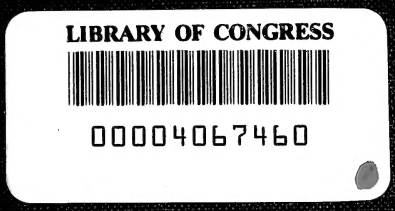
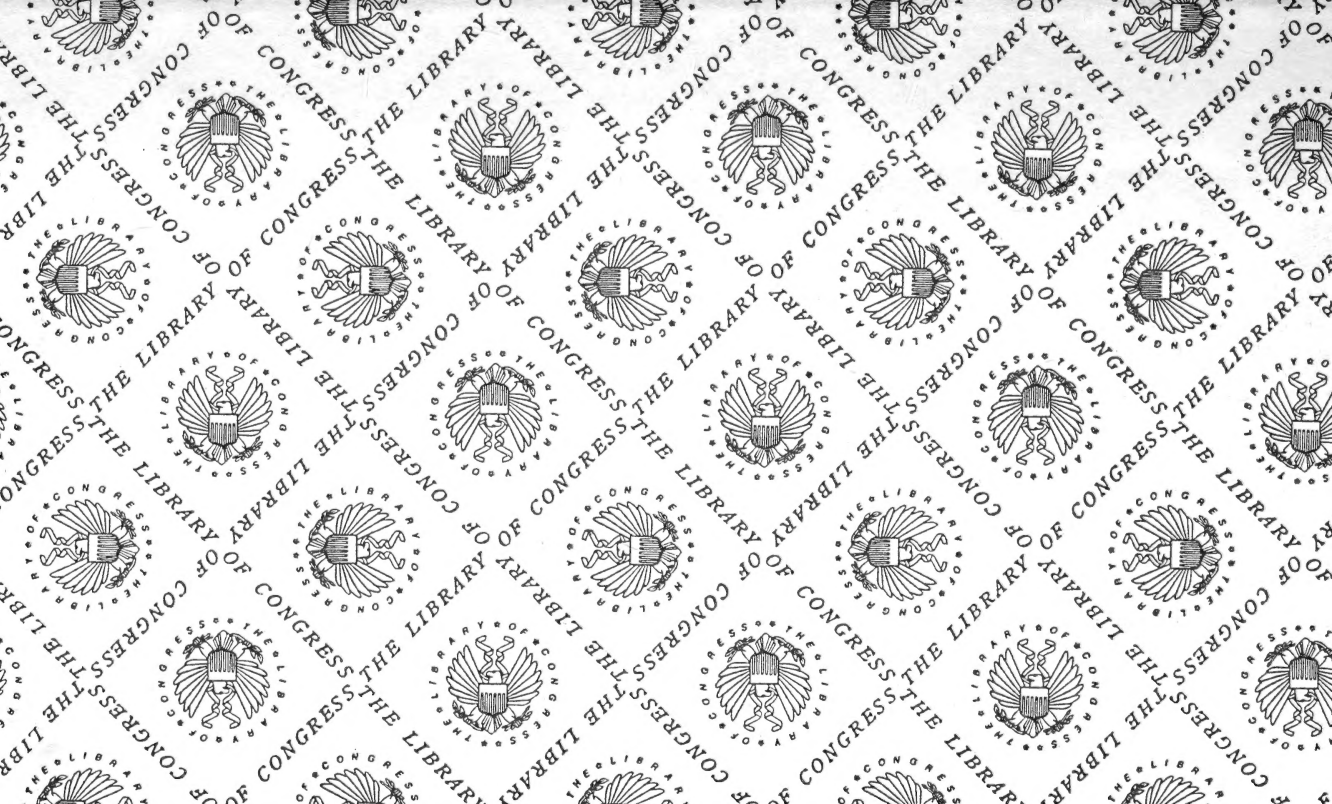
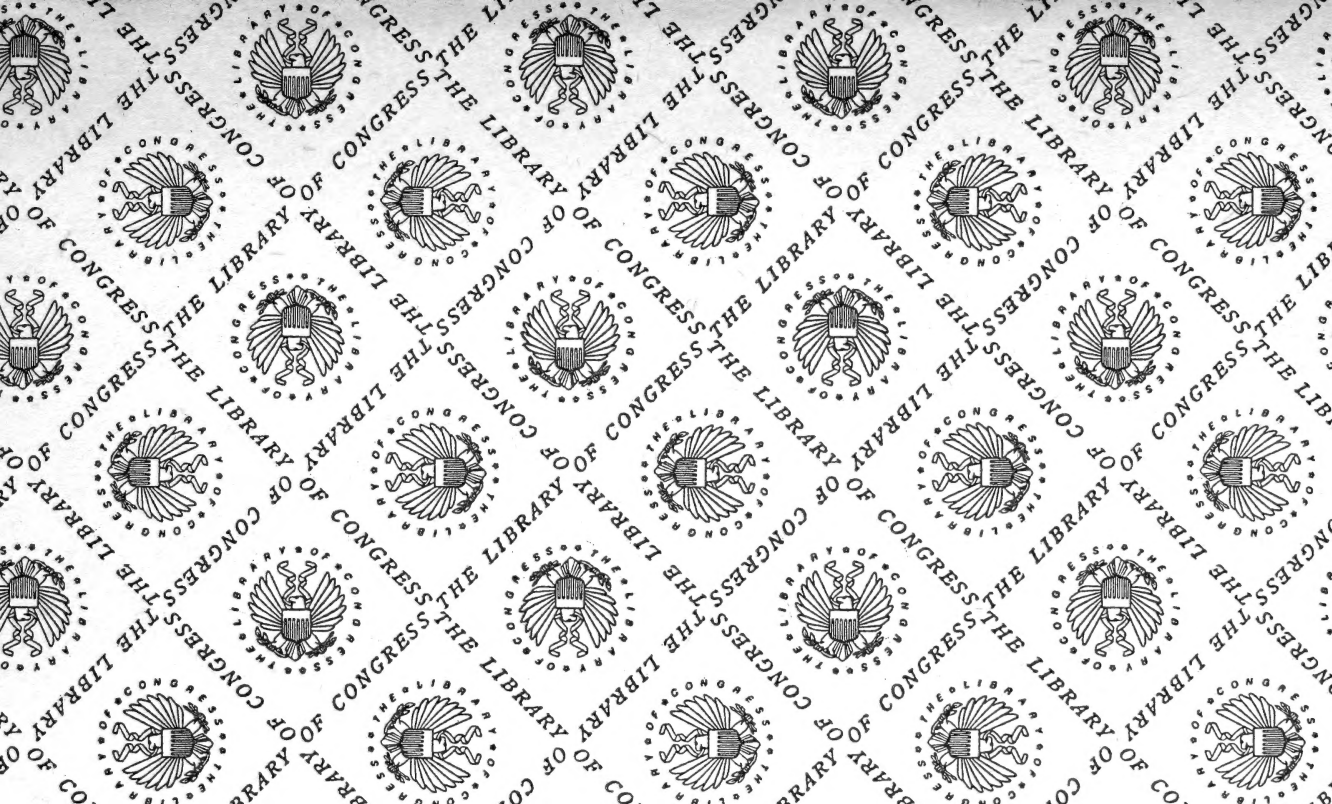
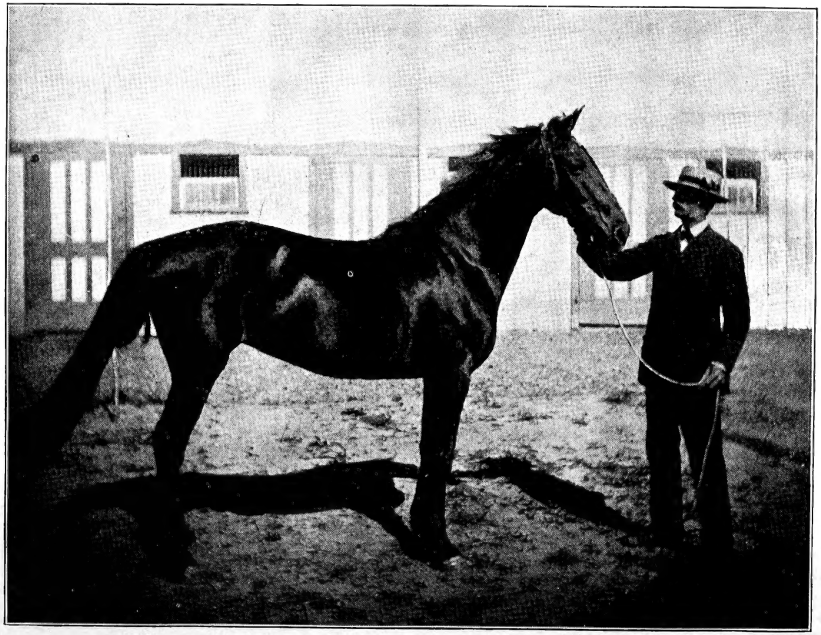



THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS


THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



GOLDSMITH MAID, IN HER TWENTY-SIXTH YEAR.

A SHORT HISTORY

OF THE

AMERICAN TROTTING AND PACING HORSE.

WITH

TABLES OF PEDIGREES OF FAMOUS HORSES, USEFUL HINTS, SUGGESTIONS AND OPINIONS ON TRAINING AND CONDITIONING COMPILED FROM VARIOUS SOURCES, RULES FOR TRACK LAYING, ETC.,

BY

HENRY T. COATES.

WHAT TO DO BEFORE THE VETERINARY SURGEON COMES,

By GEORGE FLEMING, F.R.C.V.S.

THE JOHN C. WINSTON CO.,
PHILADELPHIA,
CHICAGO, TORONTO.

PREFACE.

This little work has been a labor of love, and has been written from that cause alone. The writer has no experience to relate; has had but little time to spare to see races, or even to drive the pets he has raised. Therefore, having none of his own, he has drawn largely from the experience of others, and consequently lays claim to no merit or originality. If it be charged that too much attention has been given to the favorites of other days and the early years of the Trotting Turf, he can only plead the architect's excuse, that, after all, the foundations of a house are the most important; and, moreover, Hiram Woodruff's fascinating book has exerted an influence which the later writings of Splan, Marvin, Feek and Geers, able horsemen as they are, have never been able to dispel. Loving a horse for himself alone, and not rating him as a mere racing machine, to be cast aside when no longer a money-getter, the writer has made just such a book as he would give to any one handling his own horses; and in the hope that others may be led to love this noblest of animals as he does, this little book is sent out into the world of letters.

HENRY T. COATES.

CONTENTS.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

(*From Photographs by the Author.*)

A SHORT HISTORY

OF THE

AMERICAN TROTTING HORSE.

AMERICA naturally inherits that love for the horse and rural life which distinguishes the mother country; but with us the trotter holds the first place in the popular estimation, while the running turf is patronized mainly by the wealthiest portion of the community. Indeed, we may justly claim the trotting horse as an American production; for though this gait is natural to the horse, and trotting matches have occasionally taken place in England and France, and though in Russia the efforts of the famous Count Orloff have resulted in establishing a breed of trotting horses which have fine action and some speed, it is only in this country that the trotting gait has been brought to perfection.

The advocates of the Darwinian theory can reasonably point to the trotting horse as an illustration of the doctrine of evolution; for though he is not a distinct breed or strain of horses, or descended from any one family, he is certainly a wonderful instance of what may be done by cultivating certain gaits or peculiarities, and by a careful selection of only the best animals for breeding purposes. His very existence in this country hardly dates back of the present century, as in the early periods of our history all the imported horses were used exclusively for running purposes, and the ante-revolutionary races were all of that character. At first, as in all new countries, the roads were very rough and stony—poor at all times, and in bad weather utterly impassable for light carriages; the distances between settlements were often long and the roads lonesome, and the saddle horse was the only medium of communication, excepting when the heavy, lumbering stages jolted slowly along the few turnpike roads running between the largest towns. The old weather-beaten stone steps still remaining at the gateway of many old-fashioned country houses, although now unused and mossy, testify to the equestrian habits of the colonial era, when the saddle horse was used by both sexes.

When, in May, 1788, the gray horse Messenger dashed down the gangway of a ship from England, lying at the foot of Market street wharf, in Philadelphia, the history of the American trotting horse began. Messenger was a thoroughbred English horse, foaled in 1780, and was imported, as were many other English thoroughbreds, on account of his value as a running horse, and for the improvement of thoroughbreds in this country. Like Mæcenas of classic renown he was "descended from regal ancestors," for being by Mambrino, the son of Engineer, he could trace his pedigree through the famous Flying Childers directly back to the Darley Arabian, and on his dam's side he could boast of Matchem, Regulus, Cade, and the Godolphin Arabian. He had run in England with moderate success, winning eight out of the thirteen races for which he started.

He was a handsome gray, 15¾ hands high, with "a large bony head, rather short, straight neck, with windpipe and nostrils nearly twice as large as ordinary; low withers, shoulders somewhat upright, but deep and strong; powerful loin and quarters; hocks and knees unusually large, and below them limbs of medium size, but flat and clean, and, whether at rest or in motion, always in a perfect position."

A groom who saw him taken off the ship was accustomed to relate that "the three other horses that accompanied him on a long voyage had become so reduced and weak that they had to be helped and supported down the gangplank; but when it came to Messenger's turn to land, he, with a loud neigh, charged down, with a negro on each side holding him back, and dashed off up the street on a stiff trot, carrying the negroes along, in spite of all their efforts to bring him to a stand-still."

The first two seasons after his arrival he was kept at Neshaminy Bridge, near Bristol, in Bucks county, Pa. Mr. Henry Astor then purchased him, and took him to Long Island. Two years later Mr. C. W. Van Ranst purchased an interest in him, and for the remainder of his life he was kept in various parts of the State of New York, with the exception of one year at Cooper's Point, New Jersey, opposite Philadelphia. He died of colic, at Oyster Bay, Long Island, January 28th, 1808, and such was the estimation in which he was held, that at his funeral military honors were paid, and a volley of musketry was fired over his grave. His immediate descendants were trained for the running turf, and Potomac, Fair Rachel, Sir Solomon, Sir Harry, Bright Phœbus, Miller's Damsel (dam of American Eclipse), and Hambletonian were among the fastest horses of their day. Had it not been that a few years after his arrival the Pennsylvania Legislature passed a law prohibiting racing, thus compelling those owning fine horses to keep them for

road purposes, in all probability his progeny would have been trained to gallop instead of trot.

About this time, the country roads growing better and road wagons being made lighter, trotting came into fashion, and the wonderful trotting speed of this family was discovered. He "builded better than he knew" who brought the grand old gray into this country, and it is estimated that his importation has added at least one hundred millions of dollars to the wealth of the country. A very large proportion of the horses now on the trotting turf contain the blood of old Messenger in their veins, and the celebrated Hambletonian, the most fashionable stallion of recent times, boasted of four separate strains of this blood. Other stallions have had an influence in producing the trotting horse. The mixture of the blood of imported Diomed, the winner of the first Derby, with that of Messenger, produced the wonderful Dexter, while the names of Trustee, Duroc, American Eclipse and Sir Henry are to be found in many of the pedigrees of the flyers now on the turf. In 1822, the Norfolk trotter Bellfounder, who had trotted two miles in 6 m., and nine in less than half an hour, and was said to have challenged all England to trot seventeen and a half miles within the hour, was imported, and if persistent advertising could have made him a success, he would have been the greatest of all importations. He lived to be twenty-nine years old, but, with the exception of siring the dam of Rysdyk's Hambletonian, did little to fulfill expectations. The Canadians, old pacer Pilot, Surrey, St. Lawrence and Royal George, and the Arabians, Grand Bashaw and Zilcaadi, have also had their influence; but all combined might not have succeeded in producing the American trotting horse had not Messenger the great been imported.

The records of the rise of the trotting turf in this country are few and meagre; the earliest notices of any trotting matches being found in the American Farmer, edited by the Hon. John S. Skinner, published in 1819.

The first sporting paper published in America was a monthly magazine, called the American Turf Register, also edited by Mr. Skinner, published in Baltimore, September 1, 1829. This journal was almost entirely devoted to the thoroughbred running horse and racing; and, during the first two or three years of its existence, trotting was scarcely mentioned in its pages.

Porter's Spirit of the Times, of December 20, 1856, states: "The first time ever a horse trotted in public for a stake was in 1818, and that was a match against time for $1000. The match was proposed at a jockey club dinner, where trotting had come under discussion, and the bet was that no horse could be produced that could trot a mile in 3 minutes. It was accepted by Major

Wm. Jones, of Long Island, and Col. Bond, of Maryland, but the odds on time were immense. The horse named at the post was Boston Blue, who won cleverly, and gained great renown. He subsequently was purchased by Thomas Cooper, the tragedian, who drove him on several occasions between New York and Philadelphia, thereby enabling him to perform his engagements in either city on alternate nights." Boston Blue was taken to England, where he trotted 8 miles in 28 m. 55 s., winning a hundred sovereigns. He also trotted several shorter races, making about 3 m. time. He was a rat-tailed, iron-gray gelding, 16 hands high, and nothing was known of his pedigree.

Boston Blue was followed later by a rough-coated little Indian pony, named Tom Thumb, who on a cold day in February, 1829, trotted one hundred miles over Sunbury Common in 10 h. 7 m., and in the following September, driven by his new owner, the redoubtable Squire Osbaldestone, he trotted sixteen and a half miles in 56¾ m.

In 1825 the New York Trotting Club was organized, and in 1828 the Hunting Park Association was established in Philadelphia—"for the encouragement of the breed of fine horses, especially that most valuable one known as the trotter"—and a correspondent of the English Sporting Magazine, writing of the trotting horses at this course in 1829, mentions the following:

"Topgallant, by Hambletonian, he by Messenger, trotted 12 miles in harness in 38 minutes; and 3 miles, under saddle, in 8 m. 31 s. He is now nineteen years old, and can trot a mile with one hundred and fifty pounds in 2 m. 45 s.

"Betsey Baker, by Mambrino, he by Messenger, beat Topgallant three miles, under saddle, carrying one hundred and fifty pounds, in 8 m. 16 s. This mare, when sound, could trot twenty miles within the hour.

"Trouble, by Hambletonian, a horse of good bottom, trotted two miles in 5 m. 25 s.

"Sir Peter, by Hambletonian, trotted three miles, in harness, in 8 m. 16 s.

"Whalebone, by Hambletonian, trotted three miles in 8 m. 18 s. These two, Sir Peter and Whalebone, can be matched either against Rattler or Tom Thumb, now in England, for any amount.

"Screwdriver, by Mount Holly, he by Messenger, in a race with Betsey Baker, trotted two three-mile heats in 8 m. 2 s., and 8 m. 10 s."

Indeed, so famous was Screwdriver, that when he died a Philadelphia paper gave him the following first-class obituary: "*The emperor of horses is no more. Screwdriver is dead.* He died suddenly on Sunday, October 19, 1828, in his training stable, at Phila-

delphia. This is the noble animal that trotted and won at Philadelphia the silver cup and $300, on the 15th of May last, beating Betsey Baker and Topgallant. On the 7th inst. he won the $300 purse on Long Island, and was intended for the $300 purse to be trotted for on Tuesday, the 21st inst., at Philadelphia. He was considered the best trotter ever known in this or any other country, of a fine figure and excellent temper. He was the property of J. P. Brown, of this city."

In those days most of the races were at long distances—two, three or four mile heats were the most frequent—and speed was not, as now, cultivated to the exclusion of that other and more useful qualification of the driving horse, endurance; and upon that solid foundation, then and there laid, rests the beautiful superstructure which we now admire. In 1829, when in his twenty-second year, in a four-mile race against Whalebone, over the Hunting Park Course, Topgallant, a grandson of Messenger, trotted four heats of four miles each in 11 m. 16 s., 11 m. 6 s., 11 m. 17 s., and 12 m. 15 s., the whole sixteen miles being trotted in 45 m. 44 s. The second heat was declared "dead," and the third heat was won by Whalebone. Hiram Woodruff, in his work on "The Trotting Horse of America," the acknowledged standard authority, says of old Topgallant: "He was the most remarkable instance of extraordinary trotting power and endurance, when at a great age, that ever came under my notice. * * * He was a dark bay horse, 15 hands 3 inches high, plain and raw-boned, but with rather a fine head and neck, and an eye expressive of much courage. He was spavined in both hind legs, and his tail was slim at the root. His spirit was very high; and yet he was so reliable that he would hardly ever break, and his bottom was of the finest and toughest quality. He was live-oak as well as hickory, for the best of his races were made after he was twenty years old.'

Up to 1830 there had been but little interest taken in trotting, but now it was fast becoming thoroughly established as a popular pastime. Plank roads too were being laid out in all directions, and "two forty on a plank road" became the familiar slang term to denote anything fast, and applicable alike to the equine and human species. Old Topgallant, Whalebone and Sweetbriar were the public favorites, while Sally Miller, Chancellor, Columbus, Dred, Collector, and a host of new aspirants were fast edging their way to public favor. In 1833, Paul Pry, a gray gelding nine years old, was backed to trot 17¾ miles within the hour, over the Long Island Course, which he did with ease, trotting 18 miles and 36 yards over in 58 m. 52 s. This race is especially noteworthy as being one of the first mounts of Hiram Woodruff, to whose patient care, wonderful insight into the nature of the horse, and unsur-

passed skill in driving, the American trotting horse is greatly indebted for the proud position he now holds.

In 1834, at Trenton, N. J., Edwin Forrest, who had been about a year on the turf, trotted a mile in 2 m. 36 s., and Columbus in 2 m. 37 s., and the Turf Register of March, 1834, copies from a Philadelphia paper the following comments on the race: "The improvement of the trotting horse is engaging the attention of some of the best sporting characters in the country. We believe our State boasts of the best trotters in the Union. New York is nearly as good as our own. It is, in our opinion, a sport which should be encouraged." On May 9th, of the same year, Edwin Forrest beat Sally Miller, on Long Island, in the then unprecedented time of 2 m. 31½ s., 2 m. 33 s., and soon after challenged any horse in the world to contend with him at four-mile heats, for any sum from $5000 to $10,000, without finding a taker. In 1836, appeared two horses whose names frequently appear in the annals of trotting, Awful, a tall, wiry, bloodlike looking bay, and Dutchman, whose time for three miles stood for thirty years at the head of the record, and has only once been beaten. Dutchman was a coarse brown horse, 15 hands 3 inches high, very powerful and of uncommon resolution and endurance. He had formerly worked in the lead of a team which carted bricks in Mr. Jeffries' brick yard at Philadelphia, and did his full share of the heavy work. He might have remained in obscurity all his life if an important election had not occurred, and Mr. Jeffries' regular carriage horse falling lame Dutchman was pressed into the service of carrying the free and independent voters to the polls. He performed so well, albeit the loads were heavy, that Mr. Jeffries concluded that he would make a trotter, and he left the brick yard forever. Transferred to the turf, he soon took his place at its head, which he held for seven years against such competitors as Awful, Rattler, Rifle, and the renowned Lady Suffolk. In 1836 he trotted four mile heats under the saddle, in 11 m. 19 s. and 10 m. 51s.; the time of the second heat has only once been beaten. His three-mile race with Rattler over the Beacon Course, in 1838, shows the severity of the contests of those days, and an endurance of which we are afraid few of the flyers of to-day can boast. The first heat Rattler won by half a length in 7 m. 54½ s., the second Dutchman won in 7 m. 50 s., the third heat was dead in 8 m. 2 s., and the fourth Dutchman won in 8 m. 24½ s. Hiram Woodruff, who drove Dutchman, says of this race: "Just such a race as this it has never been my fortune to see since, and nobody had seen such a one before. For eleven miles the horses were never clear of each other; and, when Dutchman left Rattler in the twelfth, it was by inches only. Moreover, there were but two breaks in this race, and each horse

made but one in his twelve miles. That was trotting; and though both the horses afterwards acquired more speed, they never exhibited more obstinate game or more thorough bottom than in this race." Rattler was soon afterwards taken to England, and was by all odds the best trotter ever taken there.

Dutchman's greatest performance took place over the Beacon Course, on the 1st of August, 1839. On the afternoon of that day he trotted, with Hiram Woodruff in the saddle, three miles in 7 m. 32 s. His driver, Hiram Woodruff, says of this race: "I am positive that, if he had been called on to do so, he could have trotted the three miles in 7 m. 27 s., *or better*. This is no light opinion of mine, taken up years afterwards on inadequate grounds, and when those who might be opposed to it had gone from among us. It was the judgment of those who saw him in the feat, observed him all through, and noticed how he finished. * * * The truth is, that he was a most extraordinary horse. There have been many trotters that could go as fast for a little way; but the beauty of Dutchman was, that he could go fast, and go all day."

The last race but one which Dutchman ever trotted took place at the Beacon Course, in 1843, and is so graphically described by Hiram Woodruff in his "Trotting Horse of America," that we cannot resist the temptation to quote it entire.

"In a week or ten days thereafter, we went three-mile heats in harness, over the Beacon Course, and it was a tremendous race of four heats. The first was won by Dutchman. The second was stoutly contested, but Americus won it. The third heat was very hotly contested, and resulted in a dead heat between the old horse and Americus. Lady Suffolk was now ruled out for not winning a heat in three, and the betting was heavy, Dutchman having the call.

"The long summer day had drawn rapidly to a close. At the same time the heavens were overcast; and with fading gleams of dim, yellow light, the sun sank into great banks of clouds. They mounted higher and higher, and seemed to lie like a load upon the weary earth. The heat was intense; and not a breath of air was stirring to break the ominous repose. With the last flicker of day, the swift scud began to fly overhead, and the solid-seeming clouds to tower up and come on like moving mountains. It was dark when we got into our sulkies; and, soon after the start, the storm burst upon us with a fury that I have never since seen equalled. The wind blew a hurricane, and the pelting rain fell in torrents, as though the sluices of the skies had opened all at once. Nothing could have overpowered the mighty rush of the wind and the furious splash of the rain but the dread, tremendous rattle of the thunder. It seemed to be discharged right over our heads,

and only a few yards above us. Nothing could have penetrated the thick, profound gloom of that darkness but the painful blue blaze of the forked lightning. I could not see, in the short intervals between the flashes, the faintest trace of the horse before me; and then, in the twinkling of an eye, as though the darkness was torn away like a veil by the hand of the Almighty, the whole course, the surrounding country, to the minutest and most distant thing, would be revealed. The spires of the churches and houses of Newark, eight miles off, we could see more plainly than in broad daylight; and we noticed, that, as the horses faced the howling elements, their ears lay back flat upon their necks. Between these flashes of piercing, all-pervading light and the succeeding claps of thunder, the suspense and strain upon the mind was terrible. We knew that it was coming so as to shake the very pillars of the earth, but we rode on; and, until it had rattled over our heads, we were silent. Then, in the blank darkness, as we went on side by side, we would exchange cautions. Neither could see the other, nor hear the wheels nor the stride of the horses, by reason of the wind and rain.

"'Look out, Hiram,' Spicer would say, 'or we shall be into each other.'

"A few strides farther on, and I would sing out, 'Take care, George; you must be close to me.'

"Now, the noise of the wheels and the tramp of the horses could not be heard in the roar of the wind and the patter of the rain, and yet our voices could be and were. For a mile and a half, in the very centre, as it were, of this Titanic war of the skyey elements, we went side by side. Then Dutchman lost ground. The track was clayey, and he, having on flat shoes, began to slip and slide at every stride. Americus gradually drew away from him; and, when I reached the stand at the end of the second mile, I stopped. I have seen a great many summer storms in my time, and have been out in not a few of them, but, of all that I remember, none quite equalled, in terrific fury and awful grandeur, that which burst over the Beacon Course just as we began that heat. Spicer says the same."

After being beaten three-mile heats by the pacer Oneida Chief and Lady Suffolk, at Baltimore, Dutchman was withdrawn from the turf, and died in 1847, full of years and honors.

Ripton was a very handsome bay horse, about fifteen hands high, with four white legs and a blaze in the face, high strung and possessing unusual spirit and determination. Like Dutchman his pedigree was unknown, but like him also his performances prove that there must have been good blood in his veins. He was Hiram Woodruff's pride, and in his hands often contended with Lady

Suffolk, Americus, Don Juan and Washington, and generally came off victorious. On May 31, 1842, on the Hunting Park Course, two-mile heats, he defeated Lady Suffolk in the quick time of 5m. 7s., 5m. 15s., 5m. 17s. Suffolk won the second heat, and Ripton was first in the last heat by six inches only.

On October 20, 1848, Trustee, a son of imported Trustee, out of Fanny Pullen, a celebrated trotting mare, in a match against time over the Union Course, Long Island, trotted twenty miles in 59 m. 35½ s. without breaking once, coming in on the last mile apparently as fresh as when he started, and trotting the last mile in 2 m. 51½ s., the fastest of the race. This has since been surpassed by Controller, Captain McGowan and John Stewart; but Trustee's performance was many years in advance of the others, and was undoubtedly a great one.

But the brightest star of the trotting firmament, and the great favorite of the sporting fraternity at this time, was the old gray mare Lady Suffolk. She was foaled in 1833, and was by Engineer 2d, a grandson of Messenger, and was closely inbred to the gray on her dam's side. She was a gray, about fifteen hands one inch high, with a bloodlike head, deep in the chest and long in the body, good muscular shoulders and legs of iron. Her career at first was not successful, and gave but little promise of her after brilliancy. The Lady's first public appearance was on a very cold day in February, 1838, at Babylon, N. Y., where she trotted for a purse of *eleven dollars*, and won it after three heats, the fastest of which was in three minutes. In her next race, June 20th, at the Beacon Course, she was beaten in poor time; but two days afterwards, at the same place, she won a trot of two-mile heats, under the saddle, beating Lady Victory, a horse of some local fame, in 5 m. 15 s. and 5 m. 17 s. She was then beaten by Rattler, Awful, and Napoleon, all of them races of two-mile heats; and October 17th, she beat Polly Smallfry and Madame Royal, two-mile heats, in 5 m. 18 s. and 5 m. 26 s. Rattler then beat her three-mile heats, and the famous Dutchman beat her two races, two-mile and mile heats respectively. In 1839 she trotted twelve races, eight of which were two-mile heats, and one of four-mile heats, winning six and losing six. In 1840 she first lost two races of two-miles heats and three-miles heats respectively to the mighty Dutchman, and then in less than a week after these two severe races, she beat Celeste and Napoleon, at the Centreville Course, two-mile heats. June 30th, she beat Bonaparte easily, at the Centreville, four-mile heats, in 11 m. 15 s. and 11 m. 58 s. She then lay by until September 21st, when she beat Aaron Burr, two-mile heats, at the Beacon Course, and three days later she added to her growing fame by beating Dutchman, two-mile heats, under saddle,

at the Beacon Course, in 4 m. 59 s. and 5 m. 3½ s. Owing to an accident, she did no more work that year. She opened the season of 1841 by beating Confidence and Washington, two-mile heats, at the Centreville Course, but the former a few days later turned the tables upon her. At Philadelphia, May 6th, she beat Dutchman, two-mile heats, in harness, in 5 m. 12½ s, 5 m. 19½ s., and 5 m. 21 s., and two days afterwards beat him, three-mile heats, under saddle, in 7 m. 40½ s. and 7 m. 56 s. Aaron Burr then beat her three-mile heats at the Beacon Course, June 13th. On July 5th, at the Beacon, she beat Ripton, under saddle, mile heats, in 2 m. 35 s. and 2 m. 27½ s., and on the 22d of the same month, at the same course, she beat Awful, two-mile heats, in harness, in three heats, in 5 m. 26½ s., 5 m. 28 s., and 5 m. 24 s. Five days after, at the same course, she distanced Oneida Chief, the pacer, two-mile heats, under saddle, in 5 m. 5 s., with very great ease. She finished her work this year by suffering defeat from Americus in a five-mile race to wagon. The next two years she was generally unsuccessful, which was attributed universally to the obstinacy and incompetency of her owner and driver, David Bryant.

In 1844 the Lady was very successful, beating Americus, Ripton, Washington, Columbus, Duchess, Pizarro, and losing but two races. In 1845, she won four races, three from Americus and one from Moscow, and lost four times: twice to Americus, once to Duchess, and once to Moscow. In 1846 she only won two out of her five races, but in 1847, when she was in her fourteenth year, she bore away the palm from all her competitors, winning nine times, and against such horses as Moscow, Lady Sutton, Ripton, and the pacers, James K. Polk and Roanoke, and lost but once. These performances were at three, two, and one-mile heats, under saddle, in harness, and to sulkies, doing three miles in 7 m. 56 s. and 8 m. 6½ s., two miles in 5 m. 3 s., 5 m. 10 s., and 5 m. 12 s., one mile in 2 m. 33½ s. In 1848 she trotted only six races, having met with an accident in the middle of the season, when she was winning races hoof over hoof; but, in 1849, she came out fresh and fine after her accident, and trotted nineteen races, and came out conqueror in twelve of them, beating Gray Eagle, Mac, and Lady Sutton each twice; Pelham, five times; Trustee, the famous twenty-miler, four times; Long Island Black Hawk, Gray Trouble, Ploughboy, and others. In her race with Mac and Gray Trouble, at Boston, June 14th, to saddle, she won the second heat in 2 m. 26 s., which for a short time was at the head of the record. In 1850 she beat Lady Moscow six times, at one, two, and three miles; Jack Rossiter, thrice; Hector, once; and in harness, once her old adversary, James K. Polk, to wagon. She was beaten four times by Lady Moscow, at two and three miles, and twice, at two miles, by Jack Rossiter,

coming off victorious from both in each match of three events. In 1851 she was only moderately successful. In 1852 she trotted twelve races, and won but once, and in 1853 she appeared twice, but was defeated in both races. She died at Bridgeport, Vt., on March 7th, 1855. Trotting indiscriminately races of five, four, three, two and one-mile heats, in season and out of season, wretchedly managed and driven, no distance seemed too long for her, nor any exertion too great. An honester, gamer, tougher beast never trod the earth; nothing ever daunted her noble spirit; she never flinched or sulked, and would come up at the judge's signal for the last heat with the same determination to do or die as at the first, and had she been more judiciously handled, would have won far more victories than stand to her credit. She was sixteen years on the turf, and trotted in one hundred and sixty-one races, winning eighty-eight, and winning for her owner in purses alone $35,000, at a time when large purses were the exception.

The secret of Lady Suffolk's career was love. Hard driver though he was, David Bryan, her owner, trainer, driver and *intimate friend*, loved his faithful mare, and his cheery greeting in the stable of "Well, Dolly," fell as sweetly on her ears as ever song of troubadour on love-sick maiden's. She was his devoted slave, and though after his death in 1851 she received the best care and attention, she ever missed

"The touch of a vanished hand
And the sound of the voice that is still,"

and in the few remaining years in which she survived her old master was but a shadow of her former self.

Next to Dutchman, James K. Polk, the pacer, was, perhaps, the best horse she ever met. He was a big, handsome, blood-like, chestnut gelding, with a long, sweeping tail, and of so commanding appearance that he completely filled the scene, so that it was next to impossible to look at any of the other horses in the race. He was a hard puller, and a tremendous horse in long-distance races. He beat Lady Suffolk twice in three-mile-heat races and twice in two-mile races, and once at mile heats.

If James K. Polk could boast of a fine, long tail, another attendant at the court of the old grey queen could not. After the foolish, if not sinful fashion of those days—which, alas! is coming in vogue again—Grey Eagle was docked. He was by Harris' Hambletonian, and had a record of two minutes thirty-five seconds. Despite his docked tail, Hiram Woodruff, who owned and drove him, says, "He was one of the most beautiful little horses ever seen. He was well broken, and a splendid driver, looking magnificent when going, and, next to Ripton, the best horse for snow I have ever known. It made but little difference whether the sleighing

was good or indifferent, for he would go through icy water and slush as if he liked it; but it made a great difference to the driver."

Another of the grey mare's contemporaries was Jack Rossiter, a gay, little bay gelding of unknown lineage, who, a short time back, in Milwaukee—celebrated for its cream-colored brick and foamy beer—was employed in the ignoble business of hauling a baggage wagon from the dock to one of the principal hotels. But the little gelding had a soul above the drudgery of business, and stepped along with so jaunty an air that he attracted the attention of a guest at the hotel, who, perceiving in him the promise of better things to come, bought him out of the express wagon, bestowed upon him his own name, and trained him for the track. As if grateful to his benefactor and namesake, Jack proved himself a first-class trotter for those primitive days, and won four out of the thirteen races he had with Lady Suffolk.

Forty or fifty years ago the Canadian horses were more prominent on the American turf than now. They were not always stylish or beautiful, but they were sturdy and honest, with legs of iron and excellent feet, and could go at a good round trot, and go all day. They never got much below the 2.30 line, and would have had little chance against the racing machines of to-day, but in those far-away days they were considered wonders.

"Our Lady of the Snows," as Kipling lovingly styles her, has always had a warm place in her heart for trotting and pacing races, and, next to lacrosse, they are the leading amusement of the maritime provinces. Nor does the approach of their bleak winters stop their favorite sport, for when the regular race-tracks here are silent and deserted the frozen bays and rivers there re-echo with the hoof-beats of the hardy, hairy-legged, bull-necked Canadian ponies. Seeing the merry game going on across the border, she determined to take a hand, and played what she imagined was a trump card. This was a big, raw-boned, up-headed, hard-pulling, bay gelding, as unlike the regulation Canuck as well could be, named Passe-carreau, after a game of cards popular among the habitans of lower Canada. But French is by no means a strong point with the habitues of the American turf, and when the stranger made his first public appearance at Albany, on July 4, 1844, they called him Moscow, as the nearest approach to his former name. He trotted here for several seasons with moderate success, but was never the wonder his Canadian sponsors deemed him.

Two years later he was followed by a little bay mare, who, hailing from the Yamaska River region, not far from Quebec, was called Yamaska, but her Canadian name being equally unpronounceable to American ears, was re-named by them Lady Moscow. A far better horse than her namesake, and, falling into the hands

of American trainers and drivers, she proved herself one of the toughest and best horses which this country has ever received from the land of ice and snow. She fought many a hard battle with Lady Suffolk, Lady Sutton, and her namesake Moscow, and did not often come off second best.

In her old age she and Lady Sutton grazed together in the same Long Island pasture, and Hiram Woodruff says: "When these two old competitors met in the pasture, after never having seen each other for many years, it seemed as if a mutual recognition took place. Go by when you would, you would see the two little old mares close together, grazing aloof from the other horses in the pasturage. They both throve amazingly, and got young again, to all appearance, in their companionship. When anybody went out near them, they would throw up their heads together and strike a trot like a spark of the fire of other days. Each had done a vast amount of hard work, and their years put together made almost or quite half a century. Lady Moscow looked the younger of the two, but she has gone first. She was taken with a sort of paralysis on Wednesday night, and died Saturday, September 9 (1865), in the afternoon. . . . As we stood there on the green hillside, looking at the mare that lay dead before us, it was really touching to see poor old Sutton, wandering round her dead companion, as if unable to make out what had befallen. Two other mares were near at hand, but Sutton did not seem to notice them at all, her gaze being fixed from time to time on her whose sinews were relaxed and whose hoofs at last were still."

St. Lawrence was one of the best of the old-time Canucks, and beat such good horses as Jack Rossiter Chautauqua Chief, old Rhode Island and Washington, and achieved a record of 2 m. 34 s. He died September 14, 1860, aged twenty-two years, leaving many St. Lawrences to keep up the family name, but utterly failed to establish a family of trotters.

Still another Canadian family of some repute were the Normans. Some time in the early part of the century a canny Scotchman, in Washington County, New York, combined in his thrifty person the apparently dissimilar occupations of farmer and illicit distiller. The more readily to dispose of the ardent products of his corn and wheat fields, and avert the suspicions of government detectives, he made yearly trips to Montreal, where he found a ready market for his whisky. From one of these trips he brought back with him three horses, one of which was a large, stylish, grey stallion, a little knee-sprung from hard usage. It was claimed that he had been imported from Normandy, though there was really nothing of the Percheron about him, except his color; still as French styles go in horse-flesh as well as in millinery, the fiction was carefully adhered

to, and his son, out of a mare by Harris' Hambletonian, was called Norman, after his sire's supposed French origin. Norman, or the Morse horse, as he is also called, left some good stock; about the best of them was the beautiful Grey Eddy, who defeated Tacony and Highland Maid each twice, and Mac and Flora Temple each once, and did not lower his colors to any of them. He obtained a record of 2 m. 30 s.

One of the stoutest and best branches of the trotting family is the Bashaw, which takes its name from Grand Bashaw, who was imported from Tripoli in 1820, and stood in Bucks County, near Philadelphia. His son, Young Bashaw, out of Fancy, a daughter of old Messenger, is the real founder of the family which can boast of Andrew Jackson and his descendants, Kemble Jackson and Long Island Black Hawk, Lantern, Awful, John H., Cozette, Henry Clay, George M. Patchen, and Hopeful. Andrew Jackson's history reads like a romance.

About day-break one fine morning in April, 1827, as an early riser was passing by Daniel Jeffrey's brick-yard, on the Germantown road, near Philadelphia, he heard a woeful splashing of water, and saw on the banks of a deserted clay-pit a coal-black mare vainly endeavoring to get her new-born colt out of the water, into which it had fallen. The good Samaritan first dragged the half-drowned little creature on the banks and laid it at the feet of the sorrowing mother, and then aroused Mr. Jeffrey's household, who brought the colt to the house, where it was gradually nursed back to life. By noon it was able to support itself on its pastern joints, but for days it could not stand fairly on its feet, and so pitiable was its condition, that one morning, at the breakfast table, Mr. Jeffrey offered to give any of the apprentices a dollar to put it out of its misery, and bury it out of his sight. But the motherly sympathies of good Mrs. Jeffrey went out towards the helpless little creature, and she indignantly replied that "the boy who would kill that colt should never eat another mouthful at that table." Her good offices did not end here. Day by day she rubbed and bandaged the weak limbs, until the colt could stand upright on its feet, and skip and play and show off all the graces of colthood. When he was four years old he showed such a fine, open, slashing gait that Mr. John Weaver, who lived a little over a mile from the Hunting Park Course, bought him, and, being an ardent Democrat, named him Andrew Jackson. He did his two miles in 5 m. 20 s., 5 m. 19 s., and forced Edwin Forrest out when Gen. Cadwallader's horse made his famous record. He is even said to have trotted a mile in 2 m. 30 s. when twelve years old, but this is probably apocryphal. As he owed his life to a woman's devotion, so, when sixteen years old, he was

to lose it in a woman's behalf. On the night of September 19, 1843, Mrs. Weaver was very ill, and Andrew Jackson was driven so hard, to bring the doctor in time, that he died that night, and his mistress, for whom his life was willingly given, the next day. No wonder the Weaver family still cherish his memory, and have two paintings of the old horse hanging in their parlor to-day.

It is not given to many horses or men to achieve immortality on their first appearance in public life, but such was the happy fortune of Black Hawk, commonly called Long Island Black Hawk, the great son of Andrew Jackson, when, on November 17, 1847, drawing a wagon weighing two hundred and fifty pounds, he defeated Jenny Lind, to skeleton wagon, in 2 m. 40 s. The Turf Register says of this performance: "Taking into consideration that Black Hawk never trotted before, we think that his performance is the most extraordinary sporting event of the season." Another son, Kemble Jackson, was a famous trotter, and had he lived would undoubtedly have taken high rank as a long-distance trotter. He was a chestnut stallion, with a white hind foot, and very game, but had lost most of his races from his habit of throwing down his head between his knees, and breaking when he apparently had the race at his mercy; so Hiram Woodruff invented the well-known Kemble Jackson rein to cure him. On the first of June, 1853, at the Union Course, he was matched to trot three-mile heats to wagon, wagon and driver to weigh 395 pounds, against O'Blenis, Boston Girl, Pet, Iola and Honest John. This race attracted great attention, and there was an immense attendance of people to witness it. The contest was mainly between the popular favorites, Kemble Jackson and O'Blenis. The latter was by Abdallah, from whom he inherited all the fine characteristics of the Messenger stock. Kemble Jackson won the first heat easily in 8 m. 3 s., but O'Blenis was still the favorite, as almost every one expected to see the son of Andrew Jackson make one of his characteristic breaks when pushed by O'Blenis; but thanks to the efficacy of the newly-invented rein, to the amazement of the spectators he did not make a single break, and won the second heat and the race easily in 8 m. 4¾ s.; and though the time has been frequently beaten, this is generally considered one of the best three-mile races ever witnessed on Long Island.

There was another Black Hawk on the turf in those early days, who is often confounded with Long Island Black Hawk. Vermont Black Hawk, as he is generally called, was sired by Sherman, son of Justin Morgan, and was a beautiful jet-black horse, a little under fifteen hands high. A perfect roadster himself, he filled New England and Eastern New York with those trappy, upheaded, snappy roadsters which are the delight of all true horsemen. Black Hawk's early history is singularly like that of Andrew

Jackson, for as a colt he was so weak and ugly that his disgusted owner ordered him killed, and only spared him at the intercession of a groom. In both cases the ugly ducklings developed into magnificent swans. The first eleven years of his life he was kept as a family driving horse, and no one could wish a better, but passing into the hands of David Hill, of Bridgeport, Vermont, his latent talents were developed, and his new master took good care that his light should not be hid under a bushel. Not as fast as the other Black Hawk, he far surpassed him as a founder of a family, and his name will long be remembered when his contemporaries are forgotten.

In the decade ending in 1853, the principal horses on the turf were Dutchman, Confidence, Ripton, Lady Suffolk, Americus, Moscow, Long Island Black Hawk, Lady Jane, Duchess, Lady Moscow, Lady Sutton, Lady Brooks, Lady Franklin, Lady Litchfield, Lady Collins, Jack Rossiter, St. Lawrence, Beppo, Washington, Independence, Zachary Taylor, Mac, Tacony and Pelham.

This year saw also the last of the long-distance races. Hereafter the speedy milers were to take the place of the stouter but slower horses of past generations. The two ten-mile races between the gray pacer Hero and the chestnut trotter Prince were rightly considered as settling the question of the relative endurance of each way of going. Prince won both handily; the pacer, though very game, giving out in the sixth mile in the first race and the eighth mile in the last. Prince was said to be by the thoroughbred Woodpecker, out of a mare by imp. Sarpedon, and, though some doubt has been thrown upon this pedigree, his victories gave the advocates of the thoroughbred cross in the trotter a "boost" which has lasted them to the present day.

Murray's "Lands of the Slave and the Free" gives a fair idea of the American Trotting Turf as it then appeared to English eyes:

"The race-course is a two-mile distance, perfectly level, on a smooth and stoneless road, and forming a complete circle. Light trotting wagons are driving about in the centre, taking it easy at sixteen miles an hour; outside are groups of 'rowdies' making their books, and looking out for greenhorns, an article not so readily found at Long Island as at Epsom. The race is to be 'under the saddle,' and the long list of competitors which had been announced has dwindled down to the old and far-famed Lady Suffolk and the young and unfamed Tacony. A stir among the 'rowdies' is seen, followed by the appearance of Lady Suffolk. I gazed in wonder as I saw her—a small pony-looking animal, moving her legs as though they were in splints, and as if six miles an hour were far beyond her powers. Soon after Tacony came forward, the picture of a good bony post-horse, destitute of any beauty, but looking full of

good stuff. The riders have no distinctive dress; a pair of Wellington boots are pulled on outside the trousers; sharp spurs are on the heels—rough-and-ready looking prads these. The winning post is opposite the stand; the umpire is there with a deal board in his hand; a whack on the side of the stand, 'summons to horse;' and another, 'summons to start.' The start is from the distance-post, so as to let the horses get into the full swing of their pace by the time they reach the winning-post, when, if they are fairly up together, the cry 'off' is given; if it be not given they try again. When speaking of the time in which the mile is completed, the fact of its commencing at full speed should always be borne in mind. Sometimes false starts are made by one party, on purpose to try and irritate the temper of the adversary's horse; and, in the same way, if a man feels he has full command of his own horse, he will yell like a wild Indian, as he nears his adversary, to make him 'break up,' or go into a gallop; and, as they are all trained to speed more by voice than by spur, he very often succeeds, and of course the adversary loses much ground by pulling up into a trot again. On the present occasion there was no false start; the echo of the second whack was still in the ear as they reached the winning-post neck-and-neck. 'Off' was the word, and away they went. It certainly was marvellous to see how dear old Lady Suffolk and her stiff legs flew round the course; one might have fancied she had been fed on lightning, so quick did she move them, but with wonderfully short steps. Tack, on the contrary, looked as if he had been dieted on India-rubber balls. Every time he raised a hind-leg it seemed to shoot to his own length ahead of himself; if he could have made his steps as quick as the old Lady, he might have done a mile in a minute nearly. Presently Tacony breaks up, and ere he pulls into a trot a long gap is left; shouts of 'Lady Suffolk! Lady Suffolk wins!' rend the air; a few seconds more and the giant strides of Tacony lessen the gap at every step; they reach the distance-post neck-and-neck: 'Tacony wins!' is the cry; and true enough it is, by a length. Young blood beats old blood; India-rubber balls 'whip' lightning. Time, 5 m. The usual excitement and disputes follow; the usual time elapses, whack number one is heard—all ready—whack number two; on they come; snaffle-bridles—pulling at their horses' mouths as though they would pull the bit right through to the tips of their tails. 'Off!' is the cry; away they go again. Tacony breaks up; again a gap, which huge strides speedily close up again—Tacony wins. Time, 5 m. 5 s."

In another part of his travels in America, the same gentleman alludes to another locality:—"The race-course at Philadelphia is a road on a perfect level, and a circle of one mile; every stone is carefully removed, and it looks as smooth and clean as a swept

floor. The stand commands a perfect view of the course, but its neglected appearance shows clearly that trotting-matches here are not as fashionable as they used to be, though far better attended than at New York. Upon the present occasion the excitement was intense; you could detect it even in the increased vigor with which the smoking and spitting were carried on. An antagonist had been found bold enough to measure speed with 'Mac'—the great Mac, who, while 'whipping creation,' was also said never to have let out his full speed. He was thoroughbred, about 15½ hands, and lighter built than my rawboned friend Tacony, and he had lately been sold for 1600*l*. So sure did people, apparently, feel of Mac's easy victory, that even betting was out of the question. Unlike the Long Island affair, the riders appeared in jockey attire, and the whole thing was far better got up. Ladies, however, had long ceased to grace such scenes. Various false starts were made, all on the part of Mac, who, trusting to the bottom of blood, apparently endeavored to ruffle Tacony's temper, and weary him out a little. How futile were the efforts the sequel plainly showed. At length a start was effected and away they went, Tacony with his hind legs as far apart as the centre arch of Westminster Bridge, and with strides that would almost clear the Bridgewater canal. Mac's rider soon found that in trying to ginger Tacony's temper he had peppered his own horse's, for he broke up into a gallop twice. Old Tacony and his rider had evidently got intimate since I had seen them at New York, and they now thoroughly understood each other. On he went with giant strides; Mac fought bravely for the van, but could not get his nose beyond Tacony's saddle-girth at the winning-post. Time, 2 m. 25½ s. Then followed the usual race-course accompaniments of cheers, squabbles, growling, laughing, betting, drinking, &c. The public were not convinced; Mac was still the favorite; the champion chaplet was not thus hastily to be plucked from his hitherto victorious brow. Half an hour's rest brought them again to the starting-post, when Mac repeated his old tactics, and with similar bad success. Nothing could ruffle Tacony, or produce one false step; he flew round the course, every stride like the ricochet of a 32-lb. shot. His adversary broke up again and again, losing both his temper and his place, and barely saved his distance as the gallant Tacony, his rider with a slack rein and patting him on the neck, reached the winning-post. Time, 2 m. 25½ s. The shouts were long and loud; such time had never been made before by fair trotting, and Tacony evidently could have done it in two if not three seconds less. The fastest pacing ever accomplished before was 2 m. 17½ s.; and the fastest trotting, 2 m. 26 s. The triumph was complete, Tacony nobly won the victorious garland; and as long as he and his rider go together, it will take,

if not a rum 'un to look at, at all events a d—l to go, ere he be forced to resign his championship."

The clever Englishman is too enthusiastic in his estimate of Tacony. He was indeed a good horse, but capable judges of their respective merits esteem Mac the better of the two. The latter's day was indeed a short one, but his triumphs were neither few nor far between, and were achieved over the most famous trotters of that day, Flora Temple alone excepted. Hiram Woodruff in his "Trotting Horse of America" says, "They were very close together when in condition, but Mac had a little the best of the roan, in my judgment, until he was injured by over-driving and got 'the thumps.'"

Scarcely had the star of Lady Suffolk set behind the horizon when another star arose whose glory was to eclipse even that of the gallant gray mare. Flora Temple was foaled in 1845 in Oneida Co., N. Y., and made her debut in the summer of 1850, and from that time to her forced retirement in 1861, her career was one of almost uninterrupted victory. During her career on the turf she trotted one hundred and eleven races, winning ninety three, and earning for her owners in purses and stakes the sum of $113,000. She was a blood bay, by One-Eyed Kentucky Hunter out of Madame Temple, who was got by a spotted horse said to be an Arabian. She was 14½ hands high, with black legs, mane and tail, and had a peculiarly quick and nervous gait. When she was but an hour old her breeder, Mr. Tracy, cut off her tail with his jack-knife so short that she was for some time afterwards known as the "stump-tailed filly." Mr. Tracy kept her until she was four years old, when, finding her willful and unserviceable, he disposed of her to Mr. William H. Congdon, of Smyrna, Chenango county, for the sum of *thirteen dollars*. Mr. Congdon shortly afterwards disposed of her to Kelly & Richardson for $68. After passing through several hands, part of the time working in a livery stable, she was sold to Mr. George E. Perrin, of New York, for $350, in whose hands the flighty young mare became a true stepper. Her first regular appearance on the turf was at the Union Course, L. I., September 9, 1850, where, a mere outsider, to the astonishment of the turf habitués, she defeated Whitehall and three others, for the magnificent purse of $50, in 2 m. 55 s., 2 m. 52 s., and 2 m. 49 s., after Whitehall had won the first heat in 2 m. 52 s. The next year, owing to an accident, she was not in training, and in 1852 she trotted but two races, both of which she won; but in 1853 she entered in earnest upon her wonderful career, trotting twenty-one races and winning seventeen of them. Her first race that year was at the old Hunting Park Course, Philadelphia, where she was beaten by Black Douglas, a horse of some local celebrity, but after-

wards beat him twice without much difficulty. She also beat Highland Maid twice, Green Mountain Maid three times, Tacony seven times, Rhode Island three times, and Lady Brooks and Lady Vernon each once. She suffered defeat from Tacony, and once each from Black Douglas and Green Mountain Maid. The next year she defeated Mac, Lady Brooks, Jack Waters, and Green Mountain Maid, and was beaten but once—by Green Mountain Maid. In 1855, after being defeated in her opening race by the gray mare Sontag, and then vainly endeavoring to trot twenty miles against time, she won six races right off the reel, defeating Lancet, Sontag, Lady Franklin, Chicago Jack, Miller's Damsel, Frank Forrester, and Hero the pacer. The next two years were principally distinguished by her contests with the slashing black gelding Lancet, in which she carried off most of the honors, although she also found time to meet and conquer Tacony, Chicago Jack, Rose of Washington, Ethan Allen, and others, and reduced her record to 2 m. 24½ s. In 1858 she was sold to Mr. William McDonald, a wealthy gentleman of Baltimore, for $8000, and during the year scored thirteen victories without a single defeat. Her first race in 1859 was with Ethan Allen, at the Fashion Course, to wagon. Ethan Allen was a beautiful horse, fast and game, with faultless trotting action, but withal not a good weight puller. With a running mate to take the weight of the wagon off of him he could trot like a flash of light, but by himself his fastest time is 2 m. 25½ s. At the stud he was a success, and his sons and grandsons have done much to add to the fame of the Morgan family. On this occasion Flora beat him in the quick time of 2 m. 25 s., 2 m. 27½ s., and 2 m. 27½ s. On June 16, she met the bay mare Princess, who had come from California with a great reputation, especially as a long-distance trotter, but Flora beat her, at the Eclipse Course, three-mile heats, to wagon, in 7 m. 54 s., and 7 m. 59½ s. In their second encounter at the same place, twelve days later, Princess won in straight heats, in 5 m. 2 s. and 5 m. 5 s., and many astute turfmen thought that the little bay mare had met her mistress; but their third time of meeting Flora won in the quick time for those days of 2 m. 23½ s., 2 m. 22 s., and 2 m. 23½ s., and in the fourth encounter—a race of two-mile heats—she likewise beat her, in the marvellous time of 4 m. 50½ s. and 5 m. 5 s. These defeats settled the question of supremacy, and conquered the spirit of the California mare, and, though they afterwards went on a hippodroming tour through the country, Princess never won another race from her. But Flora's greatest glory was to come. On October 15, 1859, at Kalamazoo, Michigan, in a race with Princess and Honest Anse, she electrified the whole country by trotting the third heat in 2 m. 19¾ s., which for eight

years stood at the head of the record, until the mighty Dexter surpassed it at Buffalo in 1867.

After this great exploit Flora went to Cleveland, where she beat Princess with great ease and in poor time; and at Cuyahoga Falls, on the 28th of October, she did the same for Ike Cooke. After the crushing defeats of poor Princess, few imagined that any horse would be so bold as to challenge the little bay mare's premiership. But now the Jersey stallion George M. Patchen threw down the gauntlet, and at the Union Course, November 21, they met in the first of those memorable contests, the recital of which even now causes the cheeks of the old turfman to burn with excitement. George M. Patchen was four years her junior, being foaled in 1849, and was very well bred, his sire being Cassius M. Clay, and his dam by a son of Imported Trustee out of a daughter of American Eclipse. He was a powerful brown horse, above 16 hands high, with great strength and much bone. He was coarse about the head, and heavy in the carcass; but, though he was what might be called a plain horse, his points were uncommonly strong and good, and his action capital. He had defeated such horses as Lancet, Brown Dick, Lady Woodruff, Miller's Damsel, and Pilot, and was no mean opponent even for the little bay mare; but to make the match more open, she was to go in harness while he went under the saddle. The mare won the first two heats, in 2m. 28 s. and 2m. 23 s., with the stallion close up in each. In the third, Flora was first over the score, in 2 m. 24 s., but it was given to Patchen, because of her crossing him and running. Darkness coming on, the race was postponed, and never trotted out. On June 6, 1850, Flora and Patchen met for the second time. Hiram Woodruff thus describes the race: "It came off on the 6th of June, over the Union Course. The start was even; but Flora soon made a skip, and the stallion got the lead; but the mare caught, and, going on with uncommon resolution, headed him, and led a length at the quarter in 35 s. On the straight work, she drew away a little more; but the stallion now made a great burst of speed, and she broke. At the half-mile, in 1 m. 11 s., he had a lead of a length, and soon increased it to two lengths; but, upon the turn, the mare squared herself, drew up to him, and came in to the stretch with him. The struggle home was one of the fastest and closest things that ever were seen. They came on neck-and-neck at an amazing rate; and within three strides of home it seemed to be a dead heat. McMann, at the very last, struck Flora sharply with the whip, let go of her head, and with one desperate effort she was first, by a throat-latch, in 2 m. 21 s., the best time that we had then seen on the Island. The last half-mile had been trotted in 1m. 10 s., and was a neck-and-neck race nearly all the way. In the second heat, Flora was

two lengths ahead at the quarter-pole; and Patchen breaking on the back-stretch, her lead was three lengths at the half-mile. On the lower turn he closed the daylight; and another very hard, close struggle up the home-stretch ended in his defeat by only a neck in 2 m. 24 s. Tallman made an appeal after this heat, alleging that McMann had driven foul, by swerving out, and compelling him to go to the extreme outside. The judges disagreed; but the majority overruled the objection. In the third heat they got off well together. On the turn she led slightly, being on the inside, and at the quarter, in 36 s., she led him nearly a length. He now made a wonderful effort, and trotted one of the best quarters that I have ever seen. He was nearly a length behind at the quarter-pole, in 36 s.; at the half-mile pole, in 1 m. 10 s., he led. Therefore, he trotted this, the second quarter in the third heat, in better than 34 s. On the lower turn, he led two lengths. But the mare now gathered herself up for one of her rushes, and closed with him. Up the stretch it was again close and hot. But she had a little the best of it, and at the very last pinch he broke. She won in 2 m. 21½ s. I consider this the best race that Flora Temple ever made; and as the stallion was so little behind her that the difference could not be appreciated by timing, it shows what a remarkable and excellent horse he also was." On the 12th of June, they trotted two-mile heats in harness, at the Union Course, and Patchen won in two straight heats, in 4 m. 58¼ s. and 4 m. 57½ s. Two matches were then made, to be trotted at Suffolk Park, Philadelphia, the first, mile heats, three in five; the second, two-mile heats. The first of them was trotted on the 4th of July, and Flora won in 2 m. 22½ s., 2 m. 21¾ s., and 2m. 37½ s. On the 10th of July, they trotted the two-mile heat. Patchen won the first heat, in 4 m. 51½ s., and would have won the second but for the outrageous interference of a mob, who threw clubs and hats in his face when he had the race well in hand, and frightened him. He was then withdrawn, and Flora declared the winner. At the Union Course, August 2, they met again. Patchen won the first heat in 2 m. 23½ s., which is his best record, and Flora the last three, in 2 m. 22½ s., 2 m. 23½ s., and 2 m. 25¾ s. At Saugus, Mass., August 28, she beat him again, and at the Centreville Course, September 24, she beat him two-mile heats, in 4 m. 55¼ s. and 5 m. After the failure of Flora to beat Dutchman's time, they started out upon a hippodroming tour upon much the same principles as those which controlled in her campaign with Princess, and with the same results: Flora taking all the honors, and the gate-money being equally divided between them. After the last of these exhibition trots at Corning, October 31, Patchen was sent to the stud, and though he afterwards came out and fought the famous series of battles with General

Butler, he never met Flora again, and died May, 1864, leaving a reputation of which his numerous descendants may well be proud.

Her reputation was now so well established that it was difficult for the mare to find any horse bold enough to contend with her; but at length a new antagonist put in an appearance in John Morgan, but in two races at the Centreville Course in June, 1861, mile heats and two-mile heats, he was beaten in the mile race in 2 m. 24¾ s., 2 m. 26 s., and 2 m. 28½ s., and in the two-mile race in 4 m. 55½ s. and 4 m. 52¼ s. Flora's owner, Mr. McDonald, sympathizing with the rebellion, soon after these races she was confiscated by the government, and her trotting days were ended. She was sold in 1864 to Mr. A. Welch, the princely owner of Leamington and Alarm, for $8000, and at his beautiful farm at Chestnut Hill roamed the meadows in her well-earned leisure. Her first foal was a filly by Rysdyk, son of Rysdyk's Hambletonian, called Kitty Temple, who has never shown any great speed. Her second foal was the stallion Prince Imperial, by William Welch, a handsome, wiry little horse, full of courage and vim. Her third and last foal was a filly by Imported Leamington. Flora Temple died December 21, 1877, and was buried in the lawn at Chestnut Hill. While I write there is on the desk before me her fore-leg and hoof, stuffed and mounted by Krider in his most artistic style, and though she was over thirty-two years old at the time of her death, and had been on the turf for eleven years, trotting as few horses ever trotted, there is not a single break or crack in the neat, deerlike hoof; it is as sound and true as when she was foaled.

During the first years of the great Rebellion the turf languished well nigh unto death—"Inter arma leges silent"—and few cared for the mimic contests of the turf, when on the great battle-fields of Virginia and Pennsylvania the fate of the nation was being decided amid the clash of arms and the thunder of cannon. The sporting papers yielded to the changed state of affairs, and the editorials of the "Spirit of the Times" now breathed forth threatenings and slaughter, and paid but little attention to aught but the stirring news of the day. Even their correspondence was dated from the camps on the Potomac or Rappahannock, and now told only of marches and countermarches and the details of army life. In the Fall of 1862 the turf revived somewhat in the immediate neighborhood of New York, and Lady Emma and Jilt, and General Butler and Rockingham, trotted several notable races, and George Wilkes, the first of Hambletonian's sons to show to the world the merits of that greatest family of trotters, made his first appearance, defeating Ethan Allen in three straight heats, in 2 m. 24¾ s., 2 m. 25¾ s., and 2 m. 31 s. George Wilkes is a dark brown stal-

lion, 15 hands high, got by Rysdyk's Hambletonian out of a Clay mare called Dolly Spanker, and great as were his performances, he would in all probability have attained still greater distinction on the turf had he been more judiciously handled and not trotted such severe races before his powers had fully matured. He died in Kentucky May 28, 1882, at the age of twenty-six, the greatest of all the Hambletonian stallions except Volunteer. In 1863 General Butler, George Wilkes, George M. Patchen, Silas Rich, California Damsel, and Shark, another son of Hambletonian, were all on the turf, and had it been any other than a war year would have won even greater glory than fell to their share.

In the history of all nations there are certain epochs or cycles which are so resplendent with the deeds of some statesman or general or monarch, that they serve as mile stones along the pathway of the ages and landmarks by which we count the progress of events; so in the history of the turf there have been periods when the pre-eminence of certain horses was so marked that to mention the years in which they flourished is but to recall their names. From 1838 to 1852 had been the era of Lady Suffolk and her famous contemporaries. Flora Temple had flourished from that date until the breaking out of the war, and now was to commence what might be called the age of the Hambletonians, for descendants of Rysdyk's Hambletonian, the old hero of Chester, were now making that name on the turf which they have held to the present day. The war clouds were now breaking away; it could plainly be seen that the days of the Confederacy were numbered; business was prosperous, and the number of wealthy men interested in driving horses had wonderfully increased. The turf was now to enter upon a career of prosperity, and every large city all over the Union was to have its trotting course.

The 4th of May, 1864, will ever be a red-letter day in the memory of all turfmen, for that day witnessed the first public appearance of Dexter the incomparable. He was foaled in Orange County, New York, in 1858. His sire was Rysdyk's Hambletonian, and his dam was a daughter of American Star. He is 15 hands 1½ inches high, and is a rich brown in color, with four white legs, and a blaze in the face.

It was on the Fashion Course, where he beat Stonewall Jackson, of New York, General Grant, and Lady Collins. Two days after he beat the last named again on the Union Course. On the 13th of May he defeated Doty's mare to wagon on the Union Course, and five days afterwards, at the Fashion Course, he beat Shark and Lady Shannon, and jogged out the third heat in 2 m. 30 s. On the 3d of June he trotted mile heats to wagon, at the Fashion, against Shark and Hambletonian, but he hit his knee in

DEXTER, IN HIS TWENTY-FIFTH YEAR.

scoring and had to be withdrawn. He did not trot any more that year, but on June 2, 1865, he came out and defeated General Butler at the Fashion Course, trotting the third heat in 2 m. 24½ s. Ten days afterwards he was pitted against the mighty Lady Thorne, who had a few days previously trotted in 2 m. 24½ s., but the lady beat him in four heats, the best of which was 2 m. 24 s. This was the only time Lady Thorne ever beat him. June 26th, Dexter defeated Stonewall Jackson, of Hartford, three-mile heats, to saddle, and then beat General Butler, to saddle, and Butler and George Wilkes, in harness, in straight heats, in both races. He was then backed to trot against time and beat 2 m. 19 s., and won easily in the first trial, in 2 m. 18¼ s. He then defeated General Butler on the Fashion Course, to wagons, in 2 m. 27¼ s. and 2 m. 29 s. On the 27th of October the horses met again, two-mile heats, to wagons. Butler had a two-mile record to wagon of 4 m. 56¼ s., and was considered a fit antagonist for the young champion. Dexter, however, won easily in two straight heats, in 5 m. ¾ s. and 4 m. 56¼ s., and closed his second season in a blaze of glory.

He commenced the season of 1866 by defeating General Butler and Commodore Vanderbilt, in two races at the Union Course, the California stallion, George M. Patchen, Jr., also being in the first of them. He had now become so famous that there was a general desire all over the country to see him, and a hippodroming campaign, with the California stallion, was arranged, in which Dexter invariably won. In 1867 he defeated Goldsmith Maid once and Lady Thorne three times, and then, despairing of finding any one to make him extend himself, a match was arranged on the Fashion Course between him and Ethan Allen and running mate. The team, contrary to general expectation, won in three straight heats, in 2 m. 15 s., 2 m. 16 s., and 2 m. 19 s. Dexter's real time, though, of course, not a matter of record, was 2 m. 16 s., 2 m. 17 s., and 2 m. 21 s. Mr. Charles J. Foster, in an admirable essay in Wallace's Monthly, says of this race: "This, though a losing one, was the best performance Dexter ever made upon the course. To trot mile after mile at such a rate, against winning opponents, runner and trotter on the outside, and never to flinch an inch, manifests the most admirable resolution. He never broke, and was not forced out at the end of the heats. I never saw another trotter that could, in my estimation, have stood the pinch. I have seen some very fast ones that would have gone all to pieces when collared in the second heat, as Dexter was." Eight days after this severe race he defeated Lady Thorne, two-mile heats, to wagon, in 5 m. 1 s. and 5 m. 9 s.; and on July 4th, he met with his second defeat from Ethan Allen and running mate, over the half-mile track at Morristown, N. J. On July 10, at Trenton, N. J., he and

Lady Thorne met for the last time, and with the usual result. On the 16th, he beat Brown George and running mate at Albany, and trotted the second and third heats in 2 m. 20½ s. He beat them again at Providence, July 26. And on the 30th, he beat them again at the Riverside half-mile course, Boston. In this race he made 2 m. 21¾ s., 2 m. 19 s., and 2 m. 21¼ s. After that, at Buffalo, he beat his Boston time by trotting a mile in 2 m. 17¼ s., and hardly had the time been given out, and while the vast audience was still cheering, when the well-known form of Mr. Robert Bonner was seen entering the judges' stand. As he rarely patronized the race-track, and never allowed his horses to trot for money, every one wondered what it meant. In a few minutes the judges announced that Dexter had been purchased for $35,000. His new owner sent this characteristic message to a friend in New York: "I saw Niagara Falls this morning for the first time, and I came down here this afternoon to see that other great wonder, Dexter, when he trotted in the unprecedented time of 2 m. 17¼ s. You know I like to own all the best things, and inasmuch as I could not buy the Falls, I thought I would do the next best thing and buy Dexter. He will go into my stable on the tenth of next month." Mr. Bonner was a Scotchman, and had an eye to business in purchasing Dexter. He foresaw that it would be chronicled in all the newspapers and the New York Ledger obtain a notoriety that no amount of ordinary advertising would have given it. He has since stated that it was the cheapest advertisement he ever made. Dexter died at Mr. Bonner's stable in New York, April 21, 1888, aged thirty years.

After Dexter's retirement came the ladies' era, when the three great mares, Lady Thorne, Goldsmith Maid, and American Girl contended for the mastery.

Of this brilliant coterie Lady Thorne, the big, one-eyed, thoroughbred mare from Kentucky, was easily the first. Standing full 16¼ hands high, with a good head and neck, deep shoulders, remarkable withers, long-bodied and leggy, she was one of the most blood-like and thoroughbred trotters that ever stepped the turf. She had lost an eye accidentally, and had an enlarged ankle behind from her kicking propensities when breaking, and was unusually fiery and high spirited. Her breeding was right royal. Her sire was Mambrino Chief, and her dam a daughter of the thoroughbred Gano, a son of the famous American Eclipse. Her career was worthy of such high lineage, and as she stole around the course with that low, long, sweeping stride of hers, woe betide those contending with her; for, though not seeming to be going so fast, she nearly always found herself well in front at the close of each heat. She was on the turf eleven years, and trotted sixty-six races, of which she won fifty-one, and received in purses and

stakes $61,125, and enjoys the distinction of being the only horse that ever in fair contest lowered the colors of the mighty Dexter. Lady Thorne was foaled in 1856, and trotted her maiden race, when three years old, under the name of Ashland Maid; but, owing to the breaking out of the war and other circumstances, her turf career did not fairly commence until 1863, when she was brought to the east and her name changed to Lady Thorne. In 1865 she beat Dexter at the Union Course, L. I., taking first, second, and fourth heats, in 2 m. 24 s., 2 m. 26½ s., and 2 m. 26¼ s. respectively, and the world knew that the big one-eyed mare was a trotter. She also beat that year Frank Vernon, Stonewall Jackson, George Wilkes, and Lady Emma, and did not lose a single race. In the next two years she trotted numerous races against Dexter, George Wilkes, Mountain Boy, Lucy, Lady Emma, Bruno, Old Put, with moderate success; but in 1868 she came out in fine form, beating Lucy, General Butler and George Wilkes, and two others, at the Fashion Course, May 22, in 2 m. 24½ s., 2 m. 23 s., and 2 m. 25 s. She trotted eleven other races that year, reducing her record to 2 m. 21 s., and defeating Mountain Boy, Lucy, George Wilkes, General Butler, Rolla Golddust, Rhode Island, George Palmer. She lost but one race, Mountain Boy beating her at Point Breeze, Philadelphia, September 16. In 1869 she showed still greater speed. She beat Goldsmith Maid in July, in three heats, time, 2 m. 21¾ s., 2 m. 20½ s., and 2 m. 21¼ s.; in August she beat her and American Girl in 2 m. 20¾ s., 2 m. 20½ s., and 2 m. 20¼ s.; on September 9, 1869, at Point Breeze Park, near Philadelphia, she defeated them again in 2 m. 21¾ s., 2 m. 19¼ s., and 2 m. 23¼ s., when a greater number of people were assembled than on any previous occasion, ten thousand dollars being taken at the gates for admission, while a couple of thousand jumped the fence to witness this great race. An old friend says the people began to come in the morning and came all day. Every vestige of space in the club house and grand stand, and upon the roofs of the same, was filled. A fourth time, October 1, she was victorious over the same two mares, George Palmer being also in the race, in 2 m. 20¼ s., 2 m. 20¼ s., and 2 m. 20 s.; and on October 8, at Narragansett Park, she won her best race and made her fastest time, defeating George Palmer, Goldsmith Maid, Lucy, and American Girl, winning the first, second and fourth heats in 2 m. 19¾ s., 2 m. 18¼ s., and 2 m. 21 s., George Palmer taking the third heat in 2 m. 19¼ s. George Palmer was a little, lightly built bay gelding, by a horse called Lame Bogus, of whom very little is known. He belonged to Mr. Erastus Corning of Albany, the son of the famous railroad king, and, had he appeared in any other period than that of the three mighty mares, might have achieved much greater fame. It

is remarkable that Lady Thorne beat Goldsmith Maid every time she met her, and never lost a single heat to her. In 1870, she trotted but two races at the Fashion Course. July 4, she met and defeated Goldsmith Maid, American Girl, George Wilkes, George Palmer, and Lucy, in three straight heats, in 2 m. 23½ s., 2 m. 23 s., 2 m. 24½ s., and three weeks afterwards, at Prospect Park, she beat Goldsmith Maid, in 2 m. 19½ s., 2 m. 20½ s., and 2 m. 19¼ s. She was to meet her again at Buffalo, but slipped while being put on the cars at Rochester, and injured her near hip so badly that she was never able to trot again, and was sent to the Fashion Stud Farm at Trenton, N. J.

In his reminiscences of trotters, published in the Spirit of the Times, Dan Mace, who knew her so well, says of her: "You can put it down as an absolute certainty that Lady Thorne could trot a mile in 2 m. 10 s., in harness, in 2 m. 15 s., to wagon. I will not say how much faster than this the old mare could trot. I never saw her trot a full mile at her best but once, and there are two other men living, besides myself, who can tell how fast that was, but I shall never tell, and it is probable that they will not. It was so fast that it would not be credited by the public, and so we agreed that we would never mention the time. But I will say this much: it was a faster gait for the whole mile than I ever saw kept up by any other horse for a single quarter."

Be that as it may, her retirement left Goldsmith Maid the mistress of the turf, which she held until her retirement in 1877.

Goldsmith Maid was foaled in May, 1857, and was by Alexander's Abdallah, a son of Rysdyk's Hambletonian, out of a mare by old Abdallah, and was consequently very closely inbred to the famous rat-tailed sire. She was a blood bay, small, wiry and so ungovernable that in the first eight years of her existence she did not do an honest day's work. She jumped fences, reared up and fell over backwards when hitched to a harrow, and kicked herself loose, and ran away when harnessed to a wagon, and, in short, comported herself so disagreeably that her breeder, Mr. Decker, was glad to sell her to his nephew, who thought something could be done with her. But he, too, repented of his bargain and, after one day's ownership, sold her to a gentleman he met as he was endeavoring to take her home. Three months sufficed her owner number three, and he traded her off to Alden Goldsmith; and patient, kindly usage succeeded where force had failed. In September, 1865, at Goshen, N. Y., she trotted her first race against Uncle Sam, Mountain Boy and Wild Irishman, and won in three straight heats, in 2 m. 39 s., 2 m. 36 s., and 2 m. 39 s. She then beat Sorrel Bill, at Poughkeepsie, making a record of 2 m. 31 s., and was beaten by General Butler, at Copake, N. Y., in fast time. In

1866 she trotted eight races, winning all but one, and in 1867, five races, losing two, once to Dexter and once to Crazy Jane. In 1868 she won eight times, and reduced her record to 2 m. 22½ s. In the fall of this year she was sold to Messrs. Doble & Jackman, and henceforth Budd Doble handled the reins over her. She began the season of 1869 badly by losing five times to American Girl, a very powerful big bay mare by a son of Cassius M. Clay, out of a Virginia mare of unknown pedigree, who was trotting very strongly that year, and gave promise of taking up the sceptre which Dexter had voluntarily laid down. She beat Lucy at Boston, and trotted in 2 m. 20½ s. She beat George Palmer on the Fashion Course. She met American Girl at Suffolk Park, Philadelphia, and beat her in three straight heats, all better than 2 m. 20 s. That was the first time any horse beat 2 m. 20 s. in all the heats of a race. Goldsmith Maid won eight races that year, and beat all those that had beaten her, save Lady Thorne, who was then in her prime, and who won five races from her. In 1870 Goldsmith Maid won eleven times. She did not beat 2 m. 20 s. that year, but she trotted in 2 m. 24½ s. to wagon. In 1871 Goldsmith Maid continued her brilliant career. At Fleetwood Park, Baltimore, Prospect Park, Brooklyn, Boston and Buffalo she beat all her competitors, including American Girl and Lucy. At the latter place she again won all the heats in better than 2 m. 20 s. Here she failed in an effort to beat Dexter's time—2 m. 17¼ s., for an extra purse. But she soon after trotted in 2 m. 17 s. at Milwaukee, and Dexter's brilliant record was at last eclipsed. Goldsmith Maid continued on the great Western route, and reached as far as Omaha and Council Bluffs, away up the Missouri River. In 1872, after one trot at Philadelphia, the little mare went to Boston, and trotted on the Mystic Course in 2 m. 16¾ s. Afterwards, at Prospect Park, she put in all the heats in better than 2 m. 20 s.; and at Cleveland she did it for the fourth time. It was now determined to take the Maid to the Pacific coast on a hippodroming tour, and Lucy, a fine, big, slashing mare by George M. Patchen, with a record of 2 m. 18½ s., was selected as her understudy. Lucy was deserving of a far better fate, and pressed the Maid closely in her races, being only allowed to win when the Maid was "off." The two mares were owned by Mr. H. N. Smith, of the Fashion Stock Farm, at Trenton, N. J., whither Lucy retired in the following year and the Maid four years later, and where both they and their great competitor, Lady Thorne, now rest side by side under the sod of the Fashion track. Some horsemen who remember the old brown mare, with her flashing eye and peculiar manner of projecting her ears forward, even now maintain that Lucy was not the least of the

belles of the Fashion thirty years ago. In 1873 the Maid did not trot any especially fast heats; in 1874 she trotted seventeen times, with increase of speed, and did not lose a single race. At Saginaw, Mich., she went in 2 m. 16 s. At Springfield, Mass., she again made 2 m. 16 s., and all the heats were better than 2 m. 20 s. Three times that year she beat 2 m. 20 s. in all the heats. At Rochester she trotted a second heat in 2 m. 14¾ s.; and at Mystic Park, Boston, September 14, for a special purse, in which she was required to beat her Rochester time, she trotted in 2 m. 14 s. In 1875 she trotted only six races, and was beaten once by Lula—who had trotted a mile in 2 m. 15 s. at Buffalo the week previous—at Rochester, but beat her at Utica the following week. In 1876 Goldsmith Maid trotted seven races, losing but that memorable race at Cleveland, described elsewhere. Besides this she trotted against her own record seven times, and though failing to reduce it, she trotted at Belmont Park, Philadelphia, June 23, in 2 m. 14 s. In 1877 she trotted several races in California, against Rarus and others, and at Chico, Cal., May 19, over a rough track, she defeated Rarus in 2 m. 19½ s., 2 m. 14½ s. and 2 m. 17 s. She was entered in the Grand Circuit in trials for speed, and at the close of the season was retired to the Fashion Stock Farm, at Trenton, N. J., where she died September 23, 1885, at the ripe old age of twenty-eight. Take her all in all, it may be questioned whether her like has ever been seen on the American turf. She won 95 contested races and 332 heats in 2 m. 30 s., or better. During her career Goldsmith Maid travelled on the cars over 130,000 miles, and earned for her owners over $325,000 in stakes and purses.

The year 1875 is a notable one in the annals of the trotting turf. The combined series of trotting meetings which was inaugurated in 1866 by the trotting associations of Cleveland and Rochester, at which meetings the purses given amounted to $15,650, had increased in number and importance, until it extended from the shores of Lake Erie almost to the Atlantic Ocean, and now embraced the associations of Cleveland, Buffalo, Rochester, Utica, Poughkeepsie, Hartford, and Springfield, and the purses offered at these meetings aggregated the enormous sum of $245,000. Among the horses whose fleet hoofs trod these tracks that season were Goldsmith Maid, American Girl, Lula, Smuggler, Hopeful, Rarus, Lucille Golddust, Judge Fullerton, Great Eastern, Lady Maud, Nettie, St. Julien, Huntress, John H., Cozette, Sensation, Bodine, May Queen, Scotland, Grafton, Kansas Chief, Belle Brassfield, Mazo-Manie, Bella, Joker, Little Fred, Clementine, Music, Amy, Mollie Morris, and Thomas Jefferson. No more brilliant collection of trotters ever gathered together in any one season. There

were, of course, other trotting meetings in different parts of the country, but the Septilateral, as the Grand Circuit was called, surpassed all the other meetings in glory.

Thomas Jefferson was a handsome black stallion, foaled in 1863, by Toronto Chief, out of the renowned ten-miler, Gipsy Queen. His handsome form, high quality of finish, gameness and grit made "the black whirlwind of the East" a favorite everywhere. He won hard-fought races from such prominent horses as Smuggler, George Wilkes, Mambrino Gift, Sensation, Shepherd T. Knapp, Commonwealth, William H. Allen, all good ones, and obtained a record of 2 m. 23 s

At the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia, in 1876, he received the highest award of merit. As a sire, Thomas Jefferson has been only moderately successful, the best of his get being probably the powerful chestnut gelding John S. Clark, who won some good races and obtained a record of 2 m. 19¾ s., though Joe Jefferson, the pacer (2 m. 19¼ s.), and Lizzie M. (2 m. 20¼ s.) are rated higher by many good critics. The match, at Philadelphia, in 1883, between the latter and Scotland, a half-bred son of the thoroughbred Bonnie Scotland, two-mile heats, for a purse of $2000, was considered a fair test of the staying powers of the thoroughbred blood in the trotter. It was hotly contested all through, Lizzie M. winning the first, second and fourth heats in 4 m. 56 s., 5 m. 03 s., 4 m. 58½ s., and Scotland the third in 4 m. 55½ s.; and since that time there has not been so much talk of the value of the thoroughbred cross.

The Centennial year is noted for the wonderful achievements of Goldsmith Maid and Smuggler. The former, in her nineteenth year, trotted against time in 2 m. 14 s., her previous record, and won six of the seven races she trotted that year, losing but one race—that at Cleveland, won by Smuggler. The latter won for himself a mighty name, as the only horse able to tear the laurels from the brow of the peerless Queen of the Trotting Turf.

Smuggler was a brown stallion, standing 15 hands 3 inches high, with a blazed face. He was foaled near Columbus, O., in 1866, and was got by Blanco, a son of Iron's Cadmus, the sire of the famous pacing mare Pocahontas, and his dam was a bay pacing mare brought from West Virginia. The dam of Blanco was by Blind Tuckahoe, a son of Herod's Tuckahoe. He consequently inherited a good share of pacing blood mixed with thoroughbred, and when he was taken to Kansas by his owner, in 1872, he was a confirmed pacer. He was there placed in the hands of Mr. Charles Marvin, and under his tuition developed into a most promising trotter. But as this change was only achieved by forcing him to carry shoes on his front feet of two pounds weight each, and at one time of even three pounds in his races, it is questioned whether the policy pursued was a wise

one. If he had been permitted to go at his natural gait, Star Pointer's record to-day might have been made by Smuggler thirty years ago. In July, 1873, he showed a trial of a mile over the Olathe track in 2 m. 19¾ s., a performance which excited great sensation in trotting circles. He was then taken to New York, and at the Prospect Park Course was given a public trial of three heats, in 2 m. 19¾ s., 2 m. 21¼ s., and 2 m. 21 s., trotting the last half of the third mile in 1 m. 9 s.

His first appearance in a race was at Buffalo, August 5, 1874, in a purse of $10,000, free for all stallions, where he was pitted against Thomas Jefferson, Mambrino Gift, and several others of the most noted trotting stallions of the continent. He won the first and second heats in 2 m. 22¼ s. and 2 m. 20¾ s., wonderful time for a "green" horse, but becoming tired and discouraged by the excessive scoring, was last in the third heat and distanced in the fourth. Mambrino Gift won the third heat, but Jefferson lasting the longest won the last three heats and the race. On September 14, of the same year, he won the champion stallion race at Mystic Park, Boston, in three straight heats, in 2 m. 23 s., 2 m. 23 s., and 2 m. 20 s., which was then the best stallion record, defeating Phil Sheridan, Henry W. Genet, Commonwealth, Mambrino Gift, and Vermont Abdallah. In 1876 at Belmont Park, Philadelphia, July 15, he beat Judge Fullerton, in 2 m. 17½ s., 2 m. 18 s., 2 m. 17 s., and 2 m. 20 s.; the second heat being a dead heat between them.

This splendid achievement elevated him to the highest pinnacle of fame as the champion stallion of the world, and with the laurels of this victory fresh on his brow, he entered the Circuit in the free-for-all purse at Cleveland, O., July 27. As this race is one of the most famous in trotting annals, we copy the following graphic description from the graceful pen of Hamilton Busbey, which appeared in the Turf, Field and Farm of August 4, 1876:

"When the bell rang for the open-to-all horses to appear, a buzz of expectation was heard on all sides. It was known that Lula would not respond to the call, she having made an exhibition the previous day, besides she was not in the bloom of condition; but Lucille Golddust was there to battle for the Babylon stable, and she was a mare of tried speed and bottom. The knowledge that Lula would not start steadied the quaking nerves of Doble, and he ceased to plead for a special purse and permission to withdraw. He thought that Goldsmith Maid would have a comparatively easy time in capturing first money, and his confidence made the old mare the favorite over the field. Smuggler was deemed an uncertain horse, and there was no eagerness to invest in pools on him. But the stallion was cheered almost as warmly as the Maid when he jogged slowly past the stand. Lucille Golddust, Judge Fullerton

and Bodine were also received with applause. The great drivers of the country were behind the great horses of the country. Budd Doble pulled the lines over Goldsmith Maid; Charley Green steadied Lucille Golddust; Pete Johnson controlled Bodine; Charley Marvin watched over the fortunes of Smuggler; and Dan Mace was up behind Judge Fullerton, having come from New York for the express purpose of driving him in the race. Twice the horses came for the word, and twice they failed to get it. They were then ordered to score with Lucille Golddust, and succeeded in getting off. The Maid had the best of the start, and, quickly taking the pole from Judge Fullerton, gayly carried herself in the lead. It was where she was accustomed to be, and so she trotted in the best of spirits. Fullerton did not act well, and he brought up the rear rank the entire length of the course. Along the back-stretch Smuggler began to close a gap, terrific as the pace was. After passing the half mile he drew dangerously near the Maid, but it was noticed that he faltered a little. The cause was not then understood, but it was made plain when the patrol judge galloped up to the stand with a shoe in his hand which had been cast from the near fore foot. Around the turn the stallion pressed after the mare, and down the stretch he drove her at the top of her speed, the thousands giving vent to their enthusiasm by cheering and clapping hands. Smuggler had his nose at the Maid's tail when she went under the wire, in 2 m. 15½ s. Bodine was a good third, his time being about 2 m. 17 s., and Lucille Golddust was fourth, Fullerton just inside of the flag. Smuggler's performance was an extraordinary one. He trotted for something like three-eighths of a mile with his equilibrium destroyed by the sudden withdrawal from an extreme lever point of a shoe weighing twenty-five ounces. Only once before had he cast a shoe in rapid work without breaking, and that was in his exercise at Belmont Park. Keen judges are forced to admit that the stallion would have won the first heat in 2 m. 15 s. had no accident befallen him on Thursday. Prior to this season Smuggler carried a thirty-two ounce shoe on each of his fore feet, but now he seems to be steady under the reduced weight. The scoring in the second heat was a little more troublesome than that in the first heat. Smuggler left his feet several times, and it looked as if he was going to disappoint his owner and trainer. On the fourth attempt the horses got away, the Maid in the lead. The stallion made one of his characteristic bad breaks around the turn, and all hope of his winning the heat was lost. Bodine and Fullerton also were unsteady. Lucille Golddust did good work, and she was second to the Maid when the latter went over the score in 2 m. 17¼ s. Smuggler finished fifth, Marvin only trying to save his distance. Goldsmith Maid was distresed, but

her friends were confident that her speed and steadiness would carry her safely through. It was almost dollars to cents that she would win. The word was given to a good send off in the third heat. The Maid had the pole, which advantage she did not surrender, although she went into the air around the turn. She was quickly caught, and Doble drove her carefully along the backstretch, followed by Fullerton, who seemed to be content with the position of body-guard to her queenship. After passing the half-mile, Marvin urged Smuggler into a quicker pace, and the stallion was observed to pass Lucille Golddust, then Fullerton, and to swing into the home-stretch hard on the Maid's wheel. Doble used all his art to keep his mare going, but Marvin sat behind a locomotive and could not be shaken off. The stallion got on even terms with the Maid, and then drew ahead of her in the midst of the most tumultuous applause, beating her under the wire three-quarters of a length. The scene which followed is indescribable. An electrical wave swept over the vast assembly, and men swung their hats and shouted themselves hoarse, while the ladies snapped fans and parasols and bursted their kid gloves in the endeavor to get rid of the storm of emotion. The police vainly tried to keep the quarter-stretch clear. The multitude poured through the gates, and Smuggler returned to the stand through a narrow lane of humanity which closed as he advanced. Doble was ashy pale, and the great mare which had scored so many victories stood with trembling flanks and head down. Her attitude seemed to say, 'I have done my best, but am forced to resign the crown.' The judges hung out the time, 2 m. 16¼ s., and got no further in the announcement than that Smuggler had won the heat. The shouts of the thousands of frenzied people drowned all else. During the intermission the stallion was the object of the closest scrutiny. So great was the press that it was difficult to obtain breathing room. He appeared fresh, and ate eagerly of the small bunch of hay which was presented to him by his trainer after he had cooled out. It was manifest that the fast work had not destroyed his appetite. The betting now changed. It was seen that the Maid was tired, and her eager backers of an hour ago were anxious to hedge. In the second score of the fourth heat the judges observed that Smuggler was in his stride, although behind, and so gave the word. In his anxiety to secure the pole Doble forced Goldsmith Maid into a run, and as Lucille Golddust quickly followed her, the stallion found his progress barred unless he pulled out and around them. Marvin decided to trail, and he kept in close pursuit of the two mares even after he had rounded into the home-stretch. Green would not give way with Lucille, and Doble pulled the Maid back just far enough to keep Marvin from slipping through with the

stallion. The pocket was complete, and thought to be secure. A smile of triumph lighted Doble's face, and the crowd settled sullenly down to the belief that the race was over. Marvin was denounced as a fool for placing himself at a disadvantage, and imagination pictured just beyond the wire the crown of Goldsmith Maid with new laurel woven into it. But look! By the ghosts of the departed! Marvin has determined upon a bold experiment. He falls back, and to the right, with the intention of getting out around the pocket. Too late, too late! is the hoarse whisper. Why, man, you have but one hundred and fifty yards in which to straighten your horse and head the Maid, whose burst of speed has been held in reserve for just such an occasion as this! Her gait is 2 m. 14 s., and you—well, you are simply mad! The uncounted thousands held their breath. The stallion does not leave his feet, although pulled to a forty-five angle to the right, and the moment that his head is clear and the path open, he dashes forward with the speed of the staghound. It is more like flying than trotting. Doble hurries his mare into a break, but he cannot stop the dark shadow which flits by him. Smuggler goes over the score a winner of the heat by a neck, and the roar which comes from the grand stand and the quarter-stretch is simply deafening. As Marvin comes back with Smuggler to weigh, the ovation is even greater than that which he received in the preceding heat. Nothing like the burst of speed he had shown had ever before been seen on the track, and it may be that it will never be seen again. Marvin had two reasons for going into the pocket. In the first place, he thought that Green would pull out when the pinch came and let him through, and in the second place, he erroneously supposed that Doble would push the Maid down the stretch and leave him room to get out that way. It was bad judgment to get into the pocket, since, had the Maid won the heat, the race would have been over; but it must be admitted that Marvin acted not without a show of reason. In riding at the gait he was riding, a man does not have any extra time to mature his plans. The heat was literally won from the fire. It was only the weight of a hair which turned the scales from defeat to victory. Doble was more deeply moved by the unexpected result of the heat than by anything else which happened in the race. His smile of triumph was turned in one brief instant to an expression of despair. The time of the heat was 2 m. 19¾ s. Smuggler again cooled out well, nibbling eagerly at his bunch of hay, while the crowd massed around him. The Maid was more tired than ever, while Lucille Golddust showed no signs of distress. When the horses responded to the bell for the fifth heat it was evident that a combination had been formed against Smuggler. All worked against him. Lucille Golddust and Bodine

worried him by repeated scorings, and when they excited him into a break and he grabbed the unfortunate shoe from the near fore foot, the hope began to rise that the star of the stallion had set. The shoe was put on, the delay giving the Maid time to get her second wind, when the scoring again commenced. Smuggler was repeatedly forced to a break, and for the third time in the race he grabbed off the near fore shoe. Misfortunes seemed to be gathering thickly around him, and the partisans of the Maid wore the old jaunty air of confidence. Before replacing the shoe, Colonel Russell had it shortened at the heel. It was a new shoe, and one adopted by Marvin against the judgment of Russell. The shell of the foot was pretty badly splintered by the triple accident, but the stallion was not rendered lame. As much as an hour was wasted by the scoring and the shoeing of Smuggler, which brought all the horses to the post looking fresh. Smuggler had the worst of it, as he was the only one which had not enjoyed an unbroken rest. Finally the word was given for the fifth heat. Fullerton went to the front like a flash of light, trotting without skip to the quarter pole in 33 s. Smuggler overhauled him near the half-mile, and from there home was never headed. The Maid worked up to second position down the home-stretch, the stallion winning the heat in 2 m. 17¼ s., and the hardest-fought race ever seen in the world. The evening shadows had now thickened, and as the great crowd had shouted itself weak and hoarse, it passed slowly through the gates and drove in a subdued manner home."

In the following week, at Buffalo, he was so badly used up from the effects of his bruising race at Cleveland, that he was in no condition to trot, and was defeated by the Maid in the fastest three consecutive heats ever trotted; time, 2 m. 16 s., 2 m. 15¼ s., and 2 m. 15 s. At Rochester the Maid failed to put in an appearance, and Smuggler won in three straight heats, 2 m. 15¾ s., 2 m. 18 s, and 2 m. 19½ s. On August 24, at Poughkeepsie, he was distanced in the first heat; and on September 1, at Hartford, he trotted against Goldsmith Maid, Judge Fullerton, and Bodine, and won the first two heats in 2 m. 15¼ s. and 2 m. 17 s. In the second heat he was very far behind at the start, and the judges were much blamed in consequence. Notwithstanding this, he closed up the gap, and made a dead heat with the Maid in 2 m. 16¾ s. Goldsmith Maid then took the last three and the race in 2 m. 17¼ s., 2 m. 18 s., and 2 m. 19 s., Smuggler pushing her closely in them all. At Springfield he trotted in the same company, but did not win a single heat. Later in the season he trotted two races against the mammoth trotter Great Eastern, but acting badly, he lost them both. He was then sent to the stud, where he bids fair to become a great success.

Rarus then took up the crown which Goldsmith Maid had laid down, and right regally he wore it. He is a long-striding, ungainly-looking bay gelding, sixteen hands high, with a blaze face and white ankles. The old adage, "blood will tell," does not hold good in his case, for the pedigree of his sire is entirely unknown, although his owner, Mr. R. B. Conklin, and Mr. George Wilkes, the editor and proprietor of the Spirit of the Times, have used every endeavor to trace it. All that is known is that Conklin's Abdallah, for so the sire of Rarus is called, before his purchase by Mr. Conklin, performed the ignoble duty of drawing a fish-cart for a fish-dealer in Fulton Market, New York. Conklin's Abdallah is the sire of some twenty other horses besides Rarus, but the best of them are only fair roadsters. The dam of Rarus was by Telegraph, her dam being a Black Hawk mare, and it is probable that she is the source of his wonderful speed.

Rarus first appeared on the turf at the Suffolk County Fair, at Riverhead, in the fall of 1871, where he won the four-year old stakes in three straight heats, the best of which was in 2 m. 42½ s. In 1874 he trotted six races, winning four of them, and obtaining a record of 2 m. 28½ s. The next year he was kept busily at work. He commenced the season at Grand Rapids, Mich., June 9, where Mollie Morris beat him, Gen. Grant and Molsey being also in the race. On the 17th Lady Mac beat him at South Bend, Indiana. On July 7, at Detroit, Grafton defeated him in straight heats. Two weeks later, at Sandusky, the entrées for the Grand Circuit having closed, he was allowed to go to the front, and scored his first win, beating a field of three in slow time. He then entered the Grand Circuit in the 2 m. 27 s. class at Cleveland, July 30, winning a red-hot race from the little Mollie Morris (who won the first two heats), Carrie (who took the third), and four others, in 2 m. 23½ s., 2 m. 25½ s., 2 m. 24½ s., 2 m. 24½ s., 2 m. 23½ s., 2 m. 26½ s.; but at Buffalo, the following week, Mollie Morris reversed the verdict, beating him in three straight heats. At Rochester, Utica, and Hartford he won easily, reducing his record to 2 m. 20¾ s. After this he trotted six races, but seemed to be somewhat off, winning but two of them, being beaten by Lady Maud twice, and by Kansas Chief and Sensation each once. In 1876 he had his own way in the 2 m. 20 s. class of the Septilateral Circuit, excepting at Cleveland, where May Queen beat him, winning the six remaining races in the easiest manner, without reducing his record, though it was evident he could trot low down in the "teens" whenever he chose to do so, and at Fleetwood Park, N. Y., October 26, he won a fast race, trotting the fifth heat in 2 m. 20 s., and closed the season with this record against him. Late in the fall he was taken to California, and his first races in 1877 were against the peerless Goldsmith Maid, who

was also wintering there, and although she beat him five times out of six, he lapped her out in 2 m. 14½ s. at Chico, and beat her at San Francisco, May 26, when she was out of condition, lowering his record to 2 m. 19¼ s. He also won races from Sam Purdy and Bodine. After the race with Goldsmith Maid he came East, and won every race he started in. At Cleveland, Buffalo, Rochester, Utica, Hartford, Long Branch, New York, Cleveland again, Columbus, and Cincinnati, it was the same story. He always won, and from such horses as Hopeful, Great Eastern, Lucille Golddust, Cozette, and Albemarle. His record was now 2 m. 16 s., and it was conceded that there was not a horse on the turf that could make him extend himself; and so, in 1878, he was confined to special speed purses generally, to beat Goldsmith Maid's famous record of 2 m. 14 s. At East Saginaw, Mich., he trotted a mile in 2 m. 14¼ s., without a break or skip. At Cincinnati, July 4, he made the fastest performance over a half-mile track, 2 m. 17 s. At Cleveland he trotted in 2 m. 14¼ s., 2 m. 15 s., and 2 m. 14 s., and at Buffalo, August 3, 1878, he eclipsed all previous records and trotted a mile in 2 m. 13¼ s. This great event is admirably described by an eye witness, Mr. Hamilton Busbey of the Turf, Field and Farm.

"The last event on the card was the fight of Rarus against old Father Time. The track was fast, although a trifle hard. Bets were freely made that 2 m. 14 s. would be beaten. The first trial was not encouraging. Rarus went to the quarter in 35½ s., to the half in 1 m. 9¾ s., to the third quarter in 1 m. 43 s., and came home in 2 m. 17 s. In the second trial he went to the quarter in 33½ s., and made a very bad break. Splan pulled up and jogged around in 2 m. 50 s. As he approached the wire he nodded for the word, and Mr. Hamlin shouted 'Go.' The horse left his feet on the turn, and Splan again pulled up. It began to look badly for those who had backed the horse against time. Rarus was halted and sponged, and then the discovery was made that he was hitched too short. The buckles were changed and he was ready for a new trial. During the pause a crowd gathered in front of the judges' stand and clamored for a decision. They insisted that those who had backed time in the second heat had won. The judges declined to express any opinion in the matter, but quietly wrote 2 m. 50 s. under 2 m. 17 s. on the blackboard, and turned it outward. Splan then came to the wire the fourth time for the word. Rarus went off level, and when he passed the quarter in 33½ s., and moved steadily forward, the hope took root that he would eclipse all former efforts. He was at the half-mile pole in 1 m. 5¾ s., a winning pace, but the question was, could he keep up the stride. The critical few shook their heads as if to say the half is too fast for the horse to finish well. Smoothly, evenly, without the least jar or friction,

the tall and gallant bay strode to the three-quarter pole, which he reached in 1 m. 38½ s. 'By Jove! he will beat the Maid's time,' was the exclamation which came from all sides. There was a strange fascination in watching the horse and listening to the tick of the watch. Time is a relentless old fellow, and tolerates no mistakes. Every one knew that Rarus could not afford to trip or slacken his pace. In order to beat the long registering hand of the watch to the fourteenth second mark after two circuits of the dial, it was necessary for him to preserve a stroke and to show a courage which no horse before him had ever shown. Grandly, stoutly, he came forward, Splan sitting well poised in the sulky, and watching the movement of his ears with his keen black eyes. After passing the distance stand, the whip was gently laid on the back of the horse, and as he neared the wire six thousand people rose to their feet and held their breath. Under the wire Rarus shot, and the hands of the watches stopped short—2 m. 13 s.; no, 2 m. 13¼ s., say the judges, and cheer after cheer rolls over the track. The horse and driver received a perfect ovation when they returned to weigh, and it was with difficulty that Splan could make his way through the crowd and up into the judges' stand. When he reached the steps, he cleared them at three bounds, and, after hand-shaking, was led to the rail and presented with a handsome basket of flowers by President Bush. No words were spoken. It would have been useless to have attempted speech-making in the presence of the crowd which filled the quarter-stretch, and which made the ground shake with its shouts. The scene is indescribable. While Splan was blushing and bowing his acknowledgments to the applauding thousands, Rarus was being unharnessed, and he looked on with dazed eye, quivering nostril and trembling flank. He had made a new mark in the annals of the turf, had wiped out the record of Goldsmith Maid, which had headed the list for so many years, and modesty well became him in the hour of his brilliant success. It was a proud day for Buffalo Park, and those who were present will never forget the uproar caused by the beating of 2 m. 14 s. Had Splan not gone to the half quite so fast, it is contended by a good many that he would have marked below 2 m. 13 s., and I incline to the correctness of this view."

At Rochester and Utica he did not perform up to his reputation, but at Hartford, August 23, in the famous duel with Edwin Forrest, he trotted in 2 m. 15 s., 2 m. 13½ s., and 2 m. 13¾ s., the fastest three heats on record. The fame of this exploit extended over the country, and henceforth the Rarus days were the big days of all the meetings at which he appeared during 1878 and 1879, and with little effort he could earn from two to three thousand dollars a week from the opening of the trotting season to its close.

His last race was at Utica, August 28, 1879, where he beat Hopeful in 2 m. 17¼ s., 2 m. 16½ s., and 2 m. 16 s. Mr. Robert Bonner then purchased him for $36,000.

His driver, John Splan, says: "I never saw any one that he seemed very fond of, except Mr. Conklin, Dave and the dog Jimmy, without some mention of whom no history of Rarus would be complete. This dog was a Scotch terrier that was presented to me in San Francisco by a fireman when he was a youngster of about two months. I took him to the track and gave him to Dave, who advised that he be put in Rarus's stable. I cautioned Dave about the pup, as I had seen Rarus make the fur fly from one or two dogs, and told him that he might not have any dog, unless he put him in a safe place. In a few days I asked about him, and he told me that Rarus and the dog had got to be great friends. That appeared rather strange to me, as, while I had always treated Rarus very kindly, he was never disposed to make friends with me. In appearance this dog was a small, wiry-haired terrier, weighing about fifteen pounds, and possessed of almost human intelligence. The admiration and love that this dog and horse had for each other equalled anything that I have ever seen in the human family.

"Not only were they extremely fond of each other, but they showed their affection plainly as did ever a man for a woman. We never took any pains to teach the dog anything about the horse. Everything he knew came to him by his own patience. From the time I took him to the stable a pup, until I sold Rarus, they were never separated an hour. We once left the dog in the stall while we took the horse to the blacksmith shop, and when we came back we found he had made havoc with everything there was in there, trying to get out, while the horse, during the entire journey, was uneasy, restless, and in general acted as bad as the dog did. Dave remarked that he thought that we had better keep the horse and dog together after that. When Rarus went to the track to work or trot, the dog would follow Dave around and sit by the gate at his side, watching Rarus with as much interest as Dave did. When the horse returned to the stable after a heat, and was unchecked, the dog would walk up and climb up on his forward legs, and kiss him, the horse always bending his head down to receive his caress. In the stable, after work was over, Jim and the horse would often frolic like two boys. If the horse laid down, Jim would climb on his back, and in that way soon learned to ride him, and whenever I led Rarus out to show him to the public, Jim invariably knew what it meant, and enhanced the value of the performance by the manner in which he would get on the horse's back. On these occasions, the horse was shown to halter, and Jimmy, who had learned

to distinguish such events from those in which the sulky was used, would follow Dave and Rarus out on the quarter stretch ; and then, when the halt was made in front of the grand stand, Dave would stoop down, and in a flash Jimmy would jump on his back, run up his shoulder, from there leap on the horse's back, and there he would stand, his head high in the air, and his tail out stiff behind, barking furiously at the people. He seemed to know that he was as much a part of the show as the horse, and apparently took great delight in attracting attention to himself. I had several tempting offers for Jim in the way of cash, but such a thing as parting with him never entered my mind. When Rarus was sold to Mr. Bonner, Jimmy was not included in the bill of sale, but I felt that Rarus belonged to Jimmy and Jimmy to Rarus. After they both became the property of Mr. Bonner, the affection of the dog and the horse for each other never abated, and this was well illustrated on one occasion. In Mr. Bonner's down-town stable was a bull-terrier, a rather savage fellow, who had the run of the place, and naturally wanted to be boss. Jimmy, who was brave to a fault, attacked the bull-terrier one day, and the result was that he was soon knocked out. When his yelps reached Rarus, whose stall was adjacent, the old horse made a break for the centre of the barn, and had he not been restrained, would have made short work of the bull-dog. Mr. Bonner was much impressed with this incident, and afterward related it to the writer as evidence of how strong the bond of affection between these two animals was."

One bright, sunny day in 1873, Mr. James Galway, who owned a half-mile track at the beautiful village of Goshen, in Orange County, N. Y., was attracted by the appearance of a handsome bay colt, who spun around the track at a rapid gait. The track, when not wanted for the regular races, was generously thrown open to any of the neighboring farmers or village horsemen who wished to try the mettle of their horses, and, being kept in good condition, was frequented daily by many who imagined they were the happy possessors of future Dexters or Edwin Forrests. The driver of the colt in question was a stranger, old and shabby, and the wagon and harness were in keeping with the driver's appearance; but the horse's action was so good and his speed so evident, that Mr. Galway hailed the stranger and questioned him about the breeding of the colt. This could not but be satisfactory, for royal blood coursed through his veins. He was foaled in 1869, his sire being Volunteer and his dam a daughter of Corning's Harry Clay. The farmer drove him twice round the track, and Mr. Galway quickly consummated the bargain, and paid the owner the price asked, $600. He made his debut at Poughkeepsie August 4, 1875. Great Eastern, the Goliah of the turf, won the first heat in 2 m. 30 s., with St

Julien a close second. St. Julien then cut loose and won the three remaining heats and the race in 2 m. 30 s., 2 m. 26¼ s., and 2 m. 30¾ s. Three days later at the same place he started in the 2 m. 34 s. class, winning the first, second, and fourth heats in 2 m. 26½ s., 2 m. 30 s., and 2 m. 26¾ s., Tom Moore, a young stallion by Jupiter Abdallah, taking the second heat in 2 m. 28 s. He then went to Hampden Park, Springfield, Mass., where on the first day of the meeting he won the 2 m. 38 s. purse easily in straight heats, best time 2 m. 28 s. Three days later at the same place he met Nerea, John W. Hall, Unknown, Frank Munson, Sir William Wallace, Queen, and Lady Morrison in the 2 m. 34 s. class, and a desperate struggle ensued. Nerea was the favorite at two to one over St. Julien, and justified the partiality of her friends by winning the first heat in 2 m. 23½ s., by a head, with St. Julien second and Unknown third. The latter then won the second heat in precisely the same time, St. Julien again coming in second. St. Julien now went to the front and won the three remaining heats and the race in 2 m. 22½ s., 2 m. 26½ s., and 2 m. 27 s. At Hartford, August 31, he defeated a good field in straight heats in 2 m. 28½ s., 2 m. 26¼ s., and 2 m. 26½ s., and two days later at the same meeting he appeared for the sixth and last time that year, winning as he pleased from Great Eastern, Sister, and Goldfinder in straight heats in 2 m. 25¾ s., 2 m. 23¾ s., and 2 m. 24½ s. This was his last engagement that season. His career had been a brief one, but exceptionally brilliant. He had met some of the fastest and most promising trotters then on the turf, and not a single defeat dimmed the glory of his achievements. His winnings in purses alone in that brief campaign of less than a month amounted to $8400, and consequently when he passed into the hands of Mr. Orrin A. Hickok, the skillful California driver, for the princely sum of $20,000, good judges did not consider the price extravagant. His career on the Pacific slope was at first a disappointment to his new owners. He trotted but one race the next year at San Francisco, September 2, 1876, in a match for $10,000, defeating Dan Voorhees, who won the first heat, in 2 m. 26½ s., 2 m. 25¼ s., 2 m. 30¼ s., and 2 m. 29¾ s., by no means remarkable time for such a phenomenon as he was claimed to be. He did not trot again that year, nor in 1877, nor in 1878, and when on the 13th of September, 1879, he appeared as one of the contestants for the Free-for-all Purse at Sacramento, it was like a resurrection from the dead. Nutwood won a hard-fought race of five heats, the best of which was 2 m. 20 s. St. Julien made such an inglorious showing, being absolutely last in the first two heats and having the distance flag dropped in his face in the third, that when at Stockton one week later he defeated Graves and Nutwood

in 2 m. 17 s., 0 m. 0 s., 2 m. 18½ s., and 2 m. 24 s., the public could hardly realize that he was at last coming back to his time, and that the new star was to shine with a brighter light than any of its predecessors. In this race Graves won the second heat, but the time was declared no record. The owners of St. Julien felt assured that he could do better than this, and when Gen. Grant had returned from his tour round the world, and California was lavishing her honors upon him, they, too, thought that they would show the ex-President a faster trotting horse than any he had seen in his travels, and accordingly an exhibition was arranged for his benefit at Oakland Park, San Francisco, October 25, and St. Julien entered for a purse of $800 conditioned upon his beating Rarus' famous record of 2 m. 13¼ s. The result is told in the following abstract from the San Francisco *Call* of the next day:

"When the horses were called, General Grant and Senator Sharon accompanied the president of the association, Dr. E. H. Pardee, to the judges' stand. The great event of the day was the attempt of St. Julien, with a running mate, to beat the best trotting record for a purse of $800. The track was in a very favorable condition for fast time. After a short delay St. Julien passed through the gate and proceeded leisurely down the track to take a little preparatory exercise previous to the trial in two dashes to eclipse 2 m. 13¼ s., the record of Rarus, the king of the trotting turf. The horse looked wonderfully fit and strong, and moved with such ease and freedom that those who had seen him make a mile at Stockton, and do even faster time at San Jose, were confident that he would lower that record, but were too skeptical to imagine that the name of St. Julien would be flashed last night all through the land with 2 m. 12¾ s. to his credit. There was no betting on the event, but bets were freely offered at $50 to $25 that, not even in honor of the presence of General Grant, would the record of Rarus be beaten. At the second attempt the bay gelding, disdaining the aid of the running mate, came down to the score at a grand swinging gait, and Hickok nodding assent, the bell sounded and St. Julien sped along on his first trial, and hundreds of watches were set clicking to beat time with his own miniature weapons. General Grant stood in the corner of the grand stand nearest the distance pole, and followed with an intense gaze the fleeting animal as he passed around the lower turn, and when he reached the quarter mile in 33 s., or at a 2 m. 12 s. gait, there was a perceptible movement of surprise that was intensified as the noble horse still increased his stride and reached the half in 1 m. 5¼ s., or the second quarter at the rate of 2 m. 9 s. There was a subdued murmur, and the spectators became seemingly imbued with the idea of witnessing a grand performance as St. Julien

sped on his way and reached the three-quarter pole in 1 m. 40 s., or the third quarter at the rate of 2 m. 19 s., but when well into the home-stretch he again increased his stride, and, urged to his utmost, he came along with a magnificent stride, and passed under the wire in the unprecedented time of 2 m. 12¾ s. without the slightest skip or break, the last quarter being made at the superb gait of 2 m. 11 s. to the mile. The declaration of the record was received with great applause, in which the General joined heartily, and the gallant horse and his skillful driver were received with rousing cheers as the latter returned to dismount and to show by the scales one pound overweight. General Grant was so delighted with the achievement that he went round to St. Julien's stables between the heats of the 2 m. 29 s. trot to look the horse over and to congratulate Mr. Hickok."

Thus closed the season of 1879 in a sunset of glory, and there seemed little prospect that the record just made would be surpassed for years to come, unless St. Julien himself should do it. In the spring of 1880 his owner and trainer, Mr. Hickok, brought the champion east, and at Detroit and Ionia he gave exhibition trots preparatory to entering the Grand Circuit. At Chicago, July 22, he easily defeated Darby and Hopeful in straight heats in 2 m. 17¾ s., 2 m. 18¼ s., 2 m. 16½ s., and at Cleveland, the following week, he beat the same horses and Trinket and Great Eastern in 2 m. 15¾ s., 2 m. 18¾ s., and 2 m. 17½ s. At Buffalo Trinket dropped out, but the story was still the same, St. Julien winning as he liked in 2 m. 16¾ s., 2 m. 16¾ s., 2 m. 15¼ s. But now the shadow of a greater competitor than any he had yet met came across his path, and at Rochester, August 12, he and Maud S. fought their famous duel, each trotting against time to beat St. Julien's California record, and each achieving the same record of 2 m. 11¾ s. At Springfield he gave Darby and Hopeful another drubbing, and at Hartford, August 27, he reached the climax of his fame, and lowered his record to 2 m. 11¼ s. He then started for his home in the far west, stopping on the way at Minneapolis, where he vainly endeavored to beat his record. He wintered well, and when, in the spring of 1881, he again came east, high anticipations of future conquests were entertained by expectant horsemen, but he caught a severe cold at the very outset and never afterward did anything worthy of note, and died in California in the autumn of 1894—the horse of a day!

France's Alexander, a handsome black stallion, sixteen hands high, by Ben Patchen, a grandson of Flora Temple's famous competitor, dam by Canada Jack, a grandson of old St. Lawrence, was foaled in 1874. As a five-year-old, he started six times without success, having the misfortune to be pitted against Robert McGregor, a magnificent chestnut, grandson of Alexander's Abdallah,

FRANCE'S ALEXANDER.

who was well nigh invincible that year. The next year he only won two out of the five races in which he started, but in 1881 he redeemed himself, and placed himself at the head of trotting stallions. He commenced the season by beating, at Point Breeze Park, Philadelphia, May 17, his old opponent, Robert McGregor, who won the second heat, Jersey Boy, as game a little trotter as ever trod the local tracks, Silverton, Scotland, Edwin Thorne and Hambletonian Mambrino. At Belmont Park the following week he defeated Jersey Boy, Edwin Thorne, Voltaire, Kentucky Wilkes and Irene in straight heats. He then went to Boston, where he won two races easily, and then to Providence, where he showed his heels to Jersey Boy, Sheridan, Wizz and Banquo, whose ghost did not trouble him that day. With this unbroken series of victories, he went to Rochester, N. Y., and on July 4 trotted, in the $10,000 purse for stallions, the race of his life. He won the first heat in 2 m. 19 s., and was second to Robert McGregor in the next two in 2 m. 19 s., 2 m. 18¾ s.; the fourth heat he won in 2 m. 19¼ s. Each of the leading horses had now won two heats, and every one expected that the next heat would finish the race, but the crafty Hickok brought up Santa Claus, who, being comparatively fresh, won the fifth and sixth heats in 2 m. 21 s., 2 m. 23 s., and fully expected to win the race. Hannis, Wedgewood, Bonesetter and Monroe Chief were sent to the stables for not winning one heat in five, and as the three game but tired leaders came up for the seventh time the excitement was intense. Alexander won the heat and the race in 2 m. 25½ s., with Santa Claus second and Robert McGregor third, and the vast audience went home hoarse with the cheering. Though he won lasting glory from this hard race, it was some time before he was himself again, and in the following year, just as he was preparing for a new campaign, he was suddenly withdrawn from the turf and sent to Kentucky to fill the place which George Wilkes' lamented death had left vacant. He was exported to Austria in 1885, and trotted some good races there. As a sire, neither in this country nor in Europe, has he proved nearly as successful as his old antagonist, Robert McGregor, who has now over fourscore trotters and pacers within the magic circle, of which thirty-one have a record of less than 2 m. 20 s., and that most promising trotter, the chestnut stallion Cresceus has a three-year-old record of 2 m. 11¼ s., and a seven-year-old stallion championship of 2.02¼.

The little gray gelding Hopeful, the pride of Dan Mace's heart, was a very fast horse. He was foaled in Maine in 1866, and was sired by Godfrey's Patchen, a son of Flora Temple's famous competitor, and his dam was a gray mare by the Bridham horse, who is supposed to have been an immediate descendant of Winthrop Messenger. He first appeared on the turf at Springfield,

August 25, 1873, but only finished fourth in a field of five. He then essayed his fortunes in four races, winning two of them and a record of 2 m. 25 s. In 1874 he trotted seven races, winning five, being beaten only by Bodine, the fast son of Volunteer, and lowered his record to 2 m. 21 s. At Fleetwood Park, May 22, 1875, Kansas Chief beat him. He now lay by until August 5, when he appeared at Poughkeepsie in the 2 m. 18 s. class, defeating Lady Maud, Judge Fullerton, who took the first heat, Huntress and two others, in 2 m. 21 s., 2 m. 22¾ s., 2 m. 28 s., and 2 m. 28 s. At Hampden Park, three weeks later, he beat Lady Maud and Kansas Chief in 2 m. 28 s., 2 m. 24 s., and 2 m. 20 s., and on the last day of that month, at Hartford, he beat Lady Maud, Lucille Golddust, and Henry, in 2 m. 18¼ s., 2 m. 22½ s., and 2 m. 23½ s., Lady Maud taking the third and fourth in 2 m. 19 s. and 2 m. 20¼ s., and at the same place, September 3, he defeated American Girl in three straight heats in 2 m. 17¼ s., 2 m. 18¼ s., and 2 m. 18¼ s. Great as the achievement was, Dan Mace, in his "Experience with Trotters," published in the Spirit of the Times, says, "On that day Hopeful could have trotted a mile in 2 m. 12 s., although his best time was only 2 m. 17¼ s. I never let loose of his head, never asked him to go, and never wanted him to go; and in no place in that mile did he go as fast as he could. . . . I don't think there is a horse alive that can out-trot him now; not a horse on the turf that can outspeed him." In 1876, owing to a foot difficulty, he was unable to trot, but, June, 1877, at Fleetwood Park, he started in the Free-for-all Purse, with Judge Fullerton, Albemarle, and Adelaide, and astonished his owner, driver, and everybody else, by his performance, winning the first heat in 2 m. 18½ s., by three-quarters of a second the fastest mile ever trotted on the track, and taking the race handily without a skip, in three heats—time, 2 m. 18½ s., 2 m. 20 s., and 2 m. 21 s. At Boston, July 5, he beat Great Eastern in 2 m. 22 s., 2 m. 20½ s., 2 m. 18¾ s., and 2 m. 19½ s., Great Eastern taking the second heat. He next appeared in the Grand Circuit at Springfield, Mass., July 13, where he beat Judge Fullerton for the Free-for-all Purse, then back to Boston, where, July 23, he met the great Smuggler and defeated him in straight heats, the fastest of which was 2 m. 19½ s. He did not start at Cleveland, Buffalo, or Rochester, but at Utica, August 17, he suffered defeat from Lucille Golddust, who had to trot in 2 m. 17½ s., 2 m. 18¾ s., and 2 m. 18¾ s. to beat him; but at Poughkeepsie he regained his laurels, defeating Lucille Golddust and Nettie after a hard-fought race of five heats. At Hartford, Long Branch, Fleetwood Park, and Cleveland, Rarus beat him, and he went into winter quarters quite under a cloud. In 1878 he went through the Michigan Circuit with success, was beaten by Great Eastern at

Toledo in slow time, and entered the Grand Circuit at Cleveland, July 25, where he beat Proteine, Great Eastern, Nettie, and Cozette in the wonderful time of 2 m. 17¼ s., 2 m. 15¾ s. and 2 m. 15½ s., and at Buffalo, Rochester, Utica, and Hartford, he was alike triumphant, and at Minneapolis, September 6, he attained the height of his glory by trotting a mile in 2 m. 14¾ s. At Kansas City, September 20, he beat Great Eastern in straight heats, and in the following week at Quincy, Ill., he beat him and Scott's Thomas. At St. Louis, October 3, he trotted against time in 2 m. 15¾ s., 2 m. 15 s., and 2 m. 15½ s. At Chicago, October 10, a handicap was devised, Hopeful to go in harness against Rarus to wagon and Great Eastern under the saddle. The little gray gelding won in 2 m. 17½ s., 2 m. 17 s., and 2 m. 16 s., and two days after at the same meeting trotted against time, to wagon, in 2 m. 16½ s., 2 m. 17 s., and 2 m. 17 s., which is the best wagon time on record. He wound up this memorable year at Albany, N. Y., winning the special purse, best time 2 m. 20¼ s. He wintered at Point Breeze Park, Philadelphia, and came out in fine fettle for the season of 1879. At Suffolk Park, May 16, he trotted against time in 2 m. 18 s., wonderful time for so early in the season. Over the Ambler half-mile track, May 22, he trotted in 2 m. 19¾ s., 2 m. 19 s., and 2 m. 22¼ s., the three fastest heats ever trotted over a half-mile track in Pennsylvania. At Belmont the following week he trotted against time in 2 m. 21 s., 2 m. 17¼ s., and 2 m. 17¼ s., and then, taking Horace Greeley's famous advice to "go West," he started for Chicago, stopping at Butler and Bradford, in the western part of Pennsylvania, at which he trotted in 2 m. 18¾ s. and 2 m. 19¾ s. respectively, winning good purses at both places. At Chicago his good fortune left him, and in his endeavor to beat Goldsmith Maid's famous record, 2 m. 18¾ s. was the best he could accomplish. From this time until late in the fall he was out of condition and unable to do anything worthy of his fame. Rarus beat him easily at Chicago, Cleveland, and Utica in straight heats. But the gray was recovering some of his old form, and an immense crowd assembled at Hartford to see the meeting between the two flyers; but Rarus was sold to Mr. Bonner just before the race and did not make his appearance, and in order that the spectators might not be disappointed, a race was improvised with the wonderful blind pacer Sleepy Tom, who had paced a mile at Chicago, July 25, 1879, in 2 m. 12¼ s.; but the pacer was of no account that day, and Hopeful won easily. At Minneapolis, September 5, he beat the gray pacer Lucy, and at Quincy, Ill., he beat her again, the time at the latter place being 2 m. 16½ s., 2 m. 17½ s., 2 m. 17 s., and 2 m. 18¼ s. At Cedar Rapids he trotted against time, but could do no better than 2 m. 23½ s., and with this failure he closed his labors for the season.

In *Scribner's Magazine* for June, 1896, is an engraving entitled "The Old Age of the Trotter Edwin Forrest (twenty-four years old, record 2:18) and Beaver Dam (sixteen years old). From a photograph made at Mr. Bonner's Tarrytown farm in August, 1895," and yet it does not seem so long ago that horsemen hailed this same Edwin Forrest, who is depicted as drawing a lawn-mower, as the coming champion of the American trotting turf. He was a rich bay gelding, 16 hands high, was foaled in Cass county, Missouri, in 1871. His sire was a horse called Ned Forrest, Jr., and his dam a granddaughter of the thoroughbred Leviathan. Taken to Kentucky when young, he trotted his first race there in 1875. In 1877 he won two races at Madison, Ind., beating Proteine, Kitty Bates, and Andy Meshon, while in a race which he lost at Lexington, Ky., he attained a record of 2 m. 25¼ s. In 1878 he passed into the hands of Gus Glidden, and entered the Michigan Circuit in the spring, but being kept for the Grand Circuit he was not allowed to win for fear of lowering his record. At Toledo, however, the entries to the Grand Circuit being completed, he was given his head and won in straight heats, the fastest of which was 2 m. 23 s.

When the bell rang for the 2 m. 24 s. class at Cleveland, July 24, 1878, and Trampoline, Darby, Edward, Dick Moore, Alley, and Edwin Forrest answered the summons, the spectators knew that there would be a good race, but few expected that Edwin Forrest, after breaking and losing the first heat to Edward, would win the last three heats in the quick time of 2 m. 19¼ s., 2 m. 20½ s., and 2 m. 18½ s., the last heat being won in a jog. At Buffalo he won from the same field in 2 m. 20 s., 2 m. 20½ s., and 2 m. 20¾ s., and at Rochester he won again in quick time. In all these races his superiority over his opponents was so evident that at Utica a conspiracy was formed by the owners and drivers of the various horses in the race, Forrest's driver being one of them, to make him a great favorite in the betting, and then pull him so as to lose the race. This disgraceful job succeeded only too well, and the speedy Edward was the winner; and though the National Association months afterwards ferreted out and punished the originators and abettors of the fraud, it will be years before the turf recovers from the wounds it then received at the hands of its professing friends. In the fourth heat of that race he came from the rear at the last with a burst of speed that amazed all beholders, and caused Charley Green to make a dead rush for his owner and secure the refusal of him at $16,000, within five minutes.

The real purchaser was Mr. Robert Bonner, of New York. Not wishing to endanger the reputation of the horse until he should become familiarized with his new driver, Green did not start him until the last day of Hartford Meeting. When, after Rarus had

trotted his first trial in the Special Speed Purse, in 2 m. 15 s., the starters proclaimed that Mr. Green had a horse that he thought could go in about 2 m. 10 s., and Edwin Forrest was brought out, few thought that the statement was more than an empty boast. Charley Green drove him, and at the second attempt nodded for the word. The horse struck out gamely, and was at the quarter in 34 s.—half a second better than Rarus had just done. Down the back-stretch he went like the wind, and passed the half in 1 m. 6¼ s. He slowed up from this flying pace on the turn, and came by the three-quarter pole in 1 m. 40¼ s. (third quarter in 34 s.), and came down under the wire in 2 m. 14½ s.—half a second better than Rarus had done. When this was announced the excitement was intense, for 2 m. 14½ s. was all Goldsmith Maid could do at Hartford, two years previous. Rarus was now put on his mettle, and trotted the second trial in 2 m. 13½ s. (last quarter in 32½ s.). But Green thought he could beat that, and that Forrest was the horse that could do it. On the second trial he was sent off, and he went to the quarter in 33½ s., without a skip. Then it seemed as if he had not been half trying. Such trotting was never seen before. He fairly flew, and it looked as though 2 m. 10 s. would be made; but the pace was too fast, and he broke badly when about eight lengths from the half-mile pole, losing several lengths, but Green caught him skillfully, and he was soon under full headway, reaching the half-mile pole in 1 m. 5¼ s. (second quarter in 31¾ s.). Before he reached the middle of the third quarter he again went in the air, and though he soon recovered, Green had lost hope of surpassing his first effort and did not hurry him. The three-quarter pole was passed in 1 m. 40¼ s., and he was coming down the home-stretch at a fair gait, when a friend who had run up to that place motioned to Green to go on, as there was still hope. From that point Forrest was sent along, and came under the wire, amid loud cheering, in 2 m. 16 s.

After he became an inmate of Mr. Bonner's stable his progress was remarkable. Mr. Robert Bonner drove him to wagon on his three-quarter mile track near Tarrytown, N. Y., a mile in 2 m. 15¼ s., and the various members of the Tarrytown family delighted to exhibit the prowess of the new favorite. In July, 1879, a week later, Mr. A. A. Bonner drove him a mile in harness in 2 m. 13¾ s. On August 9, Mr. John Murphy, the favorite pupil of old Hiram Woodruff, drove him a mile in 2 m. 11¾ s. Although these trials were witnessed by several reliable persons, and the time made can be depended upon as entirely accurate, not having been made in a public race, neither they nor the trial at Hartford can go upon the record. And to think of this great horse becoming a farm drudge, and leisurely dragging a lawn-mower!!!

"To what base uses we may return, Horatio!"

The Chicago meeting of July, 1880, was an unusually brilliant one. St. Julien, Hopeful, Darby, Charley Ford, Hannis, Monroe Chief, Bonesetter, Wedgewood, Piedmont, Will Cody, Parana, Voltaire, Hambletonian Bashaw, Josephus, Daisydale and Etta Jones, representatives of all the prominent trotting families, were among the contestants, and a general slashing of the records ensued. But amid the vast throng assembled at the course from day to day there were very few who dreamed that a match, on the last day of meeting, was to introduce to the trotting world one who would shortly dispossess the mighty St. Julien of his premiership. This was a Special Purse of $1000, for which the five-year-old Trinket and the six-year-old Maud S. were entered. Trinket was a bay mare by Princeps, son of Woodford Mambrino, and her dam was Ouida, by Rysdyk's Hambletonian. As a four-year-old she had astonished the world by equalling Flora Temple's famous record, and though the next year she sadly disappointed her backers, since then, in more capable hands, she proved herself one of the greatest mares that ever stood on iron. In the Chicago match, however, although the favorite in the betting, she was flighty and acted badly, while Maud S., steady as an old campaigner, won the first two heats easily in 2 m. 19 s., 2 m. 21¼ s. Then, to the astonishment of all present, Captain Stone boldly announced that in the next heat distance would be waived, and as an arrow from the bow the beautiful chestnut shot away, and passed under the wire in the wonderful time of 2 m. 13½ s.

Maud S. was a beautiful golden-chestnut mare, fifteen hands three inches at the withers, and one and a half inches higher at the peak of the rump. Her head and ears large and rather coarse; her neck as fine as a thoroughbred, her shoulders muscular; she was long in the barrel, coupled well back, with strong loins, powerful symmetrical legs, and good feet. She wore a fourteen-ounce shoe forward, with four-ounce toe weights, and light shoes behind. Her action was the very poetry of motion, and as she glided by in the third heat of her great trot at Belmont Park, the writer thought he had never before seen any piece of machinery move so steadily or so beautifully. She was foaled on the Woodburn Stud Farm on the 28th of May, 1875, and was sired by Harold, son of Rysdyk's Hambletonian. Her dam was Miss Russell, a daughter of Pilot, Jr., out of Sally Russell by Boston, the sire of Lexington and Lecompte. She was owned, until her fourth year, by Captain George N. Stone, and, being a very great pet, was named Maud S. after his daughter. When she was four years old, driven by her trainer William W. Bair, she trotted an exhibition mile in 2 m. 17¼ s, and was sold to Mr. William H. Vanderbilt for $21,000.

TRINKET.

At Cincinnati, July 6, 1880, she defeated Josephus, Lizzie 2d, and Outlaw, in straight heats, best time 2 m. 25 s.; her next race was that with Trinket described above. At Cleveland, July 28, she defeated Driver, Charley Ford, and Hannis, in straight heats, and at Buffalo she met the same horses, and after losing the first heat to Charley Ford in 2 m. 17 s., won the next three in 2 m. 15¼ s., 2 m. 16¾ s., 2 m. 16½ s. This was her last public race. Henceforth she was to be reserved for trots against time. At Rochester she essayed to beat St. Julien's record, and the watch stopped at 2 m. 11¾ s.; at Springfield the track was slow, and being off, 2 m. 19 s. was the best she could do. At Chicago, Sept. 16, she trotted in 2 m. 11½ s., and two days later, at the same place, she surpassed all previous performances, and closed the season of 1880 with a record of 2 m. 10¾ s. After this she went into winter quarters at Cincinnati.

Her first appearance in public in 1881 was over the half-mile track at Columbus, June 30, to beat Rarus' 2 m. 17½ s. made there three years ago. This she did in 2 m. 13¼ s. At Detroit, July 4, she trotted in 2 m. 13¾ s., and the week following, at Pittsburgh, she reduced her record to 2 m. 10½ s. At Chicago, July 23, she trotted in 2 m. 21½ s., 2 m. 11¼ s., 2 m. 11 s., and at Belmont Park, Philadelphia, although she failed to reduce her record, she trotted the three best consecutive heats on record, 2 m. 12 s., 2 m. 13¼ s., 2 m. 12½ s., trotting the first half of the second mile in 1 m. 3¾ s. At Buffalo she again failed to reduce her record, but at Rochester she passed under the wire in the wonderful time of 2 m. 10¼ s., the fastest time ever trotted by any horse, mare, or gelding. At Utica she had to be content with her past laurels, and thenceforth she was reserved for the Hartford Meeting, where it was confidently expected that she would place the high-water mark at 2 m. 8 s. or 2 m. 9 s.; but alas for human calculations, while at exercise on the day before that appointed for the exhibition, she turned her foot, spraining her ankle, and was thrown out of training for the rest of the season.

For two years she remained in retirement, when suddenly Jay-Eye-See, a little black gelding by Dictator, son of Rysdyk's Hambletonian, out of a Pilot, Jr., mare, whose dam and grand dam were thoroughbred, took up the gauntlet she had thrown down and boldly attacked her supremacy. Though small in stature, he was a "multum in parvo," and could get over the ground in a most surprising manner. His five-year-old record of 2 m. 10¾ s. was dangerously near to the Queen's, and when at Providence, R. I., August 1, 1884, he cut off the fraction

and trotted in 2 m. 10 s., Maud S.'s supremacy was gone, but only for one day, for on August 2, at Cleveland, she placed the mark at 2 m. 09¾ s., which Jay-Eye-See was never able to wipe out. From 1887 to 1892 the little black gelding led a life of retirement, having injured his leg by stepping upon a broken bottle in the pasture, and the world had almost forgotten his existence, when his owner conceived the idea that the frictionless glide of the pacer would not affect his injured leg. The idea was at once put into practice, and it required but two lessons to show the little gelding how much easier he could go at the new gait. On August 21, 1892, he paced a mile at Independence, Ia., in 2 m. 06¼ s , being the only horse who has a record at both gaits of 2 m. 10 s., or better. His great antagonist, Maud S., had in the meantime been sold to Mr. Robert Bonner, and her record of 2 m. 08¾ s., made in 1885, was for six years the acme of trotting records.

Little in stature, but a giant in deeds, Harry Wilkes was perhaps the stoutest of all the many great sons of George Wilkes. Foaled in the Centennial year, he made his opening bow at Louisville, September 13, 1882, winning easily in 2 m. 29½ s., 2 m. 26½ s., 2 m. 28½ s. Two days later he won a race at the same meeting, and a few days later, at Lexington, he reduced his record to 2 m. 23¼ s. He did not start in 1883, but in 1884 he won sixteen out of the nineteen races in which he started, and left off with a record of 2 m. 15 s. In 1885 he "bullied" the Grand Circuit, winning ten of his twelve races, but did not reduce his record. In 1886 Harry Wilkes swept the Grand Circuit from end to end, lowering his record to 2 m. 14¾ s. One of his best races was at Belmont Park, Philadelphia, on August 13, where he defeated the brown stallion Phallas in straight heats. Phallas had a record of 2 m. 13¾ s., made in the fourth heat of a hotly-contested race, and the general public deemed him invincible. But the little bay gelding was all on edge that day, and his quick, high-stepping action carried him up that heart-breaking hill in the third quarter faster than any horse I ever saw. It was more like flying than trotting, and, gamely as Phallas struggled, he could not beat the gay little bay. After going against the watch at Hartford, he marched in triumph across the continent. At San Francisco, November 27, 1886, he defeated Guy Wilkes, Antevolo, Charley Hilton and Arab for a purse of $5000, Guy Wilkes taking the third heat in 2 m. 16¾ s., and Harry Wilkes the other three in 2 m. 15¼ s., 2 m. 16½ s., 2 m. 15 s. His year's work had been a grand one—fourteen victories and but one defeat. He wintered in California, and was sold for $20,000. On April 2, 1887, at San Francisco, he reduced his record to 2 m. 13½ s. in a match against time. He then came East, but, enervated by the mild climate of the Golden State,

HARRY WILKES.

he did but poorly, and though he did not finally retire from the turf until 1891, his last years were not uniformly successful.

But now a new element was suddenly coming to the front, or rather the revival of an old one. From the days of James K. Polk, Hero and Pocahontas, the speed of the pacer had been recognized, but the gait was not popular with the upper tendom of sporting circles, and it was not until 1880 that he was admitted to the Grand Circuit. To be sure there was some justification for the prejudice. The old style pacer had little knee or hock action, and when his stiff legs swung back and forth in his fast work, his body rolled like a storm-tossed barque in a choppy sea, and "the wiggler" was the expressive name by which he was generally known. The gait of his modern prototype is entirely different; he carries his body so motionless that it requires a sharp eye to distinguish the gaits, and as a roadster he is fully as pleasant a driver. The forerunner of the new type of pacers was Johnstone, a bay gelding by Joe Bassett, dam by Sweeting's Ned Forrest, and when at Chicago, October 3, 1884, he paced a mile in his matchless, frictionless way of going in 2 m. 06¼ s., Maud S.'s record was eclipsed. The despised pacer had at last fought his way into good society.

This record stood for eight years, when Nancy Hanks, a trotter, went in 2 m. 05¼ s., at Independence, Ia., August 31, 1892, and a month later at Terre Haute, Ind, in 2 m. 04 s., and the enemies of the pacer threw up their hats in glee and shouted that the pacer's day was over. The shouting was short-lived, however, for on the very next day, on the same track, Mascot, a bay gelding by Deceive, son of Rysdyk's Hambletonian, won the first heat of the free-for-all race in 2 m. 04 s., and the trotter and pacer were now on equal terms. Though Saladin beat him the next year at Kirkwood, Del, in 2 m. 05¾ s., Mascot won many good races in that and the two succeeding years, and is now driven on the roads near New York, the envy of every horseman who knows a good roadster when he sees him.

During all these busy years Maud S. was the undisputed Queen of the Turf, but now her supremacy was threatened from an unexpected quarter. On the far-away Pacific slope, where the Golden Gate opens wide her arms to receive the waters of the Asiatic seas, Gov. Leland Stanford, of transcontinental railway fame, bred, in 1886, a filly, by Electioneer, out of Warsaw, by Gen. Benton, who had the fastest three-year-old record, the fastest four-year-old record, and the fastest five-year-old record up to 1891, thus beating Maud S.'s record by a half second. Sunol is a bay mare of singular conformation, standing fully sixteen hands high at the coupling and only fifteen and a half at the withers. She had a blood-like head, long neck, good shoulders, and superb legs and feet. Her records

were all made on a kite-shaped track, with all the assistance that human ingenuity could devise to aid her, and though technically better, were not really as good performances as those made by Maud S.; but Mr. Bonner, jealous of the new-comer, kept the telegraph wires between the two oceans hot until she was safely housed in his stable at Tarrytown, on the Hudson. Like many a high-priced purchase, Sunol was by no means the treasure he had anticipated. Her disposition was ugly and treacherous, and she never did anything worthy of her early reputation either on the track or at the stud.

Maud S.'s record was made on a regulation track and to the old-fashioned high-wheel sulky, and it still remains the record for these conditions. In July, 1892, the bicycle sulky, with its pneumatic tires, made its appearance on a New England track, and the old high-wheeled traps were doomed, for it needed but a single heat to convince the most skeptical that the low, odd-looking affairs, which at first excited ridicule were from four to five seconds faster. This revolution in sporting vehicles was a fitting prelude to the advent of a new queen, a small brown mare of exquisite form and beauty, and, hailing from the Lexington region, where Lincoln's parents lived, was called Nancy Hanks, after the martyred President's mother. She was foaled in 1886, the same year as Sunol, and being by Happy Medium, son of Hambletonian and Princess, out of Nancy Lee by Dictator, another son of Hambletonian, was deeply inbred to the dead Hero of Chester.

She commenced her racing career at Harrodsburg, Ky., July 31, 1889, and won six races off the reel, all near home, losing only one heat, and gaining a three-year-old record of 2 m. 24½ s. The next year she won six races, all but one in her native state, and did not lose a single heat, and went into winter quarters with a four-year-old record of 2 m. 14½ s. In 1891 she defeated the beautiful Belle Hamlin at Buffalo, N. Y., Margaret S. at Pontiac, Mich., and Allerton and Margaret S. at Independence, Mo., and then, royally disdaining all contests with horses, reserved all her efforts to subjugate old Father Time, and her record as a five-year-old was 2 m. 09 s., and the next year at Terre Haute, Ind., September 28, she cut the record down to 2 m. 04 s., and, though she subsequently made several efforts to reduce it, she was unsuccessful and retired from the turf in 1893 a queen, indeed, but not the equal of Maud S., Goldsmith Maid, Flora Temple or even dear old Lady Suffolk.

Alix, a dainty, blood-like bay mare, foaled June 7, 1888, by Patronage, a grandson of Woodford Mambrino, was the next holder of the world's record, and is still Queen of the Trotting Turf. She was a born trotter and as a two-year-old started in ten races,

and won a record of 2 m. 30 s.; as a three-year-old she had plenty of hard work and lowered her record to 2 m. 16¼ s.—a truly wonderful performance. But hard work was beginning to tell on the young mare, and in her four-year-old form she trotted but one race, which she won easily in 2 m. 12½ s., 2 m. 12½ s., 2 m. 13 s., but against the watch she went in 2 m. 10 s. As a five-year-old she commenced the season of 1893 badly, by losing two races, the first she ever lost, and then won a memorable five-heat race at Columbus, Ohio, the deciding heat being in 2 m. 09¾ s. At the great World's Fair meeting at Chicago, she obtained a five-year-old record of 2 m. 07¾ s. As a six-year-old at Terre Haute, Ind., August 17, 1894, she trotted three heats in 2 m. 06 s., 2 m. 06¼ s., 2 m. 05¼ s., and at the same place, September 12, 1894, she equalled Nancy Hanks' record, and at Galesburg, Ill., one week later, she cut it down to 2 m. 03¾ s. Since then she has been retired from the turf.

For eight years Smuggler's 2 m. 15¼ s. had stood at the head of the column, but on July 14, 1884, Phallas trotted in 2 m. 13¾ s., and on September 30 of the same year Maxie Cobb reduced it to 2 m. 13¼ s. For five years this was the high water mark, until the three-year-old Axtell cut it down in 1889 to 2 m. 12 s. The next year the Maine-bred Nelson made it 2 m. 10¾ s., and in 1891 he made it 2 m. 10 s., only to be surpassed by Allerton, who trotted in 2 m. 09¼ s., and Palo Alto, the California champion, who equalled Maud S.'s record by trotting in 2 m. 08¾ s., while the two-year-old stallion Arion, at Stockton, Cal., November 10, astonished the world by trotting in 2 m. 10¾ s., and was sold immediately after for the princely sum of $125,000. These records seemed unassailable; Palo Alto was dead, and the season of 1892 was drawing to its close with little prospect of the appearance of any champions to claim the dead monarch's crown. But it is the unexpected that always happens, and the fading year was destined to go out in a blaze of glory. Stamboul was a kingly-looking stallion, ten years old, by Sultan, and his dam was the beautiful Fleetwing, a daughter of Rysdyk's Hambletonian. As a six-year-old he had a record of 2 m. 14¾ s., which he reduced the following year to 2 m. 12¼ s., and in 1890 to 2 m. 11 s. In 1891 he did not reduce his record, but in 1892 he atoned for it by trotting at Stockton, Cal., October 22, in 2 m. 10¼ s., and five days later in 2 m. 08½ s. On November 9 he went in 2 m. 08 s., and two weeks later in 2 m. 07½ s. Unfortunately, while there could be no question as to the genuineness of the performance, a technical rule requiring time performances to be made at regular trotting meetings, at which there shall be at least one purse or stake competed for each day, was violated,

and the sapient magnates of the American Register Association declined to recognize the record. But the great public did, and Stamboul was hailed from one end of the country to the other as the champion stallion. His great rival, Kremlin, was a four-year-old, who this year had won the Transylvania Stakes at Lexington, in straight heats, in 2 m. 11½ s., 2 m. 13 s., 2 m. 11¾ s., beating a field of good horses. At Nashville, Tenn., November 5, he trotted against time in 2 m. 08¼ s., on November 12 in 2 m. 07¾ s., November 21 in 2 m. 08¼ s., and November 25, twice, in 2 m. 09 s., and at Montgomery, Ala., November 29, in 2 m. 09 s., and on December 1 in the same time. The American Register Association thereupon declared him the champion, and he retired to the stud at the end of the year with the laurels of victory fresh on his brow.

The season of 1894 was one of unusual brilliancy. At Galesburg, Ill., September 20, the black colt Directly, by Direct, reduced the two-year-old record for pacers to 2 m. 07¾ s., and at San Jose, Cal., eight days later, the bay colt Adbell, by Advertiser, placed the yearling record for trotters at 2 m. 23 s. These, with the yearling pacing record, made by Belle Acton the year previous, and Arion's two-year-old trotting record, made three years before, are still the world's records, and it is to be hoped that the days of precocious youngsters is past, and that these records will suffice for years to come. The older horses did equally well. The black wonder, Directum, at "one fell stroke" reