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**THE RYSDYK STOCK FARM.**

BY A. C., JR.  
(For the Sporting Times.)

There is no industry in Canada that has developed so rapidly as the production of stock. It is only a few years ago since the breeder's attention was first directed to the advantage of importing good trotting mares and dams, and now we have one of the best stock farms in America, located at Prescott, Ontario. The following sketch of an enterprising proprietor, and the principal reasons why it will not be without its value to your readers:

John Philip Wiser was born in Trenton, Oneida County, N. Y., in 1825. His genealogical tree shows a direct descent on both paternal and maternal side a hardy ancestry.

From his early training on the farm he acquired not only a perfect physical development, but a taste for agricultural pursuits, which in the first years of his life enabled him to accumulate a fortune. His first financial success was achieved at the age of twenty, when he closed his first year's engagement with A. S. Egert & Co., of Gouverneur, N. Y., with a balance of \$1,190 in pocket, and with the possession of a sense of responsibility, and never was money more conscientiously squandered. I am quite sure that he has never since enjoyed such perfect consciousness of wealth.

It is safe to assume that Mr. Wiser's reputation and manhood was established in this school in 1848, for at the end of six years or in 1857, he was admitted into partnership with the firm of Wiser and Everill, who then owned the distillery at Prescott. At that time its capacity was scarcely equal to 200 bushels per day, but with steady diligence and bold but prudent ventures, his undertakings were crowned with success, and the business prospered.

In 1863 he purchased the whole interest of his partners, and became the sole proprietor of the establishment. In 1864 the entire works were consumed by fire, and although the loss sustained was great they were re-built, since when its business has steadily increased to its present proportions. Its capacity at this writing is equal to about 900 bushels daily. The refuse from the distillery is utilized to fatten 1,000 head of cattle, annually, which find a ready market upon being shipped to England.

The magnitude of the business may be better comprehended when it is understood that the taxes paid to the Government daily, average over \$2,200 in gold.

The excitement from one thousand oxen being sufficient to fertilize and improve large tracts of land annually, and as rich grazing lots were essential for the cattle shipped to him from abroad before going into their stalls, Mr. Wiser decided upon the purchase of his first farm, which, with subsequent additions, led to the final consummation in 1873 of his long cherished

unsoundness, their size, form and trotting capability, and then analyse the blood that produced them, then repair to the spacious stall occupied by "the Monarch of all he surveys."

**"RYSDYK"**

and they will not only find a "worthy son of a noble sire," but a Hambletonian possessed of all the desirable family characteristics, improved in quality, form and finish through the blood of his royally bred dam.

Unlike the visionary breeder who experiments until his resources are exhausted, Mr. Wiser has profited by the experience of others in the selection of the nucleus of his stud.

In common with all careful observers he had discovered that all great sires of trotters were strong in the blood of thoroughbred ancestry. The fact that hundreds of stallions, possessed of the instinct to trot, failed to sire trotters on account of their low breeding, had not escaped his notice.

The history of Jackson, a stallion once negotiated for by Mr. Alexander, of Kentucky, and formerly owned in Northern N. Y., one of the fastest and most perfect trotters for sixty rods the world ever produced, substantiates these views—his action was simply perfect; his progeny inherited with great uniformity his marvelous qualities. They all possessed the action and instinct to trot, but having descended from a low origin they did not possess the nerve, courage and endurance so essential, and yet unattainable except through the race horse to train on or trot out the mile.

The family of Bluchers bred hereabouts are distant descendants from Duroc, and are somewhat noted as roadsters, and in a few instances Blucher blood has nicked kindly with that of the trotter, as in the case of Ripon Boy, but Mr. Blucher was never known to sire a trotter until quite recently, when an obscure stallion as the Hinsdell Horse, standing at \$10, and covering not to exceed a half a dozen mares annually, suddenly jumps into notoriety through his sons Deck Wright, (2:28), McAllister colt, (2:30), and more recently the green one brought out at Watertown, that has shown a mile in 2:21.

This Hinsdell Horse was a grandson of Wait's Blucher, and his dam was by imported Emigrant. It is not to be presumed that he acquired the trotting knack from the Emigrant mare. The action and instinct to trot comes unquestionably from Blucher, but the will and stamina to train on, which his get seem to possess, is certainly attributable to the thoroughbred blood of his dam.

Upon further examination it will be seen that the Morgans, with an abundance of action and unquestionable trotting instinct, would hardly have maintained their reputation as a trotting family had it not been for the noted Vt. Black Hawk, Goldust and Magna Charta.

The dam of Black Hawk was a half-bred English mare. Goldust's dam was by the Arab Zilcade, while Magna Charta's dam was by the renowned race horse Gray Eagle; with the assistance of this thoroughbred blood through the dams of these distinguished sires, the Morgan family can boast of its Ethan Allen, its Lucille

otherwise of the blood of the best thoroughbred. A stallion thus bred could be crossed on mares descended from the same or other trotting families, not only with impunity, but with more than ordinary certainty that the progeny will excel the average speed of its parents.

The stallion Rysdyk answers most perfectly to this description, and his success in the stud the theory accepted by Mr. Wiser at the outset.

Rysdyk's breeding, considered in connection with that of the brood mares, selected especially to cross with him, must be a most satisfactory index for purchasers to the value of the progeny resulting therefrom.

It is particularly gratifying to Mr. Wiser to be able to state that thus far not even one colt by Rysdyk out of these selections has developed unsoundness, and with one exception the entire get of Rysdyk are in color a rich bay.

Rysdyk was bred by A. Welch, Esq., of Chestnut Hill, near Philadelphia, foaled in 1866, by Rysdyk's Hambletonian, by Abdallah, by Mambrino, by Messenger; dam Lady Duke, by Lexington, by Boston, by Timoleon, thereby combining the blood of the best trotting sire and race-horse sire ever produced on this continent. From his dam Rysdyk requires much of the coveted Messenger blood through the renowned Sir Archey and the great American Eclipse, son of Duroc, and grand-son of Miller's Damsel, by imp. Messenger.

Sired by the great progenitor of trotters (the old Hero of Chester) and possessed of a rich inheritance of the true trotting blood, derived from the fountain head through Lexington, the best known thoroughbred source, is it not possible that Rysdyk may yet be recognized as the Shakespeare of the equine race.

This horse stands 15.3 in height, and weighs 1,200 lbs. He is a rich bay with black points, except the two white pasterns behind. His head is straight, lean, bony and free from coarseness, wide between the eyes and at the jaws; ears blood like and active, and eyes prominent but soft and gazelle like in expression. His neck is of moderate length and well joined to oblique shoulders; withers rather low, loin broad and powerful; barrel round, hips level and oval, with the characteristic Bellfounder quarters. His legs and feet are sound and smooth, and stand under him most perfectly. His stifles and hocks closely resemble those of his illustrious sire. Viewed from any point Rysdyk is an animal of power.

Although untrained as a trotter, Rysdyk was given a trial at Hartford in 2:36, for Mr. Wiser's benefit, while in stud condition, and at the time of purchase, which, considered in connection with his perfect and frictionless way of going, was satisfactory evidence that he had inherited his full share of natural speed. His action is square, bold and fearless, with an immense stride, while his hock movement is not inferior to that of his half-brother, Jay Gould.

While in the hands of Mr. Welch, up to and including his eight year old form, Rysdyk had access to but twenty-four mares, among which was the noble old Flora Temple. From these covers Mr. Bonner owns the fleet colt out of Flora Temple, already quoted to 2:22 1/4 mile.

which led Mr. Wiser to conceive that his breeding establishment was incomplete until it contained a sire whose record (2:26 1/4) combined with that of his son Commonwealth (2:22) and daughter Adelaide (2:21 1/4) unequalled by any stallion on earth, either living or dead, will be appreciated.

Add to this the important fact that Phil Sheridan was also the sire of Hiram Woodruff (2:25), Tom Maloy (2:27), Ed. Chapin (2:32), Valley Chief, Robert D. and a score of other fast ones, and the wisdom of his selection will be conceded.

Bred and owned in an obscure corner of the State, and having access to the ordinary farm mares of the country only, his success as a sire is indeed remarkable, with such a string of real clinkers to his credit, produced amidst such surroundings, who will venture the assertion that Phil Sheridan would not have been the greatest sire of trotters on the globe, could he have but enjoyed the opportunities afforded at Backman's or Alexander's.

Phil Sheridan was foaled in 1862, the property of Robt Dalzell of Wadsworth, N. Y., in whose hands he acquired his reputation as a trotter and sire of trotters. He was got by Young Columbus, and his dam was a well bred mare by a son of Tippecanoe. He stands sixteen hands high and is about one inch higher at the withers than he is in the rump. This conformation so peculiar to the family should be termed the Sheridan Pitch to distinguish it from the Hambletonian Pitch of which we read. He is a horse of much determination, and has a will of his own, and yet he is so intelligent and level-headed that nothing short of absolute abuse will provoke him to retaliation. He stands on remarkably sound legs and feet, his hocks are not as well let down as many would desire, but the muscular development at the stifle and through the quarters is indeed wonderful.

The forearm is of immense length and is muscled like that of the thoroughbred.

The varied turf experience of Phil Sheridan would cover more space than I have a right to ask. His life has been one of activity in the stud and on the course, often without any special preparation for either duty.

His position and record in the great stallion race of 1875, at Mystic Park, won by Smuggler, secured for him hosts of new admirers, who had scarcely heard of him prior to that time.

**CHESTNUT HILL,**

by Rysdyk, dam the Miller mare, by Bally King, son of Geo. M. Patchen, granddam believed to be by Duroc and out of a mare of Messenger descent, is a trotter of the first water.

Although but five years old he has acquitted himself handsomely on the turf, acquiring a record of 2:37, which is not the measure of his ability, however, as he has showed trials in 2:30. This horse is a blood bay, 15 1/2 hands high, commanding in appearance, and his unmistakable evidence of the blood of the two distinguished families from which he derives his wonderful turf record.

Wiser expects to beat the great Hannis with him next season.

Barbara Patchen won fourth money in colt race at Buffalo, and was well up in a heat trotted in 2:35. The number of young things that can beat three minutes are too numerous to mention.

**BROOD MARES.**

Flora, b m, foaled 1863, bred by Dr. Kingsley, Rome, N. Y., by Benedict's Pathfinder (son of Hill's Black Hawk) and the dam of Bacon's Ethan Allen, dam Lady Messenger, by Bridenbaker's Messenger Highlander, son of Ash's Messenger Highlander, by Col. Watt's Chestnut Hunter, great granddam by Magnum Bonum.

Budo, b m, foaled 1864, known as the Healy mare, bred at Port Jervis, N. J., by Rysdyk's Hambletonian, dam by C. M. Clay, Jr., a trotter and the dam of trotters.

Lady Patchen, b m, foaled 1863, bred by Mr. J. Ives, Meriden, Conn., by Geo. M. Patchen, dam Long Island Maid, by Montauk, son of C. M. Clay. A no lo mare, could trot in 2:30, and half interest in her once sold to Mr. Humphrey, owner of Judge Fullerton, for \$1,800.

Lady Moxley, b m, foaled 1867, bred by D. O. Dreott, Sackett's Harbor, N. Y., by Guy Moxley, son of Lexington, dam by Richmond Duroc, a grandson of Busta's Messenger, grand dam by Vt. Morgan.

Mary B., b m, foaled 1866, by Iron Duke, son of Rysdyk's Hambletonian, dam by Dover boy, son of Mambrino Paymaster, trotted in 2:30 while young.

Minnie Patchen, b m, foaled 1869, by Geo. M. Patchen, dam not traced, record to wagon of 2:36, a third heat.

Nellie Clark, b m, foaled 1861, bred by George Cook, Morrisburg, Ont., by old Gray Eagle, (trotter), dam by Josie Fowler, by Gamblers.

Minnie Day, c m, foaled 1869, bred by David Clark, Hartford, Conn., by Green's Hambletonian, (full brother to Volunteer), dam Katy, the dam of Orient.

Jeannie Rysdyk, b m, foaled 1869, bred by F. E. Smith, Philadelphia, by Rysdyk's dam 1 colt by Rysdyk's Hambletonian, a speedy mare and formerly owned by Robert Sisco, in heat to the Sheridan.

Jessie, b m, foaled 1860, bred in Southern Ohio, by the pacing stallion Rockock, dam not traced, paced a heat in 2:29 over Dexter Park, Chicago.

Rachel, b m, foaled 1872, bred by F. E. Fountain, Philadelphia, by Pennsylvania, son of Mambrino Trot, dam Minnie Patchen, by Geo. M. Patchen, who is a trotter.

Lady Fashion, b m, foaled 1871, bred by E. M. Hubbs Hartum, by Long Island Black Hawk, dam not traced. Her son, Walter Jones, 2 years old, has trotted a mile in 2:22.

Kate, b m, foaled 1863, pacing mare, paced in 2:12, is the dam of Orient 2:24, and a great brood mare, and a descendant of the best very close by.

Nelly, b m, foaled 1867, paced in 2:30. Maggie, b m, foaled 1869, paced in 2:30. Fannie, b m, foaled 1865, paced in 2:30. Queen, b m, foaled 1870, bred at Watertown, Ont., by the Sager Horse, dam not traced.



THE  
Master of the Hounds

CHAPTER VII.

(CONTINUED.)

A move was now made from the supper-table, and the last on the list being a country dance, Beauchamp claimed Blanche's promise, and they were soon engaged with hands across, down the middle, up again, until she nearly exhausted with this incessant work. 'Come, dear Blanche,' he whispered, 'this is too much for you, who have been dancing all night. I will not allow you to go on longer, or you will be quite laid up to-morrow. Take my arm, and we will walk about until you are cooler; for I heard Mrs. Harcourt say the carriage was ordered exactly at the three, and it is now within a quarter of the time.' Beauchamp was leading her to the conservatory again, when she said—

'Not there, William; my aunt will be angry if she cannot find us when the carriage arrives.'

'Oh turn only, dear Blanche, to give up my little present to your keeping; but do not trouble or alarm me, dearest; this word you apprehend shall not escape my lips again this night.'

When they had reached the upper end, near the orange-trees, Beauchamp, taking Blanche's pocket-handkerchief, tied the little oval case in one corner of it, and returned it to her without another word or comment. 'And now, dear Blanche, we will attend upon your aunt, and I shall send Constance to-morrow to see how you are, as I must be out hunting.'

In a few moments the carriage was announced, and the company began rapidly to disperse.

And now what are we to say of all William Beauchamp's good resolutions, which had been scattered to the winds? and his firm determination not to make Blanche Douglas acquainted with the feelings of his heart until she had mixed more in the world? Ah had been over-ruled by the dread of not falling into the trap set for her by Lord Mervyn and Vernon. His love, long pent up within his own breast, was now suddenly called forth by the horror of losing her for ever, and her being wedded to such a fate as that designed by these unprincipled plotters against her fortune and happiness. The horses ceased to be remembered as the time's, Beauchamp thought only of that dear, pure-minded girl whose image had been so long entwined about his heart. 'She ought at least to know,' argued he, 'that there is one who loves her dearer than his own life, and would support her through every trial. And he argued still more passionately to himself that the confession of his love could be no barrier to her rejection of any other person who might suit her taste. Thus, of course, it would not have been had Blanche been free of herself to choose; but, fortunately on the subject, Beauchamp's expression of love had struck a responsive chord in her heart, which vibrated through her whole frame.

On the night of Sir Lionel Markham's coming party, Blanche had experienced certain sympathetic sensations towards William Beauchamp, which were redoubled on their meeting at the Priory a few days after, and she now felt, after carefully analysing her feelings, that she loved him dearly, intensely—and oh! the delight of that night's revelation that she was beloved in return! Blanche Douglas had received the blessing of a beautiful religious education from a lady of good family, who had resided many years with her pupil, and who faithfully discharged her duty to her youthful charge by firmly impressing on her mind those high principles of religion and morality, which would prove her greatest comfort and protection during the trials and temptations which she must probably be exposed to in after life. Mrs. Harcourt loved him as her own daughter, and but for this, she was the prizing biographer of a young pupil, when she knelt at the altar.

child, is William Beauchamp. He is fond of hunting, because it is a bold, manly amusement, in many respects resembling war, and had he adopted the army as a profession, the name of William Beauchamp would have stood conspicuous in his country's defence. With the most chivalrous feelings of honor, a deep sense of religion a firm and unshaken resolution, and one of the most kind and loving hearts that ever beat in human breast, the woman who shall marry William Beauchamp will draw a prize indeed.

'Dear Mrs. Barratt,' replied Blanche, 'I believe William to be all you represent him, and you know I consider him and Constance as my brother and sister.'

'Yes, dear child, glad am I to leave you with two such friends, to whom I can safely entrust your happiness; prize them, love them, dearest Blanche, as I know they love you, and never keep a secret from your sister Constance, who will ever direct and guide you in the path of duty and religion; and now fare-well, my own long-loved, dearest child, and may Heaven protect you from every evil, and that greatest of all evils, a bad husband; when, straining her to her breast once more, Mrs. Barratt rushed from the room, and poor Blanche sank helpless in her chair, convulsed with sobs and sorrow, where she sat crying until her maid Alice entered, and exerted all her entreaties and kind offices to soothe and comfort her almost broken-hearted young lady.

'Oh, my dear mistress,' cried Alice, kneeling at her feet, 'pray do not give way thus' (at the same time wiping with her apron the tears trickling down her own cheeks). 'Poor, dear, kind Mrs. Barratt, we shall all miss her so,' and she began sobbing herself as if her heart would break. 'Oh, Miss Blanche, this will be a sad day—but there, I declare, is Mrs. Harcourt's step coming this way,' which roused the two young girls to check their emotions.

'Why, Blanche,' exclaimed Mrs. Harcourt, witnessing the traces of her grief, 'I thought you possessed too high a sense of decorum to give way to such sobs and lamentations, and in the presence of your servant, indeed, you ought to rejoice at Mrs. Barratt's good fortune, in having, through your Aunt Gordon's recommendation, obtained such a desirable situation as companion to old Mrs. Dacre, where she will have nothing whatever to do.'

'I cannot, dear aunt,' replied Blanche, still sobbing, 'refrain from grieving at the loss I have sustained in dear Mrs. Barratt, who has ever been to me a second mother; but if you will leave us, I will endeavor to be more composed.'

'Well, my dear, make haste, and wash away all traces of your tears, for I expect some visitors this morning, and you must be in the drawing room to help me to receive them.'

Mrs. Harcourt was one of those cold, unapproachable beings, living within the frigid zone, repellant and impervious to every genial influence; in fact, she belonged to that numerous class denominated the imperturbables, who consider it a breach of decorum to be affected by those common occurrences which excite so foolish an influence over the gentility of the human race. Ever so great a loss of friends and relations, a sense of joy at their recovery, no sorrows, no joys, a weakness of mind in these various indulgences in such wayward fancies, and a decided variance with the rules of propriety and etiquette to be observed, without exception, upon all occasions. She was one of those persons who would, if engaged in the Satanical pastime of table-turning and table-rapping, have stood as a six-foot-tall wall to prevent any rotatory motion of the said table towards herself, possessing not one atom of electricity in her whole composition.

Blanche Douglas, it need scarcely be said, unfortunately for her own peace of mind and individual happiness, was a native of the torrid zone, and therefore the very opposite in disposition and character to Mrs. Harcourt. Like the young offspring of a vine, stretching forth its tender and pliant tendrils for support, this young, warm-hearted girl (when bereft of the mainstay of her childhood, in the person of Mrs. Barratt) looked around for that to which she could cling for comfort and support. It was a strange and happy to

'Ah!' remarked Mrs. Compton, playfully, to Bob Conyers, whose eyes were riveted on the game, 'I judge what your feelings are in witnessing this formidable array of your enemies; but come, I will make you a bet of five shillings that there is one of your friends lurking in that bed of laurels, not twenty yards from the spot where the pheasants are now feeding.'

'Thank you, my dear madam, for your kind offer of relieving my pocket of its contents, which may possibly amount to the sum you have named, and which I should most certainly lose, were I rash enough to accept such a wager. As we are all well aware of your and Mr. Compton's liberality in catering for your friends in pink jackets, there is no person to whom I could hand over five shillings with less reluctance than to yourself; but as my purse is not on any day of the week inconveniently burdened with the coin of the realm, and on hunting days contains only sufficient for the contingencies which may occur, such as a feel of corn and a bucket of gruel for my horse, probably a lost shoe or two, and a glass of brandy and water for myself, with a few little extras for ostler and turnpikes on my road to and from hunting, I could not venture on such a hazard as an even bet, although I would not refuse four to one, which I think are the fair odds against a fox being found in the bed of laurels.'

'There, Mr. Conyers, look there,' cried a little girl, running up to him, 'there is a fox just peeping out from the laurels.'

'By Jove, my darling!' exclaimed Bob, taking the child up in his arms and kissing her; 'you have just saved me from losing a shilling to your mamma, which, by the way, I dare say, is very provoking to her; but to pacify her anger, you may whisper to her that Bob's annual, on Christmas Day, will make some amends for her disappointment.'

'Tell me what my present is to be,' said the child.

'No, my dear, you must wait patiently till the basket arrives.'

'Really, Mr. Conyers,' exclaimed Mrs. Compton, 'it is very provoking to see how you spoil my children; they are quite unmanageable when you are here, and I really think I must forbid you the house, or they will be entirely ruined.'

'If indulgence is to cause this,' returned Bob, 'I think their mamma will have much more to answer for than Bob Conyers.'

'Well, Mr. Conyers, we are all now impatient to begin our day's sport, which we can see from the terrace; so give a hint to William Beauchamp, or these increasing new comers will soon clear off our stock of old sherry brandy.'

'Thank you for the hint,' replied Conyers, 'as I have not yet had my glass of jumping powder.'

The hounds having arrived, Mr. Compton's guests quickly dispersed in search of their steeds: the lion of the day, on whom all eyes were turned, being a great Leicestershire squire, who had for many years hunted that country with a splendid pack of hounds, but was now settled down on his own patriarchal estate. It being one of his maxims, that every fence was practicable with a fall, it is almost needless to say, he was a bold and fearless rider, and that no obstacle ever stopped him. In stature, he was about the general standard, with a broad, expansive chest, and features, if not handsome, yet manly, reflecting the spirit, which was working within, of cool determination and undaunted courage. His seat on horseback was neither studied nor graceful, but easy and careless as his manner of riding across country, to which may be attributed many of the severe falls he encountered, which were of such continued occurrence, that he never appeared quite satisfied with-out his general allowance of half-a-dozen per diem.

'Oh, demum!' exclaimed Markham, who had been listening to a recital of the great squire's exploits, retailed by Vernon, 'what a confounded fire-eating monster he looks! he'll pound us all to-day, and ride away from Burnett and Beauchamp too.'

'I hope so,' replied Vernon, 'and that both of them may break their necks in trying to catch him.'

'Eh! indeed, Dick, you're a nice member of the hunt, ain't you, to wish every man of us to be beaten by a strange? but I'll bet an

in the track of Will Beauchamp, who, with Charley, kept the lead with the hounds, until they ran into their fox, in an open grass field, after a burst of thirty-five minutes, without a check. Sir Francis, Tyler, Gwynne, and Fred Beauchamp were the next four up, and close behind them came the lion of the day, hot and furious.

'Confound that bog!' he exclaimed; 'it spoiled my start completely, and you know, Burnett, five minutes lost are hard to recover in a quick thing like this; but I'll take care the hounds don't get out of my sight with our second fox.'

'Don't make too sure of that,' replied Sir Francis; 'we are not in Leicestershire now, but one of the stiffest vales I ever crossed yet, where hounds can and will beat the horses.'

'They can't beat me,' replied the great squire.

'They have done it once already, and will do it again, I hope,' rejoined Burnett; 'that is, if the scent holds as good with the next fox we find.'

By this time the Captain and Vernon had reached the spot, when the former appealed to Gwynne about his bet.

'You have won this heat clearly enough, Markham,' replied Sir Lucius, 'as Beauchamp had his fox in hand five minutes at least before the great man showed at all, and four of us were before him.'

'Eh! Vernon, 'pon honor, no mistake about it—lost your money, old fellow; but come, I'll let you off for a five pound note—demmed liberal offer, eh?'

'I won't take it, Markham, for I feel certain of winning, as an accident only prevented my man being in his proper place, where he is sure to be the next run.'

'Oh, very well,' replied the Captain; 'as you please.'

The hounds were now taken to one of the finest fox coverts in the world—a large hazel copse of about one hundred acres, situated in the centre of a fine grass country, with large, open pasture fields.

'Ah!' exclaimed the Leicestershire squire, 'this is something like a hunting country, with plenty of room to fall, without half a score fellows being in upon a man when he's down. Now, Burnett, we may fancy ourselves at Billisdon again.'

'With this difference only,' replied Sir Francis, 'that there we can take our fences at a fly; here it cannot be done, with a wide ditch on both sides, and a big, thundering bank and quickset in the middle.'

'I shall try, it, notwithstanding,' rejoined the squire.

'Then you don't see our second fox killed, that's settled; but, bark! by Jove! they have found him.' And with a scream, which thrilled through the hearts of all, Will Beauchamp wed him over the rib. In a moment the whole pack was at work, rattling him round the covert.

'Beautiful!' exclaimed the great squire; 'how those big brutes stick to him! Gad, sir, they squeak like t ricks, light enough in their tongue—eh, Burnett?'

'Yes, there's little cry with them, and when they run hard, you can scarcely hear them at all; up and go is their motto, and I've seen them run half a mile with their fox in view, without a hound giving tongue. But, look! they are away at the bottom of the covert, while we are standing here.'

'Now for it, then,' cried Sir Francis, as sticking his spurs into his horse he dashed down the nearest drive; but Beauchamp, with his whip Charley, had got the start, and kept the lead for three miles of very severe country, until the hounds were brought to a check on the banks of a deep brook, where the fox, having been headed by a man at work in the field opposite, had doubled back, and thrown them into some little confusion. At this moment the Leicestershire squire made his entrance into the field, in rather an unceremonious manner, by being thrown head for most from his saddle over a high bank, with his horse scrambling after him.

Beauchamp, hearing the crash behind him, turned and asked if he was hurt.

'Hurt!' he exclaimed; 'no, I am not often hurt by a fall; but now we are even, sir,' addressing Beauchamp, as the hounds settled a man on the scent; 'so come along; and he rode savagely at the brook, cheering Beauchamp to follow. Our young master, with Charley, were quickly by his side, when the great man, looking to pound them, rode

aw! Beauchamp, 'pon honor, gave 'em all the slip—hurrah!—awful pace, 'pon my soul, all right—won my bet!'

'But what a figure you are, Markham! Where's your hat?'

'In the brook, old fellow, where I left half-a-dozen with their horses; got out myself on the right side; up the hill like wild-fire; passed the great man on the road—very squeamish indeed; cut into an old lane, leaving Burnett, Tyler, and Gwynne rasping away cross country to my right, and here I am, first for once in my life; and now, Beauchamp, give me the brush, which I would not lose for a five-pound note.'

'I have promised it to Mrs. Compton,' replied Beauchamp, 'who was first in at the finish.'

'Then,' replied that lady, 'I willingly waive my claim in favor of Captain Markham, as a little compensation for the loss of his hat.'

'Thank you, Mrs. Compton, for your kind consideration,' replied the Captain, with a low bow; and the said appendage was accordingly handed to him by Charley, who pocketed a sovereign for the present.

'Won ten yellow boys to-day,' whispered the Captain.

'How so, sir?' inquired Charley.

'By your master beating the Leicestershire hero.'

'Glad to hear it, sir; wish you had won fifty.'

'Have you seen anything of Rushton?' inquired Mrs. Compton.

'Oh, yaas, replied Markham; 'left him on the road; bad fall—ribs smashed, I suspect, or something of that sort—looked seedy—very.'

'I hope not seriously hurt,' said Mrs. Compton, anxiously.

'Oh, no, can't be—never is hurt, by his own account—only queerish.'

Preceded by Sir Francis, Tyler, Fred Beauchamp, Gwynne, and Conyers, who were in the first light, the lion of the day now hove in sight, looking unutterably disgusted; in fact, his whole frame had received so great a shock from his heavy fall on the hard road, that, although no bones were broken he was fearfully bruised about his head, ribs, and right arm, which was nearly paralysed. Giving his horse to the groom, with sundry anathemas for his want of condition, the great man walked on to the lawn, where he stood for a few moments talking with Mrs. Compton, and then retired to his own room for the luxury of a warm bath.

The fox was now thrown to the hounds, as the heavy weights, including Sir Lionel, Squire Beauchamp, and others, with whom Vernon had been in company, arrived on the scene, and many and hearty were the congratulations on their capital day's sport.

'Ah, Compton!' exclaimed Conyers, 'we have always luck on our side when we meet at your place—no bagmen or three-legged ones here; and now for a glass of sherry to drink your health and a merry Christmas to all your family, with fifty new ones to come, and may they find you still living as heretofore—the friend of fox-hunters.'

'And a right hearty welcome to you all,' replied Mr. Compton, who led the way into the house, followed by a goodly company of pink jackets, who gladly availed themselves of his proffered hospitality. Markham whispered Gwynne, 'A hollow thing, eh? No mistake about first man.'

'None whatever—Vernon must pay.'

'All right, old fellow—tell him what you say.'

The losing man did not relish the Captain's hint; but knowing his good nature, put him off by saying they would settle that another day.

'Play and pay, Vernon, is the rule on such occasions,' said Markham; 'so you must fork out; had I lost, you would have made me pay quickly enough.'

'Oh, very well, I'll send you a draft to-morrow or next day,' with which he turned aside.

On their way home, a comparison was instituted by Sir Francis and Conyers, between the riding of the two rival masters of fox hounds, Rushton and Will Beauchamp.

'In Leicestershire,' remarked Burnett, 'I think Beauchamp would give way to the great squire.'

'I don't think he would,' retorted Conyers; 'for this reason: Will rides with equal cer

Dear, kind Mrs. Barratt," exclaimed Blanche, sobbing and crying at her departure. "You must promise to come and live with me, when I am married, or become mistress of my own property—indeed you must. I shall never be happy without you."

"My dear child," replied Mrs. Barratt, "you know little now of the duties of married life; your husband would never consent to such an arrangement as you propose, and it would then be your duty to conform to his wish. I would not say commands—as every wife should obey her husband."

"Then, dear Mrs. Barratt, I will never marry till I can find one who will love me for myself alone, and love all those I love—kindly and affectionate like yours!—who will yield to all my reasonable desires, and endeavor to make me, as I should him, truly happy."

"Marriage is a great lottery, dear Blanche, and I would earnestly caution you against accepting any man, however handsome or agreeable—however rich, or talented, or tall—unless you have an opportunity of thoroughly ascertaining his true character. Never marry in haste, and repent at leisure. Your large fortune will attract many pretentious admirers, men of the world, to whom love, in its true meaning, is utterly unknown; and when once in possession of your fortune, they might treat you with indifference and neglect. Indeed, my dear, dear child, a young girl with a large fortune stands in a much worse position, in regard to her prospects of happiness in the married state, than one who has nothing beyond her own mental and personal attractions. Among all your neighbors, there is not any gentleman I know in the least degree calculated to make you happy, except one, and he, I fear, is too high-minded and fastidious in his ideas about money, ever to aspire to the hand of the heiress; that person, my dear

Blanche, is your cousin's companion, Mr. Darcy, who is so well known to you."

"I cannot, dear aunt," replied Blanche, still sobbing, refrain from grieving at the loss I have sustained in dear Mrs. Barratt, who has ever been to me a second mother, but if you will leave me, I will endeavor to be more composed."

"Well, my dear, make haste, and wash away all traces of your tears, for I expect some visitors this morning, and you must be in the drawing-room to help me to receive them."

Mrs. Harcourt was one of those cold, unapproachable beings, living within the fragile zone of respectability, and impervious to every general influence; in fact, she belonged to that numerous class denominated the imperturbables, who consider as a breach of decorum to be affected by those common occurrences which exercise so foolish an influence over the generality of the human race. Even the death of the friends and relations, or the loss of joy at their recovery, or the trials, or the weakness of mind in old age, did not induce in such wayward fancies, and tended at variance with the rules of propriety and etiquette to be observed, with the exception, upon all occasions. She was one of those persons who would, if engaged in the satirical pastime of table turning and table-rapping, have stood as a six-foot tack wall to prevent any rotatory motion of the said table towards herself, possessing not one atom of electricity in her whole composition.

Blanche Douglas, it need scarcely be said, unfortunately for her own peace of mind and individual happiness, was a native of the torrid zone, and therefore the very opposite in disposition and character to Mrs. Harcourt. Like the young offshoot of a vine, stretching forth its tender and pliant tendrils for support, this young, warm-hearted girl (when bereft of the mainstay of her childhood, in the person of Mrs. Barratt) looked around for one to whom she could cling for comfort and sympathy in her feelings, and love with the intensity of her deep and ardent attachment. In Constance she had found a firm and warm friend, to whom, as a sister, she could communicate all her joys and sorrows; but her feelings towards William Beauchamp had become almost unmitigable to herself for some past. Mrs. Barratt's remarks occasioning a shyness and embarrassment in her manner towards him, not before experienced, when viewing him (which she had from an early age) as her brother only. The veil was now withdrawn—she knew that she loved, with the ardor of her first purest affections, him to whom she could cling through life, as women only can and do cling to the husband of their choice.

On returning to her room after her return from Mrs. Compton's ball, Blanche carefully examined her pretty little basket of flowers (Beauchamp's present), and every word and look of his was recalled to her mind, as, pressing at her lips, she unprinted a fond kiss upon its glistening surface.

"Yes, dear William," she exclaimed, "I will not add treasure this little trinket for your sake, although you are seldom absent from my thoughts, and your love to me is far beyond all earthly treasures."

## CHAPTER IX.

The breakfast at Mr. Compton's, after the ball, presented a striking contrast to that of Marston Castle. All faces beamed with happy smiles and joyous good humor, induced by the kind reception they experienced from the master and mistress of Brockley House, who welcomed friends and strangers alike to partake of their hospitality. Opposite to the breakfast-room windows on the lawn were congregated about three hundred pheasants, called together by the keeper's whistle, and enjoying their breakfast also.

"If indulgence is to cause this," returned Bob, "I think their mamma will have much more to answer for than Bob Conyers."

"Well, Mr. Conyers, we are all now impatient to begin our day's sport, which we can see from the terrace; so give a hint to William Beauchamp, or these increasing new comers will soon clear off our stock of old sherry brandy."

"Thank you for the hint," replied Conyers, "as I have not yet had my glass of jumping powder."

The hounds having arrived, Mr. Compton's guests quickly dispersed in search of their steeds; the lion of the day, on whom all eyes were turned, being a great Leicestershire squire, who had for many years hunted that country with a splendid pack of hounds, but was now settled down on his own paternal estate. It being one of his maxims, that every fence was practicable with a fall, it is almost needless to say, he was a bold and fearless rider, and that no obstacle ever stopped him. In stature, he was about the general standard, with a broad, expansive chest, and features, if not handsome, yet manly, reflecting the spirit, which was working within, of cool determination and undaunted courage. His seat on horseback was neither staid nor graceful, but easy and careless as his manner of riding across country, to which may be attributed many of the severe falls he encountered, which were of such continual occurrence, that he never appeared quite satisfied without his general allowance of half-a-dozen per diem.

"Oh, demmit!" exclaimed Markham, who had been listening to a recital of the great squire's exploits, retailed by Vernon, "what a confounded fire-eating monster he looks! he'll pound us all to-day, and ride away from Burnett and Beauchamp too."

"I hope so," replied Vernon, "and that both of them may break their necks in trying to catch him."

"Eh! indeed, Dick, you're a nice member of the hunt, ain't you, to wish every man of us to be beaten by a stranger? but I'll bet an even five pounds he don't beat Will Beauchamp or Burnett."

"Done, Markham, and I'll make it ten, if you like."

"Take him at his word," cried Sir Lucius Gwynne, who overheard the conversation, "and I'll go halvet with you."

"Done, then, Vernon," exclaimed the Captain; "Gwynne's witness to the bet."

"And now," said Sir Lucius, "I'll bet you two to one on Beauchamp against the great Leicestershire man. Will you have it, Vernon?"

"No, I thank you," was the reply; "I shall take no more on that event to-day; but who is to decide?"

"We will have Burnett," said Gwynne; "you can choose Tyler, or any other first-flight man you prefer to him."

All being now mounted and ready for action, the hounds were thrown into the evergreens near the house, and in a moment the ox broke across the lawn. Dashing through the stable-yard below and some out-buildings, which screened him from view, he immediately sank into the valley, taking his line through the most round the fences of the whole country. Will Beauchamp and his whippet-in Charley were with the hounds, as usual, but had not crossed more than three fields before the great hero was down upon them, at full speed, and going at a small brook as a river were in his way.

"He'll catch it there," cried Charley to his master, as the great squire and his horse went floundering into the stream. "I should have thought, sir, a man of his business habits had know'd what boggy ground meant afore to-day; but come along, sir, there's plenty to help him out; and, sooth to say, there were about a dozen of the finest fellows in the world in the same predicament, with their horses up to their hocks, struggling in the mire. Sir Francis, however, had the sense to avoid the trap, and followed

With this difference only," replied Sir Francis, "that there we can take our fences at a fly; here it cannot be done, with a wide ditch on both sides, and a big, thundering bank and quickset in the middle."

"I shall try, it, notwithstanding," rejoined the squire.

"Then you don't see our second fox killed, that's stilled; but, hark! by Jove! they have found him. And with a scream, were hurried through the hearts of all, Will Beauchamp viewed him over the rail. In a moment the whole pack was at work, rattling him round the covert."

"Beautiful!" exclaimed the great squire; "how those big brut stacks to him! Gad, sir, they squeak like terraces, light enough in their tongue—eh, Burnett?"

"Yes, then, sir, cry with them, and when they run hard, you can scarcely hear them at all, tip and go is their motto, and I've seen them run half a mile with their fox in view, without a bound giving tongue. But, look! they are away at the bottom of the covert, while we are standing here."

"Now for it, then," cried Sir Francis, as, sticking his spurs into his horse he dashed down the nearest drive; but Beauchamp, with his waip Charley, had got the start, and kept the lead for three miles of very severe country, until the hounds were brought to a check on the banks of a deep brook, where the fox, having been headed by a man at work in the field opposite, had doubled back, and thrown them into some little confusion. At this moment the Leicestershire squire made his *entree* into the field, in rather an unceremonious manner, by being thrown head foremost from his saddle over a high bank, with his horse scrambling after him. Beauchamp, hearing the crash behind him, turned and asked if he was hurt.

"Hurt!" he exclaimed; "no, I am not often hurt by a fall; but now we are even, sir, addressing Beauchamp, as the hounds settled again on the scent; 'so come along,' and he rode savagely at the brook, cheering Beauchamp to follow. Our young master, with Charley, were quickly by his side, when the great man, thinking to pound them, rode at some stiff post and rails against the hill, which his horse, having the wind knocked out of him already, was unable to clear, and, breaking the top rail, again gave his master a severe fall."

"Thank you," said Beauchamp, as he passed the prostrate squire, "for letting me over so easy."

"I am not beaten yet," was the retort, as he once more jumped into his saddle; and, riding furiously by the fall, he rode desperately at a new five-barred gate, over which he fell heavily into a hard turnpike road, his horse also lying stunned on his back.

"Now, sir," said Beauchamp, jumping from his saddle, "you are hurt, or ought to be; pray let me assist you."

"Oh, never mind me," faintly ejaculated the squire; "this is damned hard falling ground; but confound it at rascally groom of mine, for mounting me on a horse not fit to go. I'll discharge him this very night. Thank you, Mr. Beauchamp, for your attention. I am all right again now; pray go on with your hounds. I will soon be with you."

Bob Conyers and others now coming up, Beauchamp whispered to him a few words about the great man's fall, and rode away to catch his hounds, which, by the way, he never could, until, with Charley alone, they had killed their second fox among the laurels on Mr. Compton's lawn, on the very spot where they had found their first in the morning. Beauchamp, with his horse quite fresh from his short respite, when assisting the fallen hero, went rapidly away from the rest (whose horses were already in distress from the pace up to the road), and was standing on the lawn with the hounds (the fox being suspended in a tree) baying around, at least five minutes before any other horseman made his appearance; Mr. and Mrs. Compton, with the children and all the domestics enjoying the scene.

To Beauchamp's surprise, the first man up was Markham, who exclaimed, "Eh!

with sundry anathemas for his want of condition, the great man walked on to the lawn, where he stood for a few moments talking with Mrs. Compton, and then retired to his own room for the luxury of a warm bath.

The fox was now thrown to the hounds, as the heavy weights, including Sir Lucius, Squire Beauchamp, and others, with whom Vernon had been in company, arrived on the scene, and many and hearty were the congratulations on their capital day's sport.

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The losing man did not relish the Captain's hint; but knowing his good nature, put him off by saying they would settle that another day.

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"Oh, very well, I'll send you a draft tomorrow or next day," with which he turned aside.

On their way home, a comparison was instituted by Sir Francis and Conyers, between the riding of the two rival masters of fox hounds, Rushton and Will Beauchamp.

"In Leicestershire," remarked Burnett, "I think Beauchamp would give way to the great squire."

"I don't think he would," retorted Conyers; "for this reason: Will rides with equal science and superior judgment to the other; he is always with hounds, in and out of covert, and is exceedingly quick, without ever being in a flurry. See how quickly he creeps along, always selecting the best ground for his horse, whose resources he husbands to the utmost, with neither whip nor spur to harass or frighten him. Again, when approaching a large fence, he pulls his horse into a trot, if necessary, to give him wind and strength to clear it, easing or lifting him, as occasion may require. The falls he gets are very few and far between, yet he is, as a huntsman ought to be, always with his hounds; and as to his seat in the saddle, he is a perfect centaur—man and horse appear as one animal."

"That's all very true, Conyers," replied Burnett; "Will Beauchamp is a difficult man to beat in his own country, with his horse so thoroughly made to their master's hand, and at banks and stiff fences they are perfectly at home; but in Leicestershire those horses would cut a poor figure, where it is going from first to last without the hope of pulling up for a second; nothing but thorough-bred ones can live with hounds there."

"Very likely, Burnett; I don't dispute that point; but this I will maintain, that Will Beauchamp, equally well horsed, shall beat your hero in his own country six days out of ten throughout the season. Your man is fast and furious, but in my opinion not a thorough good rider, which no one ought to be called who gets such an extraordinary number of falls in a season; this, although a proof of daring, bull-dog courage, is no proof, but just the reverse of good horsemanship."

"Well, Conyers, there is a good deal of sterling truth in your remarks, and, I must add, no man entertains a better opinion than I do of Will Beauchamp; so now, as our roads diverge, good night."

To be Continued.

**JOHN GULLY, PUGILIST AND MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT.**

Not one out of every twenty of the modern generation of sportsmen, we should imagine, has not heard of John Gully, the prize fighter who became a member of Parliament, yet in the same proportion, we think, they know nothing of the man, his character, genius, and career; and a brief history of this remarkable turfite will, we think, carry its own interest.

John Gully was born at Bristol on the 21st of August, 1783, in a humble station of life, and at an early age became what is known as a "butcher boy." The very nature of his calling, with his own physical qualifications, tended to point out his future career; for it is well-known that "butcher's boys," above all others, have an early predilection for fistichuffs, and usually take to boxing with avidity. It was so with young Gully, for when quite a stripling he won his spurs as a boxer, from sundry set tows with the jockings of the neighborhood.

Seeking freer worlds to conquer, he set out afterwards for London, which was then, more than it is now, considered the best place for likely young men to get on; and to have seen London in those days proved a man had traveled, in rustic circles. Gully, on his arrival at the Metropolis, followed his trade as a butcher; but the blind goddess set her face quite against him in that line of business, and we hear of him just when he had reached manhood, being incarcerated in a goal for debt, where he might have remained, like many poor wretches did then, the rest of his natural life, but for the visit of a fellow-townsmen of his by the name of Pearce, the then champion of the prize ring, well-known as the Game Chicken. For the sheer sake of pastime, the pair had a set-to in the prison, and Gully acquitted himself so well with the practiced professional that the affair got widely talked about, with the result that Gully's debts were paid out, and the prisoner was released, to undergo a preparation for a match made between him and the Chicken, the latter laying six hundred pounds to four upon himself.

The fight came off at Hailsham, in Sussex, on October 8, 1805, and fifty-nine rounds were fought in an hour and ten minutes of terribly hard fighting. Gully being now fearfully punished, his friends interfered, and he was taken off the field. It being evident that the man fought as gamely as ever one that stripped, his defeat drew a lot of friends around him, and, in fact, Gully next morning "found himself famous," and a popular favorite.

His next affair was with a Lancashire giant, by the name of Gregson, which took place on the 14th of October, 1807, at Six Mile Bottom, near Newmarket, (a famous rendezvous for such business transactions), 200 guineas being the stake contended for. Thirty-six rounds were got through with credit on both sides, but a terrific knock-down blow from Gully here settled Gregson's account, for the latter was totally incapable of coming up to time.

Although there could not have been a fairer fight all through, the vanquished man was not satisfied, and, in the course of a few months, sent out a challenge for a renewal of hostilities, which was accepted by the young pugilist, and the second encounter accordingly came off on the 10th of May, 1808, in Sir John Sebright's Park, in Herts. This time it was quite a one-sided affair, for Gully had matters all his own way, displaying an amount of science for which his opponent was by no means prepared, and met with wild rushes, which told against him almost as much as the execution of the young boxer.

It was to be regretted, perhaps, that a youthful professor of the art of such high promise should have determined to quit, as he did, the fistichuff arena, with only the above two achievements on record concerning his prowess; but all the best judges of the day were quite satisfied that he was qualified to take his part with the first men of the ring. A writer in Boxiana says of him: "Gully, as a pugilist, will be long remembered by the amateurs of pugilism, as particularly entitled to their respect and consideration; and, if his battles were not so numerous as many other professors have been, they were contested with decision, science, and bottom rarely equaled, and, perhaps, never excelled, and justly entitled him to the most honorable mention in the records of boxing." That *ne plus ultra* of the "fancy," the tavern, was Gully's next venture in the way of business, and he took the Plough Inn, in Carey Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields. It must be mentioned here that, in addition to his throwing up his profession as a pugilist, he declined the championship of England, which was offered him upon the death of the Game Chicken, and which, in consequence, was conferred upon Tom Cribb, in 1803.

A prize-fighter with a public house would have been a phenomenon at that time—or any other, in fact—if he did not bet upon horse racing as a backer or bookmaker, and Gully started in the first named character; but he soon had that "rose-ender" which all backers of horses have experienced, and which, as in the case of Gully,

ex-pugilist to the pedestal of a demi-god. The small fry of the sporting community surveyed him with awe; and, perhaps, there never was a man on the turf, who had risen from his position, to whom such deference was paid by, or who stood on so level a footing with, the aristocracy of the turf. A good deal of this homage paid to him was doubtless owing to his possession of immense wealth, but certainly not all, for, had he been the hog with all his money that some of his successors in the ring have been, he would like them have been treated as such; but Gully was one of "Nature's gentlemen"—the prime article of its kind when genuine—and respect flowed towards him as if it were his prescriptive right. Gifted with a fine, handsome figure, endowed with a keen intellect and the most unassuming manners, he could not but arrest the attention and attract the esteem of his fellow men, whatever might have been due in that way to his money and its magic.

His purchase of Mameluko for 4,000 guineas from Lord Jersey, before alluded to, was about the worst speculation of his career as an owner of horses; for he backed the horse for a heap of money for the St. Leger, and had the mortification to see the brute refuse to start, until a crack or two from his own whip sent him in pursuit of his field with a hopeless chance of success. Yet Gully is reported to have been the first to enter, and the last to leave, the rooms on the settling day; although his losses were estimated at a fabulous amount. Shortly after this Gully became a confederate with Ridsdale, and the pair have been compared by a modern writer to the Siamese twins, so close and fast was the link between them. Unlike the "bond of brotherhood" of the Asiatics, however, the connection of the two leviathans was destined to be severed, and that very shortly. The year 1833 saw them in the zenith of their success, when they won the Derby with St. Giles and the St. Leger with Margrave, the amounts netted upon these two coups being respectively £35,000 and £50,000, which were big sums for the early days of the ring. The best of friends that ever shook hands, however, will quarrel, if reason there be, about either a woman or money; and there happening to be a dispute about the division of the Margrave winnings, Gully gave Ridsdale a "taste of his quality," as he had done the Lancashire giant some years before; and the pair then went to law, which awarded Ridsdale £500 for his hurts, and the partnership was dissolved.

Gully resided now for some time near Newmarket at Upper Hare Park, which he had purchased of Lord Zivers; but he evidently sold it again to Sir Mark Wood, and purchased Ackworth Park, near Pontefract, when to reside there, where he was returned a member of Parliament for the borough in the Radical interest without opposition. He was twice returned, but of his political career there was little or nothing worth remembering.

His attentions were bound up in racing, but some years elapsed before the fickle goddess once more smiled upon him, for it was not till 1844 that he had anything like his St. Giles and Margrave luck. Then, with old John Day at the head of his racing establishment, he went in for a coup with Ugly Buck for the Two Thousand, which came off; and two years later the Derby and Oaks fell to his share by the aid of Pyrrhus the First and Mendicant respectively. Eight years afterwards Hermit replenished his accumulated fortunes by winning the Two Thousand; and Andover, taking up the wondrous tale, gave, in the same year, another Derby to the Gully score. It was enough. The old man felt the "vanity of vanities" of even winning Derbys, as age told like the rust upon his iron frame, and he looked with longing eyes for some peaceful haven where life might run out its course in the serenity it so needed after its career of activity, turmoil, and care, as well as with its maddening ecstasies and its feverish excitements. He sold Ackworth Hall, near Winchester, and retired to Marwell Hall, near Winchester; but he died at Durham (where he had some coal mines, which took him down there now and then) on the 9th of March, 1863, leaving a family of five sons and five daughters.

Fain must we lean back in our chair, and look full in the face the ghost we have raised of this most remarkable man; for we cannot regard him as an individual, but as the type of a race of men who are now about us, and who, before him, were not recognized as a distinct section of society—the betting men. The Adam and Eve of the betting man are open to as many surmises as their prototypes of the human species, and there has arisen yet no Darwin to propound a new theory concerning them; but in Gully we have at least the Abraham of that race, which, like the "chosen people," is in number as the sands of the sea, marked with like characteristics peculiarly its own, and with a Shibboleth that clings to it like a brogue. Before Gully's day bets were made between individuals, some times for very stiff sums, but public betting certainly owes its origin to Gully and his contemporaries, and the course of time has developed the betting fraternity into the dimensions it has now assumed. And the wonderful fact of the matter is that you can tell a betting man

quarter, it was not deemed necessary that they should toe the mark before one o'clock. When they came on the course they were greeted with ringing cheers, and upon assembling at the mark the Italian, whose dress was neatly trimmed with his national tricolor green, red and white, motioned that he wished to run with his left hand to the turf, and, this matter being decided by the spin of a coin in his favor, they at once led the scratch, and the signal was given at eight minutes past one o'clock, Hazal at the bounding away at the lead. Prior to this the betting had ruled at 6 to 4 and 2 to 1 on Hazal; but as soon as it was observed that the Italian did not shape himself for running anything like in good style, the odds increased, as lap after lap he fell farther and farther behind. "It's the hare and tortoise!" some facetious spectator shouted. "Not this time," rejoined another; "George won't be caught napping to-day." No more he was. Going along at a pace, at every stride he gained ground, and at three miles he was exactly a lap (third of a mile) in front. Pursuing the even tenor of his way, with apparently little exertion, the gap widened, and the Italian's thirteenth lap, opposite the Kink, with a well-timed spurt, Hazal passed and overlapped the fore-guer, amidst applause. This operation he repeated just before completing eight miles, and at the expiration of the first hour it was found that Hazal had covered ten miles one lap and 160 yards, and Bargossi nine miles one lap and 820 yards, when the Londoner had the lead of nearly a mile, taking matters easily, and running with machine regularity. At twelve miles he went by the third time, and the race was now to all intents and purposes over, for the Italian was beginning to show signs of fatigue, and getting fearfully slow, notwithstanding the attention bestowed upon him by his attendants. After finishing his fourteenth mile Hazal overlapped the Italian for the fourth time, and almost immediately afterwards, on the far side of the ground, the latter was observed to falter several times in his stride, and then drop into a walk. Before he finished another lap, owing to stoppages, Hazal gained two more laps and passed the foreigner for the seventh time in the latter's forty-fifth lap just by the railway signal-box. A stimulant was here administered to Bargossi, but to no purpose, for, after hobbling to the gate opposite the pavilion, he was compelled to stop, and retired, complaining, with chattering teeth, of the cold. As now he had not the slightest chance of winning, his friends advised him not to attempt to proceed farther, and he wisely resolved not to do so. Thereupon the referee was informed that Hazal could stop when he felt disposed. In order to settle a few wagers on the twenty miles being completed in two hours, Hazal agreed to go on, and succeeded in completing that distance in 1h 57m 27s., which is the best performance of the kind ever accomplished. Hazal did not appear in any way distressed at the finish, and had he been pressed there is no doubt that he could have made even faster time. Throughout the journey he was attended upon by W. King of Camberwell, and did not partake of any refreshment. G. W. Atkinson was referee. The winner's time for five miles was 28m 86s; ten, 57:39; fifteen, 1:26:45, the last four miles of the journey being accomplished in the fastest time on record.

**CANADIAN FISH.**

BY GENIO C. SCOTT.

**THE MASKINGONGE.**—This fish, which attains to the weight of eighty pounds, in the waters which wash the Thousand Islands, and in some of the Canadian lakes, is the largest American pike, known to scientists as *Esox estor*; but in Europe, according to the London newspapers of 1765, an account is given of draining a pool, twenty-seven feet deep, near Newport, which had not been fished for many years, and from which a gigantic pike was taken, which weighed one hundred and seventy pounds. But this pike was not so large as one which I read of, as inhabiting waters of a large river in Norway. As in habit of women in some parts of Europe to wade into the stream, and do the washing there for the family, several women were thus engaged at washing, when a large pike made a dash at one of them, and bit her leg off. Pictures of fishermen in the north of Europe represent men returning after fishing, each with a single fish shouldered by a staff over his shoulder.

The most successful trolls for this fish are formed of two hooks only, disguised by bright feathers, and a silver revolving plate attached above the hooks. Some fish with three hooks, placed back to back, but they are more liable to being crushed by the jaws of the fish, than are two hooks only, but made of large strong wire, like a No. 10 hook.

**THE PIKE OR PICKEREL.**—This fish is known throughout the United States, as the pickerel, but it is a pike, and attains size according to the stream or lake it inhabits. In the chain of large lakes and in Canadian waters, it runs from five pounds to fifty pounds. The small pike is known in England as the picker l, and there, as in America, is taken in small waters. This fish runs from three ounces to three pounds. There are several families of pickerel, or small pike. In waters of Great Britain, where the pike attains to the largest dimensions, the fish under seven pounds in weight is called a acjk; but the fish which resembles the pike in outline, with small streams as its habitat, is known in vulgar nomenclature as pickerel. Taverns on small streams (in England) where this fish is angled for, are named pickerel hotels. But this fish is not confined there with the pike of large rivers and lakes. There the young pike has no denomination, but the jack, just as the young salmon, is called the grise.

The two families of large pike in America, are the maskingonges and the pike of our large lakes and rivers, eminently, the chain of large lakes and the large rivers and lakes in Canada; though the pike attains great dimensions in the Kentucky and Tennessee Rivers. In the former, Dr. Buel captured one which weighed forty-two pounds; and a head of a pike which weighed eighteen pounds was sent me from Lebanon, near where it had been taken with rod and reel in the Tennessee River. The habitat of the pike is large lakes and rivers, in this country, as in Europe; but there are several families of pickerel in this country inhabiting the small waters throughout the Canadas and the United States. The family of the smallest pickerel known in this country, is found in the small streams of the West, and in the trout waters of Long Island. It is said to be found of trout roe, and I know that it admires gay colors, for it rises most generously to the red ibis artificial fly. Fred. Mather has plainly described it as: "1. Ereticulus (Lat., reticule, a net from the marks on its body) opercles (gill-covers) scaled, body of various shades of green in different waters, marked with a black network, this might properly be called 'pickerel.' 2. E. fasciatus (Lat., fasciatus, banded), cheeks and opercle scaled, body dark green, with eighteen or twenty vertical bars; length, ten inches; habitat, Atlantic slope. Might be distinguished as a 'banded pickerel.' 3. E. porasus, cope (Lat., porous). Similar to the two foregoing, except that the sides are reticulated." These small pickerel are merely annoyances to the angler.

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The pickerel is a softer, more flabby meat ed fish than the maskingonge. Its meat is also more mealy, and not so delicate. The maskingonge is a great delicacy, whether cut into steaks and broiled, or boiled and served with drawn butter. Its meat laminates with cream between the flakes, and its flesh is as white as snow, with no foreign taste. It admires to bask over spring-holes in lakes and rivers, in which it is the greatest delicacy of these waters. In comparing the illustrations, it will be seen that the maskingonge has the finest pointed fins and jaws, and that it is furnished with nearly double the teeth of the pickerel, and attains a nearly double size.

**Horse Notes.**

**PURCHASE OF GYPTIS.**—Mr. P. Lorillard, Rancocas Stud, Jobstown, N.J., has purchased of Robinson, Morgan & Co., Lexington, Ky. the brown mare Gypsis, 5 years old, by imported Australian, dam Mazurka, by Lexington. Gypsis is an own sister to Mr. Lorillard's splendid filly Zoo-Zoo, and comes of a family distinguished for speed and bottom.

No sooner has the fever of excitement died away about the Parole Ten Broeck match, than a report obtains circulation, and starts the minds of the press, that a war between the old rivals, Ten Broeck and Aristides is to be inaugurated. Our information from the owner of the last-named is not of a character to justify the belief that Aristides will ever be himself again, and the rumors in circulation are only calculated to inspire hopes that cannot be long lived.

**THE BREAKERS WEANINGS.**—Mr. M. H. Sanford has had the misfortune to lose two very promising weanlings recently—one, a bay colt, by imp. Glen Ig, out of Notice, by Lexington, died on the 10th October, from inflammation of the bowels, and a colt by imp. Glenelg, out of Grecian Bend, by Lexington. The latter ran against a fence and broke her nose and arm, and was destroyed the same day. The mares of this stud are all in good health, and the weanlings are the finest lot ever raised at the North Elkhorn farm.

A novel race was enjoyed on the ice at Winnipeg, Man., a few days ago, the contestants being a team of ponies and a train of dogs—gentlemen drivers. The course was two miles for a small wager. The dogs took the lead, and managed to keep it. Every time the equines attempted to pass they jockeyed by jumping at their heads. This continued till the horse backers gave up in disgust, and the canines came in easy victors.

**DECLARING POOLS OFF.**

It is time that some systematic efforts were made to prevent, by severe punishment, the frauds that are yet allowed and condoned on our race-tracks. The American Jockey Club, by promptly expelling two turfmen and a well-known jockey for connivance in a put-up race, has shown an example of firmness and decision, tempered by our own "social" notions. The fact is that the present apathy existing among the public in regard to racing, arises from the supposition generally entertained that the contests are not always treated on their true merits, and every fresh scandal that arises on the turf strengthens the people in this belief. We have too many races altogether for a healthy state of affairs, and most of them are made up more with a view of winning a stake through the pool-box than of promoting good sport. To attain this end, in many instances the most disreputable means are resorted to with so much skill and cunning as to avoid convictions of fraud, although the judges feel convinced that a steal is being committed. This cannot be prevented, but when a case arises in which the fraud is brought to light with undoubted evidence, then it is the duty of the judges to deal with the delinquents in the most severe manner, by expelling them and the horses from all tracks with the firm determination not to restate them through imprudential leniency. As the case now stands, the utmost that the judges see fit to do in such cases is to declare all pools off, which, in some instances, forms a part of the job concocted by these unscrupulous fellows. This is a mere method of treating an ulcer with rose water, and until more rigorous measures are enforced we see no hope of a renewal of public sympathy and support. One severe example would deter many who are now ready and willing to carry out any fraud from following their thieving propensities, and we should soon see a more honorable feeling prevail among drivers were their ranks swelled of a few unscrupulous fellows who any day would rather win by a steal than in a straight forward, honest manner. *Pacific Life.*

**BLINDING HORSES.**

We never could see what vice or deformity lay in the horse's eye that should make it necessary to cover it up and shut out its owner from at least two-thirds of its rightful field of vision. The poets say that old age looks backward, but we never heard of an old man's eyes being charged upon horses. It is a theory that a horse is less apt to be frightened when shut out from everything that is

near Newmarket, (a business transaction), 200 guineas being the stake contended for. Thirty-six rounds were got through with credit on both sides, but a terrific knock-down blow from Gully here settled Gregeon's account, for the latter was totally incapable of coming up to time.

Although there could not have been a fairer fight all through, the vanquished man was not satisfied, and, in the course of a few months, sent out a challenge for a renewal of hostilities, which was accepted by the young pugilist, and the second encounter accordingly came off on the 10th of May, 1808, in Sir John Sebright's Park, in Herts. This time it was quite a one-sided affair, for Gully had matters all his own way, displaying an amount of science for which his opponent was by no means prepared, and met with wild rushes, which told against him almost as much as the execution of the young boxer.

It was to be regretted, perhaps, that a youthful professor of the art of such high promise should have determined to quit, as he did, the fist arena, with only the above two achievements on record concerning his prowess; but all the best judges of the day were quite satisfied that he was qualified to take his part with the first men of the ring. A writer in *Boxiana* says of him: "Gully, as a pugilist, will be long remembered by the amateurs of pugilism, as particularly entitled to their respect and consideration; and, if his battles were not so numerous as many other professors have been, they were contested with decision, science, and bottom rarely equalled, and, perhaps, never excelled, and justly entitled him to the most honorable mention in the records of boxing." That *ne plus ultra* of the "fancy," the tavern, was Gully's next venture in the way of business, and he took the Plough inn, in Carey Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields. It must be mentioned here that, in addition to his throwing up his profession as a pugilist, he declined the championship of England, which was offered him upon the death of the Game Chicken, and which, in consequence, was conferred upon Tom Cribb, in 1809.

A prize-fighter with a public house would have been a phenomenon at that time—or any other, in fact—if he did not bet upon horse racing as a backer or bookmaker, and Gully started in the first named character; but he soon had that "nose-ender" which all backers of horses have experienced, and which, as in the case of Gully, has sent many away sadder and wiser men. It is recorded that he plunged at the Newmarket Craven Meeting of 1810 on a horse of Lord Foley's, for the Claret Stakes, laying long odds on to all he was worth; and when he saw it was beaten he burst into tears, declaring he was a ruined man.

A man who dabbles in racing affairs, however, is a long time getting "stone broke," as the saying goes; and it is marvellous to note the revivification in "corpses" of this description. Mr. Gully's was a case in point; he was a "ruined man" in 1810, and in 1812 we find him prosperous and the owner of racehorses! But it must be mentioned that he had discovered the "philosopher's stone" in the meantime in the "lead mine" where those who have followed in his wake have been equally fortunate in their labors. In plain words, Gully armed himself with the pencil, that talisman of wealth in the turf world, and became exceedingly rich. It was not, however, until the present century had turned its first quarter that Gully came so prominently to the front, which he did in 1827, when he gave Lord Jersey 4,000 guineas for Mameluke after the latter had won the Derby. Then it was Gully in the Ring, and nobody else, until later on he joined partnership with Ride-dale, and Justice reared his leviathan head. A most amusing story is told of Gully and Justice, and their rapacity for business and its immense success. It appears that the pair made a descent upon Cheltenham once on the first day of the meeting, and so completely cleared out the local Ring there that they did not think it worth while to remain the next day, when one of the lesser lights was found wandering about the Ring with a melancholy air. Asked what was the matter he replied, "Oh, nothing. I was only looking about for the few half-crowns that Gully and Justice have left behind 'em."

Gully, as a racing man, stands out in bold relief as the man of his time. His rapid rise to affluence, his enterprise in turf speculations of every description, his wonderful judgment in horseflesh and racing, and the immense power he wielded as the king of the ring, raised the

without opposition. He was twice returned, but of his political career there was little or nothing worth remembering.

His affections were bound up in racing, but some years elapsed before the fickle goddess once more smiled upon him, for it was not till 1844 that he had anything like his St. Giles and Margrave luck. Then, with old John Day at the head of his racing establishment, he went in for a coup with Ugly Buck for the Two Thousand, which came off; and two years later the Derby and Oaks fell to his share by the aid of Pyrrhus the First and Mendicant respectively. Eight years afterwards Hermit replenished his accumulated fortunes by winning the Two Thousand; and Andover, taking up the wondrous tale, gave, in the same year, another Derby to the Gully scora. It was enough. The old man felt the "vanity of vanities" of even winning Derbys, as age told like the rust upon his iron frame, and he looked with longing eyes for some peaceful haven where life might run out its course in the serenity it so needed after its career of activity, turmoil, and care, as well as with its maddening ecstasies and its feverish excitements. He sold Ackworth Hall to Mr. Hill, and retired to Marwell Hall, near Winchester; but he died at Durham (where he had some coal mines, which took him down there now and then) on the 9th of March, 1863, leaving a family of five sons and five daughters.

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### THIRTY MILE RUNNING MATCH.

The match between Achille Bargossi, who claims to be the champion long-distance runner of France and Italy, and George Hazael, who for many years has been looked upon as the fleetest runner in England from ten miles upwards, evoked considerable interest, as was evinced by a large attendance at Lillie Bridge Grounds on Monday, Dec. 10, to witness the thirty mile race, notwithstanding that the weather proved dull and cold in the extreme. From the first the match, which was for a comparatively small stake (£25 a side), was looked upon as a good thing for the Englishman, the Italian in the preliminary spins at Lillie Bridge not having shown anything astonishing in the way of pace; but his friends affirmed that he would be sure to run the thirty miles right off without a break, and win by superior stamina. Bargossi is a diminutive little fellow, standing about 4ft 10in high, weighing a trifle over 126lbs, and prior to this event he was never defeated. He was born at Forli, Italy, and claims, among other feats, to have run fifty miles, without stopping, in six hours and a half. For this event he was trained by George Lee of Battersea, who, in company with H. Brownlow, looked after his interests during the race. Both men came to the post in splendid condition, especially Hazael, who has been doing a lot of work for his twenty mile engagement in the North. The start was arranged for twelve, noon, but upon Hazael offering to wager an even £20 that he covered his first twenty miles under two hours, and thirty in three hours and a

half, complaining with exultation of the cold. As now he had not the slightest chance of winning, his friends advised him not to attempt to proceed farther, and he wisely resolved not to do so. Thereupon the referee was informed that Hazael could stop when he felt disposed. In order to settle a few wagers on the twenty miles being completed in two hours, Hazael agreed to go on, and succeeded in completing that distance in 1h 57m 27s., which is the best performance of the kind ever accomplished. Hazael did not appear in any way distressed at the finish, and had he been pressed there is no doubt that he could have made even faster time. Throughout the journey he was attended upon by W. King of Cambwell, and did not partake of any refreshment. G. W. Atkinson was referee. The winner's time for five miles was 28m 86s., ten, 57.39, fifteen, 1.26.45, the last four miles of the journey being accomplished in the fastest time on record.

### CANADIAN FISH.

BY GENIO C. SCOTT.

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The fins of the maskinonge are of the flexible rays, having no front dorsal fin. The ventral fin being on the belly, shows it to be abdominal.

This leading family of American pikes is called the maskinonge, named by its discoverers, the Ojibway Indians, signifying the long snout. When discovered by the French in Canada, it was called *masqu-longe*—long jaw; but the Ojibways having the right of prior discovery, of course their name was rightly adopted by the Canadian Government, and all the laws in relation to the *Esox estor* are by the name of maskinonge. The majority of the waters inhabited by this fish being in Canada, we, their neighbors, accept the name continued by them as given by its first discoverer. Thus much for the nomenclature of the *Esox estor*.

The jaws of the maskinonge are armed with strong teeth and tusks, so that when playing it on the troll, until it succumbs, and the troller, with rod and reel, gently leads him to the boat; yet, after the fish is firmly gaffed, his head is drawn up on the wale of the boat, and with a heavy billet of wood, it is pounded until the eyes turn inward, when it is landed in the bottom of the boat, and placed in some secure place, so that by floundering about there will be no danger apprehending from its threatening jaws. The surfaco marks are black dots, distributed all over the body, except the abdomen, which is white. The scales are small. After the fish attains to a weight above twenty-five pounds, the spots on its body disappear, leaving the back a very dark gray, with grayish sides, of silvery sheen, white abdomen and lower jaw.

marks on its body opercles (gill-covers) scaled, body of various shades of green in different waters, marked with a black net-work, this might properly be called "pick-erel." 2. *E. fasciatus* (Lat., *fasciatus*, banded), cheeks and opercle scaled, body dark green, with eighteen or twenty vertical bars, length, ten inches; habitat, Atlantic slope. Might be distinguished as a "banded pickerel." 3. *E. percasus*, cope (Lat., *porcus*). Similar to the two foregoing, except that the sides are articulated. These small pickerel are merely annoyances to the angler.

The pike proper (*Esox Lucius*, of America) is similar to that of Europe, belonging to the order Malacopecterygii, section Abdominales, family Esocida, and genus *Esox*. It has but one dorsal fin, nearly opposite the anal. The outer rim of the jaw is armed with sharp, strong teeth, while there are several inner ones, and the roof of the mouth, tongue, palate, and gills are protected by fine, pinpoint teeth. The back is dark greenish gray, with dark bars extending from it down the sides over a greenish yellow ground, and the whole is marked by small, oblong, light yellow spots running longitudinally. The belly is nearly white. One of the marked visible differences between the pike and the maskinonge is that the former is tinted with a greenish-yellow ground, while the latter is white and gray, with round, black spots the size of a pea, and no bars.

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### HE COULDN'T HOLD THEM—A STORY BY ADIRONDACK MURRAY.

"If you should see me and my horse on the Brighton road on Sunday afternoon . . . you would not believe me when I prayed. Oh, Lord, may we abstain from all appearance of evil!" said the present pastor of the Park Street Church in his sermon last night, and the good deacons and the older members exchanged knowing looks, and smiled significantly as their thoughts took a twist in the almost forgotten past.—*Boston Globe*.

This reminds us of a little story of the Rev. Dr. Stone, a pastor of the Park Street Church, back "in the almost forgotten past," which may have furnished the traditional basis for Dr. Withrow's allusion. Dr. Stone owned a very pretty matched pair of horses, rather given to speed, which he drove to church on Sunday from home in the Roxbury District. In his congregation was a dear, saintly old lady—a veritable mother in Israel—who loved her pastor and would not tolerate the thought that he could do anything wrong. As she was being joggled along the Mill Dam road in the family carriage one Sunday morning, on her way to church, accompanied by her son, the pastor's term bore down upon them at a 2:50 gait—it being a little late—and passed them like a flash, the doctor holding the reins. "That reckless man!" exclaimed the dim sighted old lady—"to be so unmindful of the Lord's day!" "Why, mother," answered the son, "that is Dr. Stone." "Is it," she said, in momentary confusion; but added, as her faith reasserted itself. "The dear man—I suppose he couldn't hold them."

A one armed and a two armed man had a fight lately in Shelborne, one armed man best.

tempered by true justice, that should be regulated by our own associations. The fact as to the present apathy existing among the public in regard to racing, arises from the support generally entertained that the contests are not always treated on their true merits, and every fresh scandal that arises on the turf strengthens the people in this belief. We have too many races altogether for a healthy state of affairs, and most of them are made up more with a view of winning a stake through the pool-bet than of promoting good sport. To attain this end, in many instances the most disreputable means are resorted to with so much skill and cunning as to avoid convictions of fraud, although the judges feel convinced that a steal is being committed. This cannot be prevented, but when a case arises in which the fraud is brought to light with undoubted evidence, then it is the duty of the judges to deal with the delinquents in the most severe manner, by expelling them and excluding them from all tracks with the firm determination not to reinstatement through misplaced leniency. As the case now stands, the utter hope that the judges see fit to do it in such cases is to declare all tools off which, in some instances forms a part of the job concocted by these unscrupulous fellows. This is a mere method of treating an ulcer with rose water, and until more rigorous measures are enforced we see no hope of a renewal of public sympathy and support. One severe example would deter many who are now ready and willing to carry out any fraud from following their thieving propensities, and we should soon see a more honorable feeling prevail among drivers were their ranks thinned of a few unscrupulous fellows who any day would rather win by a steal than in a straightforward, honest manner.—*Pacific Life*.

### BLINDING HORSES.

We never could see what vice or deformity lay in the horse's eye that should make it necessary to cover it up and shut out its owner from at least two-thirds of its rightful field of vision. The poets say that old age looks backward, but we never heard of such an idiosyncrasy charged upon horses. The theory that a horse is less apt to be frightened when shut out from everything behind him we suspect to be a fallacy, else saddle-horses and war horses would be duly blinded. Every horse is as familiar with his carriage as with his own tail, and as far as his "personal fortune" is concerned, is no more disturbed at being pursued by one than the other. As for other scarecrows that come behind, they are mostly familiar to the animal, and the more fully a horse can perceive them the more quietly does he submit to their approach. Then it is such a pity to cover up one of the most brilliant features of this most brilliant creature. The horse has borne such a hand in the civilization of this rough and tumble world that it seems not so much a cruelty as a discourtesy as well as to hide his form with embarrassing toggery. No wonder we estimate the force in the world as horse power; no wonder the Romans and the Germans, each in their own language, designate their aristocracy as riders; no wonder their descendants made chivalry a synonym for their highest virtues. Let the horse be given his due, and unblinded.—*Exchange*.

There was a poultry show lately at the Crystal Palace, in London. At it a game cock was sold for 100 guineas, or \$511.

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



The Gentleman's Journal

TORONTO, FRIDAY JAN. 4, 1878

Proprietors: No. 90 KING-ST. WEST

All Communications intended for the "Sporting Times" should be addressed P. COLLIER & CO., Sporting Times Office, and not to any of our employees. This will avoid any error.

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 January, 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 1878.

CANADIAN.

Oshawa.....May 24  
Clinton.....May 28 to 24

AMERICAN.

RUNNING MEETINGS.

Charleston, S. C.....Feb 5 to 9  
St. Louis, Mo.....June 4 to 8

TROTTING

Freeport, Ill.....May 30 to June 2  
Prophetstown, Ill.....June 4 to 7  
Milwaukee, Wis.....June 4 to 7  
Grand Rapids, Mich.....June 18 to 21  
Detroit, Mich.....July 2 to 7  
Clyde, N. Y.....July 3 to 5  
Warren, Ohio.....July 3 to 5  
Toledo, O.....July 16 to 19  
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Buffalo, N. Y.....July 30 to Aug 2  
Freeport, Ill.....Aug 1 to 4  
Rochester, N. Y.....Aug 6 to 9  
Prophetstown, Ill.....Aug 6 to 9  
Utica, N. Y.....Aug 13 to 16  
Springfield, Mass.....Aug 20 to 23  
Fairville, Ill.....Aug 20 to 23  
Mystic Park, Boston.....Sept 3 to 6

NEWSPAPER DECISIONS.

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

advance, and when we wait for a year or two consider ourselves very ill-repaid when we receive an excuse in full of the money, and have the cost of sending and returning the draft to pay besides. It is our intention to collect this money, and if subscribers in arrears will not recognize our drafts, we will be obliged to proceed in a more unpleasant and costly way.

THE COMING AQUATIC SEASON.

The air is full of war and rumors of war among our professionals of the oar. The Trickett challenge, which brought out a public reply from the American, Courtney, has led to the making of a match, which will excite in interest any aquatic event that has ever taken place on American waters. A London, Eng., special telegram informs us that Trickett has accepted Courtney's proposition to a three-mile contest for \$10,000, and asks a deposit of £250 to be made by the latter with the New York Clipper. Arrangements have been made to complete this primary move in the great event, and a meeting of the prominent citizens of Auburn, N. Y., has been held to provide the ways and means for the grandest international sculling contest of any age. The time selected has been Thursday, July 4th, 1878, at Owasco Lake, New York. Bell's Life thinks Trickett to be the better man; a conclusion arrived at by suggesting that if Courtney was as good a man as his friends allege, he would have been sent to England to measure his calibre with either Boyd or Higgins. How fallacious this reasoning is may be surmised by the showing Higgins made at the Centennial Regatta, Philadelphia, 1876. Courtney has already won seventy-five races, and has the confidence of the unbeaten. Courtney has issued a challenge to row any man in America, the race to take place before he meets the Australian. He has already commenced preliminary training, and will not overlook anything to be in proper fix for the struggles he undertakes.

The making of the Trickett-Courtney match has brought out a piece of secret engineering by which it was endeavored to bring about a meeting between our champion, Hanlan, and the antipodean wonder. The gentlemen in whose hands Hanlan has placed himself, telegraphed an acceptance of Trickett's challenge to Australia, following it up with communications by mail submitting why Hanlan should be the first to meet Trickett, and containing the proposals Hanlan was willing to agree to. So far nothing has been heard in reply.

It will be remembered a few weeks ago our columns contained a proposition to match Courtney against Hanlan, two races, one of three miles and one of five miles, for \$2,500 a side each race. We were instructed by Hanlan to reply to this by stating that his friends had no intention of making any engagements for him until Spring. Yet the next week a challenge was published in our columns from Hanlan to Scharff. What such equivocal management means is as much a mystery to ourselves as it is to the public. It must have been a wide stretch of imagination on the part of those who have Hanlan in hand when they instructed him to inform us in reply to the Courtney deft that they had no intention of making any engagements for him until Spring, when they were already in treaty with Trickett for a match, and were not yet aware of how their proposals had been received. And still further to stultify the effect of their reply to Courtney's propositions, they come out the next week and

there appears to be lots of work cut out for Hanlan.

Another Toronto oarsman will be found active next season. The colored sculler Frenchy Johnson is said to be anxious to get on a match with Billy McCann, of this city.

In looking over the sporting horizon, it appears that aquatic events will occupy the most prominent position in the arena next season, and with four such men as Hanlan, Ross, Brayley and McCann, the Dominion of Canada should be able to hold her own in any field.

Sporting Gossip.

Owing to so much of our space this week being occupied by the interesting description of Mr. J. P. Wiser's, Rysdyk Stock Farm, Prescott, Ont., our editorial, gossip and general news columns suffer.

Mr. F. J. Chubb, Guelph, speaks of selling all his horses by auction some time next month. Among the lot will be the young stallion Abdallah Chief, by Caledonia Chief, dam Maggie by Abdallah.

The friends of Major E. M. Peel, formerly of this city, will be pleased to hear that he has recently come into possession of a large fortune, left him by an aged aunt, who died in October last. The Major was well known in turf circles in Ontario.

Mr. J. Patrick Esmond, of Ottawa, one of the best of our gentlemen jocks, has received an appointment as ticket agent on the Montreal, Ottawa, and Occident Railway. Good for John Patrick.

Mr. Fred. Schulenberg, formerly owner of the trotter Little Fred, is in treaty for the purchase of Bodine from Mr. Goodrich, Chicago.

Mr. George Lees, of Guelph, returned from England on Christmas eve after disposing of his lot of horses. Going across they met with a terrible storm in which several horses were lost overboard. Mr. L. being particularly anxious to save the saddle horse Star of Denmark, cut him loose and let him care for himself on board of the ship. The result was he landed him without a scratch and sold him for \$1,500, while other horses that had been confined were terribly used up.

Mr. Rossiter, of this city, last week purchased from Mr. John Bowman, near Bradford, the trotting gelding Handsome John. The youngster has no record, but his performances on the ice last winter in the Northern circuit show he was a fast one. He has been shipped to the other side for development. The consideration reported is \$1,000.

Mr. John T. Hicks, of Mitchell, has been elected 1st Vice-President of the Perth Licensed Victualler's Association.

A new Jockey Club on a grand scale is in process of formation in Montreal. A. Allan, Esq., will probably be President, and Mr. C. J. Alloway, V. S., Secretary. It is the intention to give a couple of large meetings each year.

As will be seen by advertisement Mr. Peter Curran intends to dispose of his trotting mare Tempest. She obtained her record over a slow track, and has shown trials much faster.

Mr. Rod. L. Ashbaugh announces he is a candidate for Alderman in No. 7 Ward, Hamilton. If Rod. would be as clever a worker in the Council as he is on the race track, he would be a great man in the city legislature.

It is the opinion of Mr. W. H. Wilson that when both horses are fit, Smuggler can beat

Correspondence.

FROM LEXINGTON, KY.

LEXINGTON, Ky., Dec., 1877.

To the Editor of the Sporting Times:

I arrived in Lexington some three days ago, and found it a fine Southern city. It is a great stock-raising country, and it is wonderful to see the amount of stock disposed of here. They bring large herds of mules, cattle and hogs in, and dispose of them in the centre of the town, in front of the Court House. You will see probably five or six auctioneers busy at once, some selling herds of mules, others herds of cattle. A purchaser can buy a portion or the whole lot at so much a head. I have seen as many as a thousand head of stock, such as hogs, mules, cattle, sheep and horses on sale at one time. The people in general are a long, loose, dark, desperate class. You will now and then see a good-looking old gentleman; and then comes the colored race. They are in number such as cannot be described. The worst looking specimen in St. John's Ward is an Adams compare! to his brudder here. I wish Artemus Ward was here; he might with a strong instrument give you a picture of them, but I am afraid some of the old residents might break his camera to get the first impression on them. It is like being at a Donnybrook Fair to witness a sale day here. The inhabitants come in on horseback, and use the old Mexican saddles. Probably fifteen or twenty are in company, some on mules and the remainder on old saddle horses that have been handed down, like the hat that Paddy's father wore from their great ancestors.

But as for the city, it is a beautiful place. There are about 28,000 inhabitants, half black. The country is most beautiful, the fine large farms, with an abundance of stock, and some of the finest on the Continent. They have six fair grounds here. I was out to Dr. Herr's farm and saw some beautiful stock, such as three and four-year olds; and then went to Strader's and to Salyer's. I would like to give you a brief description of the stock of these noted breeders, but I am afraid it would take too long. I was out in the country this afternoon about eighteen miles, and the weather was like a nice sunny day. The dust is flying like a summer's day, and the large fields look as green as in the middle of summer. Coming home we stopped at the colored fair grounds, and I never put in an hour of so much fun in my life. The blacks have a fair grounds built for themselves, they cannot mingle with the whites in regard to driving on the track, and they have grounds built separate for themselves. To witness some afternoons' trotting is beyond description. I think I have done very fair. I reckon I will give you a right smart one next time.

Yours respectfully,  
GEORGE.

FROM LESLIEVILLE.

LESLIEVILLE, Dec. 29, 1877.

To the Editor of the Sporting Times:

Noticing in the SPORTING TIMES that you desired reports of how the horses were getting along in the various localities, I thought in my own rough way I would tell what was doing in this vicinity, thinking that this place should be represented as well as some others in your columns as we have some slick ones here.

Our old friend Mr. Victor Thomas (Uncle Victor) has a stable of four, headed by the

that can give a good account of themselves. One is Detective, foaled in 1867, 15:2, by Godfrey's Patchon, dam said to be a thoroughbred. If I am a judge of speed, I think he is one of the fastest horses in Canada, but he is not very reliable in a race, having very headstrong tendencies, and liable at any time to create a diversion prejudicial to his chances, if it is amusing to the spectators. The other is a big one 16:2, no name or pedigree, a converted pacer. It is said he can trot right well, but never having seen him move, I am incapable of giving an opinion.

Mr. Joseph Duggan, of Woodbine, has a very fine two-year old colt by Country Gentleman, by Ryedyk's Hambletonian, dam a Fox Hunter mare. This colt was imported from near Lockport, N. Y., and is probably one of the best looking of the get of that sterling horse Country Gentleman. He has been driving him a little, and the youth shows quite a big gait. The Hambletonians do not come very fast, but they keep on improving. If Mr. D.'s colt proves to be no exception to this rule, he has every prospect of becoming a noted horse. The Fox Hunter strain will make him a laster, while the speed is sure to come from the other side of the family.

Yours,  
LESLIEVILLE.

DEER SHOOTING.

GRAVENHURST, Dec. 20, 1877.

To the Editor of the Sporting Times:

I understand that there is going to be an attempt made at the next sitting of the Legislative Assembly, to have the game laws changed. If so, I would suggest that the close season for deer be changed to October 15th to January 15th, instead of the present time, for the following reasons:—1st. Because that during all of September and part of October deer are mostly killed by running them into the water with dogs, and then shot. 2nd. That when so killed, in the early part of the season, the meat will not keep long, consequently a greater portion of it is scarcely fit to eat, or wasted. 3rd. That this change of time will do away, to a certain extent, with hunting them with dogs as deer do not take the water so readily when the weather is cool. 4th. That still hunters would have a better chance for sport, as the deer would not be so wild, and that there would be more time for hunting when snow is on the ground.

I also think that it would be a good thing if hunting them with dogs was done away with altogether. Yours truly,

JOSEPH SCOTT.

FROM KINGSTON.

To the Editor of the Sporting Times:

Horse news in the city is very scarce; the river is open, ice has not yet formed, consequently horses are having easy times, much to the disgust of their owners. There is some talk of a boat race for to-morrow (New Year's day), but nothing as yet has been decided on.

Mr. Donald Fraser has purchased a fleet creamy racer which he has called Collateral, and across which he is seen daily "witching the world with noble horsemanship." Mr. Fraser was already associated with the turf as the owner of the Kingston race-course, which has been the scene of many a gallant tussle for first place. Under his present ownership Collateral promises to reach a rate of speed not easily discounted by our local steeds. He comes of note-worthy stock.

Broc.



CHARTERED BELTINGS.

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St. Louis, Mo.	June 4 to 8

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A WORD FOR OURSELVES.

[From the Sporting Times, Dec. 14th, '77.]  
 The third year of our proprietorship of the SPORTING TIMES is drawing to a close. During the time it has been under our management it has been a regular, and we hope acceptable, visitor to the reader. It has been our practice to issue drafts in September on those who were in default with their subscriptions; but this year, instead, made a call through the columns of the paper requesting all who were indebted to remit the amounts due. With regret, we are obliged to acknowledge the appeal was not responded to with that alacrity which we anticipated would be shown. During this and next week we will issue drafts upon all of our subscribers who are in arrears for subscriptions, that can be reached through Express offices, and we expect they will be promptly paid. There are thousands of dollars due us, and the want of this money seriously impedes our efforts to bring the paper up to our ideal. Those who are indebted for over a year will, we hope, see the necessity of prompt payment. The terms of subscription are in

for to meet the Australian. He has already commenced preliminary training, and will not overlook anything to be in proper fix for the struggles he undertakes.  
 The making of the Trickett-Courtney match has brought out a piece of secret engineering by which it was endeavored to bring about a meeting between our champion, Hanlan, and the antipodean wonder. The gentlemen in whose hands Hanlan has placed himself, telegraphed an acceptance of Trickett's challenge to Australia, following it up with communications by mail submitting why Hanlan should be the first to meet Trickett, and containing the proposals Hanlan was willing to agree to. So far nothing has been heard in reply.  
 It will be remembered a few weeks ago our columns contained a proposition to match Courtney against Hanlan, two races, one of three miles and one of five miles, for \$2,500 a side each race. We were instructed by Hanlan to reply to this by stating that his friends had no intention of making any engagements for him until Spring. Yet the next week a challenge was published in our columns from Hanlan to Scharff. What such equivocal management means is as much a mystery to ourselves as it is to the public. It must have been a wide stretch of imagination on the part of those who have Hanlan in hand when they instructed him to inform us in reply to the Courtney def that they had no intention of making any engagements for him until Spring, when they were already in treaty with Trickett for a match, and were not yet aware of how their proposals had been received. And still further to stultify the effect of their reply to Courtney's propositions, they come out the next week and challenge Scharff for a race to take place in June next, after having us publicly state, at Hanlan's own request, that they had no intention of making any engagements until Spring! Does this look like as if Hanlan's present backers are desirous that he should row Courtney. We know Hanlan is willing to row any man living, and we further have reason to believe there would be no lack of funds in Toronto to back him against Courtney, Trickett, or any man in the world; but his hands appear to be tied, and the champion himself must not be held responsible for such a questionable exhibition as has been shown in the Trickett, Courtney, and Scharff affairs. Such diplomacy may be considered "sharp," but it is not the keenness of a true sportsman. Actions like these will tend to bring Hanlan in disrepute, and destroy that confidence which our citizens now repose in him which we know he is deserving of and anxious to maintain. With this digression we return to our subject proper.  
 From paragraphs in the American papers it would appear that Scharff is willing to row Hanlan in accord with the latter's proposition, and will accept expenses and come to Canada; but so far no official intimation has been received from the Pittsburger to that effect. Riley who had a walk over in a match with Courtney at Greenwood Lake last summer, is anxious to have a shy at Hanlan the same time and place as the Courtney-Trickett race takes place. Wallace Ross does not despair of yet wearing the honors of the Championship; so, all around,

they met with a terrible storm in which several horses were lost overboard. Mr. L. being particularly anxious to save the saddle horse Star of Denmark, cut him loose and let him care for himself on board of the ship. The result was he landed him without a scratch and sold him for \$1,500, while other horses that had been confined were terribly used up.  
 Mr. Rossiter, of this city, last week purchased from Mr. John Bowman, near Bradford, the trotting gelding Handsome John. The youngster has no record, but his performances on the ice last winter in the Northern circuit show it he was a fast one. He has been shipped to the other side for development. The consideration reported is \$1,000.  
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 Mr. Rod. L. Ashbaugh announces he is a candidate for Alderman in No. 7 Ward, Hamilton. If Rod. would be as clever a worker in the Council as he is on the race track, he would be a great man in the city legislature.  
 It is the opinion of Mr. W. H. Wilson that when both horses are fit, Smuggler can beat Rarus to a stand still. Mr. W. says that he has held a watch on Smuggler a quarter in thirty seconds. This is at the rate of a mile in two minutes.  
 Mr. Gibson, of Kentville, N.S., has lost his fine three-year-old filly Hail Columbia, by imp. Eclipse, dam Columbia, by imp. Glencoe. The filly died from an acute attack of Lymphangitis, a disease prevailing to some extent in the Lower Provinces.  
 A Miniature Stock Exchange, similar to the ones in operation in New York, described in the SPORTING TIMES a few weeks ago, has been opened in Montreal. Stocks, grain and provisions are bought and sold on one per cent. margin.  
 Mr. Geo. Forbes, of Woodstock, Ont., has purchased a two-year-old colt by Smuggler. The youngster is named "Uncle Ben W.," after a popular Boston horseman.  
 The St. Louis Jockey Club have offered a \$5,000 purse, 2 1/2 miles, free for all ages, to be run next May. It is expected Ten Broeck, Mollie McCarthy, Parole, Tom Ochiltree, and probably a few others will be the starters.  
 A prosecution of some importance by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has been instituted at the Clerkenwell Police Court, when Thomas Sizeland, groom to Captain Scott, of Worcester House, Surrey, was charged with "gingering" the horses Leopold and Telegram, which were recently engaged in a race at the Agricultural Hall. The practice having been proved, and its cruelty shown, the defendant was fined £5 and £5 costs.

They have six fair grounds here. I was out to Dr. Herr's farm and saw some beautiful stock, such as three and four-year olds; and then went to Strader's and to Salyer's. I would like to give you a brief description of the stock of these noted breeders, but I am afraid it would take too long. I was out in the country this afternoon about eighteen miles, and the weather was like a nice sunny day. The dust is flying like a summer's day, and the large fields look as green as in the middle of summer. Coming home we stopped at the colored fair grounds, and I never put in an hour of so much fun in my life. The blacks have a fair grounds built for themselves, they cannot mingle with the whites in regard to driving on the track, and they have grounds built separate for themselves. To witness some afternoons' trotting is beyond description. I think I have done very fair. I reckon I will give you a right smart one next time.  
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 Our old friend Mr. Victor Thomas (Uncle Vic), has a stable of four, headed by the chestnut gelding St. Paul, who will be remembered as having forfeited in a match to Black Mack some time ago. St. Paul is a rapid fellow and in Uncle Vic's hands is showing well. The second one is a black charger of unknown pedigree; some people have an idea he is a "catch," but who he will catch is the mystery to all. He was originally a pacer, but after the first day he came into Vic's hands, by some ingenious management, he changed his gait, and he has never since attempted the lateral movement. He is a free goer, and the boys should not shut their visual organs on him. The other two are colts under primary instruction.  
 Then comes Uncle Jones and the bay gelding Caractacus, well-known to the frequenters of Woodbine where he made his debut, getting a record of 2:34 1/2, but said "no" before the race was finished. Caractacus is a fine-looking trotter, something of the thoroughbred air about him, but in his race failed to go the trip, the reason why being as much of a conundrum to Uncle Jones as anybody else. During the present summer Caractacus has been doing skirmishing duty on the other side, with what results your correspondent is unable to say. He is speedy any part of the track, and no doubt has been materially improved by his foreign tour.  
 Mr. J. Raymer has a large stable of horses principally gentlemen's drivers. Among them are a couple of green ones, from whom good things are expected.  
 Mr. Ostrum has a couple of white geldings

running them into the water with dogs, and then shot. 2nd. That when so killed, in the early part of the season, the meat will not keep long, consequently a greater portion of it is scarcely fit to eat, or wasted. 3rd. That this change of time will do away, to a certain extent, with hunting them with dogs as deer do not take the water so readily when the weather is cool. 4th. That still hunters would have a better chance for sport, as the deer would not be so wild, and that there would be more time for hunting when snow is on the ground.  
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 Broc.  
 BRILLIANT RUN WITH THE TORONTO HOUNDS ON CHRISTMAS DAY.  
 Last week we were compelled to omit our hunting notes, which were handed in too late. The meet on Christmas day was at the covered toll-gate, Dundas street. On account of it being such a disagreeable wet afternoon, there were not so many out as there should have been, but the old sportsmen never fear the weather. After Mr. Mead had collected the Christmas Cup for Old John, the hounds were brought out by our noble master, Mr. Copland; Mr. Thomas assisting him. They then trotted up Bloor St. to High Park, put the hounds on the north side of the park, and away they went at full cry down the green lane over the big brush jumps across on to Mr. Keel's farm, west side of Carlton Park; the scent being very good, the hounds took across to Dundas street, and then doubled back over Mr. Thomson's farm and went straight as the crow flies for Mr. Kennedy's farm. Down the green lane, the turf being good here, Dr. Smith let St. Andrew have his head and away he flew at a rattling pace, the Doctor sending him straight across Bloor street, over the board fence, five and a half feet high, stopping the rest of the huntmen pretty sudden; the next over was Mr. Thomas, taking a panel with me; the rest soon followed. They then run across to the Lako Shore road, near McDowell's hotel, the hounds laying well down to their work. It was telling upon Reynard, the hounds kept him rattling along. Reynard doubled back and went over to High Park, down the big ravine. There some of the horsemen had to dismount and lead their horses; others went

the bridge path, but were left far behind doubling on the bounds again, straight for Mr. Elgie's farm on the concession. There the hounds run him. He went up to the farm house behind some hot-bed window glass, say the glass if it was a caution; the cutting themselves pretty badly in at the fox. Mr. Copland being first at the brush and presented it to the wife. Those who continued to the Dr. Smith, G. Gooderham, M. A. A. W. Godson, Alex. Shields, Alder, Major Draper, W. D. Darlington, W. S. Lee, A. Taylor, J. Dixon, Barns, G. S. Hitchcock, Jos. Mead, Daily, Geo. Hastings, Mr. Richardson.

**Cocking**

HAMILTON vs. ROCHESTER, N. Y.

ROCHESTER VICTORIOUS.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Dec. 28, '77.

Editor of Sporting Times: During the past few days it has been the sporting part of our community would have the pleasure of witnessing excitement of the cock pit. The utmost was maintained in regard to the match. But it transpired, that the match was given up between certain parties in this city and two gentlemen from Hamilton, Ont. I knew where it was to come off or arrangements had been made. Last night, however, the rumors were displaced by definite information, and your reporter found himself in a hall not a thousand miles from the four corners. He first paid his respects to about two hundred other individuals before he was admitted to a view of the cock pit. There he ascertained that the main was to be for \$25 a battle and \$250 on the odd fight. Both parties to show cocks, and fight all that fell to weight, or take two ounces. Heavy weight 5lb 2oz; light weight, 4lb 2oz; 1 1/2 in heels; New Rules (slightly modified for this occasion, so that they allowed the handlers to pull blood and pull feathers.) On exchange it was found that 17 pair had in which would require one party to fight to decide the main. The first fight was called at 9 o'clock, but it was past 9 before the welcome cry of "Here they are" cheered the hearts of the anxious crowd, who, by the way, had been entertained in the meantime by a number of songs, the majority of which were sung by a well known Buffalo sport, and the effect of keeping the audience in the best possible humor. The pit was quickly surrounded by the lovers of sport, and the fighting commenced slowly, the odds of 5 to 1 on Rochester, being taken by the Canadian party a few times. The Canadians did not lose 25 all told and conspicuous by their presence were representatives from Toronto, Belleville, Kingston, Belleville, and St. Catharines; not a man from any one of the above places being present, to my knowledge. The first fight was a shake, which some means was counted as one of the main.

1st Fight—Rochester showed in a black cock, while Hamilton was represented by a grey. This was a long tedious fight, the birds being badly cut in the first few minutes, making them both weak and unable to push the other severely. It ended by the Hamilton bird being counted out—Time 25 min. 1st fight for Rochester.

2nd Fight—Rochester showed another black red; Hamilton a white henney; both 4oz. The Hamilton fowl was remarkably handsome, but the red fellow was a better, and going straight to his bird commenced in grand style, and never quitting a moment lay the henney dead at his feet in 4 minutes.

3rd Fight—Red pile for Rochester and one of the same color for Hamilton. The Rochester party had the call in this fight and led a 5lb 9oz; Hamilton misunderstood and heeled a 4lb 10oz bird, and did not cover their mistake until after the fight was over and the birds taken out of the pit. No better birds could hardly be found, both very strong, rapid fighters and hard hitting; at one time it looked as if Hamilton would win, but the weight told against him.

4th Fight—Black red for Rochester, a grey for Hamilton. The Hamilton bird had this fight won to all appearances, but a chance blow from the R. bird, who had his wing broken in the first fly, but kept fighting and finally won in 6 minutes.

5th and last—Black red for Rochester, a grey for Hamilton, both 5lb 12oz. A good fight; Hamilton having the best at the start again, but Rochester winning in 12 minutes. At the finish of the last fight the Canadians said they had enough, and as that fight decided the main the Rochester party consented to a proposition to consider that the last fight, although they might have insisted on the remaining battles being fought.

REMARKS: A few remarks might not be out of place here. In the first place the Canadians were out-generaled; they allowed the Americans to have too much their own way. In agreeing to go to Rochester, they should have known that their birds would suffer by transportation; in fighting with a short straight heel, that they knew nothing about, they were at a great disadvantage; and fighting under rules that they were not conversant with was also wrong. I think the match was so well made on the Rochester side that even if the Hamilton fowls were as good as the others they could not have won.

Rochester showed in this main 21 as good cocks as ever represented this city, being all one strain, either full or half brothers, and they were in the best possible condition; while the Hamilton birds appeared to be of several different strains and in no condition at all, though they felt pretty good when in hand, they were evidently weak. Everything passed off in the best possible manner, nothing occurring to mar the sport, and the Canadian delegation proving themselves to be gentlemen in every particular. I must make an exception to the above in one case:—While the main was in progress some villain made his way into the room where the Canadian fowls were kept and stole 4 birds, two dead ones and two live ones; those stolen being the ones who were engaged in fights Nos. 3, 4, 5 and 9. Had he been discovered and handed over to the tender mercies of the Rochester sports I don't think he would have been in condition to attend another main for some months to come. The loss of these 4 birds appeared to grieve the Canadians more than the loss of their money on the main. Trusting that the parties may come together again this season, is the wish of your correspondent—P.L.E.

THE LATE MAIN—A CARD.

HAMILTON, Dec. 29, '77.

MR. EDITOR.—I have just returned from Rochester, N. Y., where I have been to see the great cocking main, Hamilton vs. Rochester, and which was won by Rochester by 9 to 2. On behalf of the Canadians I desire to return our sincere thanks to the Rochester gentlemen for the kind and liberal treatment we received at their hands, and hope we may some time be able to reciprocate it. To our Buffalo friends we have placed ourselves under a lasting obligation; wishing them every success.

I remain, yours, &c., HAMILTONIAN.

**MICHIGAN NOTES.**

BY ARCHER.

BATTLE CREEK, Dec. 12, 1877.—Last week a dog belonging to George Rogers vomited up forty-five cents in nickels and pennies. Since then all the small boys of the city have tried to capture that dog; but he has been caged, and emetics are being administered to him by the bushel.

GRATIOT COUNTY.—Two farmers have been compelled to pay \$167 for sheep destroyed by a couple of worthless curs, of the bred known as "yaller dogs," of which they were the owners.

water fowl kept there. They killed thirty-six geese, ducks and swans, valued at \$400. The collection of fowls was one of the finest in Massachusetts, comprising many rare specimens from Australia. The dogs were caught and killed, and now the owners threaten to sue the corporation for damage.

The Detroit Boat Club, of Detroit, has nominated the following officers:—President, Henry Russell; Vice-Pres., A. Moffatt; Sec., C. L. Andrews; Treas., A. M. Campbell; Captain, Geo. Campare; Commander, T. H. Whiting; Lieut. Commander, F. W. Fletcher; Ensign, H. R. Newberry.

Whether Baldwin, the anti-spiritualist, can tie White, the spiritualist, so that the spirits cannot untie him, is the question uppermost in the minds of the people of Ann Arbor, Mich. Baldwin has done it once, and wagers \$100 he can do it again.

**Billiards.**

**THE LICENSE QUESTION.**

At a meeting of the Markets Committee, of this city, held on Saturday last, the following letter, by Mr. Samuel May, in reference to the abolition of licenses on billiard tables, was read:—

"I enclose a copy of petition asking the removal of the license tax now imposed on billiard tables (at present under your consideration), and at the same time would most respectfully draw your attention to the following additional facts bearing on the subject:—That the amount of \$912 is paid annually by eleven rooms, and that the proprietors of the rooms pay in addition to this tax other taxes and licenses amounting yearly to over \$9,100, exclusive of heavy water rates. And therefore it is hoped that you will earnestly recommend the Council to remove this oppressive and most unjust tax from a game that is deservedly popular, a healthy exercise, and should be a cheap amusement. Billiards in England are a recognized British institution, and the game is indulged in by everybody, not excepting the clergymen of the Established Church. The English Government some years ago appropriated £60,000 sterling for billiard tables for the army. The modern police stations of London are furnished with tables for the use of officers when off duty, and there are numerous institutions in England established by benevolent gentlemen of means, where the workingman and mechanic can play billiards on good tables, in comfortable, well lighted rooms for a penny per game. They are thereby brought socially together, and are intelligently entertained, greatly to the benefit of society and themselves. In the domestic circle of all parts of Great Britain the billiard room as well as the nursery is an indispensable portion of an Englishman's house when he can afford it. But the day is past when an argument is needed in favor of the game of billiards. It has won its way through all classes in the Old World and the United States, and therefore I, as a Canadian who has devoted his business life to developing and elevating the game, and at the same time establishing a new industry in our Dominion, would again most respectfully ask you to recommend the abolishing of this oppressive tax, and at the same time remove from the game the remains of a stigma nowhere else existing."

A slight discussion ensued, but it was decided to allow the matter to remain over until a meeting of the Committee to be held this week.

Owing to the press of matter on our columns to-day we are compelled to hold over an article on May's Billiard Factory.

John Hickey has turned up in Boston and is matched with Schaefer.

A game of 1,500 points was played at McArthur's Hall, Buffalo, N. Y., on the 27th ult., for \$200, between Mr. S. J. Croun and Mr. W. H. Carney. The former won by 303 points.

Mr. James Bennett, of Toronto, the winner of the first prize at the Montreal Tournament, is about to take charge of a billiard room in Ottawa. We commend him to the lovers of the game in the capital; and what is Toronto's loss in this matter is Ottawa's gain.

**Fur, Fin and Feather.**

ST. CATHARINES AND SUS. BRIDGE, N. Y.

**BILLIARDS ! BILLIARDS !**



**SAMUEL MAY,**  
81 Adelaide St. West, Toronto

MANUFACTURER OF  
BILLIARD TABLES, IVORY BALLS, CUES, MARKERS,  
&c., SUPERIOR SLATE-BED BAGATELLE  
TABLES, COMBINED DINING AND BILLIARD TABLES, DWARF TABLES,  
AND SIX-POCKET

**POOL TABLES**  
(ENGLISH STYLE)

With small pockets and very fast round edge cushions, also American Pool Tables with pockets and cushions for large balls.

**Bowling Alley Balls and Pins, &c.**  
Lignum Vitae Balls for Bowling Greens.

**GYMNASIUM SUPPLIES:**  
Indian Clubs, Rubber Exercising Bands, Horizontal Bars, &c., Mar-  
tingale Rings. Send for illustrated price list.



**Veterinary.**

**MONTREAL VETERINARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION.**

At the meeting of this Association, held on Thursday evening, 20th ult., a large number of members and visitors were present. The President, Prof. McEachran, occupied the chair. A very interesting paper was read by Mr. C. J. Alloway, V.S., on the "History of the Veterinary Profession," who, after tracing the rise and progress of the art through the various stages of the world's history, concluded by pointing out the very rapid progress it has made during the present century, not only by the higher and more thorough educational requirements, but in the literature of the science, hitherto scant and imperfect, which was now extensive and scientific. The days of empiry, when ignorance and credulity reigned, were rapidly being replaced by thorough scientific investigation and enlightened practice. The art so long relegated to barbers and groomers is now the profession of the educated scientist. With such universities as McGill, through her Medical Faculty, identified with the science, and her example about to be followed by the University of Oxford, and not only the medical men but the medical journals in all the European countries inviting the co-operation of the sister science, and going hand in hand in the same fields of scientific research, there is a certain and glorious future for this important branch of medical science. Mr. F. W. McCallan, Bridgeport, Connecticut, also read a very interesting communication on the disease in horses known as *Hermoglobinuria*, being the report of a case treated at the College Hospital during the present season in which he pointed out the circumstances under which it occurs as being errors in feeding. Thus, a horse in regular work, for some cause, is kept in the stable for several consecutive days, during which time he is allowed his full complement of food as when at work; on being taken out of the stable, in apparent good health and exuberant good spirits, after proceeding a mile or two, he suddenly stops, crouches, and stiffens in the hind quarters, which become paralytic. The muscles become hard, swollen immovable. The urine is thick, dark in color, resembling porter and voided with difficulty. The clinical notes of the case, the post mortem lesions, and microscopic changes in the tissues, carefully made and recorded by Prof. Osler, were minutely described, and illustrated by drawings. Owing to the pathology of this disease being imperfectly understood, and different theories advanced by eminent in-

**Amusements.**

CITY.

This week has been marked by the appearance of Mr. Geo. Riendol, the distinguished English actor, at Mrs. Morrison's Grand Opera House, in the character of Henry V. The piece has been put on the stage on a scale of magnificence equal to the standard of this house. During the play, the various battle, heroic, and other scenes were rapturously applauded. Of course Riendol's fine figure, but he is ably supported by the stock company. The attendance has been very large, and the engagement must be considered the success of the season. The regular matinee will take place to-morrow afternoon.

At the Royal Opera House under the management of Mr. Lucien Barnes, the Holman Company have been doing a fine business. Oliver Dand Byron, supported by Miss Kate Byron and the dramatic corps of this establishment, has produced the dramas of Donald McKay and Ben McCullough to large audiences. To-night Mr. Byron takes his benefit, when the highly sensational drama of *Across the Continent* will be produced, with Mr. B. in his original character. A large house is sure to greet this deserving star. To-morrow matinee and evening performances, which will conclude Mr. Byron's engagement. Jack Harkaway is in rehearsal.

Hamilton's Opera Company put on two nights at Albert Hall on January 1 and 2, producing *Martha* and *The Waterman* on Tuesday evening, and *The Bohemian Girl* and *The Swiss Cottage* on Wednesday. The attendance has not been large, owing to the location of the hall, but a very respectable house were well rendered.

**GENERAL.**

MONTREAL.—Mr. J. W. Bougouzh, the cartoonist, gives his laughable and unique entertainment at Mechanics' Hall, on 10th. Harry Landry has engaged the Theatre Royal for a short season, commencing 13th, for the Kato Fisher Combination.

KINGSTON.—Sheppard's Jubilee Singers, one night last week to a good house. Kate Fisher opened on Tuesday night in Mazupa for a season of one week.

HAMILTON.—Mechanics' Hall.—Cool Burgess and Butler's Jack and Jill, Jan 1 Engagements.—Gough, 9; Florence Combination, "The Mighty Dollar," 19; Scotch Miles 21, for three nights; Pansy Com. on Jan 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31.

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GRATIOT COUNTY.—Two farmers have been compelled to pay \$167 for sheep destroyed by a couple of worthless curs, of the breed known as "yaller dogs," of which they were the owners.

FOWLERSVILLE.—This village had a dog funeral recently, and a procession of twelve canines, each with a piece of crape around his neck, was a part of the programme.

DAVISON.—Lewis Peck and Dennis Thompson have returned from a tramp around the head of Thunder Bay, bringing with them the carcasses of thirty-seven deer.

GALBRAITH'S CORNERS, Dec. 15.—A gentleman from the U. S. Assay Office of New York, came here recently, armed with rifle and two shot-guns, and clothed in pockets with a coat attachment. Not finding deer running around the barn-yards, or wild turkeys in coops, and disgusted with a half-mile tramp in slashing, he left for home, having had but eight hours acquaintance with the neighborhood. He now says there is no game in Michigan, and he knows, "having been there."

Jeff Galbraith and the two McArdle boys have killed eighteen deer since Thanksgiving (Nov. 29th), and that, too, within six miles of the corners.

FARGO.—Harry Morris is the possessor of a pair of two-year-old wapiti, which he is breaking to harness. They are about the size of steers of like age, but far more graceful. He has refused \$3,000 for the pair.

PORT HURON.—Master James Campbell, but fourteen years old, killed a wild cat near Vincents, eight miles from the city, a few days since. It measured four feet from nose to tip of tail, and weighed forty-five pounds.

A deer swam the St. Clair River, Dec. 15, from Corunna, Ont., and a little later was observed running among the cattle on the farm of Mr. Dennis Onks, near Marysville. Attempting to return to the Dominion he was overtaken in a boat and dispatched.

Recently two dogs entered Forest Hill Cemetery, near Boston, and by burrowing gained access to the winter quarters of the

gentlemen of means, where the wealthy and mechanic can play billiards on good tables, in comfortable, well lighted rooms for a penny per game. They are thereby brought socially together, and are intelligently entertained, greatly to the benefit of society and themselves. In the domestic circle of all parts of Great Britain the billiard room as well as the nursery is an indispensable portion of an Englishman's house when he can afford it. But the day is past when an argument is needed in favor of the game of billiards. It has won its way through all classes in the Old World and the United States, and therefore I, as a Canadian who has devoted his business life to developing and elevating the game, and at the same time establishing a new industry in our Dominion, would again most respectfully ask you to recommend the abolishing of this oppressive tax, and at the same time remove from the game the remains of a stigma nowhere else existing."

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ST. CATHARINES AND SUS. BRIDGE, N.Y.

On Friday last an international pigeon shoot took place at St. Catharines, between six shooters from Suspension Bridge, N. Y., and six local men. There was considerable interest taken in the match, and a good sum of money changed hands. The contestants shot at 10 birds each, ground traps, 21 yards rise, 80 yards boundary, Canadian rules. The Canadian team won by one bird.

SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

Bamfield .....	1110001111—7
Isaacs .....	1111000111—7
Murray .....	100001011—4
Fulton .....	0111111110—8
Pierce .....	1001010010—4
Witmer .....	0111111110—8
	—
	38

ST. CATHARINES.

Bishop .....	0110101101—6
Carlisle .....	1000010101—4
Fisher .....	0111010110—6
Woodruff .....	1101110111—8
Parnall .....	1011110011—7
Rogers .....	0111110111—8
	—
	39

After the above match George Rogers, of St. Kitts, and Fulton, of Sus. Bridge, shot a match for \$20, at 10 birds each, out of plunge traps. Mr. Rogers won by a score of 9 to 8.

On Thursday, Jan. 3, Capt. Bogardus was to break 5,000 glass balls at Gilmore's Garden, New York, in 500 minutes.

Mr. A. E. Seeley, of Perth, Ont., has shipped this season from that town over 4,000 partridges, besides a large number of saddles of venison.

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GREAT RACKET MATCH.

QUEBEC VS. MONTREAL.

A racket match which has been on the tapis for some time, and has excited a good deal of interest, came off on the afternoon of the 28th ult., in the racket court on St. George street, Montreal.

The contestants were Boakes, of Quebec, a celebrated English professional, who was brought out by the Quebec club, and Mahon, son of the old and well known marker, of Montreal, and previously of Quebec. The odds given by Boakes were one hand and five aces. The game commenced after one o'clock, and some splendid play was exhibited during the entire match. It was evident from the first that Boakes had it all his own way, but his opponent stuck manfully to his work, and it was only the superior science of the Quebec champion which enabled him to win, which he did in one and one half hours. This noble game will receive a new impetus by the match, which was witnessed by a number of ladies and gentlemen.

Rowing.—A single scull race took place on Toronto Bay on the 28th ult., between Messrs. Geo. Woodward and Powell Martin, \$100. The race was one mile straightaway, and was won by Woodward by two boat's lengths.

supported by the stock exchange. The attendance has been very large, and the engagement must be considered the success of the season. The regular matinee will take place to-morrow afternoon.

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LONDON.—Holman Opera House.—Lottie, in Uncle Tom's Cabin, Dec. 28. The Poor of New York, 29. Butler's Pantomime Troupe, Jan. 2, for three nights.

PETERBORO.—Bushnell's Combination and Collins' Novelty Co., Bradburn's Hall, Jan. 1.

NORWICH.—Ten Nights in a Bar-room, by amateurs, Dec. 31 and Jan. 1.

DR. DON, the old established Specialist, of 300 Michigan St., Buffalo, N. Y., ranks among the most successful physicians of the city. Many years experience has made him an expert in treating all diseases of a virulent, chronic and special nature. Young and middle aged can obtain the most happy relief for diseases of a nervous, exhausting, and weakening character, result of error and excesses. Consultation by letter or at office, free and confidential; medical books, describing the above diseases, free. Medicine sent everywhere. 332-ty

TO BE DISPOSED OF

THE TROTTER MARE "TEMPEST" (RECORDED 2:39)

At the Turf Club Hotel, Toronto, ON TUESDAY, JANUARY 16th, 1878. 200 shares, \$3 each. Gentlemen desiring shares address, PETER CUBRAN, Sporting Times, Toronto 232-ht

Poetry.

OUR FOX HUNT.

The first gleam of sunshine is stroaking the sky,  
The birds wake to song as our coursers speed  
And light are our hearts as the fresh morning breeze  
That murmurs its passionate love to the trees,  
Hope dances beneath me, my hand on her mane,  
And the sound of my voice lulls to calmness again  
Her frolicsome spirits. She knows, I dare say,  
The hounds are all out for a fox hunt to-day;  
And the thrilling excitement, the joy of the chase,  
Give promise, she feels, of a glorious race.  
Her red nostril quivers, her neck proudly curves,  
How impatiently off from the pathway she swerves,  
And eyes Miss McKenzie, as if she would say,  
"You must have met with your match, proud McKenzie, to-day."

Hush! listen! Glad music the forest has stirred!  
The deep bay of Mingo's the first that is heard.  
Vic, Carlo and Queen give an answering cry,  
And away through the woodlands like arrows they fly—  
For that note is the signal he's scented the trail,  
And the keen nose of Mingo is ne'er known to fail.

Look! look! through the brushwood how eager they go;  
Heads bent to the ground, moving cautious and slow.  
Then a burst of wild music around us is rung!  
'Tis the voice of the hounds giving tongue! giving tongue!

They've jumped him! they've jumped him! a shout and a cheer.  
He is up and away on the wild wings of fear,  
And away! and away! let all follow who can!  
Hurrah! for brave Link; he is there in the van!

Long, long is the chase, and the morning is passed;  
Old Reynard bids fair to outspeed them at last;  
But onward, unwearied, the gallant hounds fly,  
He has turned! he is coming! the yelling is high!

Now here! and now there! coming on! coming on!  
One leap o'er our path and old Reynard is gone!  
Ah, who can impart what that dumb creature feels  
As he darts through the cane and the pack at his heels!  
As he darts through the cane—ore the heave of a breath,  
There's a fierce, smothered cry. They are in at the death!

JOHN SPLAN AND RARUS.

All the world, from New York to California, has heard of John Splan and Rarus. The public have become so completely acquainted with both man and horse that we hardly need mention them. But they are public property, and all have a right to know how they are getting on, and where they are hanging out. The following are the facts: John Splan is a man of 38 years old, in excellent health; stands firmly on a good set of pedestrian pugs, is five feet and nine inches high, with a good level head on him, has a small, delicate, good wife, who has accompanied him from Boston to California, and has done much to make John's success. Dan Macce was Splan's first tutor in horse matters, from whom the first lessons in training were learned. And as his eyes and ears were always open, he was not long in rising into first-class proportions as a trainer. He seldom asked Dan questions regarding his horses, nevertheless learned much that now can be profitably utilized. In fact, if all that Mr. Splan remembers of Macce's stable and trotting career could be woven into a book, it would be a large and interesting volume. From all we know of Dan, and what Mr. Splan has told us concerning his tact and coolness under the most trying and complex circumstances, we conclude that in this quality of brain rests the power that moves man to successful deeds upon the turf. From Splan we learned also that Macce is one of the most generous of men; that his stables are kept in order always; that he is a generous buyer of clothing, boots, and all sorts of horse gear, and that Splan regards him the most skillful driver that ever set up behind a trotter, single or double. Hardly ever did Dan take a trotter from another driver that he

May Queen; but has beaten them back again, showing that Rarus goes on while they stop by the wayside.

This year the horse went through the Eastern circuit without ever leaving his feet, nor has he been beaten. He has trotted sixteen races, and sixty-four heats, nine of which were trotted in 2:18 and better, and twenty-two of them in 2:20 and better. Besides which he has defeated every horse of note eligible to his class, including Goldsmith Maid. When interrogated about the breeding of Rarus, Mr. Splan said that he took no stock whatever in the "dish up" which the Eastern sporting press had given the subject, and believed that Mr. Conkling, who owned both sire and dam, knew quite as much regarding them as those who go howling about nights to stir up their prey. Since Splan has had Rarus the horse has earned in purses \$30,500, and netted for his owner \$24,300. And when we remember that his trots have been racing contests with large and excellent fields of horses, instead of trials, we are at liberty to conclude that no horse of his day could perform like him. What is more, Mr. Conkling always predicted that Rarus was the coming horse; and while his neighbors and friends called him insane, he went on plowing corn, and enjoyed his opinions with complete composure. Besides, he has bred five colts from the same mare, two of which were by the sire of Rarus. The horse is 16 hands high, very sharp at the withers, low at the loin, long bodied, high headed, a Roman but thin nose, star and blaze, two white ankles behind, bony, well-made joints, with only a little bend to the hind legs. The horse is now ten years old, and now that his engagements are over for the year, and his book closed for 1877, the public must wait for 1878 to bring them intelligence of what will be done with him in the future. One thing, however, is certain, that Rarus is a great trotter; but it is not quite so certain that any man but John Splan would have made the horse what he now is. By this we mean that John Splan has few, if any, equals as a trainer and driver.

LITTLE HORSES.

The old time hero, Gimcrack, was only a trifle over 14 hands, yet he could give the big horses of his day "two stuns and a beating" over almost any distance of ground. He was the progenitor of good ones too, and his son Medley, imported into Virginia about the close of the revolutionary war, got some famous race-horses. The dam of Peality was by Medley, and so the blood of the little Gimcrack is found in some of the best of the present day. Miss Foote was only 14 1/2 hands, and slightly formed, but she also beat the best of the "big ones," and ran from a mile to four mile heats with the same success. Her trainer and owner, Lun Coch, fondly termed her his dear little Foot, and the mare and an old battered violin compassed the whole of his effects. All the trials he ever gave her was to find out if she was "on her foot," and this he accomplished by running her through the quarter stretch with a fast quarter horse he owned. If she beat him, which she generally did, she was ready for any race.

"One evening in the spring of the year 1828, a small but merry party sat around the dinner table of that fine old English gentleman, the late Lord Egremont. The bottle was in active circulation, and the good old Peer in merry glee—his friends around him, and his race-horses the theme. 'What will you do my lord, with that young Whak bone weed in the further paddock?' quoth one of the guests. 'Sell him,' was the reply. 'The price?' 'A hundred and fifty.' 'He is mine.' 'That weed was Spaniel—winner of the Derby!'

Here in California we have "little Molly," and though that nonpareil has grown both in height and length since she was thrown out of active training, when she ran her greatest races she was a good deal under the medium size. Never having lost even a heat, it is hard to form an estimate of how good she is. Then among the little trotters there has been Flora Temple, Dot, Honest Allen, Hickory Jack, who looked like a yearling in harness, and the fairy trotter, Molly Morris, with a record of 2:22, and she, her sulky and harness, scarcely balanced 800 lbs.

As a matter of necessity all the great jockeys have been, or are little men, and while the knights of the sulky are permitted the very fair avoirdupois of 150 lbs., nearly all of the crack drivers have to carry quite a chunk of lead to bring them up to the rule weight. Dan and Ben Macce, Doble, Hickok, Johnny Murphy, Charley Green, Charley Shear, are away below the standard, and it would be troublesome to find their equal in "tooling a trotter."

The old time celebrities were larger, but then the art was not so well understood, and a strong arm was thought to be a *sine qua non* to "keep a horse on his feet." Not being an advocate of Stupenture we do not see any way to breed men little or big for any particular purpose, but we would not like to recommend our readers to breed small horses with the hope of getting a trainer, a Miss Foote, or a Molly Morris.

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But of all the men from whom Splan learned, and of all men whom he loves to speak of and dwell, Eph. Simmons was praised most. From him he obtained his send-off as a driver. Mr. Simmons' cool, impartial and positive council, just in the nick of time, were the words that made the man. Kausas Chief and Bella were his first pupils, and John landed them both to the front in well-fought contests. His reputation from this on became the envy of all dead-square drivers; and the instructions of Eph. Simmons to "sit still and win by a length at the finish," has never been lost sight of. Mr. Simmons—Splan affirms—often came up the stretch when some driver had the best of him by two or three lengths, and would sing out, "Splan! sit still! you'll beat 'em under the wire sure!" This encouragement in an opportune moment gave him new nerve, and made him take a better hold of his horse. The horse freshened up directly, and went on and collared his adversary, who, looking over his shoulder at the boy and horse approaching like a phantom, lost his grip. And having gained an advantage, Splan, now full of dead pace, would call out to the troubled driver, "Cut your old horse loose; he can't trot a little bit!" Such tactics at the proper time have won many a race for Splan, and usually unsettles nearly all drivers when a death struggle comes. Half the drivers I know lose their grip when a man like Splan or Macco comes up on them with a trotter, and sings out, "Why, what's the matter with the little one; she's all off to-day?" But Splan was born to be a cool-headed and finished driver. Moreover, Splan never drinks, smokes or chews. Hence his vigor of body and mind has been preserved, and his manhood and integrity, as well as the qualities which make him a driver, are the envy of a world of horsemen. Splan's career has been marked and brilliant in the extreme, and his career with Rarus, one of the most remarkable in horse history. Splan took charge of Rarus in July, 1876, since which the horse has constantly improved, though he has been defeated once by Great Eastern, once by Goldsmith Maid, and once by

Her trainer and owner, Lin Cogh, loudly derided her. Her dear little foot, and the mare and a good battered violin compassed the whole of his effects. All the trials he ever gave her was to find out if she was "on her foot," and this he accomplished by running her through the quarter stretch with a fast quarter horse he owned. If she beat him, which she generally did, she was ready for any race.

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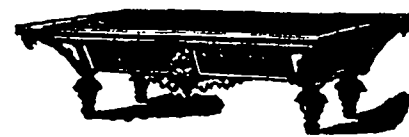
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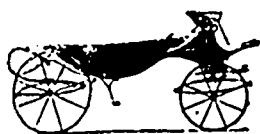
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**Veterinary SURGEON,**  
GRADUATE OF THE ONTARIO VETERINARY COLLEGE.

Treats all diseases of the Domesticated animals. Comfortable box stalls, and all the appliances of a first-class infirmary.

Horses examined as to soundness.

Office and Infirmary—23 & 25 Sheppard Street Toronto. 91-11

**THE TORONTO Brewing and Malting Co.**

**SIMCOE-ST., TORONTO.**

BREWERS, MALTSTERS AND HOP MERCHANTS, are now supplying the Trade and Families with their superior ALES, STOUTS, and COOPER. brewed from the finest Malt and best brands of English Hops.

Special attention is invited to our D. B. S. STOUT, having all the qualities, and being equal in every respect to London or Dublin Stout, Liberal terms to the Trade. Special rates to large consumers.

**BRANDS :**

- A. Brilliant, full flavor, warranted to keep sound on draught.
- B. Stock Ale.
- D. B. S. Stout, highly recommended for purity and excellence.
- T. B. C. COOPER. A specialty, this celebrated English beverage in perfection.
- L. E. A. A pale brilliant bitter Ale. Lower ex-

IF THEY TELL YOU THE MONTREAL HOUSE, MONTREAL, IS CLOSED, DON'T BELIEVE IT. SOME IMAGINED THAT REDUCING THE RATES TO \$1.50 AND \$1.25 A DAY WOULD HAVE THAT EFFECT. WE DON'T THINK SO.

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TORONTO.

**Frank Martin, Proprietor.**

227-ff

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One Red and Black Wheel, with lay-out, boxing, &c., all complete. The same as was run on the race tracks at Woodbine, Woodstock, London, Hamilton, Chatham, Waterloo, West End Driving Park, Toronto, &c., &c. The best money making game in the world, far superior to the old paddle wheel. Only three of them ever made. Cheap for Cash. Address

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A complete record of all horses that have ever trotted a mile in 2:30 or better, with their full pedigree and the fastest recorded time of each horse, alphabetically arranged. Price, \$1; sent by mail to any address. Agents wanted for nearly every town. Canadian agent,

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303-um Box 713, Toronto, Ont

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**East Toronto Brewery,**  
TORONTO.

**Ontario Veterinary College.**

Under patronage Agricultural Council. Infirmary for sick and lame horses. A. SMITH, Veterinary Surgeon, Temperance St., Toronto. Session commences on October 26th. 222-ty

**MONTREAL VETERINARY COLLEGE**

SESSION 1877-78

**The Sportsman.**

OFFICE: 9 MURRAY-ST., N.Y.

**CHARLES J. FOSTER,** EDITOR.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$3 00 A YEAR.

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40 cents per line	One insertion
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**Chicago Field :**

A Journal for the Sportsmen of To-Day.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING

170 E. MADISON ST. EET. CHICAGO.

The FIELD is a complete weekly review of the higher branches of sport—Shooting, Fishing, Racing and Trotting, Aquatics, Base Ball, Cricket, Billiards, and General Sporting News, Music and the Drama.

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THE

**Spirit of the Times**

**THE Gentleman's Journal**

—AND—

**Sporting Time**

THE ONLY

**SPORTING PAPER**

IN THE DOMINION.

PUBLISHED

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**90 KING STREET WEST**

TORONTO, ONT.

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

TURF, FIELD, AND AQUATIC SPORTS

ART, BILLIARDS, VETERINARY,

SHOOTING, TRAPPING, FISHING

ATHLETIC PASTIMES, NATURAL HISTORY

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tract, near Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

This Hotel, so long and favorably known, has recently been remodeled and refurnished. It is centrally located on the Terrace, near Main Street. First-class accommodations are assured at the reduced prices. Special inducements offered to Canadian sportsmen and the travelling public generally. The Canadian Sporting Times on file.

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25 GOULD ST., Toronto.  
Dr. Andrews' Pills are all of Dr. Andrews' celebrated Specific remedies can be obtained at above place.  
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**GILES'**  
Liniment Iodide Ammonia!

lame and sick horses, pronounced incurable, cured free of cost. Giles' Liniment Iodide Ammonia. Spavins, Splints, Ringbones, Bunches, Thorax, Spring Knees cured without bluish. Sins, Shoulder Lameness, Navicular Disease. Bone Boils, cure guaranteed. Send for pamphlet containing full information to  
DR. WM. M. GILES,  
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Use only for horses the liniment in yellow tins. Sold by R. A. Wood, Druggist, 230 King St., Toronto. 328-em

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**BEST RECEIVED,** a small consignment of photographs marking quarter-seconds, seconds, minutes; plated cases, in neat boxes. Fly movement. Superior to a \$250 Stopwatch for timing. Used by the leading horsemen of America. Price \$30. Will be sent C.O.D., subject to examination, upon receipt of \$5 to cover express charges. Takes up no more than a watch. Requires no key.

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Anting and Shooting Suits Made to Order

The above establishment is provided with all the latest appliances, thereby facilitating the execution of first-class work. 277-em

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Brewing and Malting Co.

**SIMCOE-ST., TORONTO.**

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are now supplying the Trade and Families with their superior ALES, STOUTS, and COOPER. Brewed from the finest Malt and best brands of English Hops.

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B. Stock Ale.

D. B. S. Stout, highly recommended for purity and excellence.

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I.P.A. A pale, brilliant, bitter Ale, brewed expressly for family use; highly recommended for its purity and delicacy of flavor.

Brewers supplied with malt, manufactured from the finest barleys. Terms may be obtained for malting.

Hope of the best brands always on hand,

All orders by mail will have prompt attention.

**FRANK WELSH, Manager**

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**North American**

**HOUSE,**

**KING STREET**

**DUNDAS.**

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**CAPS,**

**259 YONGE STREET TORONTO.**

**UNIVERSAL TROTTING RECORD**

**2:14 TO 2:30.**

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Session commences on October 26th. 222-ty

**MONTREAL**  
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**SESSION 1877-78**

Lectures commence on the 2nd of October. Prospectus giving full information to intending students will be forwarded free by applying to

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**Spirit of the Turf**

Devoted to the Horse and His Master.

16 Page Illustrated Weekly Horse Paper. Single copy, 10c.; per year, \$4; clubs of ten, \$35. Sample copies, free. Organ of the Western Turf. Best advertising medium for Western Horsemen. The Spirit of the Turf is a specialty, exclusively devoted to the horse and interests, and one of the means adopted to secure the best and freshest intelligence from all quarters is an offer of FORREST MAMBRINO as a prize for the best regular contributor during the current year. Competent judges, men known all through the West will decide upon the merits of the several contributors and correspondents.

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**CORRESPONDENTS WANTED** in every town from Maine to the Pacific.

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The F. L. is a complete weekly review of the higher branches of sport—Shooting, Fishing, Racing and Trotting, Aquatics, Base Ball, Cricket, Billiards, and General Sporting News, Music and the Drama.

—OFFICE—

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**TORONTO, ONT.**

**SUBSCRIPTION RATES:**

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One Month..... 80 One Year..... 4.  
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**THE**

**Spirit of the Times**

OFFICE, No 3 PARK ROW, N. Y.

**E. A. BUCK,** Editor

**FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR** In Advance

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**TURF, FIELD, AND AQUATIC SPORTS**

**ART, BILLIARDS, VETERINARY,**

**SHOOTING, TRAPPING, FISHING**

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—YEARLY IN ADVANCE—

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**ADVERTISING RATES:**

Per line, first insertion, 10 Cents  
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One inch space equivalent to twelve line

All communications and telegrams must be pre-paid.

Address correspondence,

**P. COLLINS & Co.,**

**'SPORTING TIMES,**

Toronto, Ont.

AWARDED

—1877—

AUSTRALIA

Victoria b m by Peek's Idol, son of Mambrino Chief, dam Lady Patchen, by Geo. M. Patchen, grand dam by Monauk, son of C. M. Clay.

Walter Jones, b k c, by Conkling's American Star, dam Lady Fashion, by L. I. Black Hawk; this colt trotted in 2:52 last Fall.

Colts and Fillies, 1 year old.

Prescott, b g, by Rysdyk, dam Lady Moxley, by Billy Moxley, son of Lexington, grand dam by Richmond Durce, a grandson of Bush Messenger, great grand dam by Vt. Morgan.

St. Lawrence, b g, by Rysdyk, dam Fanny J. P., b p, by Rysdyk, dam Minnie Patchen, by Geo. M. Patchen.

May Flower, f, by Rysdyk, dam the Elliott mare, pedigree unknown.

Ontario, b g, by Rysdyk, dam Nelly Clark by Gray Lock, grand dam by Childers.

Rose, f, by Rysdyk, dam Kit by Wright's Commodore, by mmp Commodore.

Vt. Let, b f, by Rysdyk, dam Nelly Bly, Rose and Violet are closely matched.

Dean, b g, by Rysdyk, dam the Dean mare Doll, probably by Etham Allen, but not fully authenticated Doll's dam was sired by the Wiles Star and trotted several ten mile races.

Sarah L., f, by Rysdyk, dam by Tempest, son of Colonel.

Commodore, b g, by Robt. Lodget, dam August.

Hector, f, by Rysdyk, dam Eliza by Benedict Patchender, son of Vt. Black Hawk, dam by Messenger Highlander, grand dam by Magnum Bonum.

Virginia, b f, by Rysdyk, foaled April 14, 1876, dam Lacey, brought from Virginia during the war, said to be thoroughbred.

H. G., b c, by Rysdyk, dam Kato, the dam of Orient.

Stotson, b f, by North America, dam Jennie Rysdyk by Rysdyk; grand dam by Rysdyk's Hambletonian; great grand dam by C. M. Clay, Jr.

Malasia, b f, by Rysdyk, dam Marion Patchen, by Geo. M. Patchen.

Phillip W., b c, by Rysdyk, dam Flora by Pathfinder, grand dam by Vt. Black Hawk, great grand dam by Messenger Highlander, great grand dam by Magnum Bonum.

Stately, b f, by Rysdyk, dam Mag, by Lorely's Trium, son of mmp Priam.

Geo. M. Rysdyk, b c, by Rysdyk, dam Lady Patchen, by G. M. Patchen, grand dam by Monauk, by C. M. Clay.

Gustie, b f, by Rysdyk, dam Augusta, by Cavalier, son of Colonel.

Clyne, f, by Rysdyk, dam Minnie Day, by Green's Hambletonian, grand dam by Harris' Hambletonian, brother to Volunteer, great grand dam Old Kate, dam of Orient.

Promise, b f, by Rysdyk, dam Maggie.

Maud A., b f, by Rysdyk, dam Jessie, by the pacer Roebuck.

Sandy, b c, by Rysdyk, dam unknown.

E. Frank, c c, by Rysdyk, dam Nellie Clark, by Gray Eagle.

Mary Kate, b f, by Rysdyk, foaled May 30, 1877, dam Fanny, by Easton's Paul Pry, by an mmp. English coach horse.

There are upwards of twenty other brood mares, colts, and work horses on the farm, among which is the noble dam of the great Commonwealth, who is again in foal to Phil Sheridan but time admonishes me that a complete or satisfactory review of the one hundred descendants of mmp. Messenger, quartered at this great establishment, would swell this paper beyond the original design.

In conclusion I must express my most decided opinion that this extensive Farm provides a want long felt, being most easy of approach to its patrons from abroad.

The saving in transportation of stock to purchasers from the north and west is an item worthy of consideration, the charges for shipping a single horse by boat to Cleveland, Detroit, or Chicago, seldom exceeding \$10.

Although my sojourn at Prescott was limited to two days, the enjoyment of Mr. Wiser's hospitality, and the society of his interesting and accomplished family, have left many agreeable impressions on the writer's mind.

Miscellaneous.

John Askwith on Friday last shot a seal on the Ottawa River. He managed to get the animal into his boat, but it showed fight and hoavy got away.

Three burglars attempted to break into the saloon of Emile Regner, a French waiter in New York. Two of the burglars that are kept in a dark room gave a warm welcome to the intruders.

Mary M. Delt is the title of the Daily New York...



J. L. RAWBONE

GUN, RIFLE, AND

Breech-Loading Gun Implement

MANUFACTURER,

TORONTO.

FACTORY.

Newark, New Jersey, U.S.



123 YONGE ST.

Toronto, - - - Ont.

SEND FOR MY NEW PRICE LIST, WHICH WILL BE MAILED FREE UPON REQUEST. BEFORE PUTTING AWAY YOUR GUN FOR THE SEASON IT WELL CLEANED, NOTHING WILL INJURE IT MORE THAN NEGLECT. ONLY FIRST-CLASS ENGLISH WORKMEN EMPLOYED. SKATE PRICE LIST ON APPLICATION.

WINTERING SOUTH.—We learn that there are now at New Orleans six or eight stables of racers, and that they will spend the winter there, and enter the spring campaign at that place. Among others are Mr. Larry Hart's string, including Redding, Clemmie G., Vermont, Redman, and Brother to Bassett (sometimes called Kenner).

Stair.—Mr. Charles Littlefield, trainer for Mr. M. H. Sanford's stable in England, the English Sporting Times says, thinks now that if Star, b f by mmp. Glenlog, out of Stamps by Lexington, had gone to the post for the Cambridge Stakes, she could not have lost, and the Sporting Times concurs in Mr. Littlefield's opinion.

ASSIGNMENTS.—Among the assignments in Bourbon county, Ky., are Levi Goff to Ed. Thomas, and Thos. Goff to Thos. Evens. Jno. Goff, of Clark, father of Levi, also assigned to Jas. Chorn. Among the property assigned by Levi Goff is the 14th Duke of Thorndale, which he purchased at his father-in-law, Georg M. Bedford's sale for \$17,000.—Kentuckian.



T H H

CLINTON, ONT.,  
Driving Park Association.

(INCORPORATED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT)

Claim May 23, & 24 '78

as the days for their Spring Meeting, when they expect to offer in prizes about \$1,500.

328-nt

J. A. NELLES,  
Secy-Treas.

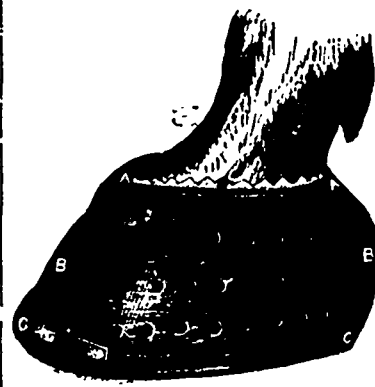
TROTting STALLIONS FOR SALE

The owner not having time to properly develop his span of fast and elegantly bred trotting stallions, will dispose of them very cheap.

Matt Cameron, b h foaled 1872, 15-2, by Highland Boy, he by Hamlet by Volunteer; dam by Toronto Chief; 2nd dam the Goodenough mare, by St. Lawrence; 3rd dam, by Tippe; 4th dam by Tom Kimble. Matt Cameron can show better than 2:40, and is without record.

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The horses are perfectly sound, kind, and pure bred; can be driven double or single at top of their speed by a lady; are nicely matched in size, color, and disposition; can speed to pole better than 3:00; and are without vice or fault of any kind. Can be seen at half-mile track Queen St., West Toronto.



HALL'S PATENT  
Anti-Contraction  
Horse Boot.

PREVENTS AND CURES  
CONTRACTION OF  
THE HOOF.

With this boot any stable can be provided with a pasture, so far as the feet are concerned, and one too that may be used any season of the year. Send for descriptive circular to LUGSDIN & BARNETT, Saddlers, &c 115 Yonge St. Toronto.



A. WHITE!

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65 KING ST. WEST. TORONTO

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY

AND

WHITE STAR LINE!

New Train for Buffalo Direct. REDUCTION IN RATE

One hour faster and 24 miles shorter to

CABIN FARES

1878 THE MAYORALTY 1878

To the Electors of City of Toronto

YOUR VOTE AND INFLUENCE

At the coming Election are kindly requested for the re-election of

Angus Morrison

The Election takes place on Monday, Janu...



Hambleton, brother to Yearling, great grand dam Old Lady, dam of Great

Promisc, b f, by Rydyk, dam Maggie, stud A, b f, by Rydyk, dam Jessie, by the peer contact

Sam, b, by Rydyk, dam unknown  
E. Frank, b, by Rydyk, dam Nellie Clark, by Gray Eagle

Mary Kate, b f, by Rydyk, foaled May 30, 1877, dam Lanny, by Easton's Pod Pry, by an imp. foal, each horse.

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"They All Do It" is the title of the Dan-bury News Man's new book. If Bailey means that all the men who subscribe for a newspaper pay promptly for the same, his title is a hollow mockery, and should be backed down with a little hatchet.

A correspondent from Plympton says:— Wilken Cove, of this place, chopped three cords and a-half of four feet wood in four hours and a-half, one day last week, piling brush and taking timber off stump inside of the above time. The wood chopped was beech and maple.

A steamer plying between San Francisco and Stockton keeps an eccentric and useful sheep on board. The sheep is trained to go out on a gang plank at a landing when a flock is to be loaded, to show that the approach is safe, and to act as a pilot.

You can sell a fast horse in New York at your own price, provided he is fast enough. But don't bring emmy 3 minnutt kattle to Nu York, the ice cream and the milk men drive faster than that. Our old fellows, in Nu York, munny or them who hav seen 70 yents, when they go out onto the hard roads, dont take emmy but 2.25 dust.

It is reported that the Marquis of Lorne contemplates crossing the Atlantic next year. He wants to have some shooting with Lord Dunraven, who had visited America more than once, and written some capital books thereon. They are to shoot moose next summer, and Lord Dunraven has arranged with the Indians of the district which he and his companions have selected to hunt camps for their accommodation.

It was evidently a young editor who wrote the following, and a bashful one, but he has learned some of the drawbacks of a pleasure ride: "Drive out with a horse and he will switch his tail 150 times a rod, to force away trouble-some flies; but let him once get his tail over a huc and the old quadruped will wander on for miles without thinking of the flies which revel unmoletted in his living gore. What a horse loves above all things is to do the driving himself."

WINTERING SOUTH.—We learn that there are now at New Orleans six or eight stables of racers, and that they will spend the winter there, and enter the spring campaign at that place. Among others are Mr. Larry Hart's string, including Redding, Clemmie G., Vermont, Redman, and Brother to Bassett (sometimes called Kemper).

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## 1878 THE MAYORALTY 1878

To the Electors of City of Toronto

YOUR VOTE AND INFLUENCE

At the coming Election are kindly requested for the re-election of

### Angus Morrison

The Election takes place on Monday, January 7th, 1878.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

330-ut

ECONOMY IN THE EXPENDITURE OF A CITY'S FINANCES AND EFFICIENCY IN ALL DEPARTMENTS OF CIVIC ADMINISTRATION SHOULD BE THE AIM OF ITS CHIEF MAGISTRATE.

## 1878—Mayoralty Election—1878

Your vote and influence are respectfully solicited for

### James Beatty, Q.C.

AS MAYOR.

Election takes place Monday, Jan. 7th, 1878. 330-ut

## TROTTING STALLION FOR SALE

ST. JOE, sired by Blackwood, dam by Mark Time, (by Arabian Bugdad, dam by imp. Spread Eagle.) 2nd dam by Woodford (by Lance, dam by Aratus.) 3rd dam by Grey Eagle, (by Woodpecker, dam Ophelia by Wild Medley.)

Performs 2 1/2 years old Lexington, Ky., won a race in 2:52 under the name of Oakwood; at 5 years old won easy a 2:50 race at Fergus, Ont.

St Joe is a black horse 6 year old, stands 16 hands 1 inch, with plenty of bone and muscle, a fine disposition, very stylish and a fine breeder.

Blackwood, with a record of 2:31 at 3 years old, is sire of Blackwood, Jr., record 2:22 1/2, at 5 years old; Protino, 6 years, 2:25; Rosewood, 5 years, 2:27.

For further particulars apply to  
JOHN BETHINGTON,  
Reynolds Hotel,  
G.W.E. Station, Guelph. 324-nt



T H R

## CLINTON, ONT., Driving Park Association.

(INCORPORATED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT)

Claim May 23, & 24 '73

as the days for their Spring Meeting, when they expect to offer in prizes about \$1,500.

328-nt

J. A. NELLES,

Secy-Treas.

## TROTTING STALLIONS FOR SALE

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The horses are perfectly sound, kind, and pure gated; can be driven double or single at top of their speed by a lady; are nicely matched in size, color, and disposition; can speed to pole better than 3:00; and are without vice or fault of any kind. Can be seen at half-mile track, Queen St., West, Toronto.

For price address, HORSEMAN, SPORTING TIMES Office, Toronto, Ont. 326-ff

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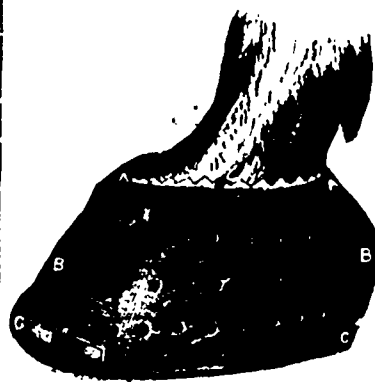
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