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**THE THOROUGHBRED RACEHORSE.
HOW TO BREED, REAR, AND
TRAIN THEM.**

BY AN OLD TRAINER.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The Errors of Training and the Pathological Treatment of the Racehorse.

[From the Spirit of the Times].

I have seen this season, and, of course, many others have witnessed the same, the malpractice of pathology in the treatment of invalid horses. I saw a case of treatment of a splendid young race horse, which, if it had not come under my own personal observation, I should not have believed. The horse was trained from January 1 until June 1, in a rough and savage manner, by an ill-natured negro. He was then purchased for the North, and placed in the hands of a young trainer, whose ignorance, in regard to the proper training of the horse, was only equalled by his former trainer, and combined with a great deal less energy or attention. The horse was trained, and started in his race a little lame. After the race he was quite lame, and could scarcely walk. He was put upon the cars the next day after the race, and taken to his place of destination; when he arrived there the leg was swollen to three or four times the natural size. The young man who had him in charge, being ignorant of the pathological treatment necessary to reduce the swelling, clapped on a blister, which increased the swelling almost to bursting. Being ignorant of the natural effects of a blister, he showered the leg with cold water, thereby driving the inflammation still further into the skin, causing the swelling to run up to the stifle and so stiffen the leg as almost to prevent the horse from walking. They kept up his shower bath, however, until the skin broke out in holes, when, finding the leg was growing worse and worse, they concluded to ask some advice in regard to the treatment of the leg. They were advised to bathe it with tepid water, which treatment they continued for a day or two, but, being impatient, they gave it up, as being too slow a process to cure the leg; so they went to a drug store and procured the following poisons—laudanam, tincture of amies, sugar of lead, sulphate of zinc, blue vitrol, oil of spike, and two or three other stimulants. They mixed that up in a meal poultice, made a sack for the leg, coming up to the hock, in which they packed this trashy mixture all around the leg, and tied the sack over the ham-string, and walked him in the hot sun over an hour, until the weight of the poultice caused the string to cut through the skin into the tendons, producing a profuse flow of blood. He was then taken to the tub and bathed for an hour, and this, during that very hot weather, was his in the early part of last July. There was no one to keep the flies off the poor horse while bathing, although the trainer and two or three other loafers belonging to the stable were laying around. To be sure there was a thin gauze

ing tampered with it. The trainer would deny it in toto, and so it went on, until most persons who saw the horse supposed that he would lose his leg and life too. What became of the horse I have never yet learned, whether he had a big leg or a stiff leg, or whether he had entirely recovered, but this I do know, that a little common sense could have prevented all the trouble and all the suffering the poor horse experienced from the ignorant treatment he received from his trainer.

In the first place, before he blistered the leg, he should have reduced the swelling so as to enable him to have seen whether it was necessary, for firing or blistering should never be resorted to until the parts become calloused. The object of firing or blistering is to arouse a healthy action in a morbid part. In the case of a swelled throat it is necessary to apply a severe blister as a counter-irritant, to prevent death from suffocation by internal swelling. This is the only part of the horse that a blister can be applied with good effect, when the parts are swollen or inflamed. I wish in this article to treat upon the savage treatment by firing and blistering which prevails so much of late in the treatment of the thoroughbred. Now, in the case just treated above, the swelling of the leg should have been reduced in the following manner: Take a quantity of hops, put them in a tub or bucket, as the case may be, and pour scalding water over them, cover them up, and let them macerate for half an hour or so; then when the temperature becomes sufficiently cool, so as not to scald the horse's leg, put it in and bathe it until the water becomes cold, then raise the temperature by additional warm water, so as to continue the bathing for about an hour. In the meantime make a sack about twice as large as the leg. When done bathing, put the leg into the sack, and fill it with the scalded hops, all round the leg, as far as the swelling extends. This poultice should remain upon the leg for several hours or during the night. The moisture of the hops should be kept up by occasional applications of tepid water, and the horse should be kept still during the time his leg is in the poultice. He at no time, during the first four or five days, should be induced to take more exercise than he would naturally take in a large box-stall or small paddock. As soon as the swelling begins to decrease, discontinue the poultice and warm bathing, and allow the leg to be exposed to the atmospheric pressure, which acts as a stimulant, and will produce a healthy capillary action upon the skin. If the leg should swell during the night, which it may from weakness, then use Pond's Lotion, or any liniment that does not blister. All liniments, when there is hair, should be applied without bandage, unless you wish to blister; but the best application that I have used, in cases above described, is salt, vinegar, and cold water, that is, after the swelling has measurably subsided. The mixture should be about a gill of strong vinegar to a quart of water, with a tablespoonful of salt; apply the mixture four or five times a day, without bandage. If the leg of the horse, just above described, had been treated thus, the very valuable turf services of the horse I have alluded to, during the entire season, would not have been lost to his owner. But what I have said in one of my previous articles I now repeat, that there is no

season, that is, if he was really broken down before he was fired or blistered! Nature can not restore any injury about the legs while an irritating inflammation is kept up; the leg must be kept cool, and then nature, producing a healthy circulation, will restore the parts to their previous sound condition. The old opinion or excuse the habitual blistering system had was that it formed a kind of artificial bandage, by thickening the skin, which would contract and support the flexor tendon; but that theory has been entirely exploded, for experience has taught us that a bandage around the leg, made of cloth, leather, or steel, will not prevent the tendon from suppurating and breaking down. The bad effects on the horse's joints, which must become more or less affected from the inflammation produced by the blistering of the cords, are most injurious to the horse's locomotive action by inflaming the substance that lubricates the joints. It often produces big knees and fetlocks, and stiffens the coffin joint.

The opinion that generally prevails, that firing and blistering will cure a ringbone or stop its growth, is a great error, as can be proven on pathological principles. For instance, if you wished to restore a shrunken muscle you would naturally insert a seton in the part affected, which, allowing the atmospheric air to pass in, would set up a local inflammation and cause a flow of blood to the parts inflamed. The result is a discharge of healthy matter, and soon the cavity or shrunken muscles are restored to their full and natural form. So it would be, or rather the result will be, the same if you should fire or blister a joint infected with an incipient form of ringbone; the parts being irritated the blood naturally flows there, with all its properties heavily freighted with phosphate of lime, which is the bone making constituent of the blood, which would be deposited or added to the bone already formed on the joint, and would tend to increase it as long as the logic irritation is kept up. You cannot cure a ringbone; all that can be done is by applying cooling lotions, of which cold water forms the active principle, with a thin linen bandage around it, kept wet during the day and taken off at night, and the utmost quiet must be observed. The horse should have a large, roomy stall, and not to have more exercise than he would take within it, as rest is the main restorative.

(To be Continued.)

THE RUNNING TURF OF 1876.

THE TIME RECORD.

Turfmen of the past generation are generally inclined to enlarge on the superior racings of the thoroughbred heroes of the past, and to depreciate the performances of the champion racers of the present day. They look back on turf achievements of the horses they saw run and win in their youthful days, and view them through the roseate hue in which time always envelops the past. They delight in eloquently decanting on the deterioration of the modern race-horse, of his degeneracy in speed and powers of endurance as compared with their equine idols of the past, and the general decadence of the national sport of racing. To argue with this class of turfmen is purely a waste of time, for by them the stern facts presented by the historic racing record are completely ignored, and their legitimate logical deductions

made by Aristides, when two years old, at Jerome Park fall meeting in 1874.

At the Lexington (Ky.) Spring Meeting, May 10, Aristides and Ten Broeck, each carrying 109 lbs., came together in the Sweepstakes for four year-olds, two miles and an eighth, and the time record at that distance was reduced by the victor, Aristides, one second and a quarter, beating his great opponent by five lengths, and with plenty in hand, in 3:45. The best time previously recorded, at this distance, was 3:46, made by Mate, six years old, carrying 114 lbs., at Saratoga, the year before. Only three days afterwards, over the same course, Aristides clearly established his claim to be considered the best horse of his year, by reducing the time record at two miles and a half, from 4:28 (made by Katie Pease, at Buffalo, Sept. 10, 1874) to 4:27, and beating a field of high-class horses, with consummate ease. Turfmen in every section of the country might well regret the unfortunate casualty which shortly afterwards prevented the continuance of this great racer's brilliant turf career, for there is little doubt that he would still further have reduced the time records of other distances.

At the Louisville, Ky., Fall Meeting, Sept. 22, Ten Broeck, in the Post Sakes, three miles, carrying 104 lbs., his appropriate weight for a four year old, covered the distance in the unprecedented time of 5:26. Up to that date, the fastest record for three miles had been 5:27, made by Norfolk, in California, eleven years before. It was done in the first heat of a three mile heat race, and the horse, then four years old, carried 100 lbs., or 4 lbs. less than Ten Broeck, who ran the distance in a second quicker time than the great son of Lexington and Novice. With such consummate ease did Ten Broeck accomplish this extraordinary feat, that his owner, Mr. Harper, four days afterwards, with the same weight up, and over the same course, started him for a special purse of \$1,000, to beat Follower's record of 7:19, which was the fastest four mile time on record. How successfully he accomplished the tremendous task imposed on him is now a matter of history. There is little doubt that Ten Broeck could have beaten over this imperishable record of 7:19, had he been managed more judiciously. In that race the first mile was run in 1:52, which was much slower than the parties managing the horse calculated upon. The second mile was run in 1:45, a violent and injudicious increase of speed upon the first. The third mile was run in 1:46, and the fourth in 1:50, making a grand aggregate for the four miles of 7:15. Had more uniformity of speed in the different miles been preserved, the record, glorious as it is, would have been still faster and more brilliant. It will be observed that the second and third miles were run in 3:32, which, although not a technical record for that distance, is, as a matter of fact, a quarter of a second faster than the official recorded two-mile time of Fivo Blue and Katie Pease. The last three miles was run in 5:23, which is three seconds faster than his own unequalled record at that distance, made four days before. From the time records of the turf season of 1876, we think we are legitimately justified in our conclusion, that the American racer of the present day, as compared with the racer of the past, so far from degenerating and deteriorating, either in the qualities of speed or endurance, is steadily and surely improving in both.—Spirit.

ERIC.

Eric, by Erickson, dam by John Dillard, grand dam by Gaines' Denmark, has passed into the stable of Mr. Robert Bonner, New York. The sale was made last week by Mr. R. S. Strader, of Lexington, Ky., for Joseph

much ground. In coming down the homestretch he made another bad break, and Woodford Chief beat him over the score in 2:31. In the fourth heat Eric continued to act badly, and Woodford Chief was first under the wire in 2:32. In the fifth heat the contest was close. In coming down the homestretch Eric looked a winner, and would have won had he been prudently driven. He tripped just before reaching the wire, went into the air, and Woodford Chief was declared the victor of the race. The time of the last heat was 2:31. It was a remarkable race, and those who witnessed it were moved to the highest pitch of excitement. In adding Eric to his stable Mr. Bonner has secured a prize. He is a horse of size, strength, courage and fine action, has the fastest four year-old record in the world, and, to use a technical phrase, should train on. Having been handled so little, it is safe to say that he possesses a great deal of latent speed which future training will develop.—Turf.

A FISHING ADVENTURE.

A few days ago one of the most remarkable of fishing expeditions occurred down the Lake shore, the like of which has seldom, if ever, been heard of before. It seems that Ben Foulds, of Burlington Beach, near Hamilton, and his men started out at 3 o'clock in the morning to the place where their nets were cast, about ten miles distant. A mile and a half from shore they encountered floating ice, and had to work through seven miles of it to get to their bays. Having arrived there they proceeded to haul in the nets, all of which they found heavily laden with fish, and when the whole thirteen nets were in they found that the marvellous capture amounted to six thousand herrings. With such a cargo there was no wonder that they were afraid to burden the boat with the extra weight of the nets. On returning, they found the floating ice heavier than when going out. The weather was very stormy, waves formed thick and fast on the boat-mast, sails, and their clothing, and had the crew not worked laboriously there is but little doubt that they would never have reached shore to tell the tale. The expedition lasted twenty hours, and when they finally reached terra firma they found that their friends and relatives had given them up for lost. A lengthened time beside a roaring fire scarce sufficed to thaw the ice off their overcoats before they could be taken off.

BARRETT OR BRANIGAN?

A correspondent from Detroit to the Spirit under date of December 25th, furnishes the following statement respecting a disputed question.

The compiler of the brief biographical sketches of stage celebrities, which form an interesting feature of your valuable Christmas number, has fallen into an error concerning Lawrence Barrett. It is stated that the gentleman's real name is Larry Branigan. This mistake, doubtless, owes its origin to a newspaper paragraph, which annually goes the rounds of the press. Mr. Barrett's early boyhood was spent in Detroit and it was here that he commenced an arduous and bitter struggle for histrionic honors. Many of our citizens well remember the slender strip-ling and his parents, and can testify positively of their own knowledge that Barrett is his right name. His first engagement was in 1852, as supernumary, at the theatre at salary of \$2.00

MARKET HARBOURGH!

—OR—

How Mr. Sawyer went to the Shires.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE BOOT ON THE OTHER LEG.

Isaac. I had and foremost, sobriety." (Whack, and "Oh, please!" "Secondly, honesty, coupled with early rising." (Whack again, and a howling "Oh, please!" from the pupil.) "Thirdly and lastly, sobriety." —(Whack.) "I'll go over 'em again; them's the three cardinal virtues. You mind what I'm a tellin' you—Sobriety, honesty, coupled with early rising, and sobriety." (Whack, whack, whack, and "Oh, please! oh, please!")

At this juncture, Mr. Tiptop entered. Casting an approving glance at the mode of treatment adopted, he seated himself on an inverted stable bucket, and professed his readiness to await old Isaac's leisure ere he asked to have a word with him. The other lot go of the Boy's collar—who darted from the place like a weasel—and put on his own coat and hat. Thus armed, he waited to hear what his guest had to say. Mr. Tiptop broached the object at once.

"Run go, this here!" said he, hoisting his hat on his eyebrows. "Uncommon queer start it is, about your bay horse. Can't get him out, I can't, do what I will with him; the beggar seems well, too, and pretty fit, as far as I see, and I've trained a few of them! If I didn't know he was a smartish nag now, I should say he was as slow as an eight-day clock when it runs down. What am I to think of it?"

Isaac's little blue eye twinkled for an instant, but turned to stone once more, as he replied slowly, "Think of it? Well, it seems to me, now, that he won't be much use to your governor if he can't win."

"Not he!" answered Mr. Tiptop, contemptuously. "I could have told you that. What I want to know is, why the beggar was so much better in your stable than in ours? Come, old chap! you and me has always been good friends, give us an item now; what would you do with him, if you was me?"

Isaac's face altered not a muscle, nor did the eyes twinkle now, while he replied gravely, "If I was in your shoes, Mr. Tiptop, this is what I'd do—I'd put him into this here race surety, and lay agin him for the very shirt on my back!"

And like the Pythian of old, Isaac having thus delivered him, he could by no means be brought back to the subject. If Mr. Tiptop had looked puzzled when he entered the veteran's saddle-room, the expression of his countenance, as he emerged from it, was that of a man whom mystery has so completely enfolded in her web, that he has no energy left to make an effort for escape. That he was so utterly bamboozled as to have recourse to his own master, thus risking his authority over the Honorable for ever after, may be gathered from the conversation held between the latter and Mr. Sawyer over their last cigar, before separating for the night, about two p.m. The Honorable, with an air of cordial approval, as that of a man who is paying another a well-merited compliment, draws out—

"That's an awful brute you sold me, Sawyer,—that bay of yours. You were quite right to part with him. My fellow tells me he can't go a yard; wants me to ride him myself; told him I'd rather not, if I can walk as fast. Do you think there's anything wrong with him, or used he always to gallop as his legs were tied?"

"This is not a very easy question for the former owner to answer, asked, as it is, in the Honorable's off-hand careless manner. Mr. Sawyer thinks of trying the "virtuous indignation" tack; reflects that under the circumstances it would only make him ridiculous, and that thoroughly to carry it out, he ought to be prepared to take back the horse, a measure that in his wildest moment he has never contemplated, and finally subsides into a good-humored smile, and affirms—

"We thought him a fair horse enough in the Old Country. Perhaps he don't shine so bright amongst your chippers. He's a sound, good-constituted beast, too, and never off his feed, that I can answer for, and you've seen him jump. I am sorry you don't like him, but if you wanted a racehorse, you

human mind, and how careless we should be never to put off that armor of selfishness and self-conceit, with which nature has provided us for our self-defence.

Mr. Sawyer made a move towards his bed-candle.

"Good-night, old fellow," said the Honorable. "By Jove I'll go together to-morrow to the Dove-cote. I'll drive you there in my phaeton; and, by Jove I'll put that bay horse of yours in, and see how he goes with a trap behind him—so we will."

The Honorable appeared so delighted with his own suggestion, that it was impossible to controvert it, but as Mr. Sawyer wound up his watch and deposited it on his dressing-table, it certainly occurred to him that there was such a thing as retribution even at Market Harborough.

CHAPTER XX.

DEPPER AND DEPPER.

