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GENTLEMAN'S CANADIAN JOURNAL

THE CANADIAN JOURNAL

SPORTING TIMES

VOL. VII.

TORONTO, ONT., FRIDAY, JANUARY 17, 1879.

NO. 386

Veterinary.

ONTARIO VETERINARY COLLEGE.

The usual weekly meeting of the Medical Association in connection with the above College was held on Thursday, January 9, 1879. James Thorburn, M. D., in the chair; fifty-five members present. After the usual preliminary business had been transacted, Mr. Massie, of Smit's Hall, read an essay on "The Actions of certain medicines," taking as examples Opium, Aconite and Nux Vomica. The paper was highly interesting, embracing not only the actions, but the doses and uses of these valuable medicines. Considerable discussion then ensued among the members, and the theories brought forward by Mr. Massie and other students as to their uses in various diseases were warmly debated. Mr. McCormack, of London, then read a paper on "Conjunctivitis, its causes, symptoms, and treatment." In the treatment he advocated bleeding from the conjunctival vein, warm fomentations to the eye, and the application of an anodyne lotion. In some cases he advised the use of Extract of Sassafras. Another lengthened debate followed on the efficacy, at the conclusion of which the chairman made some very appropriate remarks, principally on Mr. Massie's paper. He also complimented the members on the success of these weekly meetings, and spoke at some length of the advantage to be derived from them. A resolution was then passed thanking Dr. Thorburn for his services in the chair, and after arranging the programme for next evening the meeting adjourned.

SOUNDNESS AND UNSOUNDNESS.

(Second Article.)

In our last article on this subject, carried over from our important ground—involving a critical examination of the legs and feet of animals generally—we now cannot do more than direct attention to a few remarks on the examination of the teeth as to age, and the tests for trying the wind, and the methods employed for discovering whether the animal under examination has any ailment which these methods will disclose. We must be understood as intending to imply that the opinions which we are laying down for the consideration of our readers will prove, in every case, applicable; but this admission on our part does not in the slightest degree, invalidate the necessity of carrying out, with minuteness of detail, the instructions given, a serious defect being met with, which a cursory examination would have failed to detect, but the existence of which is sufficient to condemn the animal for any specific purpose for which he is required. In examining the teeth as to age, we must first be on guard against a practice which is common amongst unprincipled dealers, and is called "chipping." Those who operate on a horse's teeth for the purpose of concealing his true age, and for the stipulated fee, furnish to order an

ful operator to counterfeit the natural marks sufficiently accurately to deceive the careful observer who has examined, with any care, the anatomical specimens of both.

We now proceed to make a few remarks on the means employed for testing the wind, and for finding out the general condition of the bowels, which will be probably sufficient for the ordinary horseman, other ailments requiring careful scrutiny on the part of a veterinary surgeon to detect. Amongst the various troubles connected with the wind may be first mentioned that known as "broken winded," the horse thus affected being properly called a "roarer." In order to ascertain whether a horse suffers from this disease, the following rules should be observed: Give the horse a drink of water, hitch him up and drive to a quiet but hilly neighborhood, sending him a good, stiff gait for a quarter of a mile up grade, when, if he is a confirmed roarer, you will hear him without descending from the vehicle, but, if he is only an incipient one, it will be detected by quickly descending and placing your ear to the horse's nostril, when an abnormal sound may be distinctly heard. There are several other defects which we will only mention, such as "whistling," "high blowing," "polypos," "thick-winded," "heaves," tumor in the false nostril, etc.

Scouring being an ailment which frequently renders an otherwise apparently fine animal comparatively worthless, an intending purchaser should make himself acquainted with its existence, if present. In order to do this it will be necessary to feed the animal liberally for a while, and, immediately before starting out to drive, give the animal a drink of water, and a good sharp drive for some distance may be needed to disclose the existence of this ailment. Here we may remark, in justice to all parties, that one trial is not sufficient, as the scouring, which may be observed on the very first trial, may be owing to accidental circumstances, the animal not being so constitutionally predisposed; a second and third trial not causing similar results. Intending purchasers, therefore, must govern themselves accordingly, and not reject a horse because this weakness manifests itself on the first trial, full enquiry and subsequent tests often establishing the horse's soundness so far as this trouble is concerned. Singultus and heart disease should not be overlooked.—Spirit.

MONTREAL VETERINARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION.

FIRST MEETING AFTER THE HOLIDAYS.

The first meeting for 1879 of the Montreal Veterinary Medical Association was held on Thursday evening, in the Lecture Hall of the College, Union Avenue, Mr. C. J. Alloway, V.S., in the chair. The meeting was of unusual interest, and the attendance large. As is customary, a communication of a case was presented and a paper read; the former by Mr. A. Harris, Ottawa, on "Phlebitis," in which he detailed the aggravated nature of the disease, which is frequently attributable to malpractice and ignorance, and the latter by Mr. D. Lemay, Montreal, on "Stable Management," which was eminently practical, giving a common sense view of what

DEATH OF ALEC LAWSON, THE ENGLISH PUGILIST.

The death of this undefeated young English pugilist occurred at King's College Hospital, London, Eng., on Dec. 22, from congestion of the lungs. The funeral took place on Friday following at Kensal Green Cemetery, the coffin being borne by friends of the deceased from his late residence, 11 Vere street, Clare Market, to George Langham's, the Cambrian, Castle street, Leicester square, where it was deposited in the hearse and followed by four mourning coaches, containing the widow and seventeen relatives. An enormous crowd congregated to pay a last tribute of respect to one who was universally esteemed for his upright and manly conduct. Amongst them we noticed George Langham, Professor Bat Mullens, Hundreds, G. Flynn, McCormack, "Tommy Farmer," Messrs. Parker Brothers, &c. "Little Alec"—as he was familiarly termed—was born on February 4, 1849, stood 5ft. 2in. in ring costume, and weighed 8st. 2lb. His first encounter was with Jim McCormack, for £15 aside, 58 rounds, 2 hours 23 min., in the Kentish marshes, on May 20, 1867, when Alec won, after a most brilliant contest. W. Pullen (Professor Hundreds) was his next opponent, for £25 aside, and they fought altogether 45 rounds in 3 hours 54 min., in two rings, first at Rainham, and eventually below the Halfway House, on the Kentish shore, when darkness set in, and as both men fought to a standstill, each drew his own stake. He was then matched with J. Johnson (Matchett), of Birmingham, for £30 aside, at 8st 6lb, on September 9, 1868, but was apprehended on Dec. 4, four days before the fixture, and bound over for six months, but on June 24, 1869, he was more fortunate, as he defeated the celebrated Frank Wilson (Mat Colliason's Mouse) for a £30 purse, after a gallant contest of forty rounds, lasting 1 hour 20 min., on Stockbridge Racecourse. So pleased were several connoisseurs that they offered to match him against any man in the world of his weight, but this met with no response, and Alec was fairly regarded as champion of the feather-weights until Dec. 26, 1875, on which day he was in a public house in Great Queen street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, when several ruffians tried to rob a poor old woman, and our hero, interfering in her behalf, and was so injured about the chest that he never recovered. We regret to state that he has left a widow totally unprovided for. It may not be out of place to state that Lawson was one of the four British pugilists who were selected to illustrate the noble art before the Shah of Persia, at Buckingham Palace, on July 1, 1873.

THE DAM OF GOLDSMITH MAID.

EDITORS TURF, FIELD AND FARM.—I saw in your last issue an able and instructive article by my esteemed friend Mark Comstock, in which he states that a daughter of Abdallah gave more fame to Alexander's Abdallah than all the rest of the mares he ever covered, meaning, no doubt, the dam of Goldsmith Maid. Has she

Guy, Gun and Feather.

SHOOTING AT COBOURG.

On Tuesday afternoon of last week a match between five youths and five men took place in the west end, six birds each. The wind was very strong and gusty, and when the birds flew north or south it was almost impossible to hit them. The young men came off first best with one bird ahead, killing eighteen to the seniors' seventeen. This victory is creditable to the boys. The condition of the match was a sprung trap at twenty-one yards rise and eighty yards boundary.

YOUNGSTERS.

TH Munson.....	0 1 0 1 1 1-4
RS Gowans.....	1 0 0 1 0-2
H Burnet.....	1 1 0 1 0 1-4
C Wallace.....	1 1 0 1 1 1-5
A Munson.....	0 0 1 1 0 1-3

*Killed, but fell out of bounds.

SENIORS.

JS Wallace.....	1 0 1 1 0 1-4
HF Holland.....	0 1 1 0 0-3
W DeLauey.....	1 1 1 0 0-3
WH Schoenberger.....	0 1 1 0 0 1-3
HB Crasoe.....	1 0 1 0 1 1-4

HARWOOD BEATS FORBES.

A pigeon shooting match took place at Woodstock, on the 9th, under the trap and handie rules, for \$50 a side, at 21 yards rise, twenty five birds, between George Harwood and J. Forbes. The shooting was not so good as in the last match between the same parties. The shooting resulted in Harwood killing 16 birds out of 24 shot at, and Forbes killing 14 out of 23 shot at. The following is the score.—

Forbes—0100111000010111101110—14
Harwood—0111101100110101111011—16

SHOOTING UP NORTH.

A correspondent sends us the following scores of pigeon matches shot lately, the first at Queenville and the second at Holland Landing:—

AT QUEENSVILLE.

DW Hughes.....	0 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1-8
Dr Pearson.....	1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 0-8
R Willson.....	1 1 1 1 1 0 0 1 0-7
O Lloyd.....	0 1 1 0 0 1 1 1 1-7
AT Doran.....	0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 0-7
W Travis.....	1 1 0 1 1 0 1 1 0-6
JB Evans.....	1 0 0 1 0 0 0 1 0-8

AT HOLLAND LANDING.

O Lloyd.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 0 0 1 1-8	0 1
AT Down.....	0 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1-8	0 0
W Dyson.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 0 0 1-8	0 0
JB Evans.....	1 0 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 1-7	
H Lloyd.....	0 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 0 0-6	
Dr Peate.....	1 0 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 1-6	

A WONDERFUL FEAT.

Captain Bogardus, on the evening of Jan. 9, at Gilmoro's Garden, New York, finished his task of attempting to break 6,000 glass balls without a miss. At 8 o'clock, after breaking 6,681 balls without missing one, the Captain took recess, and when he returned he was apparently very tired, and missed 13 balls before the 6,000 had been shot at. He then shot at and broke 13 more, making his score 13 misses out of 6,013. Abe Kleinman, who missed 6 balls in firing at 500, missed seven to eight, making his match with Bogardus a tie. Bogardus offered to bet \$1,000 even on that he would break 6,000 glass balls out of 6,500. He also offered to bet \$500 against \$1,000 that he would break 6,000 out of 6,100 and \$100 against \$1,000 that he would break 6,000 balls without a miss. His match with Mr. Abe Kleinman, of Chicago, who recently won the champion wing-shot medal of America given by Captain Bogardus, was to shoot at 1,000 balls, Bogardus giving Kleinman 200 balls.

GEORGE J. WAITNEY.

At a special meeting of the directors of the Western New York Agricultural, Mechanical and Driving Park Association, held on Jan. 2, 1879—present, Frederick Cook, President, and directors—the following was adopted:

"The directors of the Western New York Agricultural, Mechanical and Driving Park Association, feeling deeply the loss of one who was made President of the Association when organized, and who, by his energy and ability, created not only its organization, but supervised the erection of the buildings, structures and apparatus, and was the center of the New York Agricultural, Mechanical and Driving Park Association, desire to express their respect and appreciation in which George J. Waitney was held, not only by them as a whole, but also to bear testimony to his ability and integrity as a business man and individual, to express their regret and sorrow at his early decease.

"They feel that the public have not only sustained a great loss, but that each one of them has been deprived of a friend upon whose councils they could safely rely, and whose genial and companionable manner has so often contributed to their pleasure.

"That they tender their most sincere sympathy to his afflicted family, and as an evidence of their respect and sorrow, will attend his funeral in a body.

"The society is requested to engrave a copy of the above and send to the family."

PETER NAPOLEON CAMPANA.

The revelations about Peter Napoleon Campana and his Bridgeport walk were unexpected. Those who saw him climbing along at the Garden in this city felt confident that exposure would not long be denied. His

...doses and uses of these valuable medicines. Considerable discussion then ensued among the members, and the theories brought forward by Messrs. and other students as to their uses in certain diseases were warmly debated. Mr. McCormack, of London, then read a paper on Contagious, its causes, symptoms, and treatment. The treatment he advocated bleeding from the jugular vein, warm fomentations to the eye, and the application of an anodyne lotion. In these cases he advised the use of Extract of Madonna. Another lengthened debate followed, at the conclusion of which the chairman made some very appropriate remarks, principally on Mr. Massie's paper. He also complimented the members on the success of their meetings, and spoke at some length of the advantage to be derived from them. A resolution was then passed thanking Dr. Thorburn for his services in the chair, and after arranging programmes for next evening the meeting adjourned.

FOUNDNESS AND UNSOUNDNESS.

(Second Article.)

Having, in our last article on this subject, called our readers' attention to an important ground—involved in a critical examination of the legs and feet of external parts generally—we now cannot do more than direct attention to a few remarks regarding the examination of the teeth as to age, the tests for trying the wind, and the methods employed for discovering whether the animal under examination has any ailment which these methods will disclose. We must be understood as intending to imply that the notions which we are laying down for the guidance of our readers will prove, in every case, applicable; but this admission on our part does not, in the slightest degree, invalidate the necessity of carrying out, with minuteness of detail, the instructions given, a serious defect being met with, which a cursory examination might have failed to detect, but the existence of which is sufficient to condemn the animal for any specific purpose for which he is required. Examining the teeth as to age, we must first be on our guard against a practice which is common amongst unprincipled dealers, and is called "shopping." Those who operate on a horse's teeth for the purpose of concealing his true age, and for the stipulated fee, furnish to order an animal of five or seven years, as may be required. As a rule, we shall find that where an aged horse is offered for sale the owner represents him as eight years old, and, unless we are dealing with a person whom we know to be above suspicion, we must proceed upon the theory of the individual offering the animal for sale to be a rascal of the deepest dye, and in either the closest scrutiny will do no harm. In our words we will explain the changes which occur from the time the animal commences to shed the incisors or front teeth: At two and a half and rising three, the central pair will be shed, and at three and a half and rising four, the lateral will be shed. Another year the corner teeth will be shed, and the tusks present themselves to view, in case the animal is a male; at the age of the horse is said to have a full mouth; at the infundibulum or mark on the centre of the tooth will disappear, leaving a plain surface slightly colored in the centre; at seven years the same process goes on with the lateral teeth, the infundibulum being worn away, and at the corner teeth present the same appearance. Now, your horse is said to be aged, and it is impossible to tell the age with confidence at this period, still there are some wisacres who are sufficiently pretentious to boast that they can tell the horse's age correctly up to thirty years. In a young horse the teeth form a semicircle, and, when the horse is aged, the cup shape gradually disappears, an elevation just behind the teeth succeeding the former depression; that is, the soft or gummy portion immediately anterior to the inferior incisors is flat, and the teeth seem to spread laterally. When you open the mouth of a young horse you will immediately observe a transverse depression in the centre of the tooth called the infundibulum, previously alluded to; it is deep and extends from one side the other, with the exception of a slight ridge on either side about the lines thick. When a horse has been "shopped," the marks will not correspond with the description we have given of the appearance presented in the natural state; it is impossible even for the most skil-

...him up and drive to a quiet but hilly neighborhood, sending him a good, stiff gait for a quarter of a mile up-grade, when, if he is a confirmed rourer, you will hear him without descending from the vehicle, but, if he is only an incipient one, it will be detected by quickly descending and placing your ear to the horse's nostril, when an abnormal sound may be distinctly heard. There are several other defects which we will only mention, such as "whistling," "high blowing," "polypus," "thick-winded," "heaves," tumor in the false nostril, etc. Scouring being an ailment which frequently renders an otherwise apparently fine animal comparatively worthless, an intending purchaser should make himself acquainted with its existence, if present. In order to do this it will be necessary to feed the animal liberally for a while, and, immediately before starting out to drive, give the animal a drink of water, and a good sharp drive for some distance may be needed to disclose the existence of this ailment. Here we may remark, in justice to all parties, that one trial is not sufficient, as the scouring, which may be observed on the very first trial, may be owing to accidental circumstances, the animal not being so constitutionally predisposed; a second and third trial not causing similar results. Intending purchasers, therefore, must govern themselves accordingly, and not reject a horse because this weakness manifests itself on the first trial, full enquiry and subsequent tests often establishing the horse's soundness so far as this trouble is concerned. Singultus and heart disease should not be overlooked.—*Spirit.*

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Prof. McEachran commended the subject to the careful attention of the profession, and particularly to the younger members of the Association, who in studying disease, its treatment, effect and cure, should not be ignorant of the causes by which it is so frequently induced. At the close of the debate the President read a communication from Mr. Williamson Brydon, of Boston, Mass., on a most interesting case of a disease of a peculiar nature, bearing many characteristics of what is known as *osteosarcoma*, or *fibroplastic degeneration of the bone*.

Prof. Osler, in reverting to the subject, stated that it would require a thorough microscopic examination before the true pathological nature of the disease could be arrived at, and would defer any comments until the next regular meeting of the Association, to take place on Thursday, January 23rd, when there will also be a case communicated by Mr. Baker and a paper by Mr. C. Winslow, Rockland, Mass., on Contagious Epizootic.

A feeling of deep sorrow was entertained by all present on the announcement to the Association of the death of one of its members, Mr. W. A. Murray, V.S.

The epizootic has made its appearance at North Amherst, Ohio, and has done considerable damage to horse stock.

...was universally esteemed for his upright and manly conduct. Amongst them we noticed George Laugham, Professor Bat Mullens, Hundreds, G. Flynn, M'Cormack, Tommy Furrier, Messrs. Parker Brothers, &c. "Little Alec"—as he was familiarly termed—was born on February 4, 1849, stood 5ft. 2in. in ring costume, and weighed 8st. 2lb. His first encounter was with Jem M'Cormack, for £15 aside, 58 rounds, 2 hours 23 min., in the Kentish marshes, on May 20, 1867, when Alec won, after a most brilliant contest. W. Pullen (Professor Hundreds) was his next opponent, for £25 aside, and they fought altogether 45 rounds in 3 hours 54 min., in two rings, first at Ramham, and eventually below the Halfway House, on the Kentish shore, when darkness set in, and as both men fought to a standstill, each drew his own stake. He was then matched with J. Johnson (Matchett), of Birmingham, for £30 aside, at 8st 6lb, on September 9, 1868, but was apprehended on Dec. 4, four days before the fixture, and bound over for six months; but on June 24, 1869, he was more fortunate, as he defeated the celebrated Frank Wilson (Mat Collinson's Mouse) for a £30 purse, after a gallant contest of forty rounds, lasting 1 hour 20 min., on Stockbridge Racecourse. So pleased were several connoisseurs that they offered to match him against any man in the world of his weight, but this met with no response, and Alec was fairly regarded as champion of the feather-weights until Dec. 26, 1875, on which day he was in a public house in Great Queen street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, when several ruffians tried to rob a poor old woman, and our hero, interfering in her behalf, had his right leg broken, his ankle fractured, and was so injured about the chest that he never recovered. We regret to state that he has left a widow totally unprovided for. It may not be out of place to state that Lawson was one of the four British pugilists who were selected to illustrate the noble art before the Shah of Persia, at Buckingham Palace, on July 1, 1873.

THE DAM OF GOLDSMITH MAID.

EDITORS TURF, FIELD AND FARM.—I saw in your last issue an able and instructive article by my esteemed friend Hark Comstock, in which he states that a daughter of Abdallah gave more fame to Alexander's Abdallah than all the rest of the mares he ever covered, meaning, no doubt, the dam of Goldsmith Maid. Has Hark Comstock any conclusive proof that the dam of Goldsmith Maid was sired by Abdallah, or of who bred her, or of where she was bred. If he has he is the only man in existence who has ever discovered it. In my opinion she should be classed with those brood mares which are said to be by Abdallah, but which are more numerous than they would be if their breeding was properly investigated. If any one can show proof to the contrary, I would be pleased to have him do so through the columns of your valuable paper. Yours truly JOSEPH GAVIN.

BUTCHERS' DINNER.

The annual dinner of the Toronto Butchers and Cattle Dealers' Association took place in the Bay Horse Hotel, Yonge street, last week. Mr. Philip Armstrong, honorary member of the Association, occupied the chair, while Mr. Peter Hutty officiated as vice-chairman. Although the gathering was much smaller than those of previous years, the affair proved very successful, and those present enjoyed themselves thoroughly. After the removal of the cloth, the usual loyal and patriotic toasts were proposed and responded to, Messrs. Britton, Hutty, Armstrong, &c., doing the honors. The party, numbering about fifty, dispersed about midnight.

Previous to holding the annual supper of the Toronto Butchers' and Cattle Dealers' Association, last week, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—President, Mr. James Britton; 1st Vice-President, Mr. G. H. Robinson; 2nd Vice-President, Mr. R. H. Franklin; Treasurer, Mr. C. H. Dunning; Secretary, Mr. G. B. Cann; Auditors, Messrs. Tapscott and Lewis. The annual financial report was submitted, and showed the association to be in a flourishing condition.

YOUNG STAKES

TH Munson.....	0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1	—4
R S Gowans.....	1 0 0 0 1 0 0 2	—3
H Burnet.....	1 1 0 1 0 1 1 4	—4
C Wallace.....	1 1 0 1 1 1 1 5	—6
A Munsou.....	0 0 1 1 0 1 1 3	—3

*Killed, but fell out of bounds.

SENIORS.

J S Wallace.....	1 0 1 1 0 1 1 4	—4
H F Holland.....	0 1 1 0 1 0 1 3	—3
W DeLaney.....	1 1 1 0 0 1 1 3	—3
W H S. Luenberg.....	0 1 1 0 0 1 1 3	—3
H B Cruise.....	1 0 1 0 1 1 1 4	—4

HARWOOD BEATS FORBES.

A pigeon shooting match took place at Woodstock, on the 9th, under the trap and handle rules, for \$50 a side, at 21 yards rise, twenty-five birds, between George Harwood and J. Forbes. The shooting was not so good as in the last match between the same parties. The shooting resulted in Harwood killing 16 birds out of 24 shot at, and Forbes killing 14 out of 23 shot at. The following is the score:—

Forbes —0100111000010111011110—14
Harwood—011101100110101111011—16

SHOOTING UP NORTH.

A correspondent sends us the following scores of pigeon matches shot lately, the first at Queensville and the second at Holland Landing:—

AT QUEENSVILLE.

D W Hughes.....	0 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	—8
Dr Pearson.....	1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0	—8
R Willson.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 0 0 1 0	—7
O Lloyd.....	0 1 1 0 0 1 1 1 1 1	—7
A T Doran.....	0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0	—7
W Travis.....	1 1 0 1 1 0 1 1 0 0	—6
J B Evans.....	1 0 0 1 0 0 0 1 0 0	—3

AT HOLLAND LANDING.

O Lloyd.....	1 1 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 1	—8
A T Down.....	0 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1	—8
W Dyson.....	1 1 1 1 1 1 0 0 1 1	—8
J B Evans.....	1 0 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 1	—7
H Lloyd.....	0 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 0 0	—6
Dr Pearson.....	1 0 1 1 1 0 0 0 1 1	—6
R Willson.....	0 0 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 1	—6
E Willson.....	0 0 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1	—6
— Gower.....	0 1 1 0 0 1 0 0 1 1	—5

SHOOTING AT HENSALL.

A pigeon shooting match took place at Hensall on the 13th, between Mr. R. W. Moore, of Clinton, and Mr. I. Hos. Bissett, of Exeter. The stakes were \$50 a side, at 31 birds each; one and a-quarter ounce shot, distance, 21 yards rise, 80 yards boundary. The following is the score:—

Bissett..... 1101101111010111101111—20
Moore..... 110110101101011111111—20

The result being a tie, the contestants shot off at five birds each, when Bissett killed three to Moore's one, and was declared winner. Mr. S. Grigg, of London was referee.

BALL SHOOTING AT LINDSAY.

Glass ball shooting is becoming very popular with Lindsay sportsmen, and bids fair to supersede live bird shooting in matches. A very interesting match took place on Wednesday, the 8th inst., between two of the crack shots, Messrs. J. H. Dunsford and Geo. Cary, resulting in a victory for the latter by three balls. Each man shot at ten balls—alternate fives. Dunsford polished off his first five in excellent style, as did also his opponent, but in the second heat he succeeded in only breaking two whilst Cary in magnificent style broke all. Cary afterwards shot thirteen balls in succession. We understand that there are several more matches on the tapis and it is pleasing to think that Lindsay, which is essentially a sporting town, is at last prepared to show what she can do. The knowing ones are hourly expecting challenges from Port Hope, Millbrook, and Whitby.

SWEEP.—"Fronchy" Johnson, the carman, won first money in all the sweeps at a meeting of the Tremont Shooting Club at Readville, Mass., Jan. 2.

...break 6,000... that he would... His mate... medal of America... was to shoot... Kletman 200 balls.

GEORGE J. WHITNEY.

At a special meeting of the Directors of the Western New York Agricultural, Mechanical and Driving Park Association, held at 187 Drury street, Erie Park, on Jan. 1st, 1879, the following was adopted:—

"The directors of the Western New York Agricultural, Mechanical and Driving Park Association, feeling deeply the loss of one who was made President of the Association when organized, and who, by his energy and ability, created not only the organization, but supervised the erection of the buildings, structures and appliances known as the Western New York Agricultural, Mechanical and Driving Park Association, desire to express the esteem and appreciation in which George J. Whitney was held, not only by them as a board of directors, but to bear testimony to his ability and integrity as a business man, and individually to express their regret and sorrow at his early decease.

"They feel that the public have not only sustained a great loss, but that each one of them has been deprived of a friend upon whose councils they could safely rely, and whose genial and companionable manner has so often contributed to their pleasure.

"That they tender their most sincere sympathy to his afflicted family, and as an avowance of their respect and sorrow, will attend his funeral in a body.

"The society is requested to engrave a copy of the above and send to the family."

PETER NAPOLEON CAMPANA.

The revelations about Peter Napoleon Campana and his Bridgeport walk were not unexpected. Those who saw him stumbling along at the Garden in this city felt confident that exposure would not long be delayed. Having here proved a wretched failure, and having shown a disposition to go back on those who had assisted him, it was a logical presumption that his companions in the fraud would embrace the first opportunity to lay the secret bare. A quarrel has taken place over the spoils, and his time keepers have stated to the public that it was their daily custom in the Bridgeport tramp to chalk up a number of miles to the score which no one walked, it also was the custom for one of them to plod around the track during the silent hours of night, while Campana was sleeping the sleep of the tired. Flashed with importance over the notoriety gained by a score thus dishonestly kept, Peter Napoleon aspired to the shoes of the champion, and he actually succeeded in tempting O'Leary into a compact with him for a gate-money march. In preparing themselves for the "championship" struggle, one of the athletes went on a debauch and the other took to his arms a bride! This departure in physical training made the pedestrians objects of pity rather than admiration, but as the gate money receipts were large, we presume both were satisfied. The daily papers made much of the walk, even dwelling on the graces of Campana's wife, when they knew, or should have known, that she was a woman without character, and had sought a shameless marriage with "Sport" simply to satisfy a craving for notoriety and to be in a better position to capture the spoils; and thus a portion of the public was deceived into paying tribute to a demoralizing farce. It is to be hoped that our contemporaries have learned a lesson. Having been used to so freely advertise on gate-money exhibition, they will be blind and reckless to their own interests and to the interests of the people which they profess to serve, if they do not exercise greater caution in the future.—*Turf.*

The Interpreter.

CHAPTER XV.

(CONTINUED.)

The sun is streaming into a beautiful little breakfast room opening on a conservatory with flowers, and a fountain of cold fish, and all that a conservatory should have. The room itself is richly papered and ornamented, perhaps a little too profusely, with ivory and gilding. Two or three exquisite landscapes in water-colors adorn the walls; and rose-colored hangings shed a soft, warm light over the furniture and the inmates. The former is of a light and tasteful description—low, soft-cushioned fauteuils, thin cane chairs, bright colored ottomans footstools, Bohemian glass vases filled with flowers—everything gay, vivid, and luxurious; a good fire burning cheerfully on the hearth, and a breakfast-table, with its snowy cloth and bright silver belongings, give an air of homely comfort to the scene. The latter consist of four persons, who have met together at the morning meal every day now for several weeks. Constance Beverley sits at the head of the table making tea; Ropsley and Sir Harry, dressed in wondrous shooting apparel, are busily engaged with their breakfasts; and Mrs. Minum is relating to the world in general her sufferings from rheumatism and neuralgia, to which touching narrative nobody seems to think it necessary to pay much attention. Ropsley breaks in abruptly by asking Miss Beverley for another cup of tea. He treats her with studied politeness, but never takes his cold grey eye off her countenance. The girl feels that he is watching her, and it makes her shy and uncomfortable.

'Any news, Ropsley?' says Sir Harry, observing the pile of letters at his friend's elbow; 'no officials, I hope, to send you back to London.'

'None as yet, thank Heaven, Sir Harry,' replies his friend; 'and not much in the papers. We shall have war, I think.'

'Oh, don't say so, Mr. Ropsley,' observes Constance, with an anxious look. 'I trust we shall never see anything so horrid again.'

Miss Minum remarks that 'occasional wars are beneficial, nay, necessary for the welfare of the human race,' illustrating her position by the familiar metaphor of thunderstorms. &c.; but Ropsley, who has quite the upper-hand of Miss Minum, breaks in upon her ruthlessly, as he observes, 'The funds gone down a fraction, Sir Harry, I see. I think we ought to sell. By the bye, I've a capital letter from De Rohan, at Paris. You would like to hear what he is about, Miss Beverley, I am very sure.'

Constance winced and colored. It was Ropsley's game to assert a sort of matter-of-course tendresse on her part for my Hungarian friend, which he insisted on so gradually, but yet so successfully, as to give him the power of making her uneasy at the mention of De Rohan's name. He wished to establish an influence over her, and this was the only manner in which he could do so; but Ropsley was a man who only asked to insert the point of the wedge, he could trust himself to do the rest. Yet, with all his knowledge of human nature he made this one great mistake, he judged of women by the other half of mankind; so he looked pointedly at Constance as he added, 'I'll read you what he says, or, perhaps, Miss Beverley, you would like to see his letter?'

He had now driven her a little too far, and she turned round upon him.

'Really, Mr. Ropsley, I don't wish to interfere with your correspondence. I hate to read other people's letters; and Count De Rohan has become such a stranger now that I have almost forgotten him.'

She was angry with herself immediately she had spoken. It seemed so like the remark of a person who was piqued. Ropsley would be more than ever convinced now that she cared for him. Sir Harry, too, looked up from his plate, apparently astonished at his daughter's unusual vehemence. The girl bit her lips, and wished she had held her tongue. Ropsley saw he had marked up another point in the game.

'Very true,' said he, with his quiet, well-red smile, 'old playfellows and old school-fellows cannot be expected to last all one's life.

know perfectly well. He always was eccentric as a boy—he is more so than ever, I think, now, and I only meant that I feared any sudden shock or violent affliction might upset his nervous system, and, in short—may I ask you for a little more cream?—end in total derangement. 'The fact is,' he added, *solito voce*, to Sir Harry, 'he is as mad as Bedlam now.'

He saw the girl's lip quiver, and her hand shake as she gave him his cup; but he kept his cold grey eye fastened on her. He seemed to read her most secret thoughts, and she feared him now—actually feared him. Well, it was always something gained. He proceeded good-humoredly—

'Do we shoot on the island to day, Sir Harry?' he asked of his host. 'Perhaps Miss Beverley will come over to our luncheon in her boat. How pretty you have made that island, Sir Harry; and what a place for ducks about sundown!'

The island was a pet toy of Sir Harry's; he was pleased, as usual, with his friend's good taste.

'Yes, come over to luncheon, Constance,' said he. 'You can manage the boat quite well that short way.'

'No, thank you, papa,' answered Constance, with a glance at Ropsley; 'the boat is out of repair, and I had rather not run the risk of an upset.'

'You used to be so fond of boating, Miss Beverley,' observed Ropsley, with his scarcely perceptible sneer. 'You and Egerton used to be always on the water. Perhaps you don't like it without a companion; pray don't think of coming on our account. I quite agree with you, it makes all the difference in a water-party.'

Constance began to talk very fast to her father.

'I'll come, papa, after all, I think,' said she; 'it is such a beautiful day! and the boat will do very well, I dare say—and I'm so fond of the water, papa; and—and I'll go and put my bonnet on now. I've got two or three things to do in the garden before I start.'

So she hurried from the room, but not till Ropsley had presented her with a sprig of geranium he had gathered in the conservatory, and thanked her in a sort of mock-heroic speech for her kindness in so readily acceding to his wishes.

Would he have been pleased or not, could he have seen her in the privacy of her own apartment, which she had no sooner reached than she dashed his gut upon the floor, stamping on it with her little foot as though she would crush it into atoms, while her bosom heaved, and her dark eyes filled with tears, shed she scarce knew why? She had a vague consciousness of humiliation, and an undefined feeling of alarm that she could not have accounted for even to herself, but which was very uncomfortable notwithstanding.

The gentlemen put on their belts and shooting apparatus; and Ropsley, with the sneer deepening on his well-cut features, whispered to himself, *pour le coup, papillon, je te tiens.*

Bold and I strolled leisurely along; the dog indulging in his usual vagaries on the way; his master brooding and thoughtful. Reflecting on the many times he had trod the same pathway when he was yet in ignorance of the fatal secret, and how it was all over now. My life was henceforth to be a blank. I began to speculate as I had never speculated before, on the objects and aims of existence. What had I done, I thought, that I should be doomed to be so miserable?—that I should have neither home nor relatives nor friends?—that, like the poor man whose rich neighbor had flocks and herds and vineyards, I should have but my one pet lamb, and even that should be taken from me? Then I thought of my father's career—how I had been used to look up to him as the impersonation of all that was admirable and enviable in man. With his personal beauty and his princely air and his popularity and talent, I used to think my father must be perfectly happy. And now to find that he too had been living with a worm at his heart! But then he had done wrong, and he suffered rightly, as he himself confessed, for the sins of his youth. And I tried to think myself unjustly treated; for of what crimes had I been guilty, that I should suffer too. My short life had been blameless, orderly, and dutiful. Little evil had I done; but even then my conscience whispered—Much good had I lost undone. I had lived for myself and my own affections; I had not trained

acquaintance, Mr. Barrells, and the applause of Sir Harry. Many a happy day had I spent there, in the enjoyment of scenery, air, exercise, and sport (not that I cared much for the latter); but, above all, with the prospect of Constance Beverley bringing us our luncheon, or, at the worst, the certainty of seeing her on our return to the Manor House. How my heart ached to think it was all gone and past now.

I watched the smoke from the sportsmen's guns as it curled up into the peaceful autumn sky. I heard the cheery voices of the boaters, and the tap of their sticks in the coxse; but I could not see a soul, and was myself completely unseen. I felt I was looking on what had so long been my paradise for the last time, and I lost the consciousness of my own identity in the dreamy abstraction with which I regarded all around. It seemed to me as if another had gone through the experiences of my past life, or rather as if I was no longer Vere Egerton, but one who had known him and pitied him, and would take some little interest in him for the future, but would probably see very little of him again. I know not whether other men experience such strange fancies, or whether it is but the natural effect of continued sorrow, which stuns the mental sense, even as continued pain numbs that of the body; but I have often felt myself retracing my own past or speculating on my own future, almost with the indifference of an uninterested spectator. Something soon recalled me to myself. Bold had the eye of a hawk, but I saw her before Bold did; long ere my dog erected his silken ears and stopped his panting breath, my beating heart and throbbing pulses made me feel too keenly that I was Vere Egerton again.

She seemed to walk more slowly than she used; the step was not so light; the head no longer carried so erect, so haughtily; she had lost the deer-like motion I admired so fondly; but oh! how much better I loved to see her like this. I watched as a man watches all he loves for the last time. I strove, so to speak, to print her image on my brain, there to be carried a life-long photograph. She walked slowly down towards the mere, her head drooping, her hands clasped before her, apparently deep, deep in her own thoughts. I would have given all I had in the world could I but have known what those thoughts were. She stopped at the very place where once before she had caressed Bold! she gathered a morsel of fern and placed it in her bosom; then she walked on faster, like one who wakes from a train of profound and not altogether happy reflections.

Meanwhile I had the greatest difficulty to restrain my dog. Good, faithful Bold was all anxiety to scour off at first sight of her, and greet his old. He whined piteously when I forbade him. I thought she must have heard him; but no, she walked quietly on towards the water, loosed her little skiff from its moorings, got into it, and pushed off on the smooth surface of the mere.

She spread the tiny sail, and the boat rippled its way slowly through the water. The little skiff was a favorite toy of Constance, and I had taught her to manage it very dexterously. At the most it would hold but two people; and many an hour of ecstasy had I passed on the mere in 'The Queen Mab,' as we sportively named it, drinking in every look and tone of my idolized companion: poison was in the draught, I knew it well, and yet I drank it to the dregs. Now I watched till my eyes watered, for I should never steer 'The Queen Mab' again.

A shout from the shore of the island diverted my attention. Sir Harry had evidently espied her, and was welcoming his daughter. I made out his figure, and that of Barrells, at the water's edge; whilst the report of a gun, and a thin column of white smoke curling upwards from the coxse, betokened the presence of Ropsley among the boaters in the covert. When I glanced again at 'The Queen Mab,' it struck me she had made but little way, though her gossamer-looking sail was filled by the light breeze. She could not now be more than a hundred and fifty yards from her moorings, whilst I was myself perhaps twice that distance from the brink of the mere. Constance rises from her seat, and waves her hand above her head. Is that her voice? Bold hears it too, and starts up to listen. The white sail leans over. God in heaven! it is down! Vivid like lightning the ghastly truth flashes through my brain; the boat is waterlogged—she is sinking—my heart's

the very edge. A root I caught at gave way. My overtaxed muscles refused to second me. It was hard to fail at the last. I could have saved myself had I abandoned my hold. It was delicious to know this, and then to wind my arm tighter round her waist, and to think we should sleep together for ever down there; but honest Bold grasped her once more in those vigorous jaws—she bore the marks of his teeth on her white neck for many a day. The relief thus afforded enabled me to make one desperate effort, and we were saved.

She fainted away when when she was fairly on the bank; and I was so exhausted I could but lie gasping at her side. Bold gave himself a vigorous shake and licked her face. Assistance, however, was near at hand; the accident had been witnessed from the island; Sir Harry and the keeper had shoved off immediately in their boat, and pulled vigorously for the spot. It was a heavy, lumbering craft, and they must have been too late. Oh, selfish heart! I felt that had I not succeeded in saving her, I had rather we had both remained under those peaceful waters; but selfish though it may have been, was it not ecstasy to think that I had reasoned her—Constance Beverley, my own Constance—from death? I, the ungainly, unattractive man, for whom I used to think no woman could ever care; and she had called me 'her brave Vere.' Hers! She could not unsay that; come what would, nothing could rob me of that. 'Fortune, do thy worst;' I thought, in my thrill of delight, as I recalled those words, 'I am happy for evermore.' Blind! blind! *Quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat.*

CHAPTER XVI.

PRINCESS VOCQSAL.

It was an accommodating *menage*, that of Prince and Princess Vocqsal, and was carried on upon the same system, whether they were immured, as Madame la Princesse called it, in the old chateau near *Siebenburgen*, or disporting themselves as now, in the sunshine and gaiety of her dear Paris, as the same volatile lady was pleased to term that very lively resort of the gay, the idle, and the good-for nothing. It was the sort of *menage* people do not understand in England quite so thoroughly as abroad; the system was simple enough—'live and let live' being in effect the motto of an ill-matched pair, who had better never have come together, but who having done so, resolved to make the best of that which each found to be a bad bargain, and to see less of each other than they could possibly have done had they remained as formerly, simply an old cousin and a young one, instead of as now, husband and wife.

Prince Vocqsal was the best of fellows; and the most sporting of Hungarians. Time was, before the Revolution, *mon cher*—a good while before it, he might have added—that the Prince was the handsomest man of his day, and not indisposed to use his personal advantages for the captivation of the opposite sex. His conquests, as he called them, in France, Spain, Italy, not to mention the fatherland, were, by his own account, second only to Don Juan in the charming opera which bears the name of that libertine; but his greatest triumph was to detail, in strict confidence, of course, how he had met with *un grand succes* amongst *ces belles blondes Anglaises*, whose characters he was good enough to take away with a sweeping liberality calculated to alter a Briton's preconceived notions as to the propriety of those praiseworthy whom he had hitherto been proud to call his countrywomen. I cannot say I consider myself bound to believe all an old gentleman, or a young one either, has to say on that score. Men are given to lying, and woman is an enigma better let alone. The Prince, however, clung stoutly to his fascinations, long after time, good living, and field sports had changed him from a slim, romantic swain, to a jolly, roundabout old gentleman. He dyed his moustaches and whiskers, wore a belt patented to check corpulence, and made up for the ravages of decay by the artifices of the toilet. He could ride extremely well (for a foreigner), not in the break-neck style which hunting men in England call 'going,' and which none except an Englishman ever succeeds in attaining; but gracefully, and like a gentleman. He could shoot with the rifle or the smooth bore

had a little tarnished the freshness of her youthful beauty; but what she had lost in bloom she had gained in experience. Nobody had such a figure, so round, so shapely, of such exquisite proportions; nobody knew so well how to dress that figure to the greatest advantage. Her gloves were a study; and as for her feet and ankles, their perfection was only equalled by the generosity in which they were displayed. Then what accomplishments, what talents! She could sing, she could ride, she could waltz; she could play billiards, smoke cigarettes, drive four horses, shoot with a pistol, and talk sentiment from the depths of a low *fauteuil*, like a very Sappho. Her lovers had compared her at different times to nearly all the heroines of antiquity, except Diana. She had been painted in every costume, flattered in every language, and slandered in every boudoir throughout Europe for a good many years; and still she was bright, and fresh, and sparkling, as if Old Time too could not resist her fascinations, but, like any other elderly gentleman, gave her her own way, and waited patiently for his turn. Thrice happy Princess Vocqsal!—can it be possible that you, too, are bored?

She sits in her own magnificent salon, where once every week she 'receives' all the most distinguished people in Paris. How blooming she looks with her back to the light, and her little feet crossed upon that low footstool. Last night she had 'a reception,' and it was gayer and more crowded than usual. Why did she feel a little dull to-day? Pooh! it was only a *migraine*, or the last French novel was so insufferably stupid; or—no, it was the want of excitement. She could not live without that stimulus—excitement she must and would have. She had tried politics, but the strong immovable will at the head of the Government had given her a hint that she must put a stop to that; and she knew his inflexible character too well to venture on trifling with him. She was tired of all her lovers, too; she began to think, if her husband were only thirty years younger, and less good-humored, he would be worth a dozen of these modern adorers. That Count de Rohan, to be sure, was a good-looking boy, and seemed utterly fancy free. By-the-bye, he was not at the 'reception' last night, though she asked him herself the previous evening at 'the Tuilleries.' That was very rude; positively she must teach him better manners. A countryman, too; it was a duty to be civil to him. And a fresh character to study, it would be good sport to subjugate him. Probably he would call to-day to apologise for being so remiss. And she rose and looked in the glass at those eyes whose power need not to be enhanced by the dexterous touch of a rogue; at that long, glossy hair, and shapely neck and bosom, as a sportsman examined the locks and barrels of the weapon on which he depends for his success in the chase. The review was satisfactory, and Princess Vocqsal did not look at all bored now. She had hardly settled herself once more in a becoming attitude, ere Monsieur le Comte de Rohan was announced, and marched in, hat in hand, with all the grace of his natural demeanor, and the frank, happy air that seldom survives boyhood. Victor was handsomer than ever, brimful of life and spirit, utterly devoid of all conceit or affectation, and moreover, since his father's death, one of the first noblemen of Hungary. It was a conquest worth making.

'I thought you would not go back without wishing me good-bye,' said the Princess, with her sweetest smile, and a blush through her rouge that she could summon at command—indeed, this weapon had done more execution than all the rest of her artillery put together. 'I missed you last night at my reception. Why did you not come?'

Victor blushed to. How could he explain that a little supper-party at which some very fascinating ladies who were not of the Princess's acquaintance assisted, prevented him? He stammered out some excuse about leaving Paris immediately, and having to make preparations for departure.

'And you are really going,' said she, in melancholy, pleading tone of voice—'going back to my dear Hungary. How I wish I could accompany you.'

'Nothing could be easier,' answered Victor, laughing gaily; 'if madame would but condescend to accept my escort, I would wait her convenience. Say, Princess, when shall it be?'

'Ah, you are now joking,' she said, looking at him from under her long eyelashes; 'you

Miss Minim remarks that 'occasional wars are beneficial, nay, necessary for the welfare of the human race,' illustrating her position by the familiar metaphor of thunderstorms. Ac., but Ropsley, who has quite the upper hand of Miss Minim, breaks in upon her ruthlessly, as he observes, 'The funds gone down a fraction, Sir Harry, I see. I think one ought to sell. By the bye, I've a capital letter from De Rohan, at Paris. You would like to hear what he is about, Miss Beverley, I am very sure.'

Constance winced and colored. It was Ropsley's game to assert a sort of matter-of-course tendresse on her part for my Hungarian friend, which he insisted on so gradually, but yet so successfully, as to give him the power of making her uneasy at the mention of De Rohan's name. He wished to establish an influence over her, and this was the only manner in which he could do so; but Ropsley was a man who only asked to insert the point of the wedge, he could trust himself to do the rest. Yet, with all his knowledge of human nature he made this one great mistake, he judged of women by the other half of mankind; so he looked pointedly at Constance as he added, 'I'll read you what he says, or, perhaps, Miss Beverley, you would like to see his letter?'

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'Really, Mr. Ropsley, I don't wish to interfere with your correspondence. I hate to read other people's letters; and Count De Rohan has become such a stranger now that I have almost forgotten him.'

She was angry with herself immediately she had spoken. It seemed so like the remark of a person who was piqued. Ropsley would be more than ever convinced now that she cared for him. Sir Harry, too, looked up from his plate, apparently astonished at his daughter's unusual vehemence. The girl bit her lips, and wished she had held her tongue. Ropsley saw he had marked up another point in the game.

'Very true,' said he, with his quiet, well-bred smile; 'old playfellows and old school-days cannot be expected to last all one's life. However, Victor does not forget us. He seems to be very gay, though, and rather dissipated, at Paris; knows all the world and goes everywhere; ran a horse last week at Chantilly. You know Chantilly, Sir Harry.'

The baronet's face brightened. He had won a cup given by Louis Philippe, from all the foreigners there on one occasion, and he liked to be reminded of it.

'Know it,' said he, 'I should think I do. Why, I trained Phibbertigibbet in the park here myself—I and the old coachman. We never sent him to my own trainer at Newmarket, but took him over ourselves, and that them all. That was the cup you saw in the centre of the dinner-table yesterday. The ten-year-old we tried at Lansdowne was the grandson. Ah! Ropsley, I wish I had taken your advice about him.'

Ropsley was, step by step, obtaining great influence over Sir Harry. He returned to the subject of old friendships.

'By-the-bye, Miss Beverley, have you heard anything of poor Egerton? I fear his father's death will be a sad blow to him. I tremble for the consequences.'

And here he touched his forehead, with a significant look at Sir Harry.

Constance was a true woman. She was always ready to vigorously to defend an absent friend, but she was no match for her antagonist; she could not keep cool.

'What do you mean?' said she, angrily. 'Why should you tremble, as you call it, for Ver?'

Ropsley put on his most provoking air, as he answered with a sort of playful mock deference—

'I beg to remind you, Miss Beverley, I am continually mentioning you, this unlucky morning. First, I bore you about De Rohan, thinking you do care for your old friends; then I make you angry with me about Egerton, believing you don't. After all, I said no harm about him; nothing more than we all

have seen her in the privacy of her own apartment, which she had no sooner reached than she dashed his gift upon the floor, stamping on it with her little foot as though she would crush it into atoms, while her bosom heaved, and her dark eyes filled with tears, shed she scarce knew why? She had a vague consciousness of humiliation, and an undefined feeling of alarm that she could not have accounted for even to herself, but which was very uncomfortable notwithstanding.

The gentlemen put on their belts and shooting apparatus; and Ropsley, with the sneer deepening on his well-cut features, whispered to himself, 'pour le coup, papillon, je te tiens.'

Bold and I strolled leisurely along; the dog indulging in his usual vagaries on the way, his master brooding and thoughtful, reflecting on the many times he had trod the same pathway when he was yet in ignorance of the fatal secret, and how it was all over now. My life was henceforth to be a blank. I began to speculate as I had never speculated before, on the objects and aims of existence. What had I done, I thought, that I should be doomed to be so miserable?—that I should have neither home nor relatives nor friends?—that, like the poor man whose rich neighbor had flocks and herds and vineyards, I should have but my one pet lamb, and even that should be taken from me?

Then I thought of my father's career—how I had been used to look up to him as the impersonation of all that was admirable and enviable in man. With his personal beauty and his princely air and his popularity and talent, I used to think my father must be perfectly happy. And now to find that he too had been living with a worm at his heart! But then he had done wrong, and he suffered rightly, as he himself confessed, for the sins of his youth. And I tried to think myself unjustly treated; for of what crimes had I been guilty, that I should suffer too. My short life had been blameless, orderly, and dutiful. Little evil had I done; but even then my conscience whispered—Much good had I left undone. I had lived for myself and my own affections; I had not trained my mind for a career of usefulness to my fellow-men. It is not enough that a human being should abstain from gross, palpable evil; he must follow actual good. It is better to go down into the market, and run your chance of the dirt that shall soil it, and the hands it shall pass through, in making your one talent ten talents, than to hide it up in a napkin, and stand aloof from your fellow-creatures, even though it should give you cause, like the Pharisee, to 'thank God that you are not as other men are.'

'Steady, Bold! Heel, good dog, heel! You hear them shooting, I know, and you would like well to join the sport. Bang! bang! there they go again. It is Sir Harry and his guest at their favorite amusement. We will stay here, old dog, and perhaps we may see her once more, if only at a distance, and we shall not have our walk for nothing.' So Bold and I crouched quietly down amongst the tall fern, on a knoll in the park from whence we could see the Manor House and the mere, and Constance's favorite walk in the shrubbery which I had paced with her so often and so happily in days that seemed now to have belonged to another life.

They were having capital sport in the island; it was a favorite preserve of Sir Harry; and although artificially stocked with pheasants—as indeed what coverts are not, for that most artificial of all sports which we call a *battue*—it had this advantage, that the game could not possibly stray from its own feeding-place and home. Moreover, as the fine-plumaged old cocks went whirring up out of the copse, there was a great art in knocking them over before they were fairly on the wing, so that the dead birds might not fall into the water, but be picked up on *terra firma*, dry, and in good order to be put into the bag. Many a time had I stood on the middle ride, and brought them down right and left, to the admiration of my old

pod at the very place where once before she had caressed Bold! she gathered a morsel of fern and placed it in her bosom; then she walked on faster, like one who wakes from a train of profound and not altogether happy reflections.

Meanwhile I had the greatest difficulty to restrain my dog. Good, faithful Bold was all anxiety to scour off at first sight of her, and greet his old. He whined piteously when I forbade him. I thought she must have heard him; but no, she walked quietly on towards the water, loosed her little skiff from its moorings, got into it, and pushed off on the smooth surface of the mere.

She spread the tiny sail, and the boat rippled its way slowly through the water. The little skiff was a favorite toy of Constance, and I had taught her to manage it very dexterously. At the most it would hold but two people; and many an hour of ecstasy had I passed on the mere in 'The Queen Mab,' as we sportively named it, drinking in every look and tone of my idolized companion; poison was in the draught, I knew it well, and yet I drank it to the dregs. Now I watched till my eyes watered, for I should never steer 'The Queen Mab' again.

A shout from the shore of the island diverted my attention. Sir Harry had evidently espied her, and was welcoming his daughter. I made out his figure, and that of Barrelle, at the water's edge; whilst the report of a gun, and a thin column of white smoke curling upwards from the copse, betokened the presence of Ropsley among the beaters in the covert. When I glanced again at 'The Queen Mab,' it struck me she had made but little way, though her gossamer-looking sail was filled by the light breeze. She could not now be more than a hundred and fifty yards from her moorings, whilst I was myself perhaps twice that distance from the brink of the mere. Constance rises from her seat, and waves her hand above her head. Is that her voice? Bold hears it too, and starts up to listen. The white sail leans over. God in heaven! it is down! Vivid light glinting the ghastly truth flashes through my brain; the boat is waterlogged—she is sinking—my heart's darling will be drowned in my very sight; it is ecstasy to think I can die with her, if I cannot save her!

'Bold! Bold! Hee, boy; go fetch her; hee, boy; hee!'

The dog is already at the water-side; with his glorious, God-given instinct he has understood it all. I hear the splash as he dashes in; I see the circles thrown behind him as he swims; whilst I am straining every nerve to reach the water's edge. What a long three hundred yards it is. A lifetime passes before me as I speed along. I have even leisure to think of poor Ophelia and her glorious Dane. As I run I fling away coat, waistcoat, watch, and handkerchief. I see a white dress by the side of the white sail. My gallant dog is nearing it even now. The next instant I am overhead in the mere; and as I rise to the surface, shaking the water from my lips and hair, I feel, through all my fear and all my suspense, something akin to triumph in the long, vigorous strokes that are shooting me onwards to my goal. Mute and earnest I thank God for my personal strength, never appreciated till this day; for my hardy education, and my father's swimming lessons in the sluggish, far away Theiss; for my gallant, faithful dog, who has reached her even now.

'Hold on, Bold! her dress is floating her still. Hold on, good dog. Another ten seconds, and she is saved!'

* * * * *

Once I thought we were gone. My strength was exhausted. I had reached the bank with my reasoned love. Her pale face was close to mine; her long, wet hair across my mouth; she was conscious still, she never lost her senses or her courage. Once she whispered, 'Bless you, my brave Vere.' But the bank was steep, and the water out of our depth to

manage people do not understand in England quite so thoroughly as abroad; the system was simple enough—'live and let live' being in effect the motto of an ill-matched pair, who had better never have come together, but who having done so, resolved to make the best of that which each found to be a bad bargain, and to see less of each other than they could possibly have done had they remained as formerly, simply an old cousin and a young one, instead of as now, husband and wife.

Prince Vocqsal was the best of fellows, and the most sporting of Hungarians. Time was, 'before the Revolution, *mon cher*'—a good while before it, he might have added—that the Prince was the handsomest man of his day, and not indisposed to use his personal advantages for the captivation of the opposite sex. His conquests, as he called them, in France, Spain, Italy, not to mention the fatherland, were, by his own account, second only to Don Juan in the charming opera which bears the name of that libertine; but his greatest triumph was to detail, in strict confidence, of course, how he had met with *un grand succes* amongst *ces belles blondes Anglaises*, whose characters he was good enough to take away with a sweeping liberality calculated to alter a Briton's preconceived notions as to the propriety of those praiseworthy whom he had hitherto been proud to call his countrywomen. I cannot say I consider myself bound to believe all an old gentleman, or a young one either, has to say on that score. Men are given to lying, and woman is an enigma better let alone. The Prince, however, clung stoutly to his fascinations, long after time, good living, and field sports had changed him from a slim, romantic swain, to a jolly, roundabout old gentleman. He dyed his moustaches and whiskers, wore a belt patented to check corpulence, and made up for the ravages of decay by the artifices of the toilet. He could ride extremely well (for a foreigner), not in the break-neck style which hunting men in England call 'going,' and which none except an Englishman ever succeeds in attaining; but gracefully, and like a gentleman. He could shoot with the rifle or the smooth bore with an accuracy not to be surpassed, and was an 'ace-of-diamonds man' with the pistol. Notwithstanding the many times his armours had brought him 'on the ground,' it was his chief boast that he had never killed his man. 'I am sure of my *coup*, my dear,' he would say, with an amiable smile, and holding you affectionately by the arm, 'and I always take my antagonist just below the knee-pan. I sight a little over the ankle, and the rise of the ball at twelve paces hits the exact spot. There is no occasion to repeat my fire, and he lives to be my friend.'

Added to this he was a thorough *bon vivant*, and an excellent linguist. On all matters connected with field sports he held forth in English, swearing hideously, under the impression that on those topics the use of frightful oaths was national and appropriate. He was past middle age, healthy, good-humored, full of fun, and he did not care a straw for Princess Vocqsal.

Why did he marry her? The reason was simple enough. Hunting, shooting, horse-racing, gaiety, hospitality, love, life, and libertinism, will make a hole in the finest fortune that ever was inherited, even in Hungary; and Prince Vocqsal found himself at middle age, or what he called the prime of life, with all the tastes of his youth as strong as ever, but none of its ready money left. He looked in the glass, and felt that even he must at length succumb to late.

'My cousin Rose is rich; she is young and beautiful; *une femme tres distinguee et tant soit peu coquette*. I must sacrifice myself, and Countess Rose shall become Princess Vocqsal.' Such was the fruit of the Prince's reflections, and it is but justice to add he made a most accommodating and good-humored husband.

Countess Rose had no objection to being Princess Vocqsal. A thousand flirtations, and at least half-a-dozen *grandes passions*,

must teach him better manners. A country man, too; it was a duty to be civil to him. And a fresh character to study, it would be good sport to subjugate him. Probably he would call to-day to apologise for being so remiss. And she rose and looked in the glass at those eyes whose power need not be enhanced by the dexterous touch of a rogue; at that long, glossy hair, and shapely neck and bosom, as a sportsman examining the locks and barrels of the weapon on which he depends for his success in the chase. The review was satisfactory, and Princess Vocqsal did not look at all bored now. She had hardly settled herself once more in a becoming attitude, ere Monsieur le Conte de Rohan was announced, and marched in, hat in hand, with all the grace of his natural demeanor, and the frank, happy air that seldom survives boyhood. Victor was handsomer than ever, brimful of life and spirit, utterly devoid of all conceit or affectation, and moreover, since his father's death, one of the first noblemen of Hungary. It was conquest worth making.

'I thought you would not go back without wishing me good-bye,' said the Princess, with her sweetest smile, and a blush through her rouge that she could summon at command—indeed, this weapon had done more execution than all the rest of her artillery put together. 'I missed you last night at my reception. Why did you not come?'

Victor blushed to. How could he explain that a little supper-party at which some very fascinating ladies who were not of the Princess's acquaintance assisted, prevented him. He stammered out some excuse about leaving Paris immediately, and having to make preparations for departure.

'And you are really going,' said she, in melancholy, pleading tone of voice—'good-bye to my dear Hungary. How I wish you could accompany you.'

'Nothing could be easier,' answered Victor, laughing gaily; 'if madame would condescend to accept my escort, I would wait her convenience. Say, Princess, what shall it be?'

'Ah, you are now joking,' she said, looking at him from under her long eyelashes; 'you know I cannot leave Paris, and you know that we poor women cannot do what we like. It is all very well for you men; you get your passports and you are off to the end of the world, whilst we can but sit over our work and think.'

Here a deep sigh smote on Victor's ear, began to strike him that he had made an impression; the feeling is very pleasant, first, and the young Hungarian was keen alive to it. He spoke in a much softer tone now, and drew his chair a little nearer to that of the Princess.

'I need not go quite yet,' he said, in embarrassed tone, which contrasted strongly with his frank manner a few minutes earlier. 'Paris is very pleasant, and—and—there are so many people here one likes.'

'And that likes you,' she interrupted, with an arch smile, that made her look more charming than ever. 'One is so self-humored,' she added, relapsing once more into her melancholy air; 'one meets so seldom with kindred spirits—people that understand one; it is like a dream to be allowed to associate with those who are really pleasing to us. A happy, happy dream; but the waking is so bitter, perhaps it is wiser not to dream at all. No! Monsieur De Rohan, you had better go back to Hungary, as I proposed.'

'Not if you tell me to stay,' exclaimed Victor, his eyes brightening, and his color rising rapidly; 'not if I can be of the slightest interest to you. Only tell me what I wish me to do, madame; your word shall be my law. Go or stay, I wait but for your commands.'

He was getting on faster than she had calculated; it was time to damp him a little now. She withdrew her chair a foot, and answered coldly—

To be continued.

DANIEL O'LEARY AND CAMPANA.

The scandalous farce and fraud which went on all last week at Gilmore's Garden and ended in a profit of about \$20,000 to the unscrupulous parties who concocted it, is calculated to bring New York into disgrace all over the country. That there should have been found in this city about 60,000 blockheads ready to pay fifty cents apiece to witness a bold imposture, and to celebrate their own folly and stupidity by frantic applause over the incidents of a miserable failure in essentials, is lamentable. Our journals are in the habit of making quips and jokes at Philadelphia, but the facts that the people of the latter city declined to be gulled, and that the walking exhibition there entailed a loss of \$70,000 upon its projectors, furnish a strong contrast to the drivelling folly of our 60,000 during last week. We may not have bigger fools than other places, but the grand success, in a money point of view, of this fraudulent imposture, proves that we have a great many more of them in proportion. The proverb 'in vain is the net of the Fowler set in sight of the bird' is not true in New York. It has been twice so set at Gilmore's Garden for six-day walking matches, and about 100,000 geese have walked into it, and set up clamorous cackle of approval over performances which would have made the people of some of our Western cities tear the place down in righteous indignation. The fiasco of Hughes against O'Leary was, however, more tolerable in many respects than the recent one. That man had a fanatical belief in his competency, and we think that his backers had also, for some of them put up money on him in outside bets. On the other hand, nobody backed Campana. We have no doubt that the whole business was a systematic, cold-blooded conspiracy to get money the parties to which ought to be in the State Prison, which unquestionably holds at this time a great many much honest men. O'Leary himself was no party to the base fraud in its inception and carrying on, and came very near being made a victim of it in common with the public. Neither was his previous Western backer Mr. Albert Smith. The conspirators returned their takings for Christmas Day, when the place was crowded from morning to night, as only \$3,000. This attempt to defraud him caused O'Leary to rush off the track to the money office; and then, perceiving that he would not stand such a barefaced grab, they suddenly discovered that they had overlooked a small matter of \$5,000 in cash. The first overt act of this fraudulent swindle was the pretended performance of Campana in Bridgeport, Conn., which of course he did not make. It is our opinion that he never made half the number of miles attributed to him there. The man is old and foolish, and said to suffer from a physical disability. That he has a great deal of pluck there is no doubt, but he lacks the resources to give it full effect. He is still babbling about his ability to beat O'Leary fifty miles, when everybody knows that in proper condition and meaning real business O'Leary can beat him more than 150. The truth is, that the concoctors and engineers of the fraud and imposture selected Campana as their instrument because he is a fantastical old blockhead and they could get him cheap. According to the terms of the pretended match he was not entitled to a dollar of the money received at the doors. Does any man in his senses believe that the principals in this sordid scheme made him a present of a couple of thousand? It is a palpable absurdity. They have only paid him the amount for which they hired him in the beginning of their plot. There have been frauds of some such character in other places, but New York is the only one in which it was safe to repeat them. The proprietor of the Museum at Cincinnati got up what he called a buffalo hunt, some thirty years ago, but we remember that they burnt his building down that night. Since then a jockey, merely suspecting that a fraud was contemplated in a great race, and knowing that the people would believe it was a fraud, said to the trainer, 'Why, they'll hang us to the nearest tree!' But here impudent swindles are perpetuated time after time, with unbounded applause from the donkeys collected in droves to witness wretched exhibitions. Here's the winner 120 miles behind the distance made in the same time recently in London. What does this mean? Why, fraud, false pretences, and ardent knavery on the part of the managers and amazing gullibility on the part of those who paid to go in. The only wonder is that so many numbskulls in these hard times should have any money. Moreover, Smith is not altogether free from blame, nor is O'Leary himself. What business had Smith to deliver his man over, virtually bound hand and foot, to a lot of scamps whom nobody else will trust? It resembles nothing so much as the treatment the ever famous and always lamented Miles O'Reilly received at the hands of his friends and admirers when they gave him a banquet, and then, while he was related, sold him as a substitute for Theodore Tilton. Let Smith and O'Leary deal fairly and honestly with the public. They will make more money by that in the long run than in any other

Gate money contests, as we have always maintained, are prima facie impostures. No sporting event where the loser has anything to gain by his lack of success, should be looked upon as a contest. There is no difficulty to find a man willing to put up \$500 and walk, even though his feet were two large blisters, if he knew that he would lose nothing and gain something, even if short of \$2,000. The fact of his suffering any or much, adds nothing to his intentions to strain every nerve to beat the man he is walking with. No event in which the gate receipts are in any way divided between the winner and loser, should be considered in the light of a bona fide match. Where both parties, win or lose, gain by the performance, the public have no guarantee of good faith. If the affair is a contest on its merits, both parties should have sufficient confidence in their abilities to win, or risk everything. The public have no gate money to fall back upon; they bet their money, win or lose, upon the belief that the party backed is more interested than they are in his success. There is no defence against this gate money fraud but that of letting all such alone. Every sporting affair in which the winner is not the only and absolute gainer should be denied patronage, unless, indeed, it be honestly advertised as an exhibition, when it ceases to be sport, and comes under our consideration as an amusement—a show which we attend knowing it to be such. We consider that O'Leary in his anxiety to make money is prostituting the high position he so gallantly earned. As champion of the world, there is a handsome income to be gained by travelling and giving exhibitions throughout the country and keeping himself thereby in good condition to meet all comers. When he exhibits himself under the pretence of racing, and makes such a poor show as he did Christmas week in New York, he degrades himself and his calling; and in behalf of true sport, which is honesty and square dealing, we enter our protest.—Chicago Field.

AN EQUINE ARTIST.

Forty years ago Astley's Amphitheatre in London was known as the home of the 'Equestrian Drama,' where horses figured not only in the ring but on the stage in situations as fine as those given to men and women to portray. In one of these plays a very wonderful piece of acting by a white horse named Prince, was offered for public entertainment, in a play called the 'High-mettled Racer.' The play was in several successive acts, and designed to represent different stages of degradation in the career of a horse from youth to old age. The spectacle was painful but touching, and unfortunately in too many cases true to nature. When the piece opens we have a view of an English country mansion. In front there are several mounted huntsmen in scarlet coats ready to set out on a fox chase. They are waiting till a young lady comes out of the mansion to accompany them. We see the lady, who is properly equipped for riding, descend the steps at the doorway, and by the aid of the groom mount a young and beautifully shaped horse that is in readiness for her. She speaks to it affectionately, and calls it her dear Prince. The elegant form of the animal, its proud bearing, its glossy coat, and the spirited way it prances about, excite general admiration. After a little galloping to show its paces, the horse, with its fair rider, goes off with the huntsmen and hounds in pursuit of a fox—that was also a taught actor in its way—which leads the party through a variety of difficulties, such as climbing up rocks, leaping over hedges, and so forth, till at length, when on the point of being run down, it dashes into the cottage of a poor old woman, who humanely gives it shelter. She takes up the fox lovingly in her arms, and saves it from seemingly impending destruction. That may be called the first stage in the horse's career, during which Prince was well attended to and happy. At the beginning of the next act, the horse is to appear several years older, and is no longer fit for racing or hunting. The lady, its first owner, had from some circumstances been compelled to part with it. From its swiftness in running, it had been purchased to run at celebrated horse-races, at which it had on several occasions won prizes, and its uprightiness obtained for it the name of the high-mettled racer. After this it was transferred from one owner to another, always in a descending scale, until poor Prince is seen in the condition of a cab-horse in the streets of London. It has somewhat the look of its former state but is terribly broken down in figure and spirit. Its plump and glossy appearance is gone. It hangs its head droopingly down. It is dirty and dejected. Its ribs shine through its skin. Its joints are stiff. It stands on three legs, with the other leg resting on the point of the feet, just as we see cab-horses trying to rest their aching limbs when standing in a row for hire. What a wretched downcome from that which Prince had enjoyed in 'life's young dream!' There awaits it, however a still lower depth of misery.

the hounds in the fox-chase. The lady springs upon its back, and off Prince goes at a gallop. The applause was, of course, immense. Perhaps in the whole annals of horsemanship there was never demonstrated a more wonderful case of acting. The horse had all along been feigning for public amusement. It had feigned to be a cab-horse. It had feigned to be tired when it stood on three legs. It feigned to be dying when it dropped down in the sand cart. The whole affair was a piece of simulation, and by means of some adroitly used medicine, and by means of the deception was complete. A hasty rat with a cloth puts it all to rights, and instead of dying, Prince gallops off in the consciousness of having performed a brilliant piece of acting.—Chambers' Journal.

A PEEP INTO THE WASTE BASKET.

That to write for a paper is an easy task, many persons suppose. Why they conceive it to be easy is a problem hard to find answer for. The mistake is a serious one, and trial only is necessary to so demonstrate. *Ne sutor ultra crepidam.* The many scribblers who would rush into print form a source of great amusement to those who handle the fruits of their gigantic intellects. The truth is, writing for a newspaper or compiling news for any of its numerous columns is anything but easy work. A peculiar kind of talent is required, and unless one possesses this he cannot hope to succeed in the newspaper world. Therefore, the sooner the deficient person writes his valdictory and seeks another sphere in which to reap riches or grow great, as may be desired the better it will be for him. This popular talent is not so much an ability to write as it is what I have frequently heard distinguished editors term a 'nose for news.' Of course, one should be able to express his thoughts decently, compile his news well, and elaborate his notes properly in addition. Where a dozen are found who write well, one is seen who knows news when met with.

A TEST OF FAITH.

The Prince of Wales' courage was put to a severe test recently, and he stood the ordeal well. His Royal Highness and Dr. Lyon Playfair were standing near a caldron containing lead which was boiling at a white heat. 'Has your Royal Highness any faith in science?' said the Doctor. 'Certainly,' said the Prince. 'Will, you, then, place your hand in the boiling metal, and ladle out a portion of it?' 'Do you tell me to do this?' asked the Prince. 'I do,' replied the Doctor. The Prince then ladled out some of the boiling lead with his hand, without sustaining any injury. It is a well known scientific fact, remarks the London World, from which the story comes, that the human hand may be placed uninjured in lead, boiling at white heat, being protected from any harm by the moisture of the skin. Should the lead be at a perceptibly lower temperature, the effect need not be described nor tried.

THOROUGHPIN.

Thoroughpin is the name given to a bursal enlargement, which occurs at the upper and back part of the hock, beneath the great extensor pedis tendon. Generally both sides participate in the swelling, but occasionally it happens that one side only is involved. There are two kinds of thoroughpin, namely, those arising from inflammation of the tarsal hock joint, and those caused by wrench or sprain of the tendon above referred to (flexor pedis). When irritation of the tarsal hock joint is the cause, then the thoroughpin is but a further development of bog spavin. The increased secretion of synovia, consequent upon the irritation, first makes its appearance in the most dependent portion of the synovial bursa, which it causes to become unusually distended. When the distension reaches to the superior portions of the bursa, then the swelling appears equally on both sides, and moderate external pressure forces the fluid from side to side, and hence the name 'thoroughpin'—'through and through.' But the most common cause of it is that arising from irritation of the flexor pedis tendon. This tendon is tightly bound down at the upper part by the tibial ligaments, and at the inferior and internal portions of the hock in the same manner. This forces the fluid into the only space available, hence the hollow of the hock becomes distended. Thoroughpins, arising from irritation of the flexor pedis tendon, are at once distinguished from the others. In this case, there is no appearance of bog spavin, but it not unfrequently happens that bog spavin and thoroughpin coexist. Respecting the treatment of bursal enlargements generally, it depends considerably on the cause, for if they be due to concussion, hard work, and such like causes, then they can be only temporarily got rid of, but if due to sprain or wrench of a ligament or tendon, they are not equally likely to reappear. No matter to what cause they owe their origin, the ani-

HOW EELS ARE CAUGHT IN MAINE

Frank E. Pyer, of Belfast, now at South Deer Isle in charge of an eel fishing establishment, writes some particulars concerning the business. The fish are sent fresh to New York markets. At South Deer Isle there are two large ponds, one mile inland, which are connected with a creek by small running streams. In the Autumn the fish run up through these streams into the ponds, where they pass the Winter imbedded in the mud. The run begins the first of September and ends the last of October. In order to capture them traps are made and placed in the streams through which the eels pass. These traps are wooden boxes ten feet long, four feet wide and two feet deep, with ends made of wire netting. The end in which the fish enter is constructed after the style of the lobster pot, so that when a fish enters it cannot easily get out. To make the fish enter the trap a dam is built across the stream, the only opening being the mouth of the trap. Some will not enter, but will bore a hole underneath the dam. This is the fisherman's greatest annoyance, having more or less of these holes to close every day. The fish only travel in the night time; not one is to be seen after daylight. They prefer dark, stormy weather, and on such nights as high as ten barrels are taken from the traps. At high water the fisherman visits his traps in a dory and dips out the catch, which is taken to floating cars in the creek, where the fish are kept alive until wanted. This company has now sixty barrels or 1,000 pounds of the fish. After the weather becomes freezing cold the catch is prepared for market. The skin is stripped off and the fish laid straight on a board, where it freezes. They are then packed in boxes and shipped, and often bring from fifteen to twenty cents per pound.

ENGLISH SPARROWS.

It may be interesting to state that Prof. C. V. Riley, Chairman of the United States Entomological Commission, publishes a letter in regard to the utility of English sparrows, which has been so earnestly doctored by scientific men. He summarizes his views as follows. I consider it useless to attempt the extermination of the bird. It is now established among us, and no measures that can be practically adopted would ever rid us entirely of it, even were such a riddance desirable. In the country the bird will, at times, become a grievous pest here as it has been in Europe, and farmers, for self-protection, will over and anon have to systematically destroy it. I would, therefore, like to see it take its chances with our native birds, a thing which it is abundantly capable of doing, and corporations should not, in my judgment, encourage its undue multiplication by providing shelter and nesting places beyond what the bird may naturally find. You will see, therefore, that I am not in favor of extermination, but simply of not encouraging it unduly by providing artificial shelter. The multiplication of these little birds in Montreal during the six years of its residence amongst us has been very great and there is no doubt but that in a few years it will be as common in the surrounding country as it is now in the city.

SHEEP LIVING WITHOUT WATER.

The Lebanon (Penn.) Courier prints the following extract from a letter from Stehman Forney, of the United States Coast Survey, dated on the Island of San Clement, in the Pacific, Dec. 1, 1878: 'I am at present engaged in making a survey of San Clement Island. It is 40 miles from the mainland, and is 22 miles in length and 2 miles wide. It is a wild, dreary place, with no water on it, except in immense natural tanks, which are so deep and precipitous that the water in them is inaccessible. I transport the water for my men and horses from the mainland. There is no wood, either, on the island, which is of volcanic formation, and composed of lava and conglomerate. The top of the island is covered with an abundance of grass, which sustains about 10,000 sheep, and, strange to say, they live, grow fat, and are very profitable to their owners, and yet in the summer season get no water, except in the form of dew on the grass. There is, however, a peculiar plant on the island, called the ice plant, which is filled with moisture and is eaten by the sheep to quench their thirst. They are very fat, and make the finest mutton I have ever eaten.'

A ROYAL HUNTER.

King Victor Emmanuel was very fond of hunting and had a great liking, moreover, for going about his domains *incognito*. One day, descending a mountain with a single attendant, he was met by a peasant farmer, who said, 'Good gentlemen, you seem brave hunters, I should be so grateful if you would kill a wolf that is destroying everything about me. We should be happy to serve you, but we are out of ammunition.'

RARE DIAMONDS.

The extraordinary loss by the Countess of Dudley a few years since at a railway station in London, of jewels and chiefly of diamonds valued at more than \$100,000 in gold, through the carelessness of an attendant brings out into a striking light the extent of the investments made in this way by the rich, and great in the Old World. These diamonds, numerous as their value must seem to be when compared with that of the finest jewels owned by opulent persons in this country, were yet but a portion of the Dudley jewels, famous now throughout Europe. Lord Dudley who is one of the wealthiest landed proprietors in Great Britain, has been for years a collector of gems and precious stones. At the World's Fair of 1867, in Paris, he allowed one of the leading jewellers of London to exhibit for him a single set of sapphires and brilliants belonging to his wife which were valued at no less than \$40,000 in gold. Yet the 'Dudley jewels,' magnificent as they are, are by no means the finest private collection in Great Britain. The Duke of Westminster and of Sutherland, and Mr. Hoop, are understood to possess more and finer diamonds than the Earl of Dudley. The Duke of Westminster owns one stone, the Nassau diamond, a triangular jewel, with rounded facets, of the weight of seventy-eight and five-eighths carats, which rivals in splendor as well as in size one of the most superb gems in the richest royal treasuries. The Nassau diamond was originally taken by the Marquis of Hastings, the Lord Rawdon at the American revolutionary war, in the conquest of the Deccan in India. It weighed about twenty carats more than the famous Sancy diamond of the Duke of Burgundy, and is but little smaller than the scarcely less famous 'Shah,' presented by Cooroo, the son of Abbas Mirza, Shah of Persia, to the Emperor of Russia.

A CONTRIVANCE THAT WILL WALK A LAZY MAN TWELVE MILES AN HOUR.

(From the Philadelphia Record)

The newspaper carrier who serves papers to the attendants in the Parliament Exhibition Building goes his rounds at the rate of twelve miles an hour. He travels on machines not unlike roller skates, which are called pedometers, according to the inventor, Mr. J. H. Hobbs, an architect on Walnut street, above Fifth. The day is not far distant when the whole city will be on wheels, when pedestrians will be skimming through the streets at the rate of ten miles an hour without any more effort than it now costs forth in perambulating half that distance.

The pedometer consists of four tough, light wooden wheels, supplied with an outer rim of tough India rubber. These wheels are secured to a frame the shape of the foot, which is strapped to the pedal extremities of the usual manner. Unlike roller skates, the wheels of these little vehicles are not under but are placed on each side of the foot, giving the wearer a good standing as well as a solid footing. The rear wheels are ten inches in diameter, while those in front are but two and a half inches. This gives the foot a slight incline, and when in motion has much to do in impelling the pedestrian forward. Extending from the toe, with a slight curl toward the ground, is a piece of casing termed the pusher, which is simply used in mounting an elevation or steep incline. No effort of the body is required for the use of the skates. The traveller simply plants his foot before the other and finds himself whizzed along at a lively rate.

ABSURDITIES OF THE OLDEN TIME.

In looking over a file of old newspapers several funny things are noticeable that are done now-a-days. In the issue of the Post, London, Eng. July 7th, 1878, there appears the following challenge, which is the solid way ye old time ladies had of settling their little disputes. 'Elizabeth H. Clarkwell, having had some words with John Hylford, and requiring satisfaction, challenges the solid way ye old time ladies had of settling their little disputes.'

course he did not make. It is our opinion that he never made half the number of miles attributed to him there. The man is old and foolish, and said to suffer from a physical disability. That he has a great deal of pluck there is no doubt, but he lacks the resources to give it full effect. He is still babbling about his ability to beat O'Leary fifty miles, when everybody knows that in proper condition and meaning real business O'Leary can beat him more than 150. The truth is, that the concoctors and engineers of the fraud and imposture selected Campau as their instrument because he is a fantastical old block-head and they could get him cheap. According to the terms of the pretended match he was not entitled to a dollar of the money received at the doors. Does any man in his senses believe that the principals in this sordid scheme made him a present of a couple of thousand? It is a palpable absurdity. They have only paid him the amount for which they hired him in the beginning of their plot. There have been frauds of some such character in other places, but New York is the only one in which it was safe to repeat them. The proprietor of the Museum at Cincinnati got up what he called a buffalo hunt, some thirty years ago, but we remember that they burnt his building down that night. Since then a jockey, merely suspecting that a fraud was contemplated in a great race, and knowing that the people would believe it was a fraud, said to the trainer, 'Why, the'll hang us to the nearest tree!' But here impudent swindlers are perpetrated time after time, with unbounded applause from the donkeys collected in droves to witness wretched exhibitions. Here's the winner 120 miles behind the distance made in the same time recently in London. What does this mean? Why, fraud, false pretences, and arrant knavery on the part of the managers and amazing gullibility on the part of those who paid to go in. The only wonder is that so many numskulls in these hard times should have any money. Moreover, Smith is not altogether free from blame, nor is O'Leary himself. What business had Smith to deliver his man over, virtually bound hand and foot, to a lot of scamps whom nobody else will trust? It resembles nothing so much as the treatment the ever famous and always lamented 'Miles O'Reilly' received at the hands of his friends and admirers when they gave him a banquet, and then, while he was elated, sold him as a substitute for Theodore Tilton. Let Smith and O'Leary deal fairly and honestly with the public. They will make more money by that in the long run than in any other way, as O'Leary is a real good man and does not need the aid of low, despicable trickery.—N. Y. Sportsman.

THE O'LEARY—CAMPANA HOAX.

We have always given O'Leary credit for being shrewd in his pursuit of the almighty dollar, and also for not being more than was absolutely necessary to coax that dollar from the pockets of the gullible public into his own.

As we have once previously stated, giving his own words, he walks not for honor but for money. This last exhibition of his at New York, fully verifies his own confession, made just previous to his one hundred mile match with John Ennis, last year.

Times are hard and the public unwilling to patronize mere exhibitions, even when O'Leary is the exhibitor, so that it was necessary to set up a dummy to challenge the champion. The dummy was found in Napoleon Campana, and O'Leary, by refusing his challenge and making a fuss about his audacity, secured an immense amount of gratuitous advertising for the forsworn show. When the ropes were all adjusted, the match was arranged. Writing to Sir John Astley was part of the farce, and conducive to further advertising, for O'Leary knew when he first buckled on the belt, that he was bound, as a champion, to hold it against any and everyone who should challenge him. Five hundred dollars may be a small sum to Mr. O'Leary, but over in the benighted island, whence the belt was taken, \$500 is considered a good week's wages, even for a champion pedestrian.

So far, O'Leary displayed shrewdness and a knowledge of the world, but he had been too anxious to save himself labor. The dummy was of the poorest description and by no means worth the price paid for him. Had O'Leary hired a man who could walk, even a little bit, there might have been some excuse for the hippodrome, but the utter failure of Campana to show any abilities as a pedestrian, and O'Leary's own miserable exhibition, forces us to speak in no measured terms about this fraud on the sporting fraternity.

sent different stages of degradation in the career of a horse from youth to old age. The spectacle was painful but touching, and unfortunately in too many cases true to nature.

When the piece opens we have a view of an English country mansion. In front there are several mounted huntsmen in scarlet coats ready to set out on a fox chase. They are waiting till a young lady comes out of the mansion to accompany them. We see the lady, who is properly equipped for riding, descend the steps at the doorway, and by the aid of the groom mount a young and beautifully shaped horse that is in readiness for her. She speaks to it affectionately, and calls it her dear Prince. The elegant form of the animal, its proud bearing, its glossy coat, and the spirited way it prances about, excite general admiration. After a little galloping to show its paces, the horse, with its fair rider, goes off with the huntsmen and hounds in pursuit of a fox—that was also a taught actor in its way—which leads the party through a variety of difficulties, such as climbing up rocks, leaping over hedges, and so forth, till at length, when on the point of being ran down, it dashes into the cottage of a poor old woman, who humanely gives it shelter. She takes up the fox lovingly in her arms, and saves it from seemingly impending destruction. That may be called the first stage in the horse's career, during which Prince was well attended to and happy.

At the beginning of the next act, the horse is to appearance several years older, and is no longer fit for racing or hunting. The lady, its first owner, had from some circumstances been compelled to part with it. From its swiftness in running, it had been purchased to run at celebrated horse-races, at which it had on several occasions won prizes, and its uprightness obtained for it the name of the high-mettled racer. After this it was transferred from one owner to another, always in a descending scale, until poor Prince is seen in the condition of a cab-horse in the streets of London. It has somewhat the look of its former state, but is terribly broken down in figure and spirit. Its plump and glossy appearance is gone. It hangs its head droopingly down. It is dirty and dejected. Its ribs shine through its skin. Its joints are stiff. It stands on three legs, with the other leg resting on the point of the foot, just as we see cab-horses trying to rest their aching limbs when standing in a row for hire. What a wretched downcome from that which Prince had enjoyed in 'life's young dream!' There awaits it, however a still lower depth of misery.

In the following act, Prince is reduced to the forlorn condition of drawing a sand-cart, when it can hardly draw its own legs after it. To appearance, it is half-starved. A child offers it a few straws, which it is glad to eat. It seems to be little better than skin and bone. The cart to which it is yoked belongs to a rubejobber whose object it is to wring the utmost possible work out of the animal before selling it to be killed. A feeling of horror and compassion thrills through the spectators. They can hardly believe they are only looking at a play, for the simulation is perfect. Staggering along with its draught under the cruel urging of the whip, the moment arrives when Prince can go no further. Its unhappy span of life is terminated. It suddenly drops down under its weary load—to die, and be relieved of all its troubles. Unyoked from the cart, and relieved of its harness; there it is, stretched out, with a crowd of idlers about it, seemingly at the last gasp, and offering in its fate a dreadful instance of undeserved cruelty to animals.

There is a concluding scene in the life of a horse we have been describing, which must on no account be omitted. While lying in the street in its death-struggle, and when preparations were making to drag it off to the shambles, a lady who is passing recognizes the dying animal as being her favorite horse Prince, which she had ridden years ago at the fox-chase. At the same time the poor beast faintly lifting his head, recognizes its old mistress, and with failing eyes seems to implore her compassion. In a state of distraction, the lady kneels down, takes the horse's head in her lap, speaks to it consolingly, and once more calls it her dear Prince. Oh, what would she not do to revive the dying animal, and give Prince a new lease of existence? Just at this juncture, in the manner of the old plays, when something supernatural was required to get over a serious difficulty, a sylph-like being, in the character of a benevolent fairy, appears on the stage carrying a magic wand. Her mission, she says, being to redress wrong, she touches the dying horse with the wand and bids it rise. In an instant Prince starts up from its recumbent position, and to the delight and amazement of everybody, is as fresh, plump, glossy and beautiful as when it went out with

ladle out a portion of it. "To you too," said the Doctor. The Prince then ladled out some of the boiling lead with his hand, without sustaining any injury. It is a well known scientific fact, remarks the London World, from which the story comes, that the human hand may be placed unharmed in lead, boiling at white heat, being protected from any harm by the moisture of the skin. Should the lead be at a perceptibly lower temperature, the effect need not be described nor tried.

THOROUGHPIN.

Thoroughpin is the name given to a bursal enlargement, which occurs at the upper and back part of the hock, beneath the great extensor pedis tendon. Generally both sides participate in the swelling, but occasionally it happens that one side only is involved. There are two kinds of thoroughpin, namely, those arising from inflammation of the true hock joint, and those caused by wrench or sprain of the tendon above referred to (flexor pedis.) When irritation of the true hock joint is the cause, then the thoroughpin is but a further development of bog spavin. The increased secretion of synovia, consequent upon the irritation, first makes its appearance in the most dependent portion of the synovial bursa, which it causes to become unusually distended. When the distension reaches to the superior portions of the bursa, then the swelling appears equally on both sides, and moderate external pressure forces the fluid from side to side, and hence the name 'thoroughpin'—'through and through.' But the most common cause of it is that arising from irritation of the flexor pedis tendon. This tendon is tightly bound down at the upper part by the tibial ligaments, and at the inferior and internal portions of the hock in the same manner. This forces the fluid into the only space available, hence the hollow of the hock becomes distended. Thoroughpins, arising from irritation of the flexor pedis tendon, are at once distinguished from the others. In this case, there is no appearance of bog spavin, but it not infrequently happens that bog spavin and thoroughpin coexist. Respecting the treatment of bursal enlargements generally, it depends considerably on the cause, for if they be due to concussion, hard work, and such like causes, then they can be only temporarily got rid of, but if due to sprain or wrench of a ligament or tendon, they are not equally likely to reappear. No matter to what cause they owe their origin, the animal must get rest, the irritation and inflammation must be allayed. Bathe with tepid water, and apply considerable hand-rubbing to dissipate the secreted fluid. Apply a sharp blister, and when it has had its effect, use a thoroughpin truss, or a bandage may be applied, when, after having put on two or three rounds of it, lay a piece of cork, the size of the enlargement, and about half an inch thick, upon the thoroughpin, at both sides, that is, the inner and outer sides the hock. This will throw an unequal but desirable pressure upon the enlargements. Both laxatives and diuretics are useful, the fluid being to a greater or less extent excreted and absorbed. Very frequently lameness, which is attributed to bog spavin or thoroughpin, is really due to bone spavin, which has been overlooked, or to sprain of the tendons.—Spirit.

CURIOUS FISHING.

A curious way of catching turtles off the coast of Cuba is employed by the natives and with entire success. A species of *remora* or *beve*, inhabits those waters; it has an oval disk on the top of the head and the adjacent parts of the back, the surface of which is crossed by transverse cartilaginous plates, and on the middle of the under surface are hook-like projections, connected by short bands with the skull and vertebra, and their upper margin is set with fine teeth. By means of this apparatus, partly suctional, partly prehensile, through the hooks, the *remora* attaches itself to rocks, vessels, floating timber, and the bodies of other fish, using them for anchorage or labor-saving transit. Boatmen seeking for turtles carry several *beves* in a tub, and when near their game a properly equipped *beve* is cast off. The fish fastens itself to the turtle so firmly—it will permit itself to be torn asunder before it will release itself from any object to which it is attached—that the turtle can readily be secured. The living fish-hook is held by a ring in the tail, and a strong line made of the fibre of palm bark. By a peculiar manipulation, the fish is made to let go its hold of the turtle when both have been hauled into the boat. The *remora* is then returned to its tub to await the discovery of another turtle.

have it systematically destroyed. I would, therefore, like to see it take its chances with our native birds, a thing which it is abundantly capable of doing, and corporations should not, in my judgment, encourage its undue multiplication by providing shelter and nesting places beyond what the bird may naturally find. You will see, therefore, that I am not in favor of extermination, but simply of not encouraging it unduly by providing artificial shelter. The multiplication of these little birds in Montreal during the six years of its residence amongst us has been very great and there is no doubt but that in a few years it will be as common in the surrounding country as it is now in the city.

SHEEP LIVING WITHOUT WATER.

The Lebanon (Penn.) Courier prints the following extract from a letter from Stephen Lorne, of the United States Coast Survey, dated on the Island of San Clement, in the Pacific, Dec 1, 1878:

'I am at present engaged in making a survey of San Clement Island. It is 40 miles from the mainland, and is 22 miles in length and 2 miles wide. It is a wild, dreary place, with no water on it, except in immense natural tanks, which are so deep and precipitous that the water in them is inaccessible. I transport the water for my men and horses from the mainland. There is no wood, either, on the island, which is of volcanic formation, and composed of lava and conglomerate. The top of the island is covered with an abundance of grass, which sustains about 10,000 sheep, and strange to say, they live, grow fat, and are very profitable to their owners, and yet in the summer season get no water, except in the form of dew on the grass. There is, however, a peculiar plant on the island, called the ice plant, which is filled with moisture and is eaten by the sheep to quench their thirst. They are very fat, and make the finest mutton I have ever eaten.'

A ROYAL HUNTER.

King Victor Emanuel was very fond of hunting and had a great liking, moreover, for going about his dominions incognito. One day, descending a mountain with a single attendant, he was met by a peasant farmer, who said, 'Good gentlemen, you seem brave hunters; I should be so grateful if you would kill a wolf that is destroying everything about me.' 'We should be happy to serve you, but we are out of ammunition,' replied the hunters. 'We will pass this way to-morrow.' They came on the morrow and killed the wolf. The peasant expressed his thanks, and gave the King two francs for his trouble. He put them in his pocket saying, 'These are the first coins I ever really earned.' The peasant was shortly after summoned to Court, and was astonished to recognize in his Sovereign the Alpine hunter to whom he had given the two francs, which were restored to him with heavy interest.

A 'Rabbit Suppression Bill' has been passed by the Legislative Assembly of Victoria. The bill, which is intended to deal with the evil caused in the colony by a superfluity of rabbits, was introduced by the Minister of Lands, who, in moving the second reading, drew a vivid picture of the desolation caused by them in certain districts. On the occasion of a recent visit paid by him to a district where they abounded, he passed over tracts which were now grassless, the rabbits having devoured the herbage, roots and all. Power is given by the bill to go upon private property and destroy rabbits at the expense of the owner, and anybody turning rabbits loose in a district is liable to a penalty of \$5 for each offence.

The Jewish Messenger thinks some people are more nice than wise. The well-meaning gentlemen interested in the Society for the prevention of Crime should cease their silly war against masterpieces in art,—in which no one outside their own pariah circles sees immodesty. These gentlemen would rearrange the Louvre, dress the Venus of Milo in a shawl and skirt, and wrap a toga around the Apollo. Their action is well intentioned, but they misconceive true art and true modesty in thus prohibiting our young people from admiring the highest beauty in painting and sculpture, besides, in thus calling attention to what they style impure exhibitions, they lead the young secretly to seek the self same creations that they would hide from their view, and induce them to regard art from a false and depraved standpoint. The society has done so much good since its establishment that we regret its usefulness should be imperilled by the misdirected and mistaken zeal of its leaders.

The newspaper carrier who carries papers to the attendants in the Parliament Chamber Building goes his rounds at the rate of twelve in less an hour. He travels on machines not unlike roller skates, which are called pedometers, according to the inventor, Mr. J. H. Hobbs, an architect on Warrington street, above Fifth. One day is not far distant when the whole city will be on wheels, which pedestrians will be skimming through the streets at the rate of ten miles an hour without any more effort than is now put forth in perambulating half that distance.

The pedometer consists of four tough, wooden wheels, supplied with an outer coat of high India rubber. These wheels are secured to a frame the shape of the foot, which is strapped to the pedal extremities in the usual manner. Unlike roller skates, the wheels of these little vehicles are not under, but are placed on each side of the foot, giving the wearer a good standing as well as a solid footing. The rear wheels are two inches in diameter, while those in front are but two and a half inches. This gives the foot a slight incline, and when in motion has much to do in impelling the pedestrian forward. Extending from the toe, with a slight curl toward the ground, is a piece of casing turned the pusher, which is simply used in mounting an elevation or steep incline. No effort of the body is required for their use, as in skates. The traveller simply plants his foot before the other and finds himself whizzed along at a lively rate.

ABSURDITIES OF YE OLDEN TIMES.

In looking over a file of old newspapers, several funny things are noticeable that are a striking comparison with the way things are done now a days. In the issue of the Daily Post, London, Eng., July 7th, 1775, there appears the following challenge, which indicates the solid way ye old time ladies had of settling their little disputes:

CHALLENGE.—E. Elizabeth Hilkinson, Clarkenwell, having had some words with Hannah Hyfield, and requiring satisfaction, do write her to meet me upon the stage, and box me for guineas, each woman holding half a crown in each hand, and the first woman that drops the money to loose the battle.

Which was answered thus: "ANSWER.—I, Hannah Hyfield, of Newgate Market, hearing of the resoluteness of Elizabeth Hilkinson, will not fail, God willing, to give her more blows than words, desiring home blows and from her no fears, she may expect a good thumping."

Here is a precious bit of legislation enacted by King George's men in the year of Grace 1770, and which we commend to our modern legislators:

"That all women of whatever age, rank, profession or degree, whether virgins, maids or widows, that shall from and after such act, *in any pose upon, seduce and betray into matrimony any of his Majesty's subjects, by the scents, paints, cosmetics, artificial teeth, false hair, hoops, high-heeled shoes or bolstered hips, shall incur the penalty of the law now in force against witchcraft and like misdemeanors, and that the marriage, upon conviction, shall stand null and void."*

We would like to know if this law has ever been repealed.

SINGULAR MALFORMATION.

A New York doctor has a daughter who is now 22 years old—a perfectly formed woman, with the exception of her head, which is that of a pig. Her mother died in giving her birth. She speaks half a dozen languages perfectly. She is thoroughly educated. Being debarred from all human association by her misfortune, she has sought and found partial alleviation in the cultivation of art in all its forms. She is one of the purest, highest and truest souls that is very religious—naturally so. She goes out in a close carriage and with her head closely muffled, and she speaks without any difficulty, owing to the peculiar formation of her throat, mouth and nasal organs, the sound of her voice resembles very closely the squealing of a pig.



The Gentleman's Journal

TORONTO, FRIDAY, JANUARY 17, 1879.

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

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

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

Are respectfully informed, that all Correspondents of the *Sporting Times* are supplied with a card of a Red 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 1, 1879, 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 POLITE NEGATIVE.

DATES CLAIMED FOR 1879.

CANADIAN.
Hamilton..... July 1 to 8
Dundas May 24

ICE RACES.
Port PerryJan. 22 to 23
CampbellfordFeb. 5 to 6
OttawaFeb.

ENTRIES CLOSE.
Port PerryJan. 20

AMERICAN.
TROTTING.
Milwaukee, Wis..... June 2 to 6
Chicago, Ill..... July 15 to 19
Cleveland, O..... July 22 to 25
Buffalo, N. Y..... Aug. 5 to 8
Rochester, N. Y..... Aug. 5 to 8
Cleveland, O..... Sept. 9 to 12

RUNNING.
Savannah, Ga..... Jan. 21 to 25
Charleston, S. C..... Feb. 5 to 8

NEWSPAPER DECISIONS.

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

2. If a person orders his paper discontinued he must pay all arrears, or the publisher

ATHLETIC CHAMPIONSHIP.

There seems to be considerable doubt as to the manner in which the championship title in some of our athletic games should be decided. In many of them it appears to be quite proper that the claim to the honor should be gained or maintained by a single contest, but that this test of merit does not come up to the requirements of a standard will be readily admitted in many cases. Fortune is so very fickle in the distribution of her favors, that superiority in any class will not always win. It may be well that it is so. Reduce athletics or any description of sport to a mathematical certainty and then a great deal of the interest would be destroyed, if indeed it did not prove to be the death of the particular game or sport. It is to a great extent the uncertainty of athletic contests that gives them their attractiveness and insures them the support without which they would soon pass to that bourne which has become proverbial in our list of quotations.

In such games or sports where a series of competitions over the whole year or season would be impossible or unnecessary, it is quite well that a single contest should decide the test of superiority. In these cases it is a competition of individual excellence; but when a number of players are necessarily engaged on the respective sides it will be almost self-evident that a series of competitions will be necessary to arrive at the true status of the Clubs. If there were only two contestants in the field a tourney of two out of three, or three out of five games would present an index to the more worthy. But when there are more a series of games between the several representatives is the only true method of obtaining an equitable verdict. The base ball championship of the United States and Canada are decided in this manner, and the experience of this method of arbitrament is such as not to lead to any desire for a change. In Canada the Lacrosse championship has been held and lost by the result of a single game, which is at any time liable to give rise to considerable dissatisfaction. A club may, by this rule, be successful in defeating all comers up to the final game of the season, when the fortune of luck may be decidedly adverse to them, and they are compelled to lower their colors to an inferior organization. Their successes of the year go for naught, and the accident of chance in an individual instance dispossesses them of the throne which is theirs in fact. This is monstrously unfair. A series of all round games should be adopted and then the summing up of the results of the season's work would place the crown where properly belongs.

A BILLIARD QUERY.

A question was lately proposed in one of our American contemporaries which gave rise to some discussion. It was, can a player lose a match and yet make the best average? As a mathematical query it could have been readily answered in the affirmative. It would be quite possible in a short game or a limited number of points that such an event would occur. Let it be assumed that two men are playing a game of one hundred points; the one having the lead runs the game out in two innings, hence his average would be fifty; the other has only one inning and makes a run of ninety nine, not an unusual number among even moderately good players. The defeated man would have credited himself with an average of 99, whereas the winner's average reaches about

Spirit of the Times will be seen to be in consonance with ours:—

"SUBSCRIBER, Toronto.—B bets that the Mayor of Hamilton will not be elected by fifty majority. A bets that he will. There are three candidates in the field, and, supposing the election is decided as follows, who wins the bet, A or B; Brown, 1,850; Jones, 1,798; Robinson, 1,760. Answer.—B wins."

GENERAL AQUATICS.

At a recent meeting of the Hanlan Club it was decided that the members be assessed the sum of \$250 each for the purpose of sending the champion to England, and finding him with the necessary funds while there. It is not anticipated that all the members of 1878 will fall in line and make the last call good; in which event, we have understood, that the assessment will be raised to \$500 each. There can be no disposition to find fault with this method of raising the sinews of war, but there are many who will regret that those who had the management of the race at Lachine and were responsible for all the dissatisfaction, deception and fraud in that affair will control Hanlan's affairs while he is in the old country. He will hardly be considered the representative of Canada, while his hands are tied by business arrangements managed by a few to their own interests.

Hanlan will leave Toronto for England about the 27th inst., and will go via New York. He will sail on the Inman steamer City of Montreal, which departs on the 30th. He will be accompanied by his trainer, Mr. James Heasley, and they will take with them the Elliott boat in which Hanlan rowed at Lachine, as well as one which is now building by the same maker at Greenpoint, N. Y. Hanlan expects to arrive in ample time to witness the race between Higgins and Elliott, which takes place on Feb. 17.

Wallace Ross is looking around for a match in England, and the last advice is that he has about found the man he was seeking. Hosmer has returned to Boston, with no high opinion of the old country. Brayley, who rowed in the final heat with Hanlan at Philadelphia in 1876, has taken up his residence in Boston, Mass. The backers of Warren Smith, the Halifax sculler, think him the coming man, and are making provision for the campaign of 1879. Evan Morris is hard at work, keeping in practice on a hydraulic rowing machine. Fred. Plaisted has gone into the variety show and pedestrian business, and promises he will do better next year than he has ever done before. Riley is quiet at Saratoga, with an eye to the championship as soon as Hanlan gets away; while Frouchy Johnston spends his idle time in trap shooting. Courtney is resting on his oars, waiting for a reversal of the popular verdict before he again becomes a principal in a race.

The Globe has not condescended to identify any of the gentlemen to whom it applied the epithets of "short-card crooks" and "crooked gamblers" in its article of about a month ago. It there described these gentlemen as being very sore at the result of the first race between Hanlan and Ross. It submitted they had backed Hanlan in the main stake and then edged out their money on Ross—only to find they had made a mistake. For this they appear to have lost the good opinion of our contemporary, and the insidious attack to which we have referred, was made on them. While lacking the moral courage to come out manfully and fight in the open field, it cowardly attempts assassination from behind the hedge. So that there can be no mistake in this matter we will identify a gentleman who answers the Globe's description

Sporting Gossip.

Mr. Pat. Davey, the popular Canadian driver, who has been in Michigan for some time past, has returned to Toronto, and will probably spend the winter here taking in the ice meetings.

A Western paper remarks in its financial analysis that money is so plentiful that young men are wearing pantaloons with checks on them. And when money is scarcer, probably there will be drafts through them.

On Saturday last, at Lachine, P. Q., Mr. James P. Dawes died, in the 61st year of his age. Mr. Dawes was known as one of the most prominent horsemen and stock-breeders in the Province. His funeral on Tuesday was an attestation of the respect in which he was held by his neighbors.

The Southern States are beginning to pay more attention to the breeding of trotters.

In England during the past year 555 thoroughbred yearlings were sold at an average of \$1,000 per head.

Mr. Richard Lowell, a son of Mr. Frank Lowell, of Galt, has commenced business on his own account as a horse dealer, at 118 East Short Street, Lexington, Ky.

Dunton's Spirit of the Turf, published in Chicago, says:—"Look out for a ringer; record 2:28½, supposed to be in the East somewhere. It is the horse Harry Mitchell, formerly Ed. White, said to be owned by Capt. Wm. A. Owen, of Detroit, Mich.; is a yellow bay gelding, 15½ hands, about 18 or 14 years old, white strip in face, some white on ankles, rat tail, large ears, carried wide apart, ragged hips, carries his head a little to the right. He goes to the half mile free enough, but finishes the mile best with a brat in the toe of the driver's boot." It is not likely this horse will trouble any of our Canadian meetings as a "ringer," as he is too well known here. The field of his operations will probably be in Vermont and "down East."

The first quotations on the Derby we have noticed are as follows: 650 to 100 agst Peter (taken and offered); 900 to 100 agst Fal-mouth (offered, 10 to 1 wanted); 1,000 to 80 agst Cadogan (taken); 1,000 to 70 agst Rayon d'Or (offered.)

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ton correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial say that the purchaser of Spandthrift was Mr. James Gordon Bennett, but the Turf says that he was bought for Mr. J. R. Keene.

Alfred Ballard, a negro, was converted to Methodism in Jackson, Tenn. He conceived that his mission was to reform gamblers, and he became insane on that subject. Dashing into a taro room, he shouted, "Death to all gamblers!" and shot the dealer dead.

They claim there were a couple of ringers entered in the :45 race at Napanea which did not come off. They were named as French Boy, said to have a record of 2:21; and Smuggler, with an alleged mark of 2:38. Our eastern and northern associations should look out for them.

Mr. Seth Bane, of Detroit, is about to issue a book, which will treat upon the use of toe-weights, and the best methods for handling mixed-gaited horses, as well as his manner of shoeing and weighting them. Mr. Bane is an old and experienced driver, and we know of no man in our circle of acquaintances who is more qualified to treat on these interesting subjects.

Nearly every farmer in Southern Michigan names his favorite horse Charlie Ross. If at length he won't expect to ever find him again.

The Ottawa Free Press says the two-year-old trotter Spandthrift has been purchased for \$15,000. As Spandthrift has a mile performance of less than 1:45 what a wonderful trotter he must be for his age, when it is considered that Rarus, the King of the Turf, has not yet reached 2:18. But the fact is Spandthrift is a runner, and the horse lore of the Free Press was at fault.

Mr. Ed. Hanlan, the oarsman, joined the ranks of the Masonic fraternity last week. It is said on this occasion the 'goat' was specially fitted with a sliding seat, to have all things in harmony.

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CANADIAN.

Hamilton..... July 1 to 8
Dundas May 24

ICE RACES.

Port PerryJan. 22 to 23
CampbellfordFeb. 5 to 6
Ottawa.....Feb.

ENTRIES CLOSE.

Port PerryJan. 20

AMERICAN.

TROTTING.

Milwaukee, Wis..... June 2 to 6
Chicago, Ill..... July 15 to 19
Cleveland, O..... July 22 to 25
Buffalo, N. Y..... Aug. 5 to 8
Rochester, N. Y..... Aug. 5 to 8
Cleveland, O..... Sept. 9 to 12

RUNNING.

Savannah, Ga..... Jan. 21 to 25
Charleston, S. C..... Feb. 5 to 8

NEWSPAPER DECISIONS.

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

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

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

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

During this and subsequent weeks we will issue a call upon our patrons whose subscriptions are unpaid. The major portion are now long over due for the present year, while many are uncredited on our books for periods of time varying from two to four years. We look for prompt payment in every instance on this appeal. There is no doubt of the amounts being due, and there is if anything less uncertainty that we can use the thousands of dollars which are spread over the country in small amounts to a better advantage, both personally and to the interests of our patrons, if we could control them in a lump sum. We are tired of hearing frivolous excuses to our requests, and have determined to place all unpaid subscription accounts in the hands of our legal collector for immediate suit.

lead to any desire for a change. In Canada the Lacrosse championship has been held and lost by the result of a single game, which is at any time liable to give rise to considerable dissatisfaction. A club may, by this rule, be successful in defeating all comers up to the final game of the season, when the fortune of luck may be decidedly adverse to them, and they are compelled to lower their colors to an inferior organization. Their successes of the year go for naught, and the accident of chance in an individual instance dispossesses them of the throne which is theirs in fact. This is monstrously unfair. A series of all round games should be adopted and then the summing up of the results of the season's work would place the crown where properly belongs.

A BILLIARD QUERY.

A question was lately proposed in one of our American contemporaries which gave rise to some discussion. It was, can a player lose a match and yet make the best average? As a mathematical query it could have been readily answered in the affirmative. It would be quite possible in a short game or a limited number of points that such an event would occur. Let it be assumed that two men are playing a game of one hundred points; the one having the lead runs the game out in two innings, hence his average would be fifty; the other has only one inning and makes a run of ninety nine, not an unusual number among even moderately good players. The defeated man would have credited himself with an average of 99, whereas the winner's average reaches about half that number. But in practice this is rarely found to be the case, not at all events, in any of our leading games. Still it has occurred in a long game between two leading players. On the night of May 30, 1870, Messrs. A. P. Rudolphe and Cyrille Dion were engaged in a game at the Hippodrome, New York, of 1,500 points. Rudolphe proved the winner in the 56th inning giving him an average of 26 44-56; Dion scoring 1,485 in 55 innings, making his average exactly 27, thus obtaining the best average but losing the game. It is easy to see how such a contingency may occur, but the actual event happens so very seldom that it is worth more than a passing note as one of the curiosities which are met with once in a while at rare intervals.

"MAJORITY" AGAIN.

There were a good many who took exception to our decision on the majority question in the late mayoralty election. Some held that the popular understanding of the word should have controlled the verdict, and advanced the theory that so little was the true meaning of the word known that a man might have won contrary to the spirit in which he laid the wager. While admitting this to be true, it has nothing whatever to do with arriving at a proper decision. The question must be decided in accordance with the written statement submitted, and if that should not represent the wishes of the principals to the wager, the fault is theirs, not ours. The following decision in last week's

in England, and the last advice is that he has about found the man he was seeking. Hosmer has returned to Boston, with no high opinion of the old country. Brayley, who rowed in the final heat with Hanlan at Philadelphia in 1876, has taken up his residence in Boston, Mass. The backers of Warren Smith, the Halifax sculler, think him the coming man, and are making provision for the campaign of 1879. Evan Morris is hard at work, keeping in practice on a hydraulic rowing machine. Fred. Plaisted has gone into the variety show and pedestrian business, and promises he will do better next year than he has ever done before. Riley is quiet at Saratoga, with an eye to the championship as soon as Hanlan gets away; while Frouchy Johnston spends his idle time in trap shooting. Courtney is resting on his oars, waiting for a reversal of the popular verdict before he again becomes a principal in a race.

The Globe has not condescended to identify any of the gentlemen to whom it applied the epithets of "short-card crooks" and "crooked gamblers" in its article of about a month ago. It there described these gentlemen as being very sore at the result of the first race between Hanlan and Ross. It submitted they had backed Hanlan in the main stake and then hedged out their money on Ross—only to find they had made a mistake. For this they appear to have lost the good opinion of our contemporary, and the insidious attack to which we have referred, was made on them. While lacking the moral courage to come out manfully and fight in the open field, it cowardly attempts assassination from behind the hedge. So that there can be no mistake in this matter we will identify a gentleman who answers the Globe's description of a crooked gambler by backing Hanlan and hedging out on Ross, and we will ask our big friend if the attack was meant for him. The gentleman to whom we allude is Col. Shaw, late President of the Hanlan Club and ex-U. S. Consul at Toronto. It is furnished us on the best authority that Col. Shaw acted in the manner which justifies the Globe in calling him a crooked gambler. If this gentleman was not the object of the Globe's virulent slurs, it will now have a chance to set itself straight; and if Col. Shaw can be held innocent in this matter, why should other gentlemen whose offence has been the same be stigmatized in the scandalous manner of the Globe. It has been a prevailing impression that the Globe was favorably inclined to the ex-U. S. Consul, and why it should take such a round about way to show its discredit of him is a mystery on all hands. The gentlemen who have been associated with him in the Hanlan Club will no doubt feel anything but pleased at the manner in which he is thus treated by a professed friend. The Col. himself will now see how gratitude is sometimes repaid, and when he next reposes so much confidence in human nature will probably take better care that it is not misplaced. The idea of writing down this gentleman as a short-card crook is too absurd for any one outside of the Globe to attach any credence to. It may be, however, that the Globe did not mean the first President of the Hanlan Club should be comprised in the classification it made for other gentlemen who were rowing in the same boat with him. We shall see.

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John Splann, in a letter of recent date, says he will trot Rarus against any horse in the world to harness or saddle. Splann knows what he is talking about, and next season should witness the liveliest skirmish between Hopeful and Rarus ever seen on the American turf.

"The American Turf Register" is now in the hands of the printers, and will be ready for distribution in a few weeks. It contains all the trotting and pacing events of 1878 in the United States and Canada, and will be sent, post paid, to any address on receipt of the price, \$1.—Address "Turf, Field and Farm," New York.

The great American racehorse Duke of Magenta, now in England, has recovered from his illness, and has again been put in training.

The Chico (Cal.) Jockey and Trotting Club cleared at its first meeting \$25,143.99. Any Club in Canada that cleared that many cents in the whole year has reason to thank its stars. They have pool selling in California; we have none here. Draw the inference.

About half the bills thus far before Congress relate to the currency question. But that's nothing. All the bills before us relate to the same thing.

It will be remembered that Port Perry Races take place on Wednesday and Thursday next. The entries close on Monday. Visitors will not forget that the Walker House kept by Mr. T. McGraw, is headquarters.

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Salvini, the noted English trotter (?), known in this country as the grey pacing gelding Billy Hopper, formerly of Buffalo, N. Y., at present the property of "Pony" Moore, of Moore & Burgess Christy's Minstrels, London, Eng., recently broke down in a race, and his career as a track horse is in all probability at an end.

Nineteen thousand horses were shipped from Ireland to England last year.

Correspondence.

EROM KINGSTON.

To Editor of Sporting Times:

Of late, public attention has been so much diverted by snow shovelling, electioneering and theatre going in the Lime Stone City, that I fear you will this week run short of sporting items from this point. The ice, however, has "taken hold," and there will be some trotting ere long. I hear that several horses are fitting and will spread themselves when the Kite is formed.

A plucky farmer living on the Island, who has for years made a point of being the first to cross the ice bridge, essayed to do so yesterday with a team and heavily loaded wagon of barley. He broke through the ice twice without losing courage, but the third ducking cooled his daring spirit, and he went back home a watter and wiser man. He had a narrow escape.

A commodious skating rink is in process of completion here, and will prove a great boon to the citizens.

We have, at last, a decent opera house in Kingston, a want long felt, as the room in the City Hall, which did duty for all entertainments from a love feast to a nigger show, was quite inadequate for the higher order itinerant genius.—SPYGLASS.

Canadian Turf.

TROTTING AT WELAND.

WELLAND, Ont, Jan 11—\$— Dash of one mile, to sleighs. Trial of speed.

Hoover's Duroc	1
CP Dunbar, blk m Lady Hill	2
No time.	

Same Day—\$— 8:00 class. Mile heats, 3 to 5, to sleighs.

Owner's Dufferin Dan	1	1
Owner's Gray Sam	2	2
Owner's Jack the Barber	3	3
No time.		

Same Day—\$— 2:35 class. Mile heats, 3 to 5, to sleighs.

Hoover's Starlight	1	2	3	1	1
Goold's Lady Upton	4	1	2	2	3
Batten's Lady Maud	3	4	1	3	2
Henry's Varcoe	2	3	4	dr	
No time.					

EDITORIAL CLIPPINGS.

When two young men of the period engage in an argument in which neither can convince the other, one of the young men is almost certain to produce what money he has in his pocket and offer to stake it upon his accuracy. In nine cases out of ten there is not the slightest intention on the better's part of running any risk whatever, and the demonstration is made solely with the object of compelling the other disputant to retract, or it may be for the purpose of creating a cover for the retreat of ignorance. But if, instead of retracting, this other produces his money and is eager to stake it, there ensues a fencing of words and attempts to veer round to all the points of the controversial compass, which appear most ludicrous to on-lookers. It is strange that the absurdity of trying to measure knowledge by a money standard never seems to strike any one in these disputes, but is only apparent to an on-looker. Good advice to all such young men is to avoid controversy, for no possible good can come out of it. It is a paradox in hydrostatics that water, no matter what the diameter of tubes through which it pass, always attains the same level. In like manner, no matter what the mental calibre of disputants, they both find the same level—a level which some one has termed "the hydrostatic paradox of controversy."—Telegraph.

The first time that any Scottish ecclesiastical court has passed a motion favorable to the use of public conveyances on Sunday occurred recently. The Glasgow Established Presbytery adopted a report that it was expedient to run tramway cars on Sunday within reasonable limits to accommodate the strictly Sunday travel. This is in curious contrast to the action of the Free Presbytery of Caithness which denounced in unmeasured terms the use of instrumental music in church.

Athletic.

MONTREAL LACROSSE CLUB.

A large and enthusiastic meeting of the Montreal Lacrosse Club took place last week at the club rooms, Gymnasium, Mansfield street, when power was given to the Committee to act with the Committee of the Montreal Snowshoe Club in the leasing and maintenance of the Gymnasium. The following resolutions were carried:— That the Montreal Lacrosse Club approves the leasing, in conjunction with the Montreal Snowshoe Club, of the building known as the Montreal Gymnasium. Moved by R. Crosbie, seconded by W. Habbell, That the Committee be empowered to act with the Committee of the Montreal Snowshoe Club in the general administration of the affairs of the new institution. Moved by W. M. Cushing, seconded by T. L. Paton, That, should the joint committee be fit, they may add to their number such members as they may deem necessary for

first prize was a silver cup, the second and third prizes were silver medals, the fourth prize was a dressing-case, the fifth a pencil-case, and the sixth an inkstand. After the presentation, the business of the annual meeting was proceeded with. The various resolutions passed by the Montreal Lacrosse Club in connection with the leasing of the Gymnasium by it and the Snowshoe Club conjointly, were unanimously approved and ratified. Supper came next in order, after which several humorous songs were sung by Messrs. Henry and William Young, Edwards, W. Maltby, and others, accompanied on the piano by Mr. Crosbie. The entertainment concluded with "God save the Queen," and at 10 p. m. the entire party started homeward bound.

A PROPOSITION FROM E. W. JOHNSTON.

BROOKLYN, L. I., Jan. 6, 1876.

Editor of Scotsman:

In your last issue I notice a reply to Messrs. Dinnie and Davidson, in which my name was used without my knowledge or consent by D. C. Ross. It now becomes my duty to say that the arrangements proposed by Mr. Ross do not meet with my approval. In the first place I know and all people know that Messrs. Dinnie and Davidson are the champion heavy-weight athletes of the world, and it certainly does appear that they want this contest made to suit themselves entirely, as their list consist of heavy competitions only. Mr. Ross takes it upon himself to say that they should name four of the competitions, and Mr. Ross and myself name the other four; the odd one to be tossed up for. This would not do, as it would virtually be tossing up for the stake money, as those winning the toss would name the competition in which they were sure of victory. There has been a misunderstanding on both sides in regard to this match. My intention from the first was that this match should consist of the entire Caledonian programme, the winner of the greatest number of competitions to be declared the winner of the match. I am now prepared to match myself single-handed against Messrs. Dinnie and Davidson, jointly or singly, or any man in the world, in an all-round Caledonian competition—Dinnie and Davidson preferred. I will allow reasonable expenses to them to come over to this country, or I will go over to Scotland at my own expense. I hope this will receive their immediate attention.

E. W. JOHNSTON,
Champion Athlete of America.

100-MILE SKATING CONTEST.

A BEST ON RECORD.

From the Chicago Field of last week we clip the following account of a 100-mile skating contest in that city:— A best on record is the aim and object of every honest sportsman, and there is more joy with its achievement than over the gain of dollars. For many years the best one hundred mile skating record made by Mr. Millard has remained unapproachable, though the effort to reduce it has several times been made. On Jan. 7, at 11:45 a. m., John Ennis, Patrick E. Donnelly, and Frank T. Jewell, all of this city, started on a race of one hundred miles for a purse of \$100, \$90 to the first, \$10 to the second, with \$5 additional if he made one hundred miles in fifteen hours; entrance fee \$5. We carefully laid out the track exactly nine laps to the mile, on smooth though very hard ice. Ennis took the lead from the beginning, going at a good pace, steadily followed by Donnelly, with Jewell outpaced. Ennis held on to his work for thirty-three miles without a stop in 8:16.55, between that and his forty-second mile he rested thirty-three minutes at four different intervals. The race was virtually Ennis from the start, which reflects all the greater credit on Donnelly for the pluck and endurance displayed, which carried him sixty-nine miles in 8h. 34m. 8s., when his friends wisely insisted upon his retirement, as he was much exhausted, and as the pleasantness of the day had changed to a temperature below zero, with a bitter, biting wind. Ennis deserves full credit for his determination to skate it out on such a bitterly cold night, and we are pleased to congratulate him on having achieved the best one hundred mile skating record in the following

paid to play second fiddle to Mr. Wm. Miller, and I frankly acknowledge that—with the exception of the all-night match, at the Rink, about two years ago—all matches between us were mere exhibitions, and I have resolved to drop that line of business." Now is the holiday season, when reformation and good resolutions are in order, and it is to be hoped that certain prominent professional oarsmen will follow Mr. Bauer's example, and let in some sunlight on the secret history of 1878.

SPRINTS.

WRESTLING.—James E. Owens, the noted wrestler, who defeated McLaughlin, Martin, Cox, Murphy, and Connors in contests for the championship of America, will not be able to compete in any more wrestling contests. He recently slipped from a ladder and injured his right ankle, which compels him to decline the challenges of McLaughlin, Dufur, and Connors.

GRACO-ROMAN WRESTLING.—Messrs. William Muldoon and Thiebaud Bauer have signed articles of agreement for a struggle at the above species of athletics. The instrument says the match is to take place in New York within thirty days of Jan. 6. The stakes are to be \$250 a side, and a private bet of \$2,500, in which Bauer lays the odds of three to two. The number of tickets of admission will be limited, and only enough issued to pay the necessary expenses entailed by the meeting. Muldoon has gone into strict training, and expects to scale about 185 lbs. on the day of the contest. Bauer will wrestle at about 10 lbs. less.

OFFICERS ELECTED.—The officers of the Ottawa Snow Shoe Club for the current year are as follows:—Captain, Mr W H Harrington; Vice do., Messrs P Sherwood and L Jarvis; Committee, Dr Horsey, T M Morton and Charles Armstrong; Sec-Treas, Wm Howe.

WALKING.—Prof. W. Miller and D. C. Ross are talking about a fifty-hour walking match. They will have to put down an extra flooring when these heavy weights get together.

MAN VS. HORSE.—At Chicago on the 12th, in the 52 hours pedestrian contest between Geo. Guyon and the stallion Hensing, Jr., the horse covered 201 miles to the man's 149 miles.

CRICKET.—At the annual meeting of the Dunnville Cricket Club the following officers were elected:—Wm Kerr, President; G A McCallum, M D, Vice; F J Ramsay, Captain; H Arnold, Sec'y and Treas; Directors—W H Smith, H Lawe, W Stone and the Captain.

CHALLENGE ACCEPTED.—An exchange says—"Ennis, the pedestrian, has accepted the challenge of Harry Fisher, of Ottawa, Can., champion skater. He agrees to meet him in a match at any distance from 100 to 500 miles, for \$500 a side and the championship of America. Ennis stipulates that the match shall take place in Chicago." The question arises, who is Fisher?

Aquatic.

HOSMER'S EXPERIENCE IN ENGLAND.

George H. Hosmer, the young oarsman of Boston, who went across the "Big Pond" about five weeks ago with the hope of measuring oars with some of the rising young English oarsmen, arrived home again by the steamship Victoria on Wednesday of last week. George's ill-fortune in the past has been attributed to his exceedingly flighty disposition, which has made him unmanageable as well as a burden to men who have undertaken to back him. His trip across the water, it is thought by his many friends, cannot but be beneficial to him. In conversation with friends he gives the inference that the English people look upon the athletes of this country, generally, as inferior in every way to their own. He was given to understand, while on the other side, that American athletes did not know how to do anything properly. He sailed from Boston on the Victoria, and reached Liverpool in thirteen days. Possessed of a letter of introduction from Mr. W. A. Simmons of the Harvard crew that rowed Oxford several years ago, he was handsomely welcomed by the veteran Harry Kelly at London. Hos-

A REVIEW OF THE PROMINENT SCULLERS.

(From the Boston Herald.)

A prominent sculler, well known throughout the country, in speaking of the races of the past season, gives it as his opinion that, with few exceptions, none of the oarsmen rowed for all they were worth in the different regattas, held both in Canada and this country. He believes that Riley did not try to win his races, as he was laying back for matches, and states most positively that Frenchy Johnson would have no show with the Saratoga man in a bona fide match. He considers Riley a great sculler, and claims that his great forte is rowing his race home from the turning stake. He even goes so far as to say that Riley can defeat Hanlan, and has no doubt that the late race at Lachine was "fixed," and that Courtney agreed not to win. He thinks that Ross will improve and hold high rank, but will hardly take first place.

MEETING OF THE HARVARD BOAT CLUB.

At a meeting of the Harvard University Boat Club last week, the Oxford and Cornell letters were read and resolutions passed approving the action of the executive committee in regard to the Cornell matter. It was announced that on the failure to arrange an English race, the old crew had broken up, and that Richard Trimble, '80, the assistant treasurer of the boat club, had been elected captain to succeed Bancroft. It was also announced that Mr. Garfield of the N. A. A. O. had telegraphed asking if Harvard would row Oxford or Cambridge (in case either came to this country) in the National Association race. Owing to the disbandment of the old crew, it was thought best to reply that Harvard would be unable to enter a crew for that race. The meeting adjourned after giving nine cheers for Captain Trimble.

SPLASHES.

ROSS.—A private letter from England says that Tarryer having declined to row Wallace Ross, the latter has challenged either Lumden or Nicholson for a hundred pounds a side race on the Thames, the contest to take place within two months from the signing of the articles.

PLAISTED.—Fred. Plaisted, besides being a good sculler, is proficient in the use of the Indian clubs, and as he has likewise some talent for the "nigger business," he proposes to fill in the dull season by joining the army of variety-hall performers. Luck be with him.

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WELSH WILLIAM AND SPOTTED COLT.

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in the morning, while driving a young fresh horse, was thrown from his gig, and severely cut about his left hand, but still he would not hear of anyone else riding his old pet, who never looked better than at the present time, while it was the general remark that the Spotted Colt had thickened and considerably improved since he was last seen in public. A cheque for the amount of the stakes will be sent to Mr. D. Griffiths, Fewd Farm, Lampeter, South Wales, on Wednesday next.—Sporting Life Jan. 1.

ARREST OF MOKEE RANKIN.

Mokee Rankin was arrested at Philadelphia on Saturday on the affidavit of Patrick H. Delaney, who testified that Rankin in 1876 purchased property of him in that city and mortgaged the same for \$8,200, and that he occupied the house six months and then abandoned it, taking with him all the furniture with intent to defraud his creditors. A Sheriff's sale had realized \$2,600. The plaintiff claimed the balance, \$5,700. Rankin answered that he had fulfilled all agreements that were made by him when he took possession of the property, but that a subsequent quarrel between Delaney and himself had resulted in this attack. Judge Fell decided that if the defendant had any tangible property it should be applied to the payment of his debts, but that copyright to the "Dan ites," which he holds in his wife's (Kitty Blanchard's) name, was not such property. The defendant denied emphatically having such property or goods, and was thereupon discharged.

POOL-SELLING IN CALIFORNIA.

A recent decision in a San Francisco court establishes the fact that pool-selling in California is gambling and no debt contracted for such a purpose can be recovered by law. In the case referred to, H. A. Kirby, et al, vs. Cornelius Lyons, brought to recover \$750 invested in a pool in the race between Katie Pease and Tnal Stevens, some years ago, Judge Daingerfel gave judgment for defendant in the case, under a State statute that the selling of pools on horse racing is gambling, and no debt or contract growing out of any such business can be recovered. Whether this decision will interfere with the business of pool selling hereafter in California remains to be seen. The above decision is simply in accordance with the usage established in the majority of the States, and will be favorably regarded if for no other reason than this: A man has no right to demand the return of money invested in a pool; because he willingly engages in the operation, and, if he wins, quietly pockets his gains without any compunctious visitings. The debt contracted in such cases is a debt of honor, and no man should squawk when called upon to pay it.

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GENERAL.

MONTREAL.—Genevieve Ward at Theatre Royal for five nights, commencing Jan. 14. Martinez English Opera Co. at Academy of Music, 14 and 15, in Lucis, and H. M. D. at fore. HAMILTON.—McDowell's Shagreen Company for three nights, commencing Jan. 14.

...that water, no matter what the diameter of tubes through which it pass, always attains the same level. In like manner, no matter what the mental calibre of dispirited, they both find the same level—a fact which some one has termed "the hydrostatic paradox of controversy."—Telegraph.

The first time that any Scottish ecclesiastical court has passed a motion favorable to the use of public conveyances on Sunday occurred recently. The Glasgow Established Presbytery adopted a report that it was expedient to run tramway cars on Sunday within reasonable limits to accommodate the strictly Sunday travel. This is in curious contrast to the action of the Free Presbytery of Caithness which denounced in unmeasured terms the use of instrumental music in church.

Athletic.

MONTREAL LACROSSE CLUB.

A large and enthusiastic meeting of the Montreal Lacrosse Club took place last week in the club rooms, Gymnasium, Mansfield street, when power was given to the Committee to act with the Committee of the Montreal Snowshoe Club in the leasing and maintenance of the Gymnasium.

The following resolutions were carried:— That the Montreal Lacrosse Club approves of the leasing, in conjunction with the Montreal Snowshoe Club, of the building known as the Montreal Gymnasium.

Moved by R. Crosbie, seconded by W. Hubbell, That the Committee be empowered to act with the Committee of the Montreal Snowshoe Club in the general administration of the affairs of the new institution.

Moved by W. M. Cushing, seconded by T. L. Paton, That, should the joint committee see fit, they may add to their number such members as they may deem necessary for the proper working of the institution.

Moved by C. H. Cordingly, seconded by Robt. Summerhayes, That the committees be empowered to draft and adopt such rules and regulations as they may deem necessary for the proper working of the institution.

Moved by A. W. Stevenson, seconded by F. M. Sowden, That the President of the Club, together with the President of the Montreal Snowshoe Club, be and is hereby empowered to sign the lease of the Gymnasium and that they be held harmless from any personal liability in so doing.

ANNUAL STEEPLE CHASE.

On the evening of the 8th inst., the members of the Montreal Snowshoe Club and a number of friends assembled at the McGill College Gate to take part in the annual steeple chase of the Club. The start was made at seven minutes to eight, at the word from the President, Mr. Grant, and the competitors gaily entered on their self-imposed task of reaching Prendergast's, over the route laid down, in the quickest possible time. The night was dark and the road heavy, owing to which the time made over the course was not as good as last year. Prendergast's was reached in the following order:—

1. Geo. Starke, 28 min. 16 sec.
2. Thos. Paton, 24 min. 49 sec.
3. E. H. Hanna, 24 min. 49½ sec.
4. Fred. McIndoe, 25 min. 12 sec.
5. Thos. Hodgson, 25 min. 80 sec.
6. Thos. Rutherford, 25 min. 85 sec.

The remainder were not timed. Starke won a comparatively easy victory, arriving about three hundred yards ahead of the second comer. The prizes were presented at Prendergast's, where a large number of ladies had assembled, who had driven out to see the sport, by Mr. Grant, accompanying each presentation with a few appropriate words. The

...in an all-round Caledonian competition—Dinnie and Davidson preferred. I will allow reasonable expenses to them to come over to this country, or I will go over to Scotland at my own expense. I hope this will receive their immediate attention.

E. W. JOHNSTON,
Champion Athlete of America.

100-MILE SKATING CONTEST.

A BEST ON RECORD.

From the Chicago Field of last week we clip the following account of a 100-mile skating contest in that city:—

A best on record is the aim and object of every honest sportsman, and there is more joy with its achievement than over the gain of dollars. For many years the best one hundred mile skating record made by Mr. Millard has remained unapproachable, though the effort to reduce it has several times been made. On Jan. 7, at 11:45 a. m., John Ennis, Patrick E. Donnelly, and Frank T. Jewell, all of this city, started on a race of one hundred miles for a purse of \$100, \$90 to the first, \$10 to the second, with \$5 additional if he made one hundred miles in fifteen hours; entrance fee \$5. We carefully laid out the track exactly nine laps to the mile, on smooth though very hard ice. Ennis took the lead from the beginning, going at a good pace, steadily followed by Donnelly, with Jewell outpaced. Ennis held on to his work for thirty-three miles without a stop in 3:16:55, between that and his forty-second mile he rested thirty-three minutes at four different intervals. The race was virtually Ennis from the start, which reflects all the greater credit on Donnelly for the pluck and endurance displayed, which carried him sixty-nine miles in 8h. 34m. 8s., when his friends wisely insisted upon his retirement, as he was much exhausted, and as the pleasantness of the day had changed to a temperature below zero, with a bitter, biting wind. Ennis deserves full credit for his determination to skate it out on such a bitterly cold night, and we are pleased to congratulate him on having achieved the best one hundred mile skating record in the following

	TIME.		
10 Miles 0h.	51m.	10s.
20 Miles 1h.	49m.	50s.
30 Miles 2h.	54m.	07s.
40 Miles 4h.	26m.	22s.
50 Miles 5h.	35m.	35s.
60 Miles 6h.	46m.	40s.
70 Miles 8h.	09m.	40s.
80 Miles 9h.	15m.	20s.
90 Miles 10h.	24m.	20s.
100 Miles 11h.	37m.	45s.

MADAME ANDERSON'S FEAT ACCOMPLISHED.

Madame Anderson concluded her task of walking 2,700 quarter miles in as many quarter hours, at Brooklyn, N. Y., on the evening of the 18th, at 10.45. She appeared greatly exhausted, and was taken to her physician, where she will be under treatment for a week or two. At first she will not be allowed to sleep more than fifteen minutes at a time. It is said she would probably never wake up if she was not disturbed. In a day or two she will be allowed to sleep two hours at a time, and the time will be gradually increased until she can take all the sleep she desires without fear of injury.

HONEST CONFESSION.

Many of our readers have heard of one or more Græco-Roman wrestling matches between Wm. Miller and T. Bauer, and all will remember that these athletes have, since 1874, competed for \$1,000 and the championship about twenty times in the United States and Canada. Dec. 28, 1878, Mr. Bauer publishes, over his own signature, in a New York morning newspaper, the following easily understood statement:—"I have been well

the horse covered 201 miles to the man's 119 miles.

CRICKET.—At the annual meeting of the Dunnville Cricket Club the following officers were elected:—Wm Kerr, President; G. A. McCallum, M. D. Vice; F. J. Ramsay, Captain; H. Arnold, Sec'y and Treas; Directors—W. H. Smith, H. Lawe, W. Stone and the Captain.

CHALLENGE ACCEPTED.—An exchange says—"Ennis, the pedestrian, has accepted the challenge of Harry Fisher, of Ottawa, Can., champion skater. He agrees to meet him in a match at any distance from 100 to 500 miles, for \$500 aside and the Championship of America. Ennis stipulates that the match shall take place in Chicago." The question arises, who is Fisher?

Aquatic.

HOSMER'S EXPERIENCE IN ENGLAND.

George H. Hosmer, the young oarsman of Boston, who went across the "Big Pond" about five weeks ago with the hope of measuring oars with some of the rising young English oarsmen, arrived home again by the steamship Victoria on Wednesday of last week. George's ill-fortune in the past has been attributed to his exceedingly flighty disposition, which has made him unmanageable as well as a burden to men who have undertaken to back him. His trip across the water, it is thought by his many friends, cannot but be beneficial to him. In conversation with friends he gives the inference that the English people look upon the athletes of this country, generally, as inferior in every way to their own. He was given to understand, while on the other side, that American athletes did not know how to do anything properly. He sailed from Boston on the Victoria, and reached Liverpool in thirteen days. Possessed of a letter of introduction from Mr. W. A. Simmons of the Harvard crew that rowed Oxford several years ago, he was handsomely welcomed by the veteran Harry Kelly at London. Hosmer found that his arrival was rather premature, as the boating season does not fully open in England until March or April. However, at the request of Kelly, he went out to row on the Thames in a working boat. The river was filled with floating ice, and the day was cold, which fact, coupled with the peculiar rig of the boat, made sculling anything but agreeable to him. Then, again, he was entirely out of condition, weighing 171 pounds in his shirt sleeves, and, while sitting in the boat, he was so cramped up by the old-fashioned rig that he could not row in his accustomed style. He rowed a considerable distance, and, on coming ashore, was told by Kelly, who had been watching him from the river banks, that he raised his elbows too high and too far out of the boat. Before leaving Mr. Kelly, who had given up the hotel on account of the hard times, Harry told Hosmer that it would be better for him to come over again in June. Hosmer also found that Ross had reached England about a week before him, had also called on Kelly a few days before he did, and had then gone on to the north of England. Ross, on calling on Kelly, requested that he (Kelly) should say nothing about his arrival, a fact that seemed to surprise the veteran oarsman, as the day following Ross went to the office of Bell's Life and had his arrival published to the world. Hosmer spent altogether but five days in London. He called on Mr. Gunston of the London Rowing Club, and also on Thomas, who rowed pair-oared with Faulkner and Reagan, at the Centennial in Philadelphia in 1876. He says the people of England are suffering so severely from the hard times that there is but little encouragement for American oarsmen in English waters. Ross, being from the British Provinces, is looked upon by Englishmen as one of themselves, and, consequently, either he or Hanlan cannot but fare well in the old country.

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LONDON.—Adelaide Phillips' Opera Co., 24.

OTTAWA.—Charlotte Thompson and company, Opera House, 17 and 18.

BROCKVILLE.—Baird's New Orleans Minstrels, 17.—Liliputian Opera Co., Feb. 3.

KINGSTON.—Genevieve Ward, at Opera House, 13.—City Hall, 13, 14, and 15, Macallister, the Wizard.

KRIK'S GUIDE TO THE TURF.

1878, FOR USE IN 1879.

It being the subscriber's intention to continue the publication of "Krik's Guide to the Turf" and experience having shown him that such books have a very limited sale among the general public, he is compelled to invite subscriptions for it at Five Dollars each. Subscribers will receive Part I. about February 1, 1879, and Parts I. and II., bound together, about May 1, 1879.

Part I. will contain as full and accurate a record of races run in 1878 as can be obtained, with index; a list of owners and racing colors, with Post-office addresses, names of pool-sellers and book-makers, schedules of weights carried; reports of sales of thoroughbred yearlings and a classified enumeration of the earnings of stallions and their progeny, with tables of the number of races run at all distances.

Part II. will contain a list of Racing Associations and how to reach their tracks; winners of all the prominent fixed events; with the number of subscribers, starters, and the time made; a record of the best performances; a list of the foals of 1878 as reported to S. D. Bruce, Esq., for the American Stud Book, and the nominations for all the stakes to be run in 1879 and 1880 that have closed on or before April 15th, 1878, accompanied by a careful and complete index.

Subscriptions will be due on receipt of Part I. H. G. CRICKMORE,
With "The World," 35 Park Row,
New York.

Poetry

THE HUNT.

In joyous notes at early morn,
The huntsman winds his echoing horn,
Tra, la la—tra, la; tra, la la—tra, la.
With whimpering cry, each eager hound
Bursts from the kennel with a bound,
Responsive to the welcome sound,
Tra, la la—tra, la; tra, la la—tra, la.

And, as they lie to cover side,
The mellow hound sounds far and wide,
Tra, la la—tra, la; tra, la la—tra, la.
The hunter lifts his crest in pride,
His eye and nostril straining wide,
While echoing from the mountain side
Comes back tra la; tra, la la—tra, la.

Trembling, shy Renard hears the sound—
A knell of death from horn and hound—
Tra, la la—eyoicks; eyoicks—tra, la la.
He steals away with vigorous bound,
And safety seeks in open ground
From blast of horn and cry of hound,
Tra, la la—eyoicks; eyoicks—tra, la la.

He bursts in sight! tally ho! tally ho!
And all join in the vlew halloo,
Tally ho!—tra, la la; tra, la la—tally ho!
Now, crafty Renard, do or die!
Streaming away, with scent breast high,
The straining pack bursts in full cry,
Eyoicks, yoicks, yoicks; eyoicks, yoicks,
yoicks.

O'er hill and dale, with shout and cry,
The noisy hunt sweeps clamoring by,
Tra, la la—eyoicks; eyoicks—tra, la la.
Without a check to mar the fun—
A glorious forty-minute run—
The hunt is o'er, the brush is won
Who whoop! tra, la la; tra, la la—who
whoop.

As to the hunt at early morn,
So now, to kennel sounds the horn,
Tra, la la—tra, la; tra, la la—tra, la.
With drooping storns, the panting pack,
Follow their master on his back
Till castle walls are echoing back
Tra, la la—tra, la; tra, la la—tra, la.

Miscellaneous

'Give him the rest of it in a pail' is the latest slang among the gamins.

No gentleman of refinement now says, 'Cheese it!' but 'Please swim out!'

It is so cold in Idaho that the whiskey is chopped up into little chunks.

A firm in Detroit have received an order for 20,000 skunk skins. Set your traps, boys.

There are 750 convicts in the Kingston penitentiary. They consumed 900 lbs. of plumb pudding on Christmas Day.

An iceboat recently ran from Bastien's wharf, Hamilton, across the Bay to Carroll's Point, a distance of two miles, in 1:18. So said the Times.

'Rather than touch another drop of liquor, said a zealous convert at a temperance meeting at Alton, Ill., the other night, 'I would take a razor and blow out my brains.'

An exchange asks what kind of fire do they have in Chicago that will melt down buildings that were intended to be fire proof? Chicago is undoubtedly located nearer the lower regions than any city in the world, and thus the fires are so much hotter.

An artistic London tailor exhibits his cloth sporting suits by turning his window, placing stuffed partridges and pheasants in it and displaying the bales of cloth thereon, so that intending purchasers could judge for themselves how the goods would look when worn in the field.

Lady Catherine Whyte-Melville died on the 28th ult., her death having been hastened by the shock of the intelligence of the fatal accident to her son, Major Whyte-Melville, the novelist. She was a daughter of Francis Godolphin, Duke of Leeds, was married in 1819, and died in the eighty-sixth year of her age.

Again our cold water preachers say men can't get the value of their money in saloons.

Dr. Routh, years ago President of Magdalen College, Oxford, and a delightful and eccentric man, was very fond of his dogs, and had them constantly around him. Nothing would induce him to banish them. The Vice-President once informed him, in the name of the Fellows, that they had resolved to enforce the college order, by which it was forbidden to keep dogs in college. 'Then, sir,' he rejoined, 'I suppose I must call mine—cats!'

It was Mr. Grandley Berkeley who, under the skillful cross-examination of Mr. John Bright, then on a committee to inquire into the operation of the Game laws, was made to show that the average farmer saves \$175,000 a year by the crows on his farm. As thus: Crows kill wire-worms. Where there are no crows boys had to be employed to kill the worms at 1 1/4 a hundred. The boys made about 9d. a day each. A crow, Mr. Berkeley declared, was worth fifty boys at such work, or within a small fraction of £2 a day. On an average, Mr. Berkeley said, there were fifty crows on a farm, hence as each bird earned £700 a year, the average farmer made \$175,000 a year out of his crows.

A SUCCESSFUL CANADIAN MINSTREL.

The New York Clipper last week contains the portraits of the principal comedians in the Barlow, Wilson, Primrose & West minstrel organization now travelling in the Southern States. As Mr. George H. Primrose is a native of London, the following sketch of his professional career will be read with interest:—Geo. H. Primrose was born in London, Ont., November 12, 1852, and entered the profession in 1867, appearing with McFarland's Minstrels at their organization in Detroit, Mich. He was billed as 'Master Georgie, the Infant Clog-dancer.' After closing with this company he returned to London, and joined the New Orleans Minstrels, L. P. Benjamin, proprietor and manager. After leaving them he went to Buffalo, N. Y., and played an engagement in a variety theatre. His next engagement was at Smith's Opera House, Saginaw, where he doubled with Bobby McGowan. Returning to Buffalo, N. Y., they accepted an engagement with Dorris & Batchelor, managers of concert with O'Brien's Circus. After that season Mr. Primrose dissolved partnership with McGowan, and joined Skiff & Gaylord's Minstrels. Closing with them in 1872, he doubled up with his present partner, Wm. H. West. Together they joined Dorris & Batchelor's concert party with O'Brien's Circus. After the close of that season they played in the Olympic Theatre, New York, and with Simmons & Slocum's Minstrels in Philadelphia, and then joined Haverley's Minstrels in Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 20, 1874, continuing with them until June 14, 1877, and afterwards joining the present company.

THE CAUSE OF IT.

It is often remarked that a running horse will not stand up under a series of campaigns like a trotter. Goldsmith Maid, for instance, trotted some of her best races after she had passed her fifteenth birthday. The trotting gait is as tiresome as the gallop, and the races in which a trotter engages are always of heats. The scoring is tedious, and sometimes it requires eight heats of one mile each to decide who is entitled to first money. And yet the trotter campaigns it long after the runner of the same age has been retired from the turf. This fact clearly proves that the modern trotter is a horse of great stoutness and endurance. It fails, however, to make it clear to our minds that the thoroughbred is a horse of less constitution than the trotter. The runner is a debutant upon the track in the Spring he is two years old, and he is kept in training from that time until he breaks down. His most valuable engagements are met in his two and three-year old forms. The severest strain is put upon him before he has matured—before the boxes have become thoroughly hard and the cords strong. That he should early give way under this strain is not surprising. The majority of trotters are not required to face the battles of the turf until after they are six years old. The strain does not come upon them until they are matured, their systems

Harper's Magazine.

1879.

ILLUSTRATED.

NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

Harper's Magazine is the American Magazine alike in literature and in art.—Boston Traveller. The most popular Monthly in the world.—N. Y. Observer.

It is an excellent companion for the young, a delight to the mature, a solace for declining age.—Louisville Courier-Journal

No other Monthly in the world can show so brilliant a list of contributors; nor does any furnish its readers with so great a variety and so superior a quality of literature.—Watchman, Boston.

The volumes of the Magazine begin with the Numbers for June and December of each year. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to begin with the current Number.

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1879.

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1879.

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McClure's American Gentleman's table Guide, containing a familiar description of the American table, the most complete and useful of its kind.

zest slang among the gamins.

No gentleman of refinement now says, 'Cheese it!' but 'Please swim out!'

It is so cold in Idaho that the whiskey is chopped up into little chunks.

A firm in Detroit have received an order for 20,000 skunk skins. Set your traps, boys.

There are 750 convicts in the Kingston penitentiary. They consumed 900 lbs. of plumb pudding on Christmas Day.

An iceboat recently ran from Bastien's wharf, Hamilton, across the Bay to Carroll's Point, a distance of two miles, in 1:18. So saith the Times.

'Rather than touch another drop of liquor,' said a zealous convert at a temperance meeting at Alton, Ill., the other night, 'I would take a razor and blow out my brains.'

An exchange asks what kind of fire do they have in Chicago that will melt down buildings that were intended to be fire proof? Chicago is undoubtedly located nearer the lower regions than any city in the world, and thus the fires are so much hotter.

An artistic London tailor exhibits his cloth for sporting suits by turning his window, placing stuffed partridges and pheasants in it and displaying the bales of cloth thereon, so that intending purchasers could judge for themselves how the goods would look when worn in the field.

Lady Catherine Whyte-Melville died on the 23rd ult., her death having been hastened by the shock of the intelligence of the fatal accident to her son, Major Whyte-Melville, the novelist. She was a daughter of Francis Godolphin, Duke of Leeds, was married in 1819, and died in the eighty-sixth year of her age.

Again our cold water preachers say men don't get the value of their money in saloons. Well, they come nearer to it than they do at church fairs anyway. If a glass of whiskey isn't worth five cents quicker than a couple of oysters, a calico necktie, or a long primer catechism is worth a dollar and a half, you can just take our remains—that's all.

Mr. Gus Williams got off rather a good one at Booth's the other night. He said that when in Europe he had been invited to call on a certain king, but recollecting his sad experience when, on a former occasion, he called on three kings, he declined. This elicited the applause of the house, when Mr. Williams remarked that he was pleased to see such a fellow feeling among the audience before him.

A correspondent informs us that some weeks ago a number of cattle, the property of Mr. John Robb, Troy, were taken suddenly ill, and in about fifteen minutes from the time the disease showed itself the animals died. The head of one was examined and it was found that nearly all the brain had disappeared. In skinning one of the beasts Mr. Robb got his right hand poisoned. The hand and arm swelled and his state became so alarming that at one time his life was despaired of. He was very much reduced but he is now almost well again.

The Observer yesterday contained an article showing to what absurd lengths the totalitarians carry their ideas in restricting the sale of liquor. Here is an example which needs no comment. According to the Hartford Times, two Norwich children were poisoned with aconite a few days since, and he hastily summoned physician prescribed brandy as an antidote. Owing to the stringency of the Prohibitory law, it took several hours to find a druggist who dared to fill the prescription; but the children were fortunately saved. And now the druggist who allowed his humanity to get the better of his respect for law is to be prosecuted.

concert with O'Brien's Circus. After that season Mr. Primrose dissolved partnership with McGowan, and joined Skiff & Gaylord's Minstrels. Closing with them in 1872, he doubled up with his present partner, Wm. H. West. Together they joined Doris & Bachelor's concert party with O'Brien's Circus. After the close of that season they played in the Olympic Theatre, New York, and with Simmons & Slooam's Minstrels in Philadelphia, and then joined Haverley's Minstrels in Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 20, 1874, and afterwards joining the present company.

THE CAUSE OF IT.

It is often remarked that a running horse will not stand up under a series of campaigns like a trotter. Goldsmith Maid, for instance, trotted some of her best races after she had passed her fifteenth birthday. The trotting gait is as tiresome as the gallop, and the races in which a trotter engages are always of heats. The scoring is tedious, and sometimes it requires eight heats of one mile each to decide who is entitled to first money. And yet the trotter campaigns it long after the runner of the same age has been retired from the turf. This fact clearly proves that the modern trotter is a horse of great stoutness and endurance. It fails, however, to make it clear to our minds that the thoroughbred is a horse of less constitution than the trotter. The runner is a *debutant* upon the track in the Spring he is two years old, and he is kept in training from that time until he breaks down. His most valuable engagements are met in his two and three-year old forms. The severest strain is put upon him before he has matured—before the bones have become thoroughly hard and the cords strong. That he should early give way under this strain is not surprising. The majority of trotters are not required to face the battles of the turf until after they are six years old. The strain does not come upon them until time has matured their joints, made firm their cords and clothed them with strength; therefore they grow old in fighting for the first honors of the track. If the thoroughbred received like treatment, if he were allowed to run in the pasture until he was four or five years old, he would last through as many campaigns as the trotter does. He might not develop so much speed, but he would show more wear and tear. The feverish desire to realize early is the cause of racing colts instead of horses. The habit is so well fixed that nothing we could say would change it. But when the inquiry is made as to the why and wherefore of trotters outlasting runners, we turn to the custom, and from it receive a logical explanation, a flood of light.—*Turf.*

ENDURANCE OF A HORSE.

The Hayneville Examiner states that a gentleman of North Lowndes came to this city some weeks ago. While here he bought a buggy and horse. On his way homeward, at Genter's Hill, he got out of his buggy for some purpose, and the horse ran off with it. Darkness set in, and the gentleman looked in vain for his missing property. He went home and gave notice of the escape, and was much troubled at the failure to recover the beast and vehicle. At last they were found in the woods of Pinlala Swamp, near the place of escape. The buggy had become fixed among the trees in such a manner that the horse could not draw it; and there the unfortunate beast had stood, without food or water, for ten days! Though emaciated and feeble the horse was driven home without being taken from the buggy. We view this fact, which is vouched for on the best authority, as a contribution to the scientific knowledge and speculation of the day, and hardly know of a parallel.—*Montgomery, Ala., Advertiser.*

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The *Weekly* remains easily at the head of illustrated papers by its fine literary quality, the beauty of its type and woodcuts.—*Springfield Republican.*

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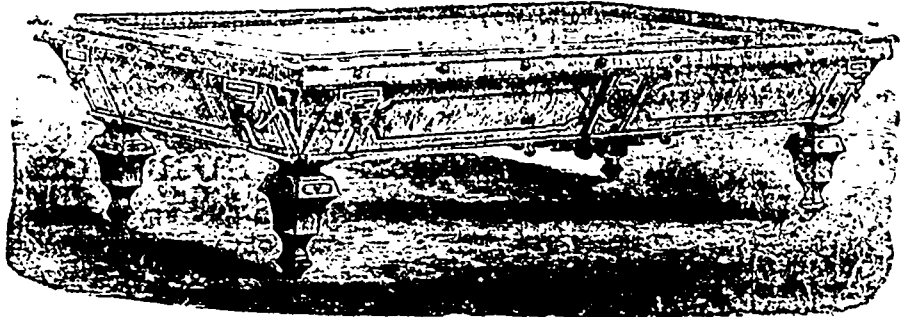
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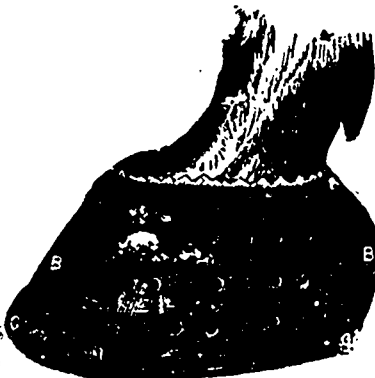
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ATTENDED **TO** 114-14th St. N. Y.