oakland track, within a short distance of San Francisco. The tumbling of the records this year in the trotting class has been somewhat amazing, and it is difficult to say at what figure you can stop the watch and say you shall go no farther. The limit is evidently not yet reached.

Correspondence.

FROM ORANGEVILLE.

To the Editor of the Sporting Times:

Sir,—As you are always pleased to chronicle any important event concerning the equine family, I give you the particulars of one of the most extraordinary accidents that ever happened to a horse without killing him outright. A young lad was driving home a team of Mr. Irwin's, who lives within 2 miles of Shelburne in the Township of Amaranth when the horses became unmanageable and ran away; the boy left them to their fate. On they dashed at full speed through the bar yard, running straddle of the pump, which was struck by the pole, knocking away the flooring covering the well, into which one of the horses slipped, breech first, taking with him the top of the pump, and leaving wagon and harness. Down he went 40 feet, into feet of water. Alarm was given amongst the neighbors, who soon gathered in large numbers, amongst them your correspondent. The first thing was to save the other horse from following his mate, which was easily done. The next was to get the horse out. This was done by erecting a heavy windlass over the well, down which your humble servant was let by a rope; he found the horse all right, saving some bruises around the head caused by his kicking and plunging against the side of the wall, which is a 4 feet square of sided with 2 in. plank. After considerable trouble I managed to get surcingle around his head under the fore legs. On raising



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## THE MATCH SETTLED.

From a paragraph in our aquatic columns it will be seen that Hanlan has been matched against Hawdon of the Tyne, to row on that river next May for £200 a side. A forfeit of £10 a side was posted, and an agreement entered into to put up another £50 and sign articles at an early day, all of which has doubtless been done ere this. On Hanlan's behalf the match was made by an hotel-keeper, John Bright, of the Mushroom Tavern, Newcastle, and his authority for so doing is said to have been a letter from Canada instructing him to act for the American champion. This news will still further tend to complicate matters between Hanlan, the Club that has been acting in his behalf the past season, and the public. Hanlan himself makes no secret of his intention of going to the old country, and is already putting his affairs in order for the trans-Atlantic journey. So the match has all the *prima facie* appearance of being *bona fide*. But the secret part of the affair is who the Canadian gentleman or association who authorized the Newcastle hotel keeper to make the match. There is high authority that the Hanlan Club have deputed no such powers to any one, and corroborative evidence of this statement is found in the additional one that no funds of the Club have been appropriated for that purpose or the necessary expenses attending such a match. Affairs commence to look as if the champion was either dissatisfied with the manner in which he has

which is so largely pronounced in our countrymen.

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## A TORONTO JOCKEY CLUB.

The signs of the time indicate that Toronto will have a first-class Jockey Club ready for operation for 1879. It is proposed to form a joint stock company and secure Woodbine Park for a term of years at a reasonable rental. The shares have been placed at \$100 each and the liability of each shareholder will be limited to that amount. Already about one-third of the stock has been spoken for, and no effort at solicitation has been made. From this it will be seen the accomplishment of the scheme appears to be of speedy completion. Although nothing can be definitely settled upon, it has been suggested that mixed meetings—trotting and racing—will be given as heretofore. Stakes will be opened for provinces and foreign breeds, with a preponderance in favor of the former. It has not been thought advisable to confine the stock to city subscribers, so that our country friends will have an opportunity of joining in this enterprise which promises to be of so much value in assisting to develop our equine wealth. There is no reason why, with proper management and sufficient capital, race meetings could not be given in Toronto which would be equally attractive and successful as those of Buffalo, Chicago, &c. We will be pleased to see any gentlemen desirous of further information in this matter at our office.

Mr. M. H. Sanford returned to America last week.

MONTEZUMA.—This magnificent two-year-old colt by Harry Bassett out of Sallie Watson ran a great race at Belmont Park last Thursday. He carried 7½ lbs. over in order to have a jockey on his back, fell on to his knees during the race, recovered himself, and finished at the girth of the third horse—and this was a mile! He it remembered, in a very large field of all-aged horses. His owner thinks very highly of him, and with good grounds, from the above performance.

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From Philadelphia we learn that Handsome John, the phenomenon colt formerly owned by Mr. Bowman near Bradford, has been pleasing his new owner by showing him quarters in :86 over an inferior track.

Mr. B. Lewis, a former partner of George Stone, the late owner of the celebrated mare Maud S., met with a sad bereavement by the death of his daughter at Jacksonville, Florida. Mr. Lewis, better known as "Bolly," occupied a prominent place in sporting circles. His commanding appearance and excellent conversational powers made for him a host of friends. He was of a literary turn of mind, and a favorite with journalists.

Mr. H. W. Brown, the well known driver, for several years past superintendent of Mr. J. P. Wiser's stock farm at Prescott, has taken up his residence in Potsdam, N. Y., where he will continue to follow his avocation as a trainer and driver. Mr. Brown is well known in turf circles on both sides of the line.

Geo. Davidson, of Cherrywood, Ont., has sold his brood mare, which took first prize at Whitby Fall Fair, in the Agricultural class, to Mr. C. Johnston, of Iowa. Price \$250.

It would be a "Little Wonder" if the "Old Man's Favorite" was not the most popular smoking tobacco in Canada.

At Chico, Cal., on Thursday of last week the gray pacing gelding Sweetzer went

that the night before, Jem Bland, the big bookmaker of the day, bet £100 sterling to a walking stick against him. In 1819, when Mr. Ferguson's Ontario won the same race, the owner (who was a lawyer) was in the grand stand when a friend bet him £10 even that he couldn't whistle when the horses were coming in. As they came into the straight, Mr. Ferguson commenced to whistle shrill and clear, but his friend touching him said, "No, no, you must only whistle when I tell you," and as the horses swept past the winning post with Ontario in front, beating Wrangle by half a length, now said "whistle," but the lucky lawyer could only make a blow of it.

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Mr. Lorillard's venture in England will be looked on with much interest, and as Parole, Duke of Magenta, and Uncas are undoubtedly good race-horses, he may be able to pay expenses at the least.

To show the fallacy of "time" in estimating the true form of a racehorse, I need only refer to the two-mile heat race between Bushwhacker and Princeton, which is the best two-mile heat race—three heats—on record, Mollie Jones and Rocket coming next, and who will claim that any one of the four is even a second-class race horse?

At Anteuil (France) the Steeplechase, 1m. 7fur., was won by Wild Monarch by Wild Oats, with 168 lbs. up, beating four others, and the hurdle race by Voupsia, 4 yrs, 184 lbs., by Honesty, beating ten others. This Honesty was by Voltigeur and must not be confounded with Masterman's rare old black on which Cameron had to lose the Member's Plate at Newcastle one year, but he got very drunk and couldn't hold the old horse, and in spite of all the efforts of Cooke on Algeria (who was wanted to win) Honesty proved the best policy and won "hard held" by a length. If there was no weeping and wailing, there was considerable gnashing of teeth about the result.

The Melbourne Cup (Australia) was won by M. de Mestre's five-year-old horse Calamia by Marleyrning, out of Lupa. M. de Mestre has won this race several times, Archer, Tim Whiffler, &c., carrying his colors to the fore. Marleyrning is a son of the well known English race horse, Fisherman, winner of 70 races.

As great interest seems to be taken in long distance pedestrianism, the following may be new as well as interesting to your readers. Foster Powell was born near Leeds, England, in 1784. In 1764 he walked 50 miles in 7 hours, though encumbered with great coat and leather breeches. In 1778 he walked from

reached.

## Correspondence.

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Yours,  
SUBSCRIBER

## A SKILFUL OPERATION.

About a year ago a horse, belonging to McNeil, concession 14, township of Grey, received an injury to the lower jaw, which had been very much swollen ever since, has been charging matter of fetid odor, and was interfering with mastication. On Nov. 7th, Mr. M. brought the horse to Mr. John Nott, V. Brucals, for examination. On careful inspection Mr. Nott found a number of loose teeth which, after making an incision, he removed with a pair of forceps. One of the pieces of jaw was about two inches in length. The horse was rapidly recovering under skilful treatment. This is only one of a number of instances which Mr. Nott has shown great skill in the discharge of his professional duties.

Canadian Turf.

THE COPLAND CUP.

The cross-country steeplechase for the Copland Challenge Cup took place near Norway, on Saturday afternoon last. Prof. Smith, V.S., and Mr. Henry Godson were the judges. Throughout the day the weather was threatening, but about the time of the race it cleared off. It was quite a good race, the jumps being numerous and fine. Only one accident occurred—Hotspur falling. On getting the start, Judge led, with Victor second, Skylark and Liberty being third and fourth. It was a pretty sight to see such a fine field of horses under full headway. About three-quarters of a mile from home Skylark made his run and easily drew away from the rest, running with hands down, being beautifully ridden by his owner. Liberty was late in moving up, an error in judgment of his rider, and had to be contented with third position. The following is a brief description of the cup:—The base, which rests on a black marble stand, is of engraved silver supporting a rustic pedestal, on either side of which is a fox hound in silver. The body of the cup is of unique shape, richly chased, and engraved with the following inscription:—"Challenge Cup, presented to the Toronto Hunt Club by the late Master, Wm. Copland, Nov., 1878." A chased band around the body of the cup is ornamented with ten fox heads, and the handles at the sides are formed of a hunter's cap and two crossed whips. Surrounding the ornamental scroll on the upper edge of the cup and the top of the cover, is an admirably modeled mounted huntsman in chased silver, which gives an appropriate finish to a really magnificent cup. The elegance of design and workmanship of the trophy are most creditable to the manufacturers.

The following is the summary of the race:—  
 Toronto, Ont., Nov. 23.—Steeplechasing. Copland Challenge Cup, value \$400. To be run for by horses regularly hunted with the Toronto Hounds. Members of the club to ride. Weights, 160 lbs.; thoroughbreds 7 lbs extra; foreign bred and horses that have been in a training stable for three months barred. To be won three years by same owner before it becomes individual property. Over about three miles of fair hunting country.

J Mead's b g Skylark.....	Owner	1
F Walker's ch g Marquis.....		2
M A Thomas' b g Liberty.....		3
G Hastings' ch g Judge.....		6
A Shields' b g Protection.....		0
A Godson's b g Victor.....		0
G Gooderham's b. g. Colonel.....		0
J Lee's ch g Ticonic.....		0
J A Donaldson's ch g Jasper.....		0
J Hughes' b g Hotspur.....	fell	

TROTTING AT KINGSTON.

HELIAS DRIVING PARK, Sydenham, (Loughborough P O), Ont.—\$100; Trotting; match. He beats, 3 in 5, in harness.  
 Mr T M Buskuk's Ethan Allen..... 1 1 1  
 Mr Lewis' Tom Allen..... 2 2 2  
 No time.

Athletic.

"YOUNG SPORT'S" EXHIBITION.

Peter Napoleon Campana, more familiarly known by the less euphonic sobriquet of "Young Sport," who for a number of years past has at different times figured in the pedestrian arena without gaining anything resembling distinction or a reputation for ability, either as a walker or runner, last week came to the front again, and through the accorded aid of credulous newspaper reporters has become suddenly notorious, if not famous, seemingly. Sports lines have never fallen in pleasant places since he arrived at man's estate, and for some time past he has gone dead against him. In the hope of picking up a few dollars, he was induced by the proprietor of Hubbell Hall, in Bridgeport, Ct., who thought he saw money in it to give a pedestrian exhibition on a track laid down therein, and announced to measure exactly a fourteenth of a mile. It was simply a speculation, and it was no part of the purpose of Sport's employer to adopt measures to insure accuracy in keeping a record of the affair. The object was to excel, or pretend to excel, previous records, and he wasn't foolish enough to do anything that would tend to defeat this object. Seconded by the local quill-driving brotherhood who each day gave glowing accounts of the way in which the wonderful pedestrian was beating the feats of O'Leary and all such

court in America was to walk 1,000 miles in 1,000 hours (Capt. Barclay's feat), walking one mile in each hour. This he is said to have accomplished, but the knowing ones aver that while the crowd watched him he was on hand each hour, but at night when the spectators were gone Mrs. Mickey donned his Donnybrook costume and made the rounds punctually, while her liege lord refreshed himself in the arms of Morphew. He was, we believe, a north of Ireland man, small in stature, but possessed of considerable ability both in walking and running. After his big walk, out of which he made sufficient money to establish a habitation, he visited different parts of the States and Canada engaging in matches and giving exhibitions. About twenty-five years ago he visited Hamilton, Ont., and is said to have walked 100 successive hours without rest. Subsequently he repeated the exhibition in Dundas, but in both places there were many doubts thrown on the genuineness of the performances. He never reached that prominence as a public performer to which he aspired. Upon the breaking out of the internecine struggle between our American cousins, Mickey enlisted as a three month's man in the Fifth New Jersey Regiment, and at the expiration of his time re-enlisted in the Thirty-third N. Y. Volunteers. When President Lincoln stopped in Jersey City on his way to Washington for his first inauguration, a great crowd gathered at the railway depot. Mickey elbowed his way through the crowd, passed the guard, mounted the platform and caught Lincoln by the hand: "Ah, me purty boy!" he exclaimed, "put it there. I'm the bould Mickey Free. May our shadow never be less. God bless us!" He looked upon the incident as one of the most notable of his career. Lately he assumed the role of a politician, and during the recent canvass worked energetically on behalf of his party. During the campaign he caught cold, which caused his death. At his own request his body was wrapped in the Stars and Stripes, and lay in state in his shanty on the meadows, where hundreds of his friends went to see it.

AN INTERNATIONAL RACKET MATCH

Through the liberality of Messrs. H. Stanley Smith and W. R. Travers, presidents of the Quebec and New York Racket-Court clubs, who have offered a handsome prize to the winners, the two markers of these racket-courts are to come together in a home-and-home match. The first match is to be played in New York on December 9, and the second in Quebec on January 6; the best of seven games of fifteen aces of each court; the aces to decide should the games be even. The whole match will be under the supervision of the Racket-Court committees of each club and promises to be interesting to the lovers of the game. Since Gray and Foulkes played their home-and-home match, some years since, in New York and in Belfast, nothing in rackets has occurred in this country equal in importance to the coming contest. Several prominent Canadian gentlemen, among them Mr. Russell Stephenson, brother-in-law of Lord Dufferin, and Mr. H. Stanley Smith, President of the Quebec Racket-Court Club, are expected to witness the first match, and no doubt the New Yorkers will return the compliment when the men meet in the Canadian Gibraltar.

Henry Boakes will fight the battle for Canada, and will be in New York on the 2nd prox. for a week's practice. He was born in London, 1850, brought up at Lord's, where he was tennis marker, went to Leamington in 1872, where he had the management of the racket and tennis courts, and came to Quebec in 1876, where he has been since. He has never played any important matches so far, but was considered the superior of Mr. Ottaway (now dead), one of the best English amateurs of the last decade.

John Mahon, the New York marker, is comparatively a young man, though of a racket-playing family. His father is racket-master in Montreal, and his brother James (now dead) was considered a wonderful good player in his day. Mahon is twenty-six years old, and has been marker at the New York club for some time. He is a showy and alert player, and it will take a good man to beat him. His service is very severe, and his play throughout is of a high order. The known proficiency of Englishmen at rackets makes Boakes the favorite, and the old New York players have not forgotten that their champion Foulkes was beaten by Gray, who

weight—165 pounds, stands six feet one inch, and is twenty-nine years old. Any of our readers desirous of communicating with Mr. Fox, can address him care of "Pacific Life," San Francisco, Cal.

THE HEAVY-WEIGHT CHAMPION.

Mr. Duncan C. Ross, of Toronto, heavy-weight champion of America, has received the position of Inspector of the Baltimore Young Men's Christian Association Gymnasium. We congratulate our fellow Canadian on his good luck, and we feel sure that the B. Y. M. C. A. will in no way regret their choice. We wish him every success in his new position, which he is amply qualified to fill. He will no doubt be an attraction to Baltimore athletes, as they will have a chance to cultivate their skill in general athletics.

SPRINTS.

ANOTHER RING DISCUSSION.—Jimmy Elliott, the Brooklyn, N. Y., prize-fighter, has challenged Johnny Dwyer, also of that city, to fight within three months for \$4,000. It will likely take place in the same ring as Clarke and Billy Edwards' Unknown, and will probably be looked upon as a championship affair.

LOST IR.—Judge Loomis, of Chicago, on Nov. 23, decided against Ross Barnes, in his suit to recover from the Chicago Base Ball Club \$2,500 full salary during the time he was unable to play on account of sickness.

SPRINTING.—J. Elemonge and T. Bills ran a 100 yards for \$40 on the Cricket Ground here on Saturday afternoon last, the former winning easily by a couple of yards.

RETURNED.—John Ennis, the well-known Chicago pedestrian, reached New York from England on Friday. He speaks very warmly of the kind reception he met with in England and says that if O'Leary accepts his challenge for the Astley belt, in every probability Sir John Astley will come over to see the walk, bringing with him Vaughan, Corkey, Brown and Rowell. Should such be the case, a close and well-contested race may be expected in Chicago next spring.

SNOWSHOEING.—The following Montreal Snowshoe Clubs recently held meetings and elected officers:—*Le Canadien*—President, Dr W J Kearney; Vice-President, Charles Sauve; Secretary, A Gibeau; Treasurer, Arthur Paradis; Committee—M Mathieu, H J Kearney, J H Doucette, A Lussier, G Demers.—*Independent*—President, Major S C Stevenson; Vice-President, Mr W Aird; Secretary and Treasurer, C Pitman Orr; Assistant Secretary and Treasurer, G W Aird; Committee—W T Owler, Ed Stalker, G B Dyer, Thos Todd, and F M Larmouth.—*Union*.—L A Boisseau, President; Z Jolicœur, Vice President; E Cadieux, Secretary. Committee—O Dostaler, H Boisseau, L H Boisseau, E Cadieux, Z Jolicœur, A L Kent, A Morin.

BIG RACE.—An exciting foot race occurred at Denver, Saturday, between C. H. Williams, of Denver, and Davis, of California. The stakes were \$1,000 a side and were won by Williams. The time was 9½, and the distance 100 yards. Thirty thousand dollars changed hands on the result.

ORILLIA.—R. Jupp, of Orillia, has been matched against Geo. Irvine, of Ottawa, for \$200, to run a half-mile, even up, at the Skating Rink, Orillia, on Monday next. A local correspondent says Irvine is the favorite, which, if the betting amounts to anything, may be a good thing for the short enders.

HERE.—On Tuesday, on the Cricket Ground, J. H. Slean beat W. H. Gibert in a 100-yards' race, for \$40, by a foot. Slean is matched against D. Boyd for same amount and distance, to run to-morrow afternoon.—W. Allen was easily better by two yards in a 75 yards' race than A. Clark at same time and place.

Aquatic.

ORIGIN OF THE SLIDING SEAT.

The first records we have of the practical application of the principles of the sliding seat date back to 1857. The idea seemed to have been taken from the local customs in vogue among Newcastle, Eng. boatmen. Their boats were provided with

season. His seat differed from those in use at the present day only in some of the practical details. It consisted of a stout leather bottom stretched across a frame sliding in grooves in horizontal pieces. The rauge was ten inches, but six inches only were found to be of actual service. In England, Mr. J. Searle, one of the best known builders of light craft about London, took out a patent for an improved slide. The seat was of wood and supplied with metal studs at each end, cupped out at their base and grasping rods of glass, along which they traveled. At the ends of the rod were rubber buffers, intended to ease up the last of the movement and help in sending the seat off in the opposite direction. On account of the repeated breaking of the rods, copper and steel were finally substituted, and arrangements of this kind are now most common in England. A variety of patterns have come into use with us, but from the large number of accidents happening, in the way of unshipping the slide, it is certain that there is plenty of room for further improvement. It would seem simple enough to devise some plan whereby the recurrence of such mishaps could be entirely obviated. The only wonder is that necessary precautions have not been generally adopted long ago.—*Forest and Stream.*

SPLASHES.

CHANCE.—It is stated on good authority that Hanlan has an offer from a New York boat builder to go to that city and enter into business. But he will not go.

SMILING.—The sportsmen of England still persist in calling the Lachine race 'the Hanlan-Courtney swindle,' and are poking all sorts of fun at their trans-Atlantic cousins for 'making pets of their scullers.'

CHALLENGE TO THE WORLD.—A challenge has been issued by Hawdon, of Delaval, to row any man in the world over the Tyne or Thames Championship Course, on being allowed a start of 10 seconds, for £200 or £500 a side. The race to take place in April next, one month before his match with Hanlan.—*Sporting Life.*

ADVICE.—A father who did not care to have his son waste so much time in developing his muscle upon the water, said to him, "John, if you ever expect to be a successful business man, just remember that you can never 'set the river on fire' with a rowing match."

SLOW.—The Brockville Recorder in speaking of the date announced for the Hanlan Concert in that burg on Dec. 12, says:—"If such is the case, our citizens would certainly respond nobly to the call, but, as yet, we have heard nothing of such an arrangement."

SHOCKINGLY SUGGESTIVE.—The following is a copy of an advertisement in the Montreal Gazette of the 25th:—"Hanlan-Courtney Race.—There are still a considerable number of parties who have not paid the amount guaranteed by them to cover the expenses connected with this race. All such remaining unpaid after the 1st December will be handed for immediate suit. By order of the Committee. Adam Darling, Treasurer."

DECEPTION.—The New York Clipper of last week in answer to a correspondent has the following:—"The Hanlan-Courtney race was not for the championship. The articles of agreement signed by the principals, and which contained a clause expressly stating that it was not to involve the title, were not altered in any way, nor was that provision superseded by any other agreement. The document drawn up by the Montreal committee, and signed by the secretary of the Hanlan Club, could not have been binding on Courtney, and it was drafted and made public in order that the strength of the match as a means of attracting people to the race might be increased, and was in keeping with the system of deception practiced from first to last in that affair."

HOW HANLAN WAS MATCHED.—While the Hawdon-Lumsden race was in progress John Bright offered to match a man to row the Devalal oarsman, and would debar Elliott, Boyd, and Higgins. At the request of James Percy he mentioned Edward Hanlan, of Toronto, as his representative, and Percy at once accepted the proposal, £10 each was posted for Hawdon and the Canadian to row upon the Tyne, from the Mansion House to Scotswood Suspension Bridge, in best and best boats, in May next, for £200 a side. The parties agreed to meet again next Monday afternoon at 11 o'clock at Newcastle Chronicle

EQUINE OBITUARY.

ACROBAT.

The thoroughbred horse Acrobat died on Sunday, 3rd inst., at the stables of Charles S. Lloyd, Esq., Holmdell, N. J. A post-mortem soon after death failed to reveal the cause, although there is very little doubt the horse died from spasmodic colic. Acrobat, chestnut horse, foaled 1871; was bred by Mr. A. J. Alexander, Woodlawn Stud, Ky., and owned by K. W. Sears, Esq., Boston, Mass. He was got by Lexington, dam Sally Lewis, by imp. Glengoe, 2nd dam Motto, by imp. Barefoot, 3rd dam Lady Thompson, by American Eclipse; 4th dam Katy Ann, by Ogle's Oscar; 5th dam Medoc's dam, by imp. Expedition; 6th dam Old Maid of the Oaks, by imp. Spread Eagle; 7th dam Annette, by imp. Shark; 8th dam by Rockingham; 9th dam by True Whig, 10th dam by Baylor's Gallant; 11th dam by imp. Regulus; 12th dam by imp. Diamond.

EXCELSIOR.

The celebrated trick-horse Excelsior, owned for many years by Dan Rice, died on Sunday last at Arnot's stable, St. Louis, Mo., from debility and old age, aged 38 years. The horse was levied upon for debt by the Missouri Pacific Railroad, and stable for safe keeping at Arnot's. He seemed to be conscious that he was imprisoned, and his sightless eyes seemed to be ever wandering for some friend to release him from the ignominy. Dan Rice, who was passing through St. Louis, called to see his old pet, and found him dead. His big heart was touched, and he shed tears over the body of his old friend. He said that he was on his way to Pennsylvania, and it was his intention to send on money to redeem him and let him die in peace, and have his form preserved by the taxidermist. Excelsior was in Dan Rice's service for about thirty years and has been exhibited in every city and town of note in the United States and Canada. He has been the favorite of millions of people, and men in the downhill of life remember his antics when a frisky colt. Peace to his manes.

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.)

J. C., Quebec.—We prefer large loose boxes.

G. R., Glasgow, Scotland.—His record is 2:40, Waterloo, Aug. 29, 1876. Do not know how he is bred.

A. D., Orillia.—At present could not allow any remuneration for the class of articles you suggest. Shall be pleased to hear from you at all times.

SUBSCRIBER, Exeter.—The rule says a player cannot play alone when the opposite side adopts or makes the trump.

CORRESPONDENT, Kemptville.—We hold to the ruling that when the dealer is assisted he cannot play alone. We claim it is a privilege only belonging to the responsible party, that is the one making the trump.

W. B., St. Catharines.—Private timing is not a record under any circumstance. In the race you mention any horse winning a heat or making a dead heat would be expelled from National Association tracks for fraudulent suppression of time. A match is as much a public race as a contest for a purse.

Quirling.

HARRISTON.—The following are the officers elected at the annual meeting of the Mutual Quirling Club: John Prain unanimously re-elected President; P Lavin, Vice-President; E H Dewar, Secretary-Treasurer; Jas Moore Chaplain; Messrs Weite, Robertson, Prantner, Wallace, Campbell, and Johnston, managers, committee. The following gentlemen were elected skips.—John Prain, P Lavin, R Wallace, W Moore, Jas Prantner, C Johnston, P Moore, E Weite.

Donaldson's dog Jasper..... foll  
Hughes' b g Hotepur..... foll

### TROTTING AT KINGSTON.

HILLSIDE DRIVING PARK, Sydenham, (Loughborough P O), Ont.—\$100; Trotting; match. Mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness.  
M. T. M. Buskuk's Ethan Allen..... 1 1 1  
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## Athletic.

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### DEATH OF MIOKEY FREE.

Robert Harriott, an old-time pedestrian, better known as "Mickey Free," died at his home, Newark Avenue meadows, New Jersey, on the 21st inst. Mickey came to America about thirty years ago, and settled in Jersey City. His first essay of any ac-

courts are to come together in a home and home match. The first match is to be played in New York on December 9, and the second in Quebec on January 6; the best of seven games of fifteen aces of each court; the aces to decide should the games be even. The whole match will be under the supervision of the Racket-Court committees of each club and promises to be interesting to the lovers of the game. Since Gray and Foulkes played their home-and-home match, some years since, in New York and in Belfast, nothing in rackets has occurred in this country equal in importance to the coming contest. Several prominent Canadian gentlemen, among them Mr. Russell Stephenson, brother-in-law of Lord Dufferin, and Mr. H. Stanley Smith, President of the Quebec Racket-Court Club, are expected to witness the first match, and no doubt the New Yorkers will return the compliment when the men meet in the Canadian Gibraltar.

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### A CANADIAN WRESTLER IN CALIFORNIA.

From the Pacific Life, published at San Francisco, California, we learn some particulars of the doings of a Canadian Wrestler in the Golden State. It says Mr. Thomas Fox left Ottawa, Ont., on May 1, 1877, and arrived in the metropolis of the Pacific slope seventeen days afterwards, and immediately challenged the famous wrestler Homer Lane. The result of the match was his defeat, after three bouts, Lane receiving the first and third falls. The second was won by Fox. Since then Fox has had several bouts throughout the Pacific Coast, five, we believe, and in all of them he has come off more than conqueror. Since the first wrestling with Lane, Fox has been anxious to meet him again, and has challenged him twice. The second challenge was accepted, and the match was made for \$1,000 a side and the championship, best two in three. The match came off at Oakland, and lasted an hour and twenty minutes, Lane receiving the first fall and, Fox the second, in about thirty minutes; and the third and last in ten minutes, deciding the match and championship. Since holding the title he has frequently issued his challenges to wrestle with any one in America. Mr. S. C. Bowler offers to match him with any one for the sum of \$5,000. He returned from a professional trip a few days since from the interior in as good health and form as ever. He weighs his usual

Arthur Paradis; Committee—M. Mathieu, H. J. Kearny, J. H. Doucette, A. Lussier, G. Demers.—*Independent*—President, Major S. C. Stevenson; Vice-President, Mr. W. Aird; Secretary and Treasurer, C. Pitman Orr; Assistant Secretary and Treasurer, G. W. Aird; Committee—W. T. Oowler, Ed. Stalker, G. B. Dyer, T. Os Todd, and F. M. Larmouth.—*Union*.—L. A. Boisseau, President; Z. Jolicœur, Vice President; E. Cadioux, Secretary. Committee—O. Dostaler, H. Boisseau, L. H. Boisseau, E. Cadioux, Z. Jolicœur, A. L. Kent, A. Morin.

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## Aquatic.

### ORIGIN OF THE SLIDING SEAT.

The first records we have of the practicable application of the principles of the sliding seat date back to 1857. The idea seemed to have been taken from the local customs in vogue among Newcastle, Eng., boatmen. Their boats were provided with very wide thwarts, carefully greased, ("slush-ed") and the men working the long heavy oars had their trousers shod with leather in the seat, and slid across the thwarts at every stroke. This practice was induced by the nature of the work, the boats with heavy loads requiring long, slow strokes with sweeps of considerable weight. Before the mechanical contrivances for accomplishing the same object came into use, the long stroke was accomplished in shell rowing through means identical with those of the less scientific oarsmen of the lumbering New castle conveyances, and one of the peculiarities of the oarsman's uniform consisted in a well greased stern to facilitate his slippery operations in a pull. When once the value of the new style had been generally accepted in rowing circles, it was not long before inventive genius was brought to bear upon the subject and a more perfect movement secured through mechanism than could be depended upon from the sources of grease, always liable at a critical moment to dry up, leaving the crew to fall back upon the old short chop or take the chances of setting something a-fire by friction. We believe the credit of first accurately getting afloat with a sliding seat is due to Mr. J. C. Babcock, formerly captain of the Nassau B. C. of this city, but he abandoned the arrangement after a short test, for what reason we cannot state, though he was in favor of its introduction. The rig was not allowed to fall into disuse, for in 1870 Walter Brown took out a patent and fitted up a six-oared gig for the New York Rowing Club with the sliding seat. This boat was probably the first one so supplied in which a regular race was rowed. But for want of experience the slide was given too great a range, and the crew did not work well together. Brown himself gave up the rig after having experimented with it for a

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**DECEPTION.**—The New York Clipper of last week in answer to a correspondent has the following:—"The Hanlan-Courtney race was not for the championship. The articles of agreement signed by the principals, and which contained a clause expressly stating that it was not to involve the title, were not altered in any way, nor was that provision superseded by any other agreement. The document drawn up by the Montreal committee, and signed by the secretary of the Hanlan Club, could not have been binding on Courtney, and it was drafted and made public in order that the strength of the match as a means of attracting people to the race might be increased, and was in keeping with the system of deception practiced from first to last in that affair."

**HOW HANLAN WAS MATCHED.**—While the Hawdon-Lumsden race was in progress John Bright offered to match a man to row the Deleval oarsman, and would debar Elliott, Boyd, and Higgins. At the request of James Percy he mentioned Edward Hanlan, of Toronto, as his representative, and Percy at once accepted the proposal, £10 each was posted for Hawdon and the Canadian to row upon the Tyne, from the Mansion House to Scotswood Suspension Bridge, in best and best boats, in May next, for £200 a side. The parties agreed to meet again next Monday afternoon at the Newcastle Chronicle office to sign articles and make £50 a side good. Bright had a letter from Canada authorizing him to make the match.

**A COMING YOUTH.**—"On the 18th inst., a child, not four years old, son of Mr. E. T. Hall, of St. Clair, Mich., rowed a good sized clinker skiff across the river, which at this point (Courtright) is nearly a mile wide, and runs at the rate of three and a half miles an hour. Mr. Hall, who, by the way, weighs about 150 lbs., accompanied the young oarsman on his maiden trip, and declares that Hanlan will have to look to his laurels, and that the country has no further use for Courtney. The child handles his oars more skillfully than a great many of the older rowists, and will without doubt yet make his mark in the sculling world." Upon reading the above paragraph to Mr. Hanlan, he said he had a nephew, about the same age of the youthful prodigy mentioned above, that he would be pleased to match against the junior Hall in best and best boats, early in the spring, for any reasonable amount, stakes to suit the backers of Hall, jr., over such distance as would be mutually agreed upon. It is now Mr. Hall's turn to speak.

Mazomanie, dragging 342 lbs., recently trotted half a mile in 1:10.

Jacob Pincus, the trainer, arrived home from his tour in England and France.

Seven broodmares with their yearlings, all the property of Mr. Charles Reed of Saratoga and New York, arrived at Saratoga from Ohio and elsewhere on Tuesday.

The Philadelphia Item says: "We understand that there is but little doubt of a jockey club being formed in this city, the first meeting to be given just previous to Pimlico Spring races."

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.)

J. C. Quebec.—We prefer large loose boxes.

G. B. Glasgow, Scotland.—His record is 2:40, Waterloo, Aug. 29, 1878. Do not know how he is bred.

A. D. Orillia.—At present could not allow any remuneration for the class of articles you suggest. Shall be pleased to hear from you at all times.

SUBSCRIBER, Exeter.—The rule says a player cannot play alone when the opposite side adopts or makes too trump.

CORRESPONDENT, Kemptville.—We hold to the ruling that when the dealer is assisted he cannot play alone. We claim it is a privilege only belonging to the responsible party, that is the one making the trump.

W. B. St. Catharines.—Private timing is not a record under any circumstance. In the race you mention any horse winning a heat or making a dead heat would be expelled from National Association tracks for fraudulent suppression of time. A match is as much a public race as a contest for a purse.

## Carling.

**HARRISTON.**—The following are the officers elected at the annual meeting of the Mutual Carling Club:—John Prain unanimously re-elected President; P. Lavin, Vice-President; E. H. Dewar, Secretary-Treasurer; Jas. Moore, Chaplain; Messrs. Wells, Robertson, Prentice, Wallace, Campbell, and Johnston, managers committee. The following gentlemen were elected skips:—John Prain, P. Lavin, R. Wallace, W. Moore, Jas. Prentice, C. Johnston, Jas. Moore, E. Wells.

**DUNDAS.**—At a meeting of Carling held in the Elgin House on Friday last, the following officers were elected for the ensuing season of 1878-79:—Patron, T. H. McKenzie; Patroness, Mrs. James McMahon; President, Thomas Wilson; Vice-President, W. P. Crawford. Representative members, Thos. Wilson, Geo. Bennett; Chaplain, Rev. J. Herald; Secretary-Treasurer, Chas. Wilson.

**GUELPH.**—Thursday evening the members of the Guelph Carling Club met in Charles Davidson's office. Ten skips were appointed as follows:—D. Kennedy, A. Robertson, jr., Alex. Bruce, Thos. Dobbie, Alex. Conalton, Chas. Davidson, Robert Mitchell, D. McCrae, Jas. Elmslie, and John McKenzie.

## Amusements.

### CITY.

Miss Katy Mayhew, supported by Mr. C. J. Edmonds and the regular company, has been presenting the drama of M'iss; or, the Mountain Wolf, founded on Bret. Harte's story, at the Grand Opera House all week to fair business. Next week Mr. John E. Owens.

Prof. Macalister, the wizard, has been occupying the Royal Opera House this week with a gift show to good business.

The Lyceum has a large company this week, and gives a fine show.

### GENERAL.

**MONTREAL.**—Wilhelmj, the violinist, Academy of Music, Nov. 28 and 30.—Theatre Royal—Four new people on Monday.

**BROCKVILLE.**—Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Graham and Mr. S. Saville, in parlor entertainment, Nov. 26.

**HAMILTON.**—Katy Mayhew in M'iss, Nov. 25. May Fiske's Blondes, 30th.

**LONDON.**—May Fiske's Blondes, 26th and 27th. **GUELPH.**—Hamilton Corbett, Dec. 2.

Poetry.

DYING IN HARNESS.

Only a fallen horse, stretched out there on the road.  
Stretched in the heavy shafts and crushed by the heavy load;  
Only a fallen horse, and a circle of wondering eyes  
Watching the frightened teamster goading the beast torise.

Hold! for his toil is over—no more labor for him;  
See the poor neck outstretched and the patient eyes grow dim;  
See on the friar's stones how peacefully rests the head,  
Thinking, if dumb beasts think, how good it is to be dead;  
After the weary journey, how restful it is to lie  
With the broken shafts and the cruel load—  
waiting only to die.

Watchers, he died in harness—died in the shafts and straps—  
Fell, and the burden killed him—one of the day's mishaps—  
One of the passing wonders marking the city road—  
A toiler dying in harness, heedless of call or goad.

Passors crowding the pathway, staying your  
your steps awhile,  
What is the symbol? Only death—why should we  
we cease to smile  
At death for a beast of burden? On through  
the busy street,  
That is over and ever echoing the tread of the  
hurrying feet.

What was the sign? A symbol to touch the  
tireless will?  
Does He who taught the parables speak in parables  
still?  
The seed on the rock is wasted—on heedless  
hearts of men,  
That gather and sow and grasp and lose—labor  
and sleep—and then—  
Then for the prize!—A crowd in the street of  
ever echoing tread—  
The toiler, crushed by the heavy load, is there  
in his harness, dead!

Miscellaneous

A finely turned limb—A wooden leg.—  
Home Sentinel. A well rounded arm—A revolver.—  
New York Mail. An incomparable hand—Four  
aces.

A dastardly crime was committed at  
London on the night of the 19th, stable of Mr.  
George Bowden. Some fiend broke in and  
mutilated one of his horses in a horrible  
manner. It was found in the morning lying  
in a pool of blood, with its entrails protruding.

A friend of ours has a mocking-bird and  
parrot which are on very good terms with  
each other. Occasionally their cages are  
placed together that they may enjoy a little  
social intercourse. The parrot 'Scratch my  
head!' whereupon the mocking-bird will  
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your order for wild ducks to-day, he sends you  
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Not long since, Wm. Moir of the B line of  
Howick, while in his turnip patch saw one  
of the strangest curiosities that has ever been  
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about two feet and a half in length and  
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hissing on becoming aware of the presence  
of Mr. Moir and made its way towards him,  
but by the time he reached a club and  
returned the snake had disappeared under the  
grass and could not be found.

A minister in the South of Scotland had a  
parishioner, who, to show her affection for  
her pastor, sent him every morning by the

TWO EYES OR ONE IN SHOOTING.

It may be laid down as an incontrovertible  
axiom that in the handling of the gun, whatever  
is most natural is most right, but it should not  
be forgotten that what is natural, and therefore  
right, for one man, may not be natural for his  
companion, or pupil. Nearly all the writers on  
this subject whose works I have read seem to  
ignore the fact that very few people have the  
power of sight, and that still fewer will be found  
who have the same focus for each eye.

In writing on any subject pertaining to field  
sports, it is best to avoid technicalities as much  
as possible, but in order to make my meaning  
clear, I shall be forced to make use of some  
technical terms, for which my readers must pardon  
me. I quote from a monograph on the eye, as  
follows: "The optical, or seeing, and the mus-  
cular arrangements of the different parts of a  
perfect eye are such that, when the attention is  
directed to an object twenty feet distant from  
the observer, a perfect picture of such object is  
formed on the retina at the back part of the  
eye-ball, and distinct vision is the result. Then  
all muscles of the eye are at perfect rest, and  
while so, an object such as printing could not  
be distinguished if held at twelve or fifteen in-  
ches from the eye. The function of the eye termed  
by oculists "accommodation" is exercised in-  
stantly upon the attention being directed to  
small objects near at hand. It is simply the  
contracting of a small muscle, richly endowed  
with nerves surrounding the circumference of  
the lens. The effect of this contraction is to  
cause the lens to assume a more convex form,  
and while so acted upon to have a greater mag-  
nifying power or shorter focus." Now, as men  
vary in the strength of their right or left arm, so  
may the muscle above mentioned, in the eye,  
vary in strength or quickness of movement suf-  
ficient to make a considerable difference between  
the two eyes in their power of "accommodation,"  
and when to this difference we add the differ-  
ence in the length of focus of the two eyes, I  
think it will be quite apparent why in shooting,  
as in the every-day uses in life, it is better to  
trust to two eyes than one. I will try to make  
my meaning clear to all. Suppose that your  
left eye is endowed by nature with a greater  
facility for adjusting its focus and impressing a  
clearer image of a flying bird upon the retina,  
more quickly than the right eye; now if you  
aim—as do most men—from the right shoulder  
and use your right eye only, it will be impos-  
sible for you to aim as correctly and shoot as  
promptly as if your right eye was aided by its  
quicker and stronger fellow.

I am inclined to think that the majority of  
persons are right eyed, just as the majority are  
right-handed; and this I think explains why it  
is that there are so many as there are who do  
shoot well with the one eye only. Further than  
this, I think it will be found that where you find  
a man who shoots from the left shoulder, you  
will find on proper examination that his left eye  
is the stronger. Admitting, as we must, that  
there is nearly always a difference in the focus  
of the two eyes, we must also admit that the one  
eye will be better adapted for seeing clearly at  
short distances, and its fellow eye at long dis-  
tances, and that at intermediate ranges each  
will help the other by counteracting its extreme  
tendencies. This is the point that nearly all  
writers—sporting writers, I mean—whose works  
I have read, have not properly explained.  
"Gloan" in his excellent little work on the  
breachloader; and J. D. Dougall, in his last  
work, "Shooting, its Appliances, Practice and  
Purpose," which two works should be in the  
library of every sportsman—are the only writers  
who treat of this subject in a lucid way. "Gloan"  
says: "He who shoots with one eye closed loses  
half his vision. And that is not all. The re-  
maining half of the sight cannot see the whole  
of the object at which it looks, but only one  
part, or one side of it. It requires the use of  
both eyes to see distance correctly. It is the  
peculiar function of both eyes to measure per-  
spective. If all shots were to be made at thirty  
yards, it would not be of much consequence  
whether one or two eyes were used, because if  
the gun fits, and the aim is approximately well  
taken, the spread of the shot will reach a bird at  
that distance. But not so at longer ranges." It  
is a popular idea that to be a good rifle shot  
with the ordinary sporting rifle, and at a motionless  
target, the sportsman must follow up the same  
old rule of closing one eye. To avoid any criti-  
cisms on this part of my letter, let me here say  
that I am entirely a novice in the use of the  
rifle; but in order to elicit inquiry and infor-  
mation on the subject, I will quote from Mr. Dou-  
gall's work above named. "Many sportsmen  
will not believe in the superiority of the "two-  
eye" system of shooting, and for rifle shooting  
it is treated with absolute ridicule. Yet I have  
more than once, although not pretending to be  
a great rifle shot, taken a rifle out of its owner's  
hands, and although I had never handled the  
weapon before, hit the dead center at the first  
shot, and this with both eyes open. In fact,  
this was deemed so impossible that, on one occa-  
sion, a man was placed upon each side of me, to

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1879.

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ces, &c. \$2 50.

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A finely turned limb—A wooden leg.—  
Rome Sentinel. A well rounded arm—A re-  
volver.—New York Mail. An incomparable  
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hissing on becoming aware of the presence  
of Mr. Moir and made its way towards him,  
but by the time he reached a club and re-  
turned the snake had disappeared under the  
grass and could not be found.

A minister in the South of Scotland had a  
parishioner, who, to show her affection for  
her pastor, sent him every morning by the  
hands of her daughter a couple of what she  
wished him to understand were new-laid  
eggs for breakfast. The eggs on being de-  
livered were generally warm, as if just taken  
from the nest; but one morning the minis-  
ter's maid, on taking the eggs from the girl,  
observed, 'The eggs are no warm the day,  
Jeanne; are they no fresh?' 'On ay,' said  
the girl; 'they're quite fresh, but my  
mither couldna get the cat to sit on them  
this morning.'

Horse jockeys are celebrities of no mean  
order in England. A London correspon-  
dent writes that the favorite jockey, Fred.  
Archer, recently occupied a stall at 'The  
Folly' in London, every one in the house,  
even ladies, knew him, and observed him  
when Lionel Brough, seeing his chance for a  
successful 'gag,' said that he had flown to  
execute a lady's commission, not on the  
wings of love, but 'with the speed of a Freddy  
Archer.' Had not his face been so well  
known, there was nothing in the young  
jockey's appearance to have greatly distin-  
guished him from the young swells sitting  
around him. Those who think that the  
dress of horsemen must of necessity be 'loud'  
and flashy, were surprised to observed how  
elegant and tasty, in hue, material, and  
fashion, were his clothes, his linen, and his  
jewels.

#### A POPULAR FALLACY.

The editor presented a bill for eight  
years' back subscription. The old farmer was  
first amazed, then indignant. He put on his  
spectacles, scrutinized the bill, and after assur-  
ing himself that it was genuine, he exclaimed:  
'I've been supportin' this yere paper for nigh  
on to eight years, and I never had no such thing  
as that flung at me before. I'll stop supportin'  
it.' He not only withdrew his valuable support  
but failed to pay the bill.

is that there are so many as there are who do  
shoot with the one eye only. Further than  
this, I think it will be found that where you find  
a man who shoots from the left shoulder, you  
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target, the sportsman must follow up the same  
old rule of closing one eye. To avoid any criti-  
cisms on this part of my letter, let me here say  
that I am entirely a novice in the use of the  
rifle; but in order to elicit inquiry and informa-  
tion on the subject, I will quote from Mr. Dou-  
gall's work above named. "Many sportsmen  
will not believe in the superiority of the "two-  
eyes" system of shooting, and for rifle shooting  
it is treated with absolute ridicule. Yet I have  
more than once, although not pretending to be  
a great rifle shot, taken a rifle out of its owner's  
hands, and although I had never handled the  
weapon before, hit the dead center at the first  
shot, and this with both eyes open. In fact,  
this was deemed so impossible that, on one occa-  
sion, a man was placed upon each side of me, to  
see that I did not close either eye. Quite re-  
cently, in a similar manner, I made better shoot-  
ing, with a smallbore match rifle, at 200 yards,  
than did its owner, he being one of the best  
Wimbledon shots, and a frequent prize-winner."  
Now, as Mr. Dougall has done this at the target,  
cannot other riflemen do the same? And fur-  
ther, if this is done at the target, why cannot it  
be done at moving game? The question of one  
or two eyes is one of far more interest to sports-  
men than they are aware of, and I am satisfied  
that, as the use of both eyes is most natural for  
all other uses, it will be found to be the most  
right in shooting either with the shotgun, or the  
sporting rifle.

I have stated that right-handed men are apt  
to be right-eyed, or, with the right eye having a  
greater power to adapt its focus quickly to  
suit a change of perspective. Now, although such  
is the general rule, there are many men who, while they are right-handed  
and shoot from the right shoulder, yet have the  
left eye with a greater and more varied power  
than the right. It is very plain that if these  
men in taking aim close the left eye, they not  
only "lose half their vision," but they lose the  
better half for anything like a rapid aim. To sum  
up, then, it seems to me that there is nothing to  
be gained by the one eye system of taking aim,  
either with the rifle or the shot gun; but always  
a chance of loss. Every youngster in taking his  
first lessons in shooting seems to think he must  
close one eye, and he constantly goes through  
all sorts of facial contortions in trying to learn  
just what nature is telling him it is unnecessary  
and wrong for him to learn. That there are fine  
shoots who use only one eye, amounts to noth-  
ing; for they have acquired the art through long  
practice. Using both eyes, they would have  
been as good shots, and learned the art in one-  
half the time.

Scribner has an article entitled 'A Night  
with Edison,' but whether the writer slept  
with the great inventor or only sat up with  
him all night playing 'poker' or 'seven up,'  
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**FOURTH PRIZE.**—Grand sweepstake of \$1,000.—Twenty birds each. English Rules. \$50 entrance; 40 per cent. to 1st Club; 20 per cent. to 2nd; 10 per cent. to 3rd; 5 per cent. to 4th. Parso to first Club.

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**ST. JAMES**, chestnut, with two white legs and blaze in face, foaled 1874, 16 hands by Lexington, dam Banner by imported Arabian; 2nd dam Clara Howard, by imported Barefoot, &c. St. James is one of the handsomest horses in America, and beaten by his 3-year old form such horses as Blon-Baden, Bazil, Burgoon, Bushwacker, Cloverbrook, &c., at all distances. Will stand training, or would make an elegant hack for a valuable stallion.

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20 Prizes of	1,000	20,000
50 Prizes of	500	25,000
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200 Prizes of	200	40,000
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CONDITIONS.—Owners of stallions desirous of the privilege of the get of their horses running in above stakes, must be subscribers to the stake on or before January 1, 1879, of \$50, that amount to accompany the nomination, which subscriptions, along with \$— added by the Association over whose track the race is run, shall form the total stake money. Entries for the race will close on June 1, 1879, with the Sec.

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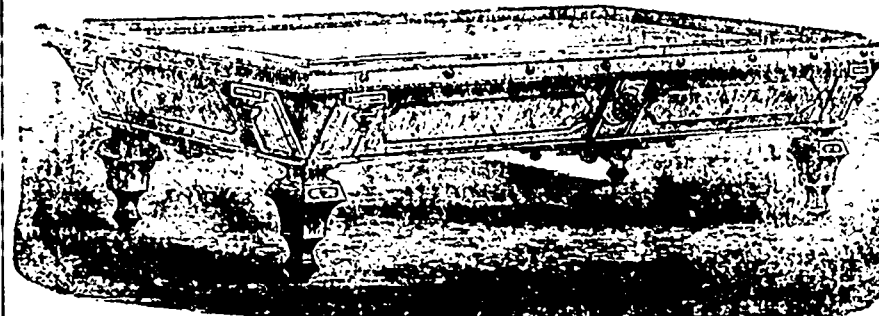
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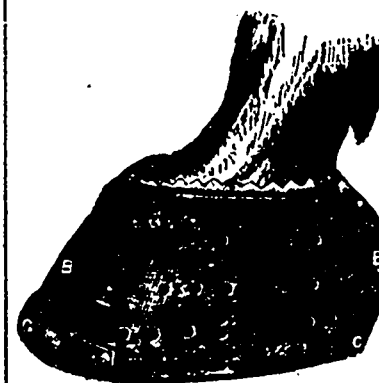
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ST. JAMES, chestnut, with two white legs and blaze in face, foaled 1874, 16 hands by Lexington dam Banner by imported American; 2nd dam Clara Howard, by imported Barfoot, &c. St. James is one of the handsomest horses in America and beat in his 3-year old form such horses as Helen-Bach, Bazil, Burgoon, Bushwacker, Cloverbrook, &c., at all distances. Will stand training, or would make an elegant hack for a valuable stallion.

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The following owners of stallions have already made nominations:

John White, Esq., Milton, for the get of *Terror*, by *Buric*, dam *Maratans* by *Flatcatcher*.

J. L. Lyon, Esq., Toronto, for the get of *Hyder Ali*, by imported *Leamington*, dam *Lady Duke* by *Lexington*.

P. COLLINS, Sec.-Treas.,  
pro tem.

383-tf

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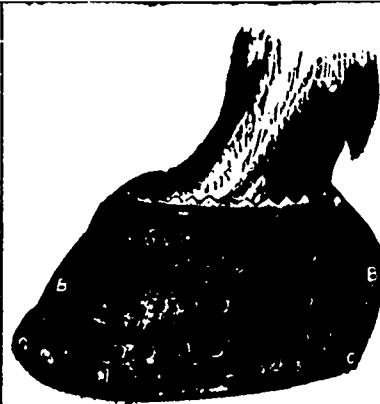
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