To walk a horse twice round a grass-field, in a set of light harness, allowing him afterwards to stand for half an hour in the stable without taking it off, can scarcely be called a thorough breaking-in of the animal to the duties of a coach-horse. Such, nevertheless, was all the tuition vouchsafed by the Honorable Crasher to Marathon's inexperience, ere the bay found himself placed alongside of another, in that gentleman's phaeton, for the purpose of taking his former and present owner out to dinner.

His companion—no other that the redoubtable chestnut which Crasher had been riding to covert on his first introduction to our friend—would have been rated as an experienced break-horse by few persons less reckless than his master. He was what is called "a bad starter," but made up for that deficiency by being as difficult to stop, when once off, as he was at first to set in motion. He had a way, too, of hugging the pole when out of humor, most subversive of his companions' equanimity. Such tricks were, doubtless, against the progress of Marathon's education. Altogether a more unpleasant pair, for locomotive purposes, have seldom been "lapped in leather."

There is no proverb more true than that "Where there is no fear, there is no danger." The Honorable Crasher's nerves seemed not only totally unsusceptible to the unworthy sensation

"Which schoolboys denominate 'funk,'"

but he appeared utterly to ignore the possibility of anything like a casualty wherever horseflesh was concerned. The consequence was that, both in the saddle and on the coach-box, he came scatheless out of scrapes that must have been fatal to a man of a more nervous temperament.

I will not dwell on the drive from Market Harborough to the Dove-cote—on the tension of Mr. Sawyer's nerves, and corresponding rigidity of his muscles, whenever the wheel grazed a heap of stones or an ominous bang against the splash-board reminded him that Marathon had not forgotten how to kick. The boy, indeed—selected for the office as being of light weight—spent most of the journey, on the hind-step, prepared for the worst, but was not obliged to get down and run to their heads more than a dozen times in the course of as many minutes, after which they settled to their work and pulled like griffins. It is sufficient to say that, when they arrived at the Rectory door, close on the tracks of the ignominious fly that had preceded them at least half an hour, Mr. Sawyer's white tie was unruptured, and the Honorable's whiskers still in tolerable curl.

There was but one stranger present. The Reverend knew how to give a dinner, or if he didn't his wife did, and had too much consideration for his Harborough friends to inundate them with a host of country neighbors with whom they were not acquainted. This exception was a widowed cousin of Mrs. Dove's—a valuable lady, not so young as she had been, wearing her shoulders very bare, her dress very full, and her fair hair pinched out with considerable ingenuity. She was a little roused, a little made-up, but very good-looking notwithstanding, in a blond, full-blown, boisterous style. A better foil for "Cissy" could scarcely be imagined. This buxom beauty answered to the name of Merrywether, and, to all appearance, would have had no objection to change it.

The judge has a prodigious effect on a man who is not up to it; and our friend was honest and inexperienced enough, where women were concerned. He felt in the seventh heaven, and more inclined for drinking than eating; always a bad sign. What is left to fall back upon, when the stomach is affected by the misdeeds of the heart?

Not so Struggles. When she had seen the latter wholly engrossed in the merits of a "vol-au-vent," Miss Dove turned her pretty face and dangerous attention to her other cavalier.

"You've never asked me how I got home that dark night," said she. "A long drive in the wet is no joke, after such a hard day. I dare say you've forgotten all about it, Mr. Sawyer." And the eyelashes went down till they swept the delicate, peach-like cheek.

Our friend looked unutterable things. He could think of nothing more appropriate to say, however, than that "He—he hoped she hadn't caught cold."

Cissy laughed outright as she replied, "You wrapped me up too well for any fear of that. Do I look as if I had?" she added, lifting the eyelashes, and fixing our friend with one of her killing looks, as you run a great cockchafer right through the body with a pin.

You see, Mr. Sawyer wanted a great deal of bringing on; and the little witch encouraged him accordingly.

"You look remarkably well," said he, mustering courage, and proceeding desperately, as when once a shy man begins, he is always the boldest. "I never saw anything so becoming as that dress. The effect is perfectly lovely."

"Hush!" replied Cissy: "you musn't say that. There's our beauty. If you talk of loveliness, I am sure you must be perfectly smitten with that," nodding towards Mrs. Merrywether as she spoke, and drawing his attention to the charms of that lady, who was fair, whereas Cissy herself was more of a brunette, and thus smoothing the way for another compliment.

"I don't admire such light hair," replied the gentleman, whose own *chevelure* was of the sandiest; "and she wants expression; and her eyes are too far apart; and people's skins should be even whiter than hers to admit of such very low dresses."

Why are ladies always pleased when other ladies' dresses are thought too low? Cissy was not above the prejudices of her sex. She gave him a bewitching smile, and called him "a ridiculous creature."

Even Mr. Sawyer could not misinterpret such signs of favor. Whatever Miss Mexico may have thought, she had never called him "a ridiculous creature" in her life.

"What I admire," he proceeded, stealing a look at Miss Cissy, as he enumerated her personal advantages, "is more coloring, darker hair, and arched eyebrows, and deeper eyes, long eyelashes, and altogether a fresher and brighter style of beauty; in short I don't think she would look at all well in a white dress with cherry-colored trimmings."

It was the very dress she wore herself. There was no mistake, though the fair angler, she had hooked him. So she gave him another of the captivating glances, and changed the conversation of drawing his attention to her fan, of which the fragrant sandal-wood only added fuel to the flame, while she turned to Struggles, who having made an excellent dinner, was vainly endeavoring to talk to her about the coming ball.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Merrywether, whose most prejudiced detractor could not have accused her, at this juncture, of wanting expression, was forcing the running with the agreeable Brush. She was shaking her head, and making eyes, and showing her teeth, and flourishing her shoulders at him, with a degree of energy that must have been fatal to a less experienced campaigner. The Major, however, was proof against all the usual weapons of the female armoury. A confirmed flirt, it was just his habit to stop short of love-making with every woman he sat next to; but, if truth must be told, he never yet had seen one whose attractions he could place in comparison with his cutlet, his champagne, his claret, and his after-dinner cigar. A good-humored, brainless, easy-going *bon-vivant*, it was the Major's eventual destiny to marry a learned lady, with blue spectacles, under whose dynasty he faded away, and was lost to the world altogether. But with this, at present, we have nothing to do.

Mrs. Merrywether was quite willing to take him as he was. Before the cheese was off the table, he had settled an expedition to the Crystal Palace with her, the first time they were both in London, and secured

of the rosy fluid, and purposes his first and only toast—"Fox-hunting!"

Each man drinks it with thirsty satisfaction.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE MAGNUM BONUM.

When the Reverend's butler came in the first time with a fresh supply of claret, he found the assembled guests making themselves happy each in his own way. His master and Struggles were crossing the Skofington Lordship with great enthusiasm, in an imaginary run with Mr. Talby's hounds. Brush was expatiating on the merits of the vintage to the Honorable Crasher, who, saying but little in reply, was smiling faintly, and denoting his approval by the regularity with which he charged and emptied his glass. Savage, who dabbled in silence, was explaining to Sawyer with considerable perspicuity, a new discovery termed phonography, by which sounds or vibrations of air are to be taken down as they arise, upon the principle of the photograph, and which, when thoroughly perfected and carried out, will make it no longer an impertinence to request a bystander "not to look at you in that tone of voice," and flattered himself that so good a listener must be imbibing stores of valuable information from his remarks; Mr. Sawyer, however, was lost in delicious dreams, unged, as the decanter waned, with rosier and rosier hues. He was, for the moment, unconscious of Savage, of Brush, of Crasher, and only recognized the Reverend as the purveyor of the best claret he had ever drunk, and the fat' of such an angel as all England could no match.

The second time the white-waistcoated functionary arrived with "another of the same," things wore a far different aspect. Everybody was talking at once on the same subject. Like a bag-tot before an unruly pack of hounds, the topic of steeple-chasing had been started for the general confusion, and each ran his own line and threw his tongue for his own especial encouragement; there seemed no doubt about the long-talked-of race coming off. Preliminaries were adjusted, weights discussed, and a country suggested. Even Struggles seemed to have got over his aversion to the mongrel sport. But on the stout Ganymede's third and last appearance with "the landlord's bottle," the storm was at its loudest, Mr. Sawyer laying down the law with the best. Betting-books were out; even the Reverend had produced what he called "some memorandums;" and the only intelligible sounds, amidst the clamor, were the ominous words "five-to-two"—current odds which everybody seemed to lay, and nobody to take. The discreet servant then whispered to his master that a second edition of coffee was ready to go into the drawing-room, and ere long a glass of brown sherry all round screwed our friend's courage up to face the ladies once more.

Each man accordingly composed his features into a vacant simper, pulled his neck-cloth up, and his wristbands down, and straddled into the presence of those indulgent beings, with an abortive attempt to look as if he, individually, had been drinking little or no wine.

Cissy was at the *parcifer*. If Mr. Sawyer had thought her charming before, what must have been his opinion of that sparkling young lady now, seen through the medium of a fair share of champagne at dinner, and the best part of two bottles of claret afterwards? Lights, dress, and a general atmosphere of luxury and refinement, have a wonderful effect in enhancing the attractions of the fair. Alas, that we should have lived to admit it! Though the poet may opine that "beauty unadorned is adorned the most," our hackneyed taste cannot but confess that it prefers the French maid's coiffure to the dishevelled tresses; the trim silk stocking, and neat satin shoe, to the slippers down at heel; and the shapely corsage, with its abundant crinoline, to the limp and unassuming dressing-gown. Mr. Sawyer was quite satisfied with Cissy as she was. The musician was playing "The Swallows," or "The Humming Bird," or "The Spring Geese;" Sawyer had no ear for music, and neither knew nor cared which. She just glanced at him as he entered the room, but the encouragement was sufficient to lead him to the instrument.

"How long you have been!" said Miss Cissy in a low voice, without looking up, rattling away at the keys in the loudest

panions, but on the present occasion he could not refrain from wishing him even in a hotter place than that which he had selected. The Major who devoted gallantry, having placed his back to a fire that would have roasted an ox, was holding forth in his most agreeable manner to Mrs. Merrywether and the laughing Cissy. Crasher, in the easiest of arm-chairs, was helping Mrs. Dove to make paper lights, and revolving in his own mind, while he listened amiably to the continuance discourse of his hostess, whether he wouldn't pole up Marathon a little shorter going home, and try the more direct road against which the Reverend was in the habit of warning his guests. They would save a mile, in distance, he thought, and there was sure to be more light on their return. The Honorable had a sort of vague idea, that there was always a moon about one or two o'clock.

Suddenly an explosion of laughter from the widow, under cover of which the unconscious Sawyer roveled, and was immediately found out, startled the whole assembly. "How absurd you are!" exclaimed the noisy dame, in answer to some proposition of the Major's which appeared highly amusing to the ladies on the sofa. "Now I appeal to Cissy whether she agrees with you. Girls are the best judges. Cissy! do you think the Major as invincible as he says he is?"

Mr. Sawyer, on thorns to hear the answer, trumped his partner's best with considerable emphasis, and lost another trick.

"It's not fair to ask me," answered Miss Dove, laughing heartily. "He knows I admire him immensely; I've always told him so," and the three went on with their conversation, which, I am bound to say, was great nonsense, but amused them considerably all the same.

After this, Struggles thought the sooner they left off whilst the better. There is scarcely a mistake, of which that intricate game admits, into which Mr. Sawyer did not rush, so to speak, as if with a suicidal purpose. "Hang the fellow!" thought Struggles, eyeing his partner with a kind of good-humored astonishment: "if he was drunk, one could understand it; never saw such a thing! never saw such cards so thrown away! and yet the man's no fool. Oh! he must be drunk! must be! but carries his liquor with discretion!" and thereupon Struggles found himself looking upon his partner's features with a more indulgent eye, and contemplating his own losses with the resignation of a man who suffers in a good cause.

Three rubbers! one of them a bumper! How many points, for the sake of my hero, I am ashamed to confess. It was indeed, as Struggles pathetically remarked, "about the worst night he'd ever had, since he left Westminster."

Yet there was balm in Gilead, after all. The Honorable, resisting all entreaties to stay and have some supper, rang to order his phaeton round, and went fast asleep in his arm-chair after the exertion. Their host, exhilarated by his winnings, and in high good-humor, began about the steeple-chase; and the ladies, who, I am convinced, patronize these exhibitions chiefly on account of the silk jackets, and connect them remotely in their own minds with a fancy dress ball, began to betray great curiosity on the subject of the "colors of riders," "*gorge de pigeon*," the Major's selected hue, having decidedly the call. During the discussion which favorite a topic was sure to engender, it came out, somehow, that Mr. Sawyer was going to take part in the hazardous amusement—an announcement which he made darkly, and with a sidelong glance at Cissy, that seemed to say he would rather break his neck than not. The young lady having teased him enough, was quite ready to meet him halfway. "Isn't it very dangerous?" said she, with clasped hands and a look of affectionate interest. "Are you really going to ride, Mr. Sawyer? Oh! how I hope you'll win!" And down went the eyelashes once more.

After that, what cared Mr. Sawyer for rubbers, bumpers, points, and losses? Everything was *couteur de rose* again. Whilst the others gathered round the wine-and-water tray, he sank down on the sofa by her side, and for a delicious five minutes had his enslaver all to himself. In that brief period, he managed to find out her favorite color, and promised to adopt it in the coming steeple-chase. A few stars were twinkling dimly through the cloudy atmosphere when he lit his cigar and got into the phaeton by the Honorable's side. Why couldn't Mr. Sawyer look at them without thinking of

... than in your stable than in our...
Come, old chap! you and me has always
been good friends, give us an item now;
what would you do with him, if you was
me?"

Isaac's face altered not a muscle, nor did
the eyes twinkle now, while he replied
gravely, "If I was in your shoes, Mr. Tip-
top, this is what I'd do—I'd put him into
this here ruc-burelie, and lay agin him for
the very shirt on my back!"

And like the Python of old, Isaac having
thus delivered himself, could by no means be
brought back to the subject. If Mr. Tiptop
had looked puzzled when he entered the
veteran's saddle-room, the expression of his
countenance, as he emerged from it, was
that of a man whom mystery has so com-
pletely enfolded in her web, that he has
no energy left to make an effort for escape.
That he was so utterly bamboozled as to
have recourse to his own master, thus risk-
ing his authority over the Honorable for
ever after, may be gathered from the con-
versation held between the latter and Mr.
Sawyer over their last cigar, before separat-
ing for the night, about two p.m. The Hon-
orable, with an air of cordial approval, as
that of a man who is paying another a well
merited compliment, draws out—

"That's an awful brute you sold me, Saw-
yer,—that bay of yours. You were quite
right to part with him. My fellow tells me
he can't go a yard, wants me to ride him
myself; told him I'd rather not, if I can
walk as fast. Do you think there's anything
wrong with him, or used he always to gallop
as if his legs were tied?"

"This is not a very easy question for the
former owner to answer, asked, as it is, in
the Honorable's off-hand careless manner.
Mr. Sawyer thinks of trying the "virtuous
indignation" tack; reflects that under the
circumstances it would only make him ridi-
culous, and that thoroughly to carry it out,
he ought to be prepared to take back the
horse, a measure that in his wildest moment
he has never contemplated, and finally sub-
sides into a good-humored smile, and af-
firms—

"We thought him a fair horse enough in
the Old Country. Perhaps he don't shine so
bright amongst your clippers. He's a sound,
good-constituted beast, too, and never off
his feed; that I can answer for, and you've
seen him jump. I am sorry you don't like
him; but if you wanted a racehorse, you
know, that sort of thing is quite out of my
line."

The Honorable, who is good-nature itself,
laughs heartily. "I don't hate him as much
as Tiptop does; and if worst comes to
worst, he's good-looking enough for harness.
By the bye, old fellow, do you dine over at
Dove-cote to-morrow?"

"Well, I've been asked," replied our
friend, as if he hadn't set his heart upon
going, and been thinking of it ever since.
"Why," he adds, smothering a blush,
as he thinks his companion may have found
out his secret, and is laughing in his sleeve.

"Only that we're all going," rejoins the
Honorable. "I'm glad to hear you are not
to be left in the lurch. It's a fearful road,
and an infernal long way; but Dove gives
you such 'll as is not to be got anywhere
else, and a skilful of it, my boy, not forget-
ting to drink his own share. I like the
mother Dove, too, and pretty Miss 'Cissy' is
always good fun!"

Sawyer felt the blood tingling in his ears.
Amongst the many annoyances that gird as
with briars the man who is sufficiently dis-
advised to take an interest in any one but
himself, not the least is that ridi-
culous sensitiveness to remarks, hazarded
by the most careless of bystanders on the
"object" or its belongings. If it is praised,
we are jealous; if censured, we are angry,
and if not mentioned at all, we are disap-
pointed. That Mr. Sawyer, who had no
more "vested interest" in her than the Lord
Chancellor, should feel annoyed at Miss
Cissy being spoken of as "good fun," by so
amiable a critic as the Honorable Crasher,
only shows the absurd organization of the

... been "lapped in leather."
There is no proverb more true than that
"Where there is no fear, there is no dan-
ger." The Honorable Crasher's nerves
seemed not only totally unsusceptible to the
unworthy sensation

"Which schoolboys denominate 'funk,'"
but he appeared utterly to ignore the possi-
bility of anything like a casualty wherever
horseflesh was concerned. The consequence
was that, both in the saddle and on the
coach-box, he came scatheless out of scrapes
that must have been fatal to a man of a more
nervous temperament.

I will not dwell on the drive from Market
Harborough to the Dove-cote—on the ten-
sion of Mr. Sawyer's nerves, and correspond-
ing rigidity of his muscles, whenever the
wheel grazed a heap of stones or an ominous
bang against the splash-board reminded him
that Marathon had not forgotten how to
kick. The boy, indeed—selected for the
office as being of light weight—spent most
of the journey, on the hind step, prepared
for the worst, but was not obliged to get
down and run to their heads more than a
dozen times in the course of as many min-
utes, after which they settled to their work
and pulled like griffins. It is sufficient to
say that, when they arrived at the Rectory
door, close on the tracks of the ignominious
fly that had preceded them at least half an
hour, Mr. Sawyer's white tie was unruptured,
and the Honorable's whiskers still in toler-
able curl.

There was but one stranger present. The
Reverend knew how to give a dinner, or if
he didn't his wife did, and had too much
consideration for his Harborough friends to
inundate them with a host of country neigh-
bors with whom they were not acquainted.
This exception was a widowed cousin of Mrs.
Dove's—a valuable lady, not so young as
she had been, wearing her shoulders very
bare, her dress very full, and her fair hair
puffed out with considerable ingenuity. She
was a little rouged, a little made-up, but
very good-looking notwithstanding, in a
blond, full-blown, boisterous style. A better
foil for "Cissy" could scarcely be imagin-
ed. This buxom beauty answered to the
name of Merrywether, and, to all appear-
ance, would have had no objection to change
it.

I pass over the drawing-room ceremoni-
als, generally somewhat dreary before din-
ner, and only enlivened, in the present in-
stance, by the personal darning of Major
Brush, whose idiosyncrasy compelled him at
once to constitute himself Mrs. Merry-
wether's devoted admirer, and will ask my
reader to imagine the company fairly settled
at table (circular, with a quantity of light,
and flowers), the soup sipped, the first glass
of sherry swallowed, turbot and lobster
sauce travelling leisurely round—in short,
to use a hunting metaphor, which most of
the guests would understand, their fox found
and run into, and broke up with such gusto
and satisfaction. "Whoop! Worry! worry!
worry! Tear him and eat him!"

Mr. Sawyer has got a good start and a
good place. He did not succeed in taking
the daughter of the house in to dinner; for
Struggle's stout figure was in the way, and
he could not get by till that jolly personage
had unwittingly offered his arm. He secur-
ed the chair however on the other side, and
thought he spied the least shade of disap-
pointment, succeeded by one of the brightest
looks, as he did so. He was consoled ac-
cordingly, and, after the sherry, not so shy
as usual.

Crasher, of course, in virtue of his rank,
took in their hostess, who was supported on
her other hand by Savage. Mrs. Merry-
wether sat between the Reverend and Brush.
Everybody talked at once, and the cham-
pagne was beyond praise.

Miss Dove was very agreeable, sharing
her attentions with great impartiality be-
tween Struggles and the agitated Sawyer;
only, when she addressed the latter, she used
a somewhat lower tone than to any one else.

Why are doves always pecked when other
ladies' dresses are thought too low? Cissy
was not above the prejudices of her sex. She
gave him a bowing smile, and called him
"a ridiculous creature."

Even Mr. Sawyer could not misinterpret
such signs of favor. Whatever Miss Mexico
may have thought, she had never called him
"a ridiculous creature" in her life.

"What I admire," he proceeded, stealing
a look at Miss Cissy, as he enumerated her
personal advantages, "is more coloring,
darker hair, and arched eyebrows, and deep-
er eyes, long eyelashes, and altogether a
fresher and brighter style of beauty; in short
I don't think she would look at all well in
a white dress with cherry-colored trim-
mings."

It was the very dress she wore herself.
There was no mistake, though the fair angler,
she had hooked him. So she gave him an-
other of the captivating glances, and changed
the conversation of drawing his attention to
her fan, of which the fragrant sandal-wood
only added fuel to the flame, while she turn-
ed to Struggles, who having made an excel-
lent dinner, was vainly endeavoring to talk
to her about the coming ball.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Merrywether, whose
most prejudiced detractor could not have ac-
cused her, at this juncture, of wanting ex-
pression, was forcing the running with the
agreeable Brush. She was shaking her
head, and making eyes, and showing her
teeth, and flourishing her shoulders a' him,
with a degree of energy that must have been
fatal to a less experienced campaigner. The
Major, however, was proof against all the
usual weapons of the female armoury. A
confirmed flirt, it was just his habit to stop
short of love-making with every woman he
sat next to; but, if truth must be told, he
never yet had seen one whose attractions he
could place in comparison with his cutlet,
his champagne, his claret, and his after-din-
ner cigar. A good-humored, brainless, easy-
going *bon-vivant*, it was the Major's even-
tual destiny to marry a learned lady, with
blue spectacles, under whose dynasty he
faded away, and was lost to the world
altogether. But with this, at present, we
have nothing to do.

Mrs. Merrywether was quite willing to
take him as he was. Before the cheese was
off the table, he had settled an expedition to
the Crystal Palace with her, the first time
they were both in London, and secured a
flower from her bouquet, which he placed,
with much mock-devotion, in a glass of
sherry-and-water. Also, on the departure
of the ladies, he dived for, and brought to
the surface, the following articles, the prop-
erty of the efflorescent widow: One French
fan—epoch, Louis-Quatorze; one pair of
white gloves, bound with ribbon, and num-
bered six and three-quarters; one gold vina-
igrette, with tiny chain complete; and one
lace-edged handkerchief, with a square inch
of cambric in the middle—it is presumed, in
case of necessity, to dry the fair mourner's
tears.

After this crowning feat, he threw him-
self back in his chair, and settled to his
host's claret, like a man who is thoroughly
well satisfied with himself.

Never was a dinner that went off better.
Mrs. Dove had Savage to listen to, who was
well-informed, and Crasher to look at, who
was well dressed. Struggles and Dove were
congenial souls, and, if once they could get
together uninterrupted, would talk about
hunting by the hour. Mrs. Merrywether
was pleased with her dinner; pleased with
her neighbor; also—for she knew, even be-
fore she went to the glass in the drawing-
room, that she was looking her best—pleased
with herself. Cissy was satisfied; Sawyer
enchanted; and Crasher, looking forward
with lazy gratification to a dangerous drive
in the dark, was in higher spirits than
usual.

We will leave the ladies to their tea and
coffee, undisturbed. The gentlemen close
up round their host. A dry biscuit and a
magnum of the undeniable make make their
appearance. The parson fills up a bumper

over his aversion to the mongrel sport. But
on the stout Ganymede's third and last ap-
pearance with "the landlord's bottle," the
storm was at its loudest, Mr. Sawyer laying
down the law with the best. Betting-books
were out; even the Reverend had produced
what he called "some memorandums;" and
the only intelligible sounds, amidst the
clamor, were the ominous words "five-to-
two—current odds which everybody seemed
to lay, and nobody to take. The discreet
servant then whispered to his master that
a second edition of coffee was ready to go
into the drawing-room, and ere long a glass
of brown sherry all round screwed our
friend's courage up to face the ladies once
more.

Each man accordingly composed his fon-
tanel into a vacant stumper, pulled his neck-
clock up, and his wristbands down, and
straddled into the presence of those indulgent
beings, with an abortive attempt to look as
if he, individually, had been drinking little
or no wine.

Cissy was at the paraforte. If Mr. Saw-
yer had thought her charming before, what
must have been his opinion of that sparkling
young lady now, seen through the medium
of a fair share of champagne at dinner, and
the best part of two bottles of claret
afterwards? Lights, dress, and a gen-
eral atmosphere of luxury and refine-
ment, have a wonderful effect in enhanc-
ing the attractions of the fair. Alas, that
we should have lived to admit it! Though
the poet may opine that "beauty unadorn-
ed is adorned the most," our hackneyed
taste cannot but confess that it prefers the
French maid's coiffure to the dishevelled
tresses; the trim silk stocking, and neat
satin shoe, to the slippers down at heel; and
the shapely corsage, with its abundant crim-
oline, to the limp and unassuming dressing-
gown. Mr. Sawyer was quite satisfied with
Cissy as she was. The musician was play-
ing "The Swallows," or "The Humming
Bird," or "The Spring Geese;" Sawyer
had no ear for music, and neither knew nor
cared which. She just glanced at him as he
entered the room, but the encouragement
was sufficient to lead him to the instru-
ment.

"How long you have been!" said Miss
Miss Cissy in a low voice, without looking
up, rattling away at the keys in the loudest
of fignales, with a vehemence that drowned
her observations to all ears but her admirer's.
Then she closed the instrument, whispered
papa to order the whist table, and went and
sat on the sofa by Mrs. Merrywether in such
a position that Mr. Sawyer couldn't possibly
get at her.

They do not read Izaak Walton, these
young women, and yet how well they know
how to play their fish! It is constant re-
flection and mutual discussion. I wonder,
that makes the least experienced of them
such skilful anglers? or is it not rather an
intuitive sagacity, akin to that with which
the kitten teases her ball of cotton as dexter-
ously as the cat does a full-grown mouse?
They suck it in, the science of man-taming,
I am inclined to believe, with their mothers'
milk, Mamma was just the same, doubtless,
and grandmamma too, whom she can just
remember, with a cough and crutches, and
so on, up to Eve.

With the good-humored Struggles for a
partner and so much of his brains on the
claret had left untouched, filled with the im-
age of a dark-eyed young person in white
muslin, it was Mr. Sawyer's lot to do battle
at the noble game of whist, against two no
less formidable antagonists than Savage and
Parson Dove, both first-rate performers even
after dinner.

To be successful at this pastime, a man's
whole intellects should be engrossed by the
cards, and this was by no means the case
with our friend. In spite of his partner's
good-humored entreaties to "pay attention,"
he could not prevent his thoughts, and
sometimes his eyes, from wandering to the
sofa near the fire-place. He had never liked
Brush quite as well as the rest of his com-

Struggles found himself looking upon
his partner's features with a morose indulgent
eye, and contemplating his own losses with
the resignation of a man who suffers in a good
cause.

Three rubbers! one of them a bumper!
How many points, for the sake of my hero,
I am ashamed to confess. It was indeed, as
Struggles pathetically remarked, "about the
worst night he'd ever had, since he left West-
minster."

Yet there was balm in Gilead, after all.
The Honorable, resisting all entreaties to
stay and have some supper, rang to order
his phaeton round, and went fast asleep in
his arm-chair after the exertion. Their host,
exhilarated by his winnings, and in high
good-humor, began about the steeple-chase;
and the ladies, who, I am convinced, pat-
ronize these exhibitions chiefly on account
of the silk jackets, and connect them remote-
ly in their own minds with a fancy dress
ball, began to betray great curiosity on the
subject of the "colours of riders," "gorge de
pigeon," the Major's selected hue, having
decidedly the call. During the discussion
which, favorite a topic was sure
to engender, it came out, somehow,
that Mr. Sawyer was going to take
part in the hazardous amusement—
an announcement which he made darkly,
and with a sidelong glance at Cissy, that
seemed to say he would rather break his
neck than not. The young lady having
teased him enough, was quite ready to meet
him halfway. "Isn't it very dangerous?"
said she, with clasped hands and a look of
affectionate interest. "Are you really going
to ride, Mr. Sawyer? Oh! how I hope
you'll win!" And down went the eyelashes
once more.

After that, what cared Mr. Sawyer for
rubbers, bumpers, points, and losses? Every-
thing was *couleur de rose* again. Whilst the
others gathered round the wine-and-water
tray, he sank down on the sofa by her side,
and for a delicious five minutes had his en-
slaver all to himself. In that brief period,
he managed to find out her favorite color,
and promised to adopt it in the coming
steeple-chase. A few stars were twinkling
dimly through the cloudy atmosphere when
he lit his cigar and got into the phaeton by
the Honorable's side. Why couldn't Mr.
Sawyer look at them without thinking of
Cissy Dove?

CHAPTER XXII.

A WET NIGHT.

"Sit tight," exclaimed the Honorable, as
the phaeton bumped forcibly against the
stone post of the Rectory entrance, and pro-
ceeded into the road with what sailors call
"a considerable slue to port," consequent
on that brute Marathon hugging the pole and
sitting his mouth with pig-headed obstinacy.
"I must pitch into you!" added the driver,
suiting the action to the word, and adminis-
tering heavy punishment to the transgress-
ing animal—a discipline which Marathon re-
sented by kicking hard against the splash-
board; whilst the chestnut, a sensitive, high-
couraged five-year-old, was driven almost
mad by the sounds of repeated flagellation.
"Are you nervous on wheels?" added the
charioteer quothly, as he felt his companion's
leg stiffen against his own with the instinc-
tive rigidity of apprehension. "Nervous!"
forsooth! Ask Launcelot fresh from the
presence of Guenevere, or Charles Brandon
tilting before the young Dauphiness of
France, or Bothwell with his armor buckled
on by Mary Stuart, if those doughty cham-
pions were afraid; but forbear to put so
ridiculous a question at a moment like the
present to John Standish Sawyer. "Ner-
vous, indeed!" Our friend passed his hat
firmly on his head, folded his arms across
his chest, and laughed grimly in his ques-
tioner's face.

(To be Continued.)

CATCHING A DEER BY THE TAIL

Mr. Fowler, of Mazeppa, relates to us an incident that occurred out in his neighborhood the other day, which betrays pluck, chance, luck, and that a tail hold has again proven its excellence as a hold. A young man named Albert Bright—a neighbor of Mr. Fowler's—was sauntering along the bank of the romantic Zumbro a few days ago, and, in the absence of a gun, he was enjoying a little hunt with an old Colt's revolver and a hatchet, which he had slung in a belt. Upon turning a bend in the stream, he saw a short distance in advance of him two deer standing on the edge of the stream. He quietly crept up and, taking careful aim, he fired, wounding the largest of the two somewhere in the leg. At the crack of the old pistol the deer made a spring for deep water, and young Bright in the flush of excitement—his first case of genuine "buck fever"—made a leap into the stream in pursuit of his prize. Strange as it may seem, he reached the plunging animal, grasped hold of its tail, and hung on for dear life—and about this stage of the proceedings the ball opened and the fun commenced. The deer, more frightened than hurt, now commenced a frantic voyage of discovery—trying to discover what style of rearing and plunging was best calculated to liberate its narrative from the firm grasp of young Bright. It swam into deep water and into shallow water, across the stream, up the stream and down the stream, but to no purpose. Bright could sometimes touch bottom and sometimes he couldn't, but he held on all the same. The deer tried to kick him off, but being in the water the force of its kicking did not avail much. After toying young Bright all over the stream and down about a quarter of a mile, the deer seemed to resolve on a new style of tactics. It every little while made a frantic effort to turn about and combat its foe with its front feet and horns, and the young man had to do some tall "swimming around the circle" to circumvent its designs. After it had tried this repeatedly, Mr. Bright struck an idea that he thought might win, which was that as soon as he struck bottom again where he could get good footing he would court this turning-around notion of the deer and kill the animal with his little hatchet. So, as they went sailing along through a deep channel, he succeeded in getting his hatchet out of his belt, and they soon struck a bar, where both found good footing. The deer no sooner touched bottom than it made a turn on him again, and Bright, letting up on the tail, allowed it to turn and "come for him," and as it did so he delivered it a well-poised blow that "laid it out." After getting his breath a little, he dragged his fine prize ashore, and went home to change his clothes and get a team to take it home. This beats all the deer hunting we have had to record lately, and young Bright can justly claim the champion's belt until some fellow actually catches a deer in his hat.—*Lake City Leader.*

SHOOTING ON THE RUN WITH THE RIFLE.

It is gratifying to see the increasing interest in field sports, and none more so than that lately taken in the development of rifle shooting, and especially on moving marks. Of all sport with rifle or gun there is nothing to compare with the intense satisfaction of overhauling an old buck on the keen jump with a single ball. It is something to think over, chuckle over and dream over. In no branch of shooting is there more demand for an accurate eye, a cool and clear brain, unruffled nerves and cautious calculation. The number of rifle shots, even among good hunters, who can shoot on the run are exceedingly scarce. Many never even fire at a moving deer. Many more fire, but never draw blood. Deeming it the duty of every sportsman to contribute to the advancement of everything belonging to the common cause, I propose to give a few practical hints for acquiring this valuable art. Of course no directions can supply the place of practice; nevertheless there are some inflexible principles at the bottom of it, which it has cost me many a deer to learn, which may save others much time, patience and game (to say nothing of ejaculations, curiosity or otherwise), if they will bear them carefully in mind. The first is, that an aim that is accurate enough to hit nine quail out of ten with a shot-gun is not accurate enough to hit one deer out of ten with a rifle, except by accident. The most important thing is therefore

of his previous jumps. Such shots are always uncertain, and a miss is nothing creditable to the most accomplished shot. Still, a cool head, with caution, will make wonderful shots in this way. If a deer is running with very low jumps no calculation need be made for his rise and fall, although, as a general rule, it is expedient.

Another principle more often forgotten than any other, is to make your sights the principal object of your eye never lose sight of either of them. Get your eye on them the first thing, and mind it don't get off under any circumstances. Reverse the shot gun style and make your sight of the first importance and the game next. Of course it is easy to say "Keep cool!" But recollect that you must do so. Any attempt at haste, any attempt at snap shooting (except under rare circumstances, such as a deer so close by that another jump will take him out of sight), any attempt to get in a shot ahead of your companions, is almost certain to be fatal to success. Remember that hurry will do you no good, and it is better to let your deer get 50 or 60 yards further off if you can't get your sight on the right place or catch his jump than to try a quick or careless shot.

It is highly important for us, as well as, in fact, for any game shooting, to know the point blank range of your rifle. Practically there is a point to which all rifles shoot level. For several yards beyond this the drop of the ball may be disregarded. But you should know just what that distance is. The ignorance that prevails on this point, even among good hunters, is amazing. I have yet to meet the first man who owns a Ballard, Remington or Maynard who is not ready to swear that it will "hold up" 200 yards. They think because it shoots higher at 300 yards and over than the old muzzle-loaders with round balls that therefore it holds up higher all the way. All I have to say, try it. Shoot your rifle at measured distances from 90 to 150 yards, sighted precisely as you would to shoot a squirrel's head at 20 paces, until you learn its exact drop. If you can get one of the ponderous long range bolts furnished for the Maynard or Remington sporting rifles, within 25 inches of a 4-inch mark at 130 yards, I wish you would send me the recipe. I cannot do it with 77 grains of the best powder. I greatly prefer, if the calibre is large enough, a round ball or a very short, light, conical one. Round balls work well from a breech-loader, if patched with wet band-aid paper around them and cutting off the ends with a sharp knife when dry. Or put a heavy leather wad on the powder, pour tallow on top, put in a ball that just fits the cartridge, and pour tallow on it to fill up the space around it. The round or light conical ball will travel much higher between 90 and 150 or 175 yards than the long range bolt, on account of its greater initial velocity; and if of respectable size the round ball will make a better hole than a slug on account of its flattening more. The Winchester bullet is a good model if it were only about 50 calibre, and had a decent charge of powder behind it. At all events give me for running shooting the greatest point blank range and highest initial velocity. The back sight should also be quite flat on top so that you can have full view of your game when shooting ahead of it. The importance of shooting on the run is very great.

Out of 21 deer I have killed this year, 14 were killed in this way, and of these 14 there were at least 10 that I could not otherwise have got at all, as my health does not allow me to resort to some of my former methods of getting a shot at a deer that I have once started. Any one finding anything in this at variance with their experience will confer a favor on me as well as on the fraternity, by communicating it through the Rod and Gun. I can only say that I have learned them by experience, and found them to work well, and if some kind friend could have told me them at the outset of my deer hunting I should have got many more of deer where I got not even a hair. T. S. VAN DYKE, in Rod and Gun.

BOVINE SAGACITY.

A gentleman of Portland had a cow and a Newfoundland dog, who were on good terms enough but there had never been exhibited any special friendship between them. The boy that drove the cow to and from pasture every day was always accompanied by the dog, so that the cow no doubt came to consider the dog as one of the family. One day when they were passing a butcher shop a savage bull dog rushed out unexpectedly, surprised the Newfoundland, and before

IMPORTANT TO FARMERS AND OTHERS STORING GRAIN.

A suit of considerable interest in grain buyers and farmers was heard at the last sitting of the Division Court of Port Perry. The plaintiff, Saunders, sued the defendant, Christian for 171 bushels of barley at 80 cents. The defendant had credited him with that quantity at 55 cents. The rain was delivered in August, 1875, before the barley season opened, and a receipt given containing the words "price set when settled for." Barley ranged in price from 80 cents at its close. The defendant offered the plaintiff the market price which he refused to take, saying he would not sell under a dollar. It was shown it was not customary or reasonable to keep over barley until the next season.

His honor Judge Dartnell, in giving judgment, remarked that the conduct of many farmers in holding back their produce for a rise, while in debt to the merchant, was unfair and dishonest. It clogged the wheels of business and was in a very large measure the cause of "hard times." He had known of wealthy farmers, with money in the bank, and barns full of grain, actually ask merchants not to press for their account in order that they might speculate for a rise. What had this plaintiff done in this instance? He had, in effect, bet his 171 bushels of barley that the price would be a \$1 per bushel. He has bet and lost. Judgment was given for the defendant.

A RAT STORY FROM PITTSBURG.

The Pittsburg Telegraph of Monday tells the following "A banker of this city had a valuable cow, which gave a large quantity of milk and was held in high esteem for general good qualities. All at once the supply of lacteal fluid grew smaller by degrees and beautifully less, until the yield was scarcely worth having. The family were greatly surprised at this, as the animal was in perfect health, and in the height of her season. It was hinted that some person whose love for milk or cream his scruples forstressing was at the bottom of the mischief, and that, like a thief at night, he entered the stable where the cow was kept, and relieved her of the milk. The hired man was accordingly instructed to watch for the thief, and his vigilance was rewarded by a most singular discovery. Just after daylight in the morning, he saw a very large rat come forth from its hiding place, and going to where the cow was lying, it stood on its hind feet, with its forepaws on the cow's udder, and applying its mouth to one of her teats, sucked its fill of milk. When it was satisfied another rodent took its place, and so on, until the supply was exhausted and the family swindled by the cunning rats out of their morning's supply of the much valued fluid. The story is well vouched for."

HYDROPHOBIA EXTRAORDINARY.

THREE HORSES, THREE DOGS AND A GOAT, DIE OF THE DISEASE.

Remarkable cases of hydrophobia have occurred in Brooklyn within the past few weeks in the neighborhood of Baltic and Nevins streets. Mr. J. S. Loomis, who lost three valuable horses thus describes the ravages of the disease in his stables. He says:—

"About the first of November, I discovered on the rump of my coach dog a circular sore, which appeared to annoy him greatly. The wound was a complete circle, and looked as though a piece had been cut out with some sharp instrument. The dog was continually licking it, and would run from place to place in a dazed and frightened manner, as though he was trying to run away from it. The idea gained credit with my hostler and drivers that he was mad, and they killed him. I also had in my stable a Newfoundland dog, which soon afterwards grew sick, and, fearing that he might have been bitten by the coach dog, I had him killed. On the 17th of November one of my horses refused his food, and appeared sick in the same manner as the Newfoundland dog. In a few hours he began to grow violent and to snap at whatever came within his reach. I had him placed in an outside stall and offered him food, which he attempted to eat, but could not. I sent for the veterinary surgeon, Mr. Waters, of Raymond street, who attempted to administer an opiate pill, which the horse was powerless to swallow. He was then offered water, which threw him into convulsions, and he died in great agony

which developed rapidly and with great violence. I immediately had him placed in this box stall, which he had soon kicked partly to pieces. Fearing that he would fight his way out, I had my stables emptied, and sent down word to the station house to have a man come and shoot him. While the messenger was gone, Dr. George K. Smith, of Joralemon street, came in, and, upon looking at the animal, pronounced it one of the worst cases of hydrophobia which had ever come under his notice. The executioner arrived soon after and shot him, but failed to kill him, and an axe finally did the work. Soon after the death of my second horse, a dog and goat belonging to Mr. Morris, on the opposite side of Baltic street, showed symptoms of hydrophobia and were instantly killed. To what extent the malady will go I cannot foresee. In the last of my horse cases, it was known that he was bitten by the coach dog, the bite having been inflicted upon the nostrils. In the first two cases there was no evidence that they had been bitten. The dog had been around the stable for several months, and was in the habit of going around in the stalls. I suppose the horses had been nosing him and had received scratches in that way.

"There is a report current in the neighborhood that the dog had been in the habit of fighting more or less with neighboring dogs. It seems to me that the only safe way would be to kill all the dogs in the vicinity, and thus give to human life the benefit of every doubt which may exist as to danger."

FATAL GLOVE MATCH—HEART DISEASE THE CAUSE OF DEATH.

Upon the night of the recent glove contest betwixt Marcellus Baker and Crockett, at the Palais Royal, Boston, Mass., an agreement was entered into for another encounter of like sort between Patrick J. McDermott and Daniel Davidson (both members of the Howard Association), a previous meeting between whom, at Cambridge, resulted in the latter gaining the upper hand. According to the agreement, the men met at Revora Hall, corner of Green and Chardon streets, on the afternoon of Thursday, Dec. 24. A select company of about seventy-five persons were present. McDermott was seconded by Dan Dwyer and Tom Mahoney, while Jimmy Gallagher and Tim McCarthy esquired for Davidson. Sol Aaron acted as referee, and kept the time. It was a hard determined contest, though more a test of physical endurance than ability to stand punishing hitting, as neither man was much bruised during the fifty-five minutes occupied by the battle; but both were so completely worn out that they had to be assisted to the scratch by their seconds in the last two or three of the twenty-four rounds fought. At the close of the twenty-fourth round Davidson was found to be insensible, and failing to respond to the call of time, McDermott was proclaimed the winner. The application of restoratives failed to bring Davidson back to consciousness, and at 6.25 the contest began at 3.30 he expired. Upon learning of this sad result, McDermott at once proceeded to Station 1 and gave himself up, from whence he was transferred to Station 3, and looked up, Aaron, Gallagher and Mahoney were arrested as witnesses, and each bailed in \$500. The Judge of the Criminal Court would not grant a warrant for his arrest on a charge of manslaughter, however, and on the 29th McDermott was discharged, as were also the others who had been taken into custody. The reason for this action on the part of the Court was the fact that Drs. Cilly and Goddard stated that they had ascertained that Davidson had previously been troubled with a heart affection. Taking this into consideration, the doctors came to the conclusion that death was caused by an attack of heart disease, aggravated by his exertions in the match. The statements of the friends of both parties, that Davidson and McDermott had always been on the most friendly terms were also submitted, and the Court considered this. Corner Cilly impanelled jury, who viewed the body, and the inquest was adjourned till Monday evening, Jan 1. Dr. Traud was to make the autopsy.

GARMENTS MADE WATERPROOF.

A writer in an English paper says:—By the way, speaking of water, I think I can give you a little information.

THE BULL FAMILY.

There's Johnny Bull who rules the sea,
With Irish Bull, of fun and celebrity,
And Papal Bull, king of the Roman See,
And Taurus Bull, known to astronomy,
Great Old Bull, Norway's fiddle-dee-dee,
Sioux Sitting Bull, who roams the West
country,
Stock Jobbing Bull, whom bears despise to see,
And Cantab Bull, a lawyer's specialty.

IMPORTANT DECISION.

An important and interesting betting decision has just been determined in the King's Bench on Thames, Eng. County Court. It appears that last August an action was taken by James Evans, of Bristol, to recover from J. R. Dean, of London, £100, being an amount of stakes deposited in the Oaks. The contention arose in a curious and unusual way. The bet out of which the action arose was made on the 15th inst. the defendant expressing a strong opinion that a mare named Camelia would not win the race, and, betting, as was asserted, above the market odds, laid Mr. Evans £10 to £1 against the mare. The offer was accepted and the £10 deposited, but Camelia ran a dead heat with a mare called Enquerraude. According to the practice of the turf, as contended by counsel, the stakes, in the event of a dead heat, should be added together, and the money equally divided. In this case, however, the defendant paid £0 as the bet but refused to return the stakes. The Deputy Judge, who tried the case, nonsuited the plaintiff without costs. Leave to appeal was asked, but refused. Subsequently a new trial was granted, when both plaintiff and defendant were examined, as well as Mr. Dickinson, an expert in racing matters, to whom, in conjunction with a Mr. Jones, the case was referred for arbitration. William Dickinson, in the course of his evidence, said that he had decided that £10, that the amount of the bet, was due to the plaintiff, and Mr. Jones, the other arbitrator, concurred in his decision. His honor, in giving judgment, said he had no authority to guide him in the matter. It was not the law, in point of law, but as a matter of equity, that he found for the plaintiff. The money should be returned with costs. Notice of appeal was given on the part of the defendant.

AN EAGLE IMPAIRED ON A HIGH FORK.

A little son of Mr. R. Ferguson, and son of McNeill, on Sunday morning, on going to the straw stack, was an eagle on the straw stack, he saw feathers about the fork, took a pitchfork and went on the stack, but what was his surprise when he was confronted by a large eagle, which pitched battle with him. He accepted the challenge, and had the good fortune to run the fork through its wing, and carried the King of birds home in triumph. It measured 7 ft. 5 in. from tip of its wings. The bird is alive and doing quite well, and the lad wants his mother to let him put a few more eagles in the bag with it.

AN AMAZON ON SKATES.

An Amazon on skates can cut a prettier figure than an Amazon on horseback. A group of ladies were skating merrily on the river near the West, on Dec. 10th, when a noisy, graceful scamp appeared upon the ice and began to annoy them in many ways. So perky were his persecutions that the girls were resolving to take off their skates and go home when the avenger glided from the opposite bank. It was only a girl—a cow, rather, a cow girl. She came to the young ladies, and grazed on the ice, and the ladies, who were all well, and feathered, she took a fancy to play and cut it, and she was very dainty and she dragged him out of the ice and rode him into a snow bank. She was very something, and she marked that if he ever troubled them again there would be a corner's inquest on the river.



The Gentleman's Journal

TORONTO, FRIDAY, JAN. 12, 1877.

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

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

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

As respectfully informed, that all Correspondents of the SPORTING TIMES are supplied with a card of a YELLOW color, with the name of the city or town and correspondent, signed by the proprietors of this paper, with a punch stamp of a horse's head up on the right upper corner, and dated January 1st, 1877, each card running for three months. No person is authorized to use any other credential on our behalf. Managers will save themselves from imposition by demanding an exhibition of said card, and refusing to accept any excuse whatever for its non-production. The card is not transferable; and if it be presented by any person other than the one whose name it bears, managers and others will retain it and mail it to this office.

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

DATES CLAIMED FOR 1877.

AMERICAN.

Freeport, Ill.	May 29 to June 1
Cleveland, O.	July 24 to 27
Springfield, Mass.	July 24 to 27
Buffalo, N. Y.	July 31 to Aug. 3
Freeport, Ill.	July 31 to Aug. 3
Rochester, N. Y.	2d week in Aug.
Prophetstown, Ill.	2d " "
Tiskilwa, Ill.	2d " "
Utica, N. Y.	3d " "
Earleville, Ill.	4th " "

CANADIAN.

Whitby.....May 24

ICE RACES.

Prescott	Jan. 16 to 18
Pt. Perry	Jan. 24 to 25
Oshawa	Jan. 31st & Feb. 1st

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

TO OUR FRIENDS.

We have on our books a large amount of money due us in accounts and subscriptions. We have been particularly indulgent to our friends and patrons, but this is the dull season of the year, and as our expenses are greater in winter than spring, summer and fall, we are compelled to call upon those indebted to us for prompt payment. Everything used about a printing office is cash, and to meet the weekly draft upon our exchequer, we must collect outstanding debts. Therefore we most earnestly request our friends and patrons, who are indebted to us, either by account or subscription to remit, and place us under renewed obligations.

DOMINION vs. NATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

We have had the enquiry made, if it

Toronto to whom disputes could at once be referred for judicial action without loss of time, and at the hearing of which interested parties could be present at a very moderate expense. In the matter of expulsions the advantage of this local board with such executive powers would indeed be great. If improperly inflicted the penalty could be almost immediately cancelled, and the ban under which the owner, driver, or horse was laboring could be removed. To accomplish this under the National would take considerable time and be accompanied with a good deal of expense, owing to the distance gentlemen having business with the Local Boards, would have to travel, and the length of time they would be detained from their homes.

The operations of a Dominion Association at present would, to a great extent, be confined to Ontario alone. In this province are located the great majority of the tracks, and in assuming this city as the head quarters of the local institution, it is done with the object of presenting the greatest convenience to the largest number. But until some steps are taken for the actual formation of a Dominion Association, such a calculation is premature, and is only incidentally mentioned as a base of comparison, for the two systems. The feeling is strong for an affiliation of some kind, and if we can not have a Dominion organization for the protection of our racing and trotting interests, we have the American Association which we can rely upon for protection. If our turf managers should not deem it worth their while individually and collectively to enter into a compact for their mutual protection the opportunity of joining the National Association is still open to those who wish to show to the world that they are not callous to the interests of the public or negligent of the welfare of turf in this country.

A CONTEMPTIBLE FORGERY.

Last week we received a letter purporting to be written by Mr. David Gillis, of St. Catharines, the owner of the stallion Fulton, claiming the name of Pickpocket for his three-year-old gelding. As is our usual custom we inserted the paragraph without thought of anything wrong. However, we have learned the communication and signature were contemptible forgeries, and our columns were made the innocent channel of perpetrating an outrage on Mr. Gillis and ourselves and having a dirty fling at that gentleman by some coward whose action in this matter shows to what lengths he would go to vent his ill natured spite against any one with whom he might have a difference, so long as he remained under the impression the blow could be delivered in the dark, and retaliatory punishment could not be inflicted. Mr. Gillis, we understand, feels very much offended at the paragraph, and does not wish to be ranked among the pick-pocket class in which evidently the writer of the communication would signally shine. We have forwarded to Mr. Gillis the communication in question as received by us, and trust it may be the means in his hands of discovering the perpetrator of the fraud. Any assistance from this establishment will be cheerfully given, and one of the happiest moments of our journalistic career would be that devoted to showing up the meanest man in the County of Lincoln.

PHIL SHERIDAN.

From the Christmas number of the Spirit of the Times we clip the following description of this well-known trotting stallion. Being now owned in Ontario the sketch will be of more interest and value to our readers. He is the fastest stallion we have in Canada, and the performances of Commonwealth (Dred) and Adelaide, two of the fastest of his get, show his ability to trans-

compensated for by the performance of his progeny. His daughter, Adelaide, at Rochester, won second money in the 2:22 class, and was close up to Cozette in the third heat, which was trotted in 2:19. At Utica, in the same class, Adelaide came to the front winning a very exciting race, in the first, second, and fourth heats, in 2:21, 2:20, 2:22. She received a genuine ovation in honor of this victory, and was decorated with a new suit, presented by the owners of her sire. At Poughkeepsie she was a strong favorite, but after a protracted contest of eight heats, in which she won the fifth and sixth, and third money, she was beaten by Slow Go. At Hartford she got second money, and at Springfield third money, in her class, and showed herself a very game and speedy trotter. She will beat 2:20 yet, if there is virtue in indications. Phil Sheridan's son, the stallion Commonwealth, won a splendid race at Hartford, in the 2:24 class, that being his previous record, taking the first, second and fourth heats, in 2:23, 2:22, 2:24. He is justly styled the fastest Colonus stallion. Probably the subject of this sketch may not trot any more races, but his reputation as the progenitor of flyers remarkable for speed and endurance is safe with Adelaide and Commonwealth. He stands at the farm of his owner, Mr J. P. Wiser, Prescott, Ont."

A GENEROUS OFFER.

Mr. C. J. Alloway, V.S., of Montreal, informs us that he is trying to collect information respecting Canadian thoroughbreds for the forthcoming volume of Bruce's American Stud Book. Mr. Alloway has kindly consented to compile and arrange for publication any pedigrees which may be forwarded to him. This will save breeders and owners a great deal of technical trouble, and as he is intimately acquainted with the thoroughbred strains in Canada, and eminently qualified to fill the task he has undertaken, gentlemen having this class of stock should place themselves in immediate communication with Mr. A., and assist him in what is apparently a labor of love. We have already spoken of the great value of having a complete registration of the thoroughbred stock in Canada, and the present opportunity should not be lost. There is no time for delay, and all the required information should be furnished at once.

A COUPLE OF HORSE CASES.

In previous issues we have given reports of trials before our courts in which horse cases came up for legal decision. The laws affecting this class of stock are very imperfectly understood, and any information gained by appeals to the judiciary should be given a wide circulation. This week we are enabled to give the details of a couple of cases, which may not be of the same general interest, as some that have preceded them, but still are of value in themselves.

The first of these was tried at the late Court of General Sessions in London, Ont. The plaintiff was Mr. Sam Grigg, the well-known hotel-keeper and liveryman of that city, who brought an action against Mr. Churcher, an official assignee, for the value of a horse which had been loaned by Mr. Grigg to a man named Walker, who formally kept a livery stable on Clarence street in that city, and whose goods and chattles had been seized by the assignee for the benefit of Walker's creditors. The plaintiff took possession of the animal, but at the demand of the defendant returned it under protest. Verdict for plaintiff, \$100. E. Meredith, for plaintiff.

The second one was tried before Judge Boyd at a late sitting of the County Court in this city, on the 29th ult. It was an action brought by a Mr. Wood against Mr. Atchison, hotel keeper, of Bond Head, for damages caused by an alleged illegal retention of a horse which was left in the care of the defendant, who was an innkeeper. After a certain time the defendant sued in the Division Court for the animal's board, and got \$40. The father of the plaintiff went for the horse, but was refused possession on the

2:20. Still another son got Lady Hamilton, whose best public performance is 2:30. Toronto Chief has played a leading part in giving fame to the Royal George family of trotters. Thomas Jefferson has sired a great many good colts, but thus far none of them are known to the 2:30 record. From Fields' Royal George, a son of the old horse, came Byron, 2:25, and Lady Byron, 2:28. Sir William Wallace, 2:27; Calodonia Chief, 2:29; Commodore Nutt, 2:27; Royal George 2:20, and Tartar, 2:28, are by other sons of Old Royal George. The early history of this now well-known family is shrouded in a good deal of mystery. The records of the old day were obscurely kept."

FROM HALIFAX.

HALIFAX, N.S., Dec. 30, 76.

To the Editor of Sporting Times:

Sir,—Although you do not hear very often from Nova Scotia, yet you must not think that we Blue-noses do not appreciate manly sports, such as cricket, base ball, riding, shooting &c., &c. But just at the present season these pastimes are at a discount, and we have instead, skating, curling, and sleighing, with an occasional touch of Music and the Drama to enliven our winter evenings, for theatrical managers know that they always reap a rich harvest in Halifax, and Temperance Hall was always filled to welcome them.

But as Temperance Hall has been considered too small and cramped, we have had erected an Academy of Music capable of holding over three thousand people at a cost of over one hundred thousand dollars. The opening concerts of this Academy will take place on the tenth and eleventh of January, by the Halifax Musical Union, assisted by the celebrated Rudolphsen Vocal Quartette, of Boston, and the Boston Philharmonic Club. After the concerts, Mr. William Nunnery, theatrical manager, will engage the Hall for a season, and bring some stars who have never before trod the boards of a Halifax stage.

Prof. O. S. Pratt, the horse tamer, still continues his lectures at his academy, and shows the power of man over the brute creation by taming the most vicious horses the Province can produce. He was presented last Wednesday, by Professor Lawson, with a valuable scarf pin in the shape of a horse shoe, made of pure Nova Scotia gold, and accompanied by a very complimentary address, signed by Lieut.-Governor Archibald, Sir W. O'Grady Haly, General, and all the officers of Her Majesty's army and navy at this station. Last night he gave a lecture for the benefit of the society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, a society which has recently been formed here.

We expect to have a series of trotting matches on the Dartmouth lakes as soon as the ice will permit; but at present there is no news in the horse line. Harvey Giallan's "Blackbird" is expected to "do something" this winter.

Yours truly,

BLUE NOSE.

FROM LOCKPORT, N.Y.

LOCKPORT, Jan. 8, 1877.

To the Editor of Sporting Times:

DEAR SIR—I am sorry to have the sad duty of informing you of the death of Mr. M. N. West, a highly respected and honorable citizen of this place, who accidentally shot himself while asleep on the morning of Thursday, Jan. 4, dying on Friday at 5:30 p.m. He was but 29 years of age, and has paid considerable attention of late to the subject of horse breeding. He was the owner of those two excellent stallions Country Gentleman and Seythian. By his obliging manners and gentlemanly way he has won a host of friends, who will miss his pleasant face and kind words in their daily greeting.

The following were elected officers of the Alert Gymnastic Association: President, D. R. Benedict; Vice-President, G. J. Grey; Corresponding and Recording Secretary, L.

Sporting Gossip.

It was a surprise to a good many to see the race horse The Judge (formerly Judge Pryor,) being driven in harness the other day on King street. He went along as quiet as any family rosiante, and Dr. Smith, V.S., must be considered a Rarey in training the thoroughbred. It will now be in order for the Doctor to turn out a four-in-hand, composed of Helen Bennett, Osseo, The Judge, and Inspiration. He will then have reached the top of the tree.

Mr. E. W. Johnston, of Belle Ewart, Ont., is out with a challenge to jump any man in the world, at a standing high jump, for \$1,000.

A sweepstake trot will take place at Woodbine to-day. There are some seven or eight well-known local horses on the entry list, and a good race should ensue. It is the intention to have another one of the same class next week.

Messrs. Enright & Bro., the extensive livery-men of Dundas, are purchasing horses for the old country market. They intend to make large shipments in the spring.

A horse 25 years old was sold in the Guelph market the other day by auction for \$11.

Mr. George Forbes, the well-known horseman, of Woodstock, Ont., passed over the fatal bridge at Ashtabula, Ohio, on the South Shore railway, by the train immediately preceding the one which went down.

Our Halifax correspondent's letter was delayed by the Grand Trunk strike, and in consequence it has been curtailed of several announcements which are out of date.

The Whitby Association are early in the field with their claim for days for their Spring Meeting. This will probably hurry some of the rest up. A circuit should be established at once, and not wait for the force of circumstances to bring them in line.

Dr. Orton, of Auncaster, Ont., who has recently made a couple of shipments of horses to England, left last week for Liverpool to survey the chances for an extension of the trade.

The holidays being over, and the prospects of spring trade drawing near, we take leave to draw attention to the fact that the SPORTING TIMES has some virtue as an advertising medium.

Prescott Ice Races will take place on the 16th, 17th, and 18th inst. Port Perry follows the next week with the 24th and 25th.

Mr. Geo. Wright, of Watford, who recently went to England with a lot of horses, returned on the 23rd ult. His venture was a successful one on the whole, although he lost three horses after landing. One rare, Bay Charlotte, sold for \$735. He intends to go more extensively in the exporting trade next spring.

An improvement was visible in the Montreal Horse Market last week, the signs of activity being greater. Some American buyers have arrived, and prices are looking up. Low grade horses are quite plentiful, and are not much in demand. Mr. Elwes sold a few the other day at prices ranging from \$40 to \$60 each.

Two horses were sold by auction at Hamilton on the 6th inst. for \$1.15 and \$1.75 respectively; the latter price including a bridle and saddle. The pedigrees had been mislaid by the auctioneer, and therefore could not be obtained, but a connoisseur in horse-flesh who was present said they were got by Difficulty out of the Stable. So says the "Spectator."

Mr. Geo. J. Whitney has resigned his position as President of the Rochester, N. Y., Driving Park Association on account of the

Prescott	Jan. 16 to 18
PL. Perry	Jan. 24 to 25
O hawa	Jan. 31st & Feb. 1st

Whitby..... May 24

ICE RACES.

Prescott	Jan. 16 to 18
PL. Perry	Jan. 24 to 25
O hawa	Jan. 31st & Feb. 1st

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

TO OUR FRIENDS.

We have on our books a large amount of money due us in accounts and subscriptions. We have been particularly indulgent to our friends and patrons, but this is the dull season of the year, and as our expenses are greater in winter than spring, summer and fall, we are compelled to call upon those indebted to us for prompt payment. Everything used about a printing office is cash, and to meet the weekly draft upon our exchequer, we must collect outstanding debts. Therefore we most earnestly request our friends and patrons, who are indebted to us, either by account or subscription to remit, and place us under renewed obligations.

DOMINION vs. NATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

We have had the enquiry made, if it would be preferable to form a Dominion Association or become affiliated with the existing National Association of the United States. This is a question which, like most all others, has two sides to it. There are advantages to be gained by belonging to the National which a Dominion organization would not possess; and again the home institution could present inducements which are not offered by the American. On the part of expense alone we believe the Dominion Association would be the more economical. This is an item which will not be overlooked by our managers. Again, the fact of having a local Board of Appeals, to which disputed questions could at once be referred under the home system is a strong argument in its favor. Of course the National exerts a much more extended influence, and brings within the scope of its operations almost every trotting horse in the United States, so that a union with it would protect our managers from any predatory incursions from the other side. The greatest difficulty which prevents an affiliation with the American organization is the delay and expense in the matter of appeals and the adjudication on questions of dispute. A Dominion Association would, to a very great extent, avoid this objection. A permanent local board could be formed in

CONTEMPTIBLE FORGERY.

Last week we received a letter purporting to be written by Mr. David Gillis, of St. Catherine's, the owner of the stallion Fulton, claiming the name of Pickpocket for his three-year-old gelding. As is our usual custom we inserted the paragraph without thought of anything wrong. However, we have learned the communication and signature were contemptible forgeries, and our columns were made the innocent channel of perpetrating an outrage on Mr. Gillis and ourselves and having a dirty fling at that gentleman by some coward whose action in this matter shows to what lengths he would go to vent his ill-natured spite against any one with whom he might have a difference, so long as he remained under the impression the blow could be delivered in the dark, and retaliatory punishment could not be inflicted. Mr. Gillis, we understand, feels very much offended at the paragraph, and does not wish to be ranked among the pick-pocket class in which evidently the writer of the communication would signally shine. We have forwarded to Mr. Gillis the communication in question as received by us, and trust it may be the means in his hands of discovering the perpetrator of the fraud. Any assistance from this establishment will be cheerfully given, and one of the happiest moments of our journalistic career would be that devoted to showing up the meanest man in the County of Lincoln.

PHIL SHERIDAN.

From the Christmas number of the Spirit of the Times we clip the following description of this well-known trotting stallion. Being now owned in Ontario the sketch will be of more interest and value to our readers. He is the fastest stallion we have in Canada, and the performances of Commonwealth (Dred) and Adelaide, two of the fastest of his get, show his ability to transmit the trotting instinct.

"The stock of this horse are rapidly becoming famous, largely because of the performance of his fleetest daughter, Adelaide, and his fastest son, Commonwealth. He is a brown stallion, foaled in 1862; got by Smith's Young Columbus (sire of Harry Harley and Myron Perry), dam Black Fly, a Canada mare, got by a two-year-old son of Tippoo. He was bred by Robert Dalzell, of Waddington, N. Y. The first trot of importance in which we find him engaged, was at Watertown, N. Y., June 29, 1870, when he won the second heat, in 2:35, the latest time of the race, but was subsequently beaten. In 1871, he trotted but one race, and that unsuccessfully. In 1872 he was more active, and in better form, winning five races, the best of which was at Mystic Park, June 21. Then he beat a very formidable field, winning the second, third, and fourth heats, in 2:28½, 2:29½, 2:30½. In 1873, he was busy in the stud, and did not start in any races; and during 1874 and 1875, he also remained in retirement. Last season a half interest was purchased in him by Mr. J. P. Wisner, of Prescott, Ont., and as he was exhibiting much speed, he was entered at several points in the Septilateral Circuit, in the 2:26 class. He only trotted, however, at Buffalo and Rochester, making a good show in both races, and going very fast at times; but he did not succeed in getting any part of the purses. His withdrawal at other places was owing, we believe, to his becoming lamed by a pebble in one of his feet. But his own lack of triumphs in the great Circuit were

complete registration of the thoroughbred stock in Canada, and the present opportunity should not be lost. There is no time for delay, and all the required information should be furnished at once.

A COUPLE OF HORSE CASES.

In previous issues we have given reports of trials before our courts in which horse cases came up for legal decision. The laws affecting this class of stock are very imperfectly understood, and any information gained by appeals to the judiciary should be given a wide circulation. This week we are enabled to give the details of a couple of cases, which may not be of the same general interest, as some that have preceded them, but still are of value in themselves.

The first of these was tried at the late Court of General Sessions in London, Ont. The plaintiff was Mr. Sam Grigg, the well-known hotel-keeper and liveryman of that city, who brought an action against Mr. Churcher, an official assignee, for the value of a horse which had been loaned by Mr. Grigg to a man named Walker, who formally kept a livery stable on Clarence street in that city, and whose goods and chattles had been seized by the assignee for the benefit of Walker's creditors. The plaintiff took possession of the animal, but at the demand of the defendant returned it under protest. Verdict for plaintiff, \$100. E. Meredith, for plaintiff.

The second one was tried before Judge Boyd at a late sitting of the County Court in this city, on the 29th ult. It was an action brought by a Mr. Wood against Mr. Atchison, hotel keeper, of Bond Head, for damages caused by an alleged illegal retention of a horse which was left in the care of the defendant, who was an innkeeper. After a certain time the defendant sued in the Division Court for the animal's board, and got \$40. The father of the plaintiff went for the horse, but was refused possession on the ground that since the inception of the case there remained several more weeks to settle for. Finally the money was paid under protest. The plaintiff claimed damages through losing business through the detention, which it was claimed was illegal according to the statute, which declares "That an innkeeper has no lien at law, for stabling, feeding, or keeping the horse of a person who is not a guest, or when there is no express agreement between the parties." A verdict was given for the plaintiff for \$75.

THE ROYAL GEORGES.

In a carefully written article, reviewing the different families of the great trotting horses of America, The Turf, Field and Farm devotes the accompanying paragraph to our Royal Georges.

"We pass from the thoroughbreds to the Royal George family. It was in Canada, and along the line that horses of this branch first came prominently into notice. Royal George was by Warrior, by Tipoo, and his dam was by the Bristol Horse. Toronto Chief, whose record is 2:24½, and who, full of years, is still doing stud service at the farm of his owner, Mr. Alex. Bathgate, was by Royal George. He got Thomas Jefferson, record 2:28; Rapid, 2:27; Buzz, 2:28½, and Belle of Toronto, record 2:29. Royal Revenge, the son of Toronto Chief, sired Fred Hooper, 2:27, and J. Ellis, 2:29. Niagara Chief, another son of Toronto Chief, got Ben Flagler, whose place in the record is

stage.

Prof. O. S. Pratt, the horse tamer, still continues his lectures at his academy, and shows the power of man over the brute creation by taming the most vicious horses the Province can produce. He was presented last Wednesday, by Professor Lawson, with a valuable scarf pin in the shape of a horse shoe, made of pure Nova Scotia gold, and accompanied by a very complimentary address, signed by Lieut.-Governor Archibald, Sir W. O'Grady Haly, General, and all the officers of Her Majesty's army and navy at this station. Last night he gave a lecture for the benefit of the society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, a society which has recently been formed here.

We expect to have a series of trotting matches on the Dartmouth lakes as soon as the ice will permit; but at present there is no news in the horse line. Harvey Grahman's "Blackbird" is expected to "do something" this winter.

Yours truly,
BLUE NOSH.

FROM LOCKPORT, N. Y.

LOCKPORT, Jan. 8, 1877.

To the Editor of Sporting Times:

DEAR SIR—I am sorry to have the sad duty of informing you of the death of Mr. M. N. West, a highly respected and honorable citizen of this place, who accidentally shot himself while asleep on the morning of Thursday, Jan. 4, dying on Friday at 5:30 p.m. He was but 29 years of age, and has paid considerable attention of late to the subject of horse breeding. He was the owner of those two excellent stallions Country Gentleman and Scythian. By his obliging manners and gentlemanly way he has won a host of friends, who will miss his pleasant face and kind words in their daily greeting.

The following were elected officers of the Alert Gymnastic Association: President, D. R. Benedict; Vice-President, G. J. Gray; Corresponding and Recording Secretary, L. S. Lampkins; Financial Secretary, J. S. Ferguson; Treasurer, W. H. Glass. Theodore Tilton lectured last evening at the Hodge Opera House to a crowded house and a universally delighted audience, subject, "Master Motives."

Yours truly,
ELL.

FROM INGERSOLL.

INGERSOLL, Jan. 9, 1877.

To the Editor of Sporting Times:

DEAR SIR—A pigeon shooting match came off at Mr. Richardson's hotel at Putnamville yesterday, in which \$20 was given in prizes. 5 pigeons to each man.

The event brought a great many of the crack shots from all parts, as will be seen by summary.

- 1st Prize—\$10—Won by Mr. Drake, London.
- 2nd " 5— " Mr. Drake, jr., do.
- 3rd " 8— " Mr. Grant, Woodstock.
- 4th " 2— " Mr. McArlay, Woodstock.

Mr. Jno. Forbes of Woodstock, Messrs. Graham, Sumner, and McMurray of Ingersoll, were also present.

You will be sorry to hear that Doc. Somerville lost 17 horses out of the last batch he shipped to England, but he says better luck next time.

Yours truly,
TOE WRIGHT.

at once, and not wait for the force of circumstances to bring them in line.

Dr. Orson, of Auster, Ont., who has recently made a couple of shipments of horses to England, left last week for Liverpool to survey the chances for an extension of the trade.

The holidays being over, and the prospects of spring trade drawing near, we take leave to draw attention to the fact that the SPORTING TIMES has some virtue as an advertising medium.

Prescott Ice Races will take place on the 16th, 17th, and 18th inst. Port Perry follows the next week with the 24th and 25th.

Mr. Geo. Wright, of Watford, who recently went to England with a lot of horses, returned on the 28rd ult. His venture was a successful one on the whole, although he lost three horses after landing. One mare, Bay Charlotte, sold for \$735. He intends to go more extensively in the exporting trade next spring.

An improvement was visible in the Montreal Horse Market last week, the signs of activity being greater. Some American buyers have arrived, and prices are looking up. Low grade horses are quite plentiful, and are not much in demand. Mr. Elwes sold a few the other day at prices ranging from \$40 to \$60 each.

Two horses were sold by auction at Hamilton on the 6th inst. for \$1.15 and \$1.75 respectively; the latter price including a bridle and saddle. The pedigrees had been mislaid by the auctioneer, and therefore could not be obtained, but a connoisseur in horse-flesh who was present said they were got by Difficulty out of the Stable. So says the "Spectator."

Mr. Geo. J. Whitney has resigned his position as President of the Rochester, N. Y., Driving Park Association on account of the demands on his time by his other business. He is a gentleman of strong administrative ability, and his energy has done much to work the Rochester Park up to the popularity it enjoys. It is to be hoped the good people of the Flower City will be able to secure a worthy successor for Mr. Whitney.

It is the intention to give winter meetings at Listowell and Oshawa. The latter one will take place the week after Pt. Perry.

Mr. George Beemer, of Harnsburg, has sold the thoroughbred stallion Major Macon, by War Dance, dam Mary Cass, by Whalebone, to Mr. Henery of Clifton, Ont. Macon was foaled in 1870, and was quite a speedy horse on the flat and over hurdles. From his size and breeding, he is well adapted for stock purposes, and we are pleased to learn he is gone into a district where the services of a racing stallion were much required.

We learn from Indianapolis, Ind., that Messrs. Boyce and Richardson left that city last week for Canada with the grey trotting-stallion Rival, for the purpose of putting him in the winter races. Rival is said to have a record of 2:30, and should make a good show on ice, as he is very short gaited and very honest and steady.

Canadian Turf.

PACING ON ICE AT CHATHAM.

CHATHAM, Jan. 6th, 1877.—Pacing Match. \$100. Mile heats, 2 in 3, in harness.
 W. Scott, b g Little Johnny 1 1
 Frank Taylor, b g Gobler's Pet 2 2
 No time.

NAMES CLAIMED.

KENTUCKIAN—I claim the name of Kentuckian for my chestnut stallion colt, bred by Jos. Patterson of Kentucky, foaled 1873, by Balsora, he by Alexander's Abdallah, dam Nonosuch, by Mambrino Prince. Also.

FINESSE—I claim the name of Finesse for my black filly, foaled in 1874, by George Wilkes, dam by Idol, he by Mambrino Chief.—M. P. BUSH, Buffalo N.Y., Dec. 30, 1876.

PRINCE ARTHUR.—I claim the name of Prince Arthur for my grey colt foaled April 28th, 1876, by Mr. J. P. Wiser's Rysdyk, he by Rysdyk's Hambrotonian; dam the inbred grey Eagle mare Domybrood, her sire and dam by Keezer's Grey Eagle.—J. S. HUNTINGTON, Prescott, Ont.

FROM OTTAWA.

OTTAWA, Jan. 7, 1876.

To the Editor of the Sporting Times:

DEAR SIR,—Capt Webb, the colt that trotted his first race at your fall meeting and coming back "all off" having to be let up on, is himself again, but his owner, Mr. Kennedy, says he will not start him on ice this winter, but intends to rest him until spring.

Mr. Baxter Cutler of this city, is driving a very nice chestnut gelding, by the sire of Deceit, and it is reported he is quite as handy as the little horse, Deceit.

Nothing new relating to the trotting meeting, and I am afraid we will not have one this winter except it is a local affair.

Yours, etc.,
 OTTAWA.

Athletic.

SPARRING AT MONTREAL.

MILLER VS. LABOISSIERE.

A sparring match for \$200, between Prof. Miller the champion Græco-Roman wrestler (who recently appeared at the Royal Opera House here in a wrestling bout with Mons. Bauer), and Mr. Joseph Laboissiere of Montreal, took place at the Theatre Royal, Montreal, on the 4th inst. The rounds were of three minutes duration, with two minutes rest. Mr. Richardson, who trained Laboissiere, acted as his second, and Mr. Woods did the same service for Miller. Mr. Drenaban was chosen referee and timer, and Mr. Brown umpire. Between two to three hundred persons were present. Seven rounds were fought in 85 minutes, when Laboissiere gave in, and Miller was declared the winner.

A TOUGH WRESTLING MATCH IN NEW ORLEANS.

The New Orleans Times says the Græco-Roman wrestling match between Christol and Rigal, at the St. Charles Theater, turned out to be a short and sharply contested struggle, with the honors at the close resting with Rigal, who gained the last two falls in clever style. In the first round, Christol being on his hands and knees, with Rigal stoutly clasping him, managed to get his hands firmly locked across the back of Rigal's neck, and by a very skillful and powerful effort, he threw him, by turning him completely over, having no other hold save that upon the neck. In the next two rounds, however, Rigal avoided a similar contingency and by sheer strength, in each instance, lifted his opponent bodily, and floored him. In the last fall, Christol first landed upon his head, and upon arising after the fall, was observed to act as if he had been injured. A surgical examination revealed that his collarbone was broken, and with that serious injury he is now laid up, and likely to remain so for some time.

Pedestrianism.

WESTON MATCHED FOR ONE THOUSAND POUNDS.

Locking.

A MAIN BETWEEN OTTAWA AND BROCKVILLE.

BROCKVILLE WINS.

This main came off on the 4th inst., a short distance from Ottawa. It was originally intended that each party should show twelve birds and eight seven, but owing to some difficulty in getting the required number of birds, it was finally decided to make the main one of five fights. Each battle was for \$60 and \$200 for the odd fight. About ten o'clock a party of 60 or 70 procured conveyances and crossed the ice to a quiet resort, and made preparations to commence the sport. The first battle brought to the fore a black red for Ottawa and a duck wing for Brockville, which was won by the latter's bird after a short but sharp contest. An interval of twenty minutes was here taken, so that the sports could "pay their money and take their choice" on the coming contestants. Time was called and two black reds, in good condition, were brought into the pit to toe the mark. This battle turned in favor of Ottawa which gave the boys a little nerve. The third battle brought out two black reds, and resulted in favor of the Brockville bird. For the fourth battle two more black reds were brought out. This match was also won by Brockville. Brockville had, as will be seen, won three battles out of four winning the main. However, the birds were fitted for the fifth fight. The Ottawa party had high hopes of their representative in this contest, a fine pyle, a strong bird and a very rapid fighter. Brockville pitted against him an Irish imported cock, which proved to be the pyle's superior in twelve seconds from the first fly. Everything passed off pleasantly.

Aquatic.

ED. HANLON CHALLENGES SCHARFF.

SIR,—Having waited a reasonable time for a reply to my answer to John Higgins' challenge, and not having heard from him I have concluded to try the American oarsmen, and with that intent have sent a challenge to William Scharff, of Pittsburg, Pa., who claims to be the five-mile champion of this continent.

I will row him five miles on Toronto bay for from \$500 to \$2,000 a side, allowing him a fair amount for expenses; the race to take place in the first two weeks of June.

Trusting that Mr. Scharff will—unlike the so-called English champion—condescend to reply, and that he will accept my offer,

I am,

Yours obediently,

EDWARD HANLAN.

Toronto, Jan. 8, 1877.

THE TROTTERS UNDER BAN.

Some interesting statistics might be compiled from the list of trotters and pacers under suspension or expulsion by order of the several associations. The bulk of these, of course, are suffering the penalty of no greater crime than the non-payment of entrance-money, and a glance at the amount of such debts now due, in the report of the proceedings of the Board of Appeals of the National Trotting Association at Rochester, will show that it is as great for 1876 as it was for 1875. This indicates that the small fry and ringers are feeling the effect of the hard times, as the suspension lists are recruited from their ranks with but a few exceptions. The faster horses come under ban comparatively seldom for non-payment of entrance-money, owners, of course, protecting their property more carefully as it becomes more valuable. Out of seven hundred horses that have trotted in 2:30 or better, only a little over fifty are on the suspension list. The number cannot be definitely given without more research than we are inclined to bestow upon the subject at present, for the reason that the adoption of the same name for different horses leads to so much confusion in the records. The amount of dues now outstanding for all members of the National Association is \$112,301.95, which is a large sum to regard in the gross, and the bulk of which will never be collected; yet it is a mere trifle compared with the volume of premiums given, and the vast number of horses engaged in trotting.

The Trigger.

SHOOTING AT BURLINGTON BEACH.

A pigeon shooting match took place on the 2nd inst., at D. Fitch's Hotel, at the Beach. The following scores were made:—

P Bates	1 1 1 1 1—5
T Armstrong	1 1 0 0 1—3
D Fitch	1 1 1 1 1—5
G Cinn	1 1 1 0 1—4
J Jones	0 1 1 1 1—4
—Hazell	1 1 1 0 1—4
H Addison	1 1 0 0 1—3

TIES AT TWENTY-SIX YARDS.

1st Prize	Fitch	1 0 1 0 1
2nd "	Bates	1 0 1 0 0
3rd "	Jones	1 1
	Hazell	1 0

A TWO-HANDED SHOOT AT WOODSTOCK.

At Woodstock, on the 3rd inst., Mr. John Forbes and Mr. John Pascoe shot a match at nine birds each, usual conditions, against Mr. G. Harwood and Mr. J. Thacker, for a stake of \$10. Forbes & Co., it will be seen, by the annexed score, won, the Woodstock horseman doing some good shooting.

SUMMARY.

John Forbes	10111111—8
John Pascoe	011100100—4
	12
Geo. Harwood	101002111—6
J. Thacker	111001000—4
	10

A MATCH AND SWEEPSTAKE AT CHATHAM.

A pigeon match was shot off in Chatham on Christmas Day, Mr. G. K. Atkinson killing 5 out of 7, and winning, against Mr. James Baxter, who retired with 2 out of 7. Subsequent by Messrs. Atkinson, Pike, Nelson, Wheeler and Wells, shot for a sweepstake, 10 birds each, 21 yards rise. The scores respectively were 5, 8, 6, 6, 6. In shooting off ties at 26 yards Wheeler was first and Wells second.

GOOD SHOOTING AT ST. CATHERINES.

A sweepstake of \$10 each at ten birds each took place at St. Catherines, on the 5th inst. with the following result.

SUMMARY.

J. Woodruff	1111111101—9
Geo. Rodgers	1111010111—8
S. Hodgkinson	111100101—7
Abu Rogers	1110001110—6

A sweepstake took place afterwards between seven gentlemen at five birds for \$5 each. Mr. Geo. Rogers took first money, killing five straight; Mr. Woodruff capturing the second money with a score of four.

There is some talk of a match between three Americans from Sus. Bridge and an equal number of Saints. The only difficulty is a dispute about the traps, the Americans wanting to shoot from a plunge trap and our fellows from a ground one. The Saints are ready to shoot them for any reasonable amount out of a ground trap.

Nix.

IN THE COUNTRY.—A pigeon match took place at Mr. John Menzies, North Easthope, lately, at which Mr. A. Menzie shot 5, and Mr. Geo. Dunlop, 4.

OTTAWA TALENT IN NEW YORK.

We are pleased to learn that four boys who graduated as gymnasts from Ottawa, are doing well in New York. Wingfield and Gregory are under engagement at the Third Avenue Theatre, where they do a double dancing barrel act amongst other things of unusual merit; while A. S. Phillion is playing as a juggler and slack wire performer at the Brooklyn Theatre, and his acts are astonishing. Frank Clifton is in partnership with Wm. Forpaugh at the Olympic Theatre. They opened Monday week, and will run four weeks, after which they go to put in a season at Boston. Frank is immense, turning a double somersault from bar to bar. Their numerous friends will be glad to hear that they (the gymnasts) are doing so well, and continuing to keep themselves up in the estimation of the amusement loving public. It is their intention to make a visit "home" about the latter part of February, and on their return "the boys" will give one grand entertainment at the Opera House.

Lord and Lady Dufferin will visit Mrs. Morrison's Grand Opera House on Tuesday evening.

Tom Hurst, the great comic singer of Montreal, has left that city and in future will make Toronto his home, where he assumes the management of the London Publishing House of Messrs. Ashdown & Perry. On leaving Montreal he was escorted to the train by a military band.

GENERAL.

MONTREAL.—The Academy of Music closed on Monday evening with a benefit to Little S. Lina Roub, when Uncle Tom's Cabin was produced. The house will be closed to enable the directors to have made an additional stair from the gallery, during which time the company will go to Ottawa. On their return Oliver Doud Byron will be the star. The succeeding week Miss Reeves will take her benefit, preparatory to her retirement from the stage and marriage to Mr. McDowell. After the marriage the manager and his fair and esteemed bride will make a trip to Boston, where all the latest novelties in the "Hub" will be picked up for future use.

HAMILTON.—The Lilliputian Comic Opera Company under the management of Mr. Harry Dakin, will be at Meham's Hall on Monday and Tuesday evening, presenting Jack the Giant Killer; the company consists of Col. Ruth Goshen, whose weight is 600 lbs. and his height 7 ft. 2 in.; Commodore Nutt, Maj. Nutt, Maj. Houghton, Miss Jennie Gugley, Miss Ella Kirtland, Miss Sarah Bellou, Mr. and Mrs. Florence and Mr. S. J. Martin. Miss Lillie Lonsdale, reported to have been burned to death in a Newark, N. J., Opera House, is residing in Hamilton. Mr. Sage Richardson leaves Hamilton to fill an engagement in Syracuse on the 15th inst.

OTTAWA.—Mr. McDowell's Shraughraun Company opened at Gowan's Opera House, on Tuesday, with Eileen Oge, to remain the balance of the week. Frou-Frou will be produced during their engagement.

LONDON.—Jack the Giant Killer, by Drakin's Comic Opera Company, at the Opera House, on Friday and Saturday evenings. The Holman Opera Company left London on Monday afternoon for St. Thomas, where they open for one night. They also propose paying Aymer a visit. Miss Sallie Holman while skating on Saturday evening, had the misfortune to sprain her ankle.

GUELPH.—This evening a gymnastic exhibition by the members of the Gymnastic Club. Mr. W. Irving Bishop spiritual exposition, on the 26th inst., at the Town Hall.

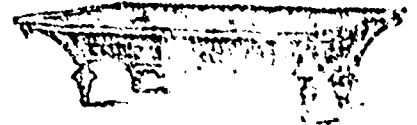
INGERSOLL.—The Philadelphia Calci-opticon Co. with their Centennial exhibition on the 8th. Our correspondent speaks well of it.

Collingwood has a dramatic club.

SNOW BIRDS.

Any quantity furnished on short notice—delivered in Toronto, or sent by express at \$3 per 100 if called for at any but on the Island opposite Goderham & Wark. Address J. W. Power St., Toronto.

Whelan's White Rose Billiard Hall, 66 JARVIS ST.



Seven tables, every thing first class, making the finest and handsomest billiard saloon in Canada. Bowling Alley in connection.

THOROUGHBREDS FOR SALE.

STALLIONS.

OSAGE, ch c, 3 years, 15.3, by imported Eclipse, dam Ontario by Lexington. Would make a fine race horse or stallion.

MOHAWK, br h, foaled 1867, 15.1, by Norton, he by Lexington, dam Rebecca T. Produced by the Colonel, he by imported Prince. The most perfect formed horse in Canada.

MARES.

HELEN BENNETT, ch m, 5 years, 15.3, by Lexington, dam Helen Douglass. Would make an excellent brood-mare.

PASSION, b m, 6 years, 16.1, by Red Eye, he by Boston; dam Sympathy, by imported Soythian. This mare is sound, and is fast on the flat, clever over hurdles, and up to any reasonable weight. From her size and breeding would be valuable as a brood mare.

Address this office.

December, 1876.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE

Clothing Establishment,

86 YONGE-ST.

THE CELEBRATED CAMBRIDGESHIRE

Shooting

AND

Hunting Suit

TO ORDER, FROM \$16.

W. TAYLOR & SON,

279-um

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WHITE & SEARPE,

SHIRTS TO ORDER

85 KING STREET WEST

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BEAT



PORT PERRY
 CLAIMED
 JANUARY 24 & 25, '77
 FOR THE
 ICE MEETING.
 281-um J. A. HUNT, Sec.
 OSHAW
 ICE RACES

MILLER VS. LABOISSIERE.

A sparring match for \$200, between Prof. Miller the champion Græco-Roman wrestler (who recently appeared at the Royal Opera House here in a wrestling bout with Mons. Bauer), and Mr. Joseph Laboissiere of Montreal, took place at the Theatre Royal, Montreal, on the 4th inst. The rounds were of three minutes duration, with two minutes rest. Mr. Richardson, who trained Laboissiere, acted as his second, and Mr. Woods did the same service for Miller. Mr. Drenahan was chosen referee and timer, and Mr. Brown umpire. Between two to three hundred persons were present. Seven rounds were fought in 35 minutes, when Laboissiere gave in, and Miller was declared the winner.

A TOUGH WRESTLING MATCH IN NEW ORLEANS.

The New Orleans Times says the Græco-Roman wrestling match between Christol and Rigal, at the St. Charles Theater, turned out to be a short and sharply contested struggle, with the honors at the close resting with Rigal, who gained the last two falls in clever style. In the first round, Christol being on his hands and knees, with Rigal stoutly clasping him, managed to get his hands firmly locked across the back of Rigal's neck, and by a very skillful and powerful effort, he threw him, by turning him completely over, having no other hold save that upon the neck. In the next two rounds, however, Rigal avoided a similar contingency and by sheer strength, in each instance, lifted his opponent bodily, and floored him. In the last fall, Christol first landed upon his head, and upon arising after the fall, was observed to act as if he had been injured. A surgical examination revealed that his collarbone was broken, and with that serious injury he is now laid up, and likely to remain so for some time.

Pedestrianism.

WESTON MATCHED FOR ONE THOUSAND POUNDS.

At length a genuine walking match between our long distance champions seems imminent. The correspondence, which for some time past has been going on in our columns, has brought about the desired result, and it is now almost beyond doubt that Weston will have to meet one, if not two, of the best men of the day. In our columns of Saturday "J. D. A." expressed his willingness to match the American for a six days' walk against any one that could be found, and yesterday a correspondent, who signs himself "Anti-Humbag," lodged £500 in our hands to accept that challenge. Yesterday Sir John D. Astley, who wishes no longer to hide his identity, called upon us and covered that amount with a similar sum on behalf of Weston. All the parties are to meet here on a day appointed after the completion of the present exhibition at the Agricultural Hall—probably Monday next—and the preliminaries are to be settled and articles of agreement signed. Both sides seem anxious for business, and a match is, we think, almost certain to be ratified.

We have also received a telegram from Hoyle, from O'Leary, informing us that he has sent a check for £100 to bind a match with Weston in terms of "J. D. A.'s" proposal, and that particulars will follow in a letter to come to hand this morning. The parties who have posted £1,000 in our hands are willing that this third man should enter into a sweep, the winner to take £1,500. A gigantic match of this description is unequalled in the annals of pedestrianism, and should the affair come to fruition the interest and excitement will be something tremendous.—*London Sportsman.*

lenge, and not having board in him they concluded to try the American ear-men, and with that intent have sent a challenge to William Scharff, of Pittsburg, Pa., who claims to be the five-mile champion of this continent.

I will row him five miles on Toronto bay for from \$500 to \$2,000 a side, allowing him a fair amount for expenses; the race to take place in the first two weeks of June.

Trusting that Mr. Scharff will—unlike the so-called English champion—condescend to reply, and that he will accept my offer,

I am,

Yours obediently,

EDWARD HANLAN.

Toronto, Jan. 3, 1877.

THE TROTTERS UNDER BAN.

Some interesting statistics might be compiled from the list of trotters and pacers under suspension or expulsion by order of the several associations. The bulk of these, of course, are suffering the penalty of no greater crime than the non-payment of entrance-money, and a glance at the amount of such debts now due, in the report of the proceedings of the Board of Appeals of the National Trotting Association at Rochester, will show that it is as great for 1876 as it was for 1875. This indicates that the small fry and ringers are feeling the effect of the hard times, as the suspension lists are recruited from their ranks with but a few exceptions. The faster horses come under ban comparatively seldom for non-payment of entrance-money, owners, of course, protecting their property more carefully as it becomes more valuable. Out of seven hundred horses that have trotted in 2:30 or better, only a little over fifty are on the suspension list. The number cannot be definitely given without more research than we are inclined to bestow upon the subject at present, for the reason that the adoption of the same name for different horses leads to so much confusion in the records. The amount of dues now outstanding for all members of the National Association is \$112,301.95, which is a large sum to regard in the gross, and the bulk of which will never be collected; yet it is a mere trifle compared with the volume of premiums given, and the vast number of horses engaged in trotting.

To Correspondents.

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

BLUE NOSE, Halifax.—Very good.

H. F. City.—If the order is sent to Conductor and Engineer both sign; if to Conductor alone Engineer does not sign.

W. C. K., Listowell.—We can find nothing about it at present, but will bear it in mind. This one should not spoil your calculations, as you can easily bar him in your conditions, if the feeling is what you say.

A GRADUATE, Montreal.—You start in wrong; the article was not our own, it was copied from another paper, for which credit was given. In this respect, at least, your contribution would have to be amended before publication. The criticism is very strong, and we have doubts whether its publication would answer a good purpose. However, we will consider it.

GAME PROTECTION.

At the annual meeting of the Montreal Fish and Game Protection Club, held on the 4th inst., the following gentlemen were appointed office-bearers for the ensuing year:—President, McPherson Lemoyne; Vice-President, P. J. Brady; Secretary, A. N. Shewan; Treasurer, W. H. Rintoul; Committee, B. H. Kilby, H. W. King, James Eadalle, G. W. Eadie, R. A. Alloway, Richard White, F. W. L. Peaton, Geo. N. Ahern, David Sinclair, N. P. Leach; Legal Adviser, Wm. H. Kerr; Club Banger, A. Galey.

GOOD SHOOTING AT ST. CATHERINES.

A sweepstake of \$10 each at ten birds each took place at St. Catherines, on the 5th inst. with the following result.

SUMMARY.

J. Woodruff 1111111101—9
Geo. Rodgers 1111010111—8
S. Hodgskison 1111100101—7
Abo Rogers 1110001110—6

A sweepstake took place afterwards between seven gentlemen at five birds for \$5 each. Mr. Geo. Rogers took first money, killing five straight; Mr. Woodruff capturing the second money with a score of four.

There is some talk of a match between three Americans from Sts. Bridge and an equal number of Saints. The only difficulty is a dispute about the traps, the Americans wanting to shoot from a plunge trap and our fellows from a ground one. The Saints are ready to shoot them for any reasonable amount out of a ground trap.

Nix.

IN THE COUNTRY.—A pigeon match took place at Mr. John Menzies, North Easthope, lately, at which Mr. A. Menzie shot 5, and Mr. Geo. Dunlop, 4.

OTTAWA TALENT IN NEW YORK.

We are pleased to learn that four boys who graduated as gymnasts from Ottawa, are doing well in New York. Wingfield and Gregory are under engagement at the Third Avenue Theatre, where they do a double dancing barrel act amongst other things of unusual merit; while A. S. Phillion is playing as a juggler and slack wire performer at the Brooklyn Theatre, and his acts are astonishing. Frank Clifton is in partnership with Wm. Forepaugh at the Olympic Theatre. They opened Monday week, and will run four weeks, after which they go to put in a season at Boston. Frank is immense, turning a double somersault from bar to bar. Their numerous friends will be glad to hear that they (the gymnasts) are doing so well, and continuing to keep themselves up in the estimation of the amusement loving public. It is their intention to make a visit "home" about the latter part of February, and on their return "the boys" will give one grand entertainment at the Opera House.

Amusements.

CITY.

Miss Neilson concluded the most successful engagement of the season, at Mrs. Morrison's Grand Opera House, on Saturday evening. During her nights even standing room was at a premium. On Monday night the Kiralfy's were announced to appear with Around the World in 80 Days, but owing to the blockade of the railways in New York State by snow, did not arrive until Tuesday afternoon, too late to get the scenery, machinery and properties in working order for the entertainment that evening. On Wednesday the first representation was given to a good house, and it has proved attractive all week. Miss Neilson has promised to return this season.

At the Royal Opera House, on Monday and Tuesday evenings the Orange Girl; or, The Felon's Wife was produced with Miss Sophie Miles in the leading role. Wednesday and Thursday evenings Waiting for the Verdict, for which Mr. Coudock was specially engaged. Business has been good. Mr. Gobay has retired from the management of this theatre, which has been assumed by Mr. French the owner of the property. This Friday evening Hamlet, with Miss Miles as the melancholy Dane.

they open for one night. They also propose paying Aymer a visit. Miss Salm-Holman while skating on Saturday evening, had the misfortune to sprain her ankle.

GUYANA.—This evening a gymnastic exhibition by the members of the Gymnastic Club. Mr. W. Irving Bishop spiritual exposition, on the 25th inst., at the Town Hall.

INVERSOILL.—The Philadelphia Calcio-optico Co. with their Centennial exhibition on the 8th. Our correspondent speaks well of it.

Collingwood has a dramatic club.

PORT HURON CLAIMS

JANUARY 24 & 25, '77

FOR THE

ICE MEETING.

281-ht J. A. H. T, Sec.

OSHAWA


ICE RACES

The Oshawa Ice Races will take place on

January 31st & February 1st, '77

PARTICULARLY NEXT WEEK.

W. H. CONANT.



WELBY Park CLUB

Claim TUESDAY

MAY 24th, 1877,

For the Inauguration of their Spring Meeting.

281-ht N. BAY, Sec.

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

268-ht.

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NERVOUS DEBILITY—REDCROSS ELIXIR

(Coca), infallibly cures all forms of nervous debility, from whatever cause arising. In all cases where vitality has been impaired by business anxieties, excesses of various kinds the result of dissipation, &c., &c., it completely and thoroughly restores mental and physical vigor. \$1 per bottle, six for \$5, sent by express, closely packed and free from observation to all parts of Canada on receipt of the price. J. O. WOOD, Pharmacist, 151 King street west, Toronto.

Miscellaneous.

BEST FOUR IN HAND—Honors at whist.

How to TELL A GOOD HORSE—Stand in front of his shoulder and pull his head down gently till his ear is at the level of your lips, then tell him.

The late John T. Alexander, the "Cattle King of Morgan County, Ill.," left insurance on his life amounting to \$75,000, \$85,000 of which was for the benefit of his wife.

"Some wretched being," says the Graphic claims that eucyre was played in old times because the Levites passed and the Sargatan used when the poor man couldn't go it alone.

Captain Boyton has successfully accomplished his greatest voyage in his life-saving dress by swimming down the River Po from Castel Duova to Ferrara, 280 miles, in 96 hours, without a break.

A correspondent of the Inverness Advertiser, writing from Lochbroom, says: "You readers will hardly believe that since the beginning of August last about 6,000 rabbits have been trapped or ferreted on the one farm of Inverlach."

A Kentish paper announces the death of the "Swanley Fat Boy, Richard Beenhaim." He was 12 years and four months old, stood five feet in height, weighed 25 stone (14 lbs to the stone), and measured 60 inches round the waist.

PRECOCITY IN THE COW—In a recent issue of the Veterinary Journal, an unparalleled case of precocity in the cow is reported. On May 14, a black-poll'd Scot, nine days short of a year old, was delivered of a dead but perfectly formed calf, having accidentally received the embrace of a bull when ten weeks and five days old, while suckling her mother, the bull of the same breed having been with the herd, the calves of which were all allowed to suck as long as they chose.

A Barber the other day, after vainly endeavoring to masticate a piece of fowl laid down his knife and fork, saying, "All the trimmings, traditions and teachings of my youth, my sense of propriety, and the commands of holy writ, compel me to respect old age; but I'll be blowed if I can bring myself to stomach it when roasted or boiled."

The recently returned Arctic expedition, if it did not bring back the North Pole, has brought home a great many interesting animal facts. The Alert wintered in latitude 82° 27'. At that point were seen and killed six musk oxen, seven hares and ninety birds of all sorts. There are almost no seals so far north as this, and the Polar Sea supports no bears. Not a bird of any kind goes north of 83 degrees. Among the most numerous birds that the Alert crew discovered about their winter quarters were knots—the largest kind of sandpipers that we see off our own coast.

John Morrissey has frequently spoken with the utmost affection of his boy, the young man whose death has been announced. It was for him that he left the prize-ring—he said he wished to leave the lad a good example. It was for him, undoubtedly, that he sought and won most of his official honours. The ex-prize-fighter has a tough hide, but those who know him says there beats beneath it a tender heart and very much of it, affection was given to the youth who is dead.

The Huron Signal says:—"Possibly the largest animals of the bovine species in the world are the two three year old steers now on exhibition at the stables adjoining Armstrong's pump factory. They belong to Mr. Wm. McCann, and were brought here some days ago from the other side, they having been bred and fattened by one Willy, of Wyoming county, Ohio. Together they weigh 6,500 lbs., and are perfect monsters, sufficient to delight the heart of any stock fancier. The animals are of the Durham breed. A \$10,000 challenge is open to the world that they are the heaviest steers in existence."

A curious little scientific toy has made its appearance in the optician's window, and we should think might rival in popularity the little gyroscope. It consists of a tiny windmill enclosed in a glass bulb of about three inches diameter, which revolves without any apparent loss of power. The secret of the mystery is that the four vanes of the mill are packed on one side, and coated with a substance which causes them to revolve.

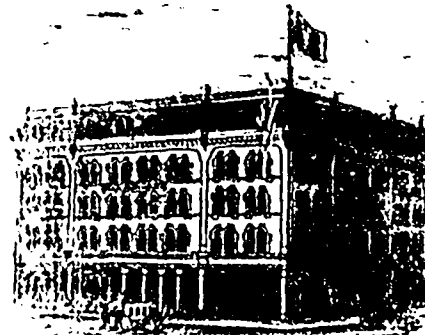
WOODCOCK.

One day I was smoking a quiet cigar in my office, about lunch time, when in bounced Colonel D'O. "Jimmy," said he, "will you come down to Wing's with me to-night? We can get some good woodcock." "All right," I replied; "how are we to get there?" "Oh! the Laprairie boat at four o'clock, and eleven miles of a drive after." Four o'clock found us on the steamer, and at five o'clock we picked up a cart on the Laprairie wharf to drive us down to L'Acadie. It was about the 10th of October, and the roads were very muddy, the weather clear and coldish, and we were right glad to let our dogs lie against our legs in the wagon and keep them warm. The Colonel had his old pointer Murat, and I had a new purchase, also a pointer, called Sappho. We found our watch-dogs very comfortable in the long drive which, owing to mud and bad roads, took us about two hours and a half. The tobacco consumed en route was considerable, and very glad were we when we reached Wing's house. Wing's place is situated midway between Laprairie and St. John's, and is in the centre of many square miles of woodcock ground. In former years, before the woods got so large, it was great ground, and very large bags have been made there; now it is too well known and too much hunted to be of much account. At one time, Wing was a flourishing hotel keeper, but his house being burned and no insurance being on it, he was unable to rebuild, and now occupies a small cottage in the rear of the ruins of his old hotel. He couples farming with dog-breaking, and has some 400 acres of land, and usually a dozen dogs on hand. When we had a large garrison he has occasionally had as many as thirty dogs at a time under his care. He is a Yorkshireman, but has a smart Yankee wife, who transacts all his affairs for him, always makes up his charges for him, as when you ask him how much you owe him, he always refers you to his wife. I will say she understands how to look after his interests, and cooks capitally, being especially famed for hare pies and fresh mushrooms stewed.

When we arrived we were very glad, after warning ourselves and seeing our dogs comfortably housed for the night in the barn, to help to demolish a huge hare pie and bowl of mushrooms. We asked Wing about the prospects for sport. He did not give much encouragement, but said he had been so busy plowing that he had not commenced to shoot yet. His son, however, said there was a good sprinkling of birds, but rather scattered. After supper, and a pipe or two, washed down by a little milk punch, we retired early. In the morning we were up at daylight, and inspected the kennel while breakfast was cooking. After breakfast we started for the woods, the Colonel taking young Wing for his guide, and I following the old man. The first cover we came to looked awfully like woodcock; and noticing that a road cut off a small corner of the cover from the rest, I slipped forward to the road while the others entered the cover with the three dogs. (Wing had one of his along). My strategy was instantly rewarded; a woodcock rose to me from the edge of the cover nearest the road, was killed, and a second, flushed by the Colonel, came out to me and went dead also. Now Johnny Wing rises, and misses a bird, which I also got a chance at and missed. Then the Colonel put up a brace, killed one and missed the other, which flew down the road in front of me. Alas! I had uncocked my gun while lighting my pipe; and though I pulled both triggers hard enough, Mr. Woodcock escaped without a shot. We now were in great spirits, having flushed five woodcock and killed three in a bit of cover less than an acre square; thought we were going to have a heavy day, but we reckoned without our host. For the next hour, though the ground we walked through was apparently very good, and the dogs worked well, not a bird did we see. We then entered a piece of heavy timber, which we had to cross, and the Colonel killed two partridges (ruffed grouse). His dog Murat retrieving the first one and running away with it, required a charge of No. 10 shot to teach him manners. After that Mr. Murat behaved a little better.

I don't like to write it, but I missed several grouse in that wood. Coming out of the wood we came to a small river, which we had to cross, and as we had walked hard and felt hungry, we took a little time for lunch. The Colonel produced a gold chicken from his haversack or game bag, while I had some hard-boiled eggs and cabin biscuit and a flask of mountain dew. After lunch we got into a better country, and found birds pretty freely; the Colonel, however, doing all the work, as he killed six woodcock in six shots, while I missed a good many. Old Wing shot a hare, which we hung on a tree to be retrieved the following day. My dog worked beautifully, but, horror of horrors! I discovered my dog had no nose. She actually jumped over a bird I had knocked down and never seemed to smell it. She had never found a bird herself all day, but had backed the others when they pointed. She did not remain in my hands long, as I sold her, without a character, to go to Manitoba where she now is.

Well, shooting one woodcock is much like another, and that day I was not in luck—the Colonel having the lion's share of the bag.



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William Kelly, Proprietor.

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

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

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

Telephone Office in connection with this House
TERMS, \$1.50 PER DAY.
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Bonney's Hotel,

Only 3 minutes walk to Post Office and R.R. Depots.

GEO. WARNER, Proprietor.

Cor. of Washington and Carroll Streets,

BUFFALO, N. Y.

TERMS MODERATE. Come and try me.

DEADY HOUSE,

COR. YORK AND BOLTON STS.,

Near King-St., Toronto.

M. DEADY, PROPRIETOR

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

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Daniels' Hotel,

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

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7 ADELAIDE STREET WEST,

Mrs. MORRISON'S GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

F. C. LAYTON, Proprietor.

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Hanmer House,

E. V. HANMER, PROPRIETOR,
BELL EWART, ONT.

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Bath Rooms in connection.

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George Briggs - Propr.

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

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Faro Checks, in sets of 600.....\$25
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will furnish the above with six packs of Cards,

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Drawn on the 30th of each month. By authority of the Legislature. \$275,000 in Cash Prizes, 1 CHANCE IN 5, TICKETS \$1 EACH, or 10 for \$5, leaving \$5 to be deducted from the prizes after the drawing. Full particulars sent free.

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

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AND AQUATIC SPORTS,

ART, BILLIARDS, VETERINARY,

SHOOTING, TRAPPING, FISHING,

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The proprietors of the SPORTING TIMES

have much pleasure in announcing to their

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to present a magnificent horse picture to

their advance paying subscribers for the

year 1876-7. Realizing the importance of

this undertaking, and being determined to

offer our subscribers a picture that should

in itself be worthy of the paper it represents,

and which should be treasured as a work of

art; after culling over the finest productions

of the American press, we selected the beautiful

chromo of GOLDSMITH MAID, printed in

nine colors and innumerable shades, size 18 1/2

by 24 inches, believing, as our friends will

when they see it, that it is the finest horse

picture ever published in America. It is not

to be confounded with the miserable pictures

hawked around the country by some jour-

nals, but is really a work of high art and in-

trinsically of more value than we receive

for our yearly subscription. She is re-

presented standing in a box stall stripped,

and in this position the picture, from which

the chromo is reproduced, was painted by

one of the first artists in the profession in

America. When varnished and mounted it is

...not bring back the North Pole, has
...a great many interesting
...The Alert wintered in latitude
...27. At that point were seen and killed
...seven hares and ninety birds
...There were almost no seals so
...and the Polar Sea supports
...Not a bird of any kind goes north
...Among the most numerous
...that the Alert crew discovered about
...the largest kind of sandpipers that we see off our own coast.

John Morrissey has frequently spoken with me about the death of his boy, the young man whose death has been announced. It was for him that he left the prize ring—he said he wished to leave the lad a good example. It was for him, undoubtedly, that he sought and won most of his official honours. The prize fighter has a tough hide, but the one who knows him says there beats him with a tender heart and very much of its affection was given to the youth who is dead.

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SAGACITY OF HUMANS IN REGARD TO DOGS.—The San Francisco Herald has had enough, but then he is intelligent; when you come to the common individual who follows the beasts of the poundmaster, they are just the fat red-galoots that ever lived out of jail. Recit advises from the burgh of San Francisco that there dogs with out a license tag are put in the pound. A fine setter, with tag attached, accompanied by two unweaned pups, strolled from her master the other day, and the vigilant vaqueros of the poundmaster quickly "gobbled up" the puppies. The master of the dogs immediately entered a complaint against the poundmaster before the Society of the Prevention of Cruelty to animals, on the ground that it was a cruelty to take unweaned pups from the maternal breast, as in consequence they would starve. The case is being argued.

A diminutive pony was exhibited last week at the annual show of the Swindon and North Wilts Agricultural Association. The little animal was of the Welsh breed, stood 2-ft. 11 in. high, and only weighed 1 cwt. A special prize was awarded for the tiny creature, which is the property of Mr. Parmer of Wroughton.

...the first cover we came to looked
...a fully like woodcock, and noticed that a rod
...out of a small corner of the cover from the rest,
...I slipped forward to the rod while the others
...entered the cover with the three dogs. (Wing
...and one of his along). My strategy was in-
...stantly rewarded; a woodcock rose to me from
...the edge of the cover nearest the rod, was killed,
...and a second, flushed by the Colonel, came
...out to me and went dead also. Now Johnny
...Wing rises, and misses a bird, which I also got
...a chance at and missed. Then the Colonel put
...up a brace, killed one and missed the other,
...which flew down the road in front of me. Alas!
...I had uncocked my gun while lighting my pipe;
...and though I pulled both triggers hard enough,
...Mr. Woodcock escaped without a shot. We
...were in great spirits, having flushed five
...woodcock and killed three in a bit of cover less
...than an acre square; thought we were going to
...have a heavy day, but we reckoned without our
...host. For the next hour, though the ground
...we walked through was apparently very good,
...and the dogs worked well, not a bird did we see.
...We then entered a piece of heavy timber, which
...we had to cross, and the Colonel killed two par-
...tridges (a ruffed grouse). His dog Murat retriev-
...ing the first one and running away with it, re-
...quired a charge of No. 10 shot to teach him
...manners. After that Mr. Murat behaved a lit-
...tle better.

I don't like to write it, but I missed several grouse in that wood. Coming out of the wood we came to a small river, which we had to cross, and as we had walked hard and felt hungry, we took a little time for lunch. The Colonel produced a gold chicken from his haversack or game bag, while I had some hard-boiled eggs and cabin biscuit and a flask of mountain dew. After lunch we got into a better country, and found birds pretty freely; the Colonel, however, doing all the work, as he killed six woodcock in six shots, while I missed a good many. Old Wing shot a hare, which we hung on a tree to be retrieved the following day. My dog worked beautifully, but, horror of horrors! I discovered my dog had no nose. She actually jumped over a bird I had knocked down and never seemed to smell it. She had never found a bird herself all day, but had backed the others when they pointed. She did not remain in my hands long, as I sold her, without a character, to go to Manitoba where she now is.

Well, shooting one woodcock is much like another; and that day I was not in luck—the Colonel having the lion's share of the bag, which footed up in the evening 19 woodcock and 2 partridges. After supper our carter came for us from Laprairie, and we drove back to that place—having to sleep there to catch the early boat in the morning. At the hotel we met two acquaintances who had been shooting at St. Philippe, a few miles west of our ground. They very greatly left their bag on the bar table while entertaining some of their friends in the bar. The Colonel, for a joke, exchanged two of our birds that were undersized for the best two brace in their bag—remarking that they would never find out the robbery. Sure enough they never did, and, unless they see this, never will. We got back to town in time to dress comfortably for breakfast the following morning, fairly satisfied with our outing.

Woodcock are not so plenty as they used to be, and big days are very rare. I have sometimes shot with Zelis Manie, of Chambly, who, I fancy, has killed more woodcock than most men on the beautiful grounds along the Richelieu River from Chambly to Belœil, or on the Riviere des Hurons—a small stream emptying into the Richelieu, near Chambly Basin. Manie told me that he had kept a memorandum of the woodcock he had killed up to five years ago—say 1871—and that he had then killed upward of 4,000—not bad for one man. Manie is the best dogbreaker we have near Montreal. He is very kind to his dogs, and feeds them well on oatmeal. He is nominally a cooper in a large oatmeal mill, but, as his employer is a gentleman and a sportsman, is allowed six weeks from the middle of September to the end of October to shoot and break dogs. More of him some other day.—Royal, Rod and Gun.

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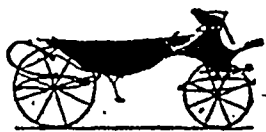
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Obituary.

COMMODORE VANDERBILT.

Commodore Vanderbilt, whose health was feeble for so many months, and whose death was frequently announced, finally departed this life in New York, at 10.50 A.M., Thursday, January 10th. He was born on the 27th of May, 1791, there was first approaching his eighty-third birthday. It was on Staten Island that he first saw the light, and the home in which he was born is still standing. His beginning was humble. He felt the pangs of poverty, and it was only by unremitting toil that he made headway in the world. He was sixteen years old when he persuaded his mother to invest her scanty savings in a two-masted sail-boat without a deck, which he ran as a ferry between Staten Island and New York. The venture was successful in only for the reason that young Vanderbilt watched over his boat with tireless energy. From running a small ferry he rose step by step in maritime enterprises until he was known as one of the greatest managers and builders of ships in the world. After amassing a great fortune, he turned his attention from naval to railroad duties. His wonderful energy made him successful in this as it had made him in other fields. At the time of his death he was properly regarded upon as the most powerful railroad director in the country. He was the President of the New York Central and Hudson River, and the New York and Harlem railroads. After he had grown to be a man of fortune he became to be interested in breeding horses, he used them as a recreation from business. He was an excellent user of horse-flesh, and one of the most skillful and courageous drivers who frequented the road. Even in his old days he would take drives in a brush which a younger and more timid man would avoid. Until the recent illness which confined him to the house, his face was familiar to all who took their daily drives in Central Park, and out upon the broad avenues which now divide into sections the Harlem flats. At one time there was intense rivalry on the road between the Commodore and Mr. Robert P. Porter, and out of this rivalry came the long price which gave such wonderful stimulus to the breeding interest. It is gratifying to know that the feelings of the two gentlemen were softened toward each other before one of them closed his eyes and passed into the shadows. Mountain Boy, probably was the best and fastest horse ever owned by Commodore Vanderbilt; and when the Commodore was loudest in extolling the merits of his blood, Mr. Porter turned the tables on him by quietly purchasing his sire, Edward Everett. There were many sharp passages in the rivalry; when two aggressive spirits and keen intellects come in contact, you may look for sparks of fire; but this is hardly the proper place to call them up in detail. We repeat that it is gratifying to know that the bitterness engendered by the rivalry was succeeded by softer feelings.

Curling.

THE GRAND BONSPIEL.

"Report," the Hamilton correspondent of the Toronto Mail, gives his opinion on the "curling game" in the following style:— Curling is a nice game. I know it is a nice game, because 499 Scotchmen told me so yesterday, and Scotchmen, like figures, can't be lied, and I know it is an ice game, because it is played upon the ice. But it is an awful hard game to score. Two thousand people saw the bonspiel yesterday; four hundred players participated; 100 men kept tally and it was nearly midnight before over the general result of the West's victory over the East was known to the select few, and up to the present writing I have been unable to obtain what the enthusiastic term "all the details." Why, it is as bad as a Presidential election in the United States, and it occurs to my suspicious intellect that the victory of the West may be largely due to the fact that the "Returning Board" live in Hamilton, and it would be no trouble at all for them to throw out a few of the Eastern rinks and make it a solid West. However, the latest explorations amongst the archives of the media give the Western players a majority of 84, they having scored 969 to their opponents' 884.

ADMINISTERING A BALL.

There is some difficulty in administering a ball to a horse. The best method of doing so is to get a man to hold the horse's mouth open, he standing at the right hand side of the animal. The person to give the ball should stand at the left-hand side, and draw with his left hand the horse's tongue out on the side of the mouth about four inches, with

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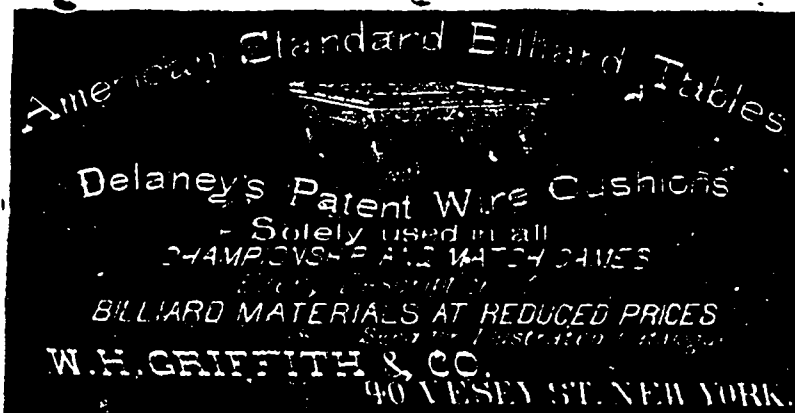
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one side of the mouth about four inches, with
the right hand run the ball swiftly but gently
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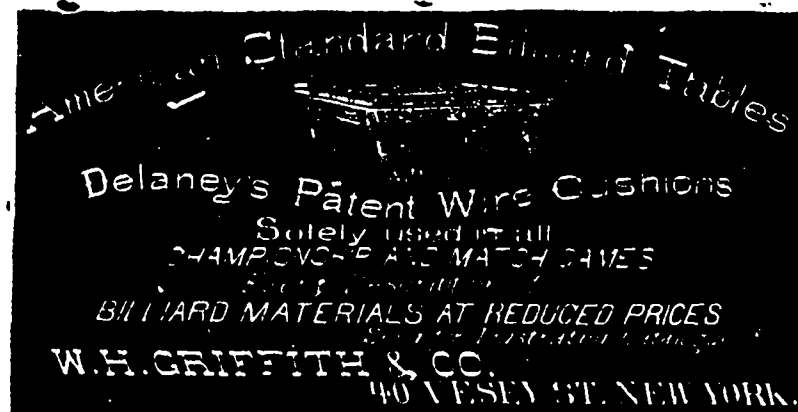
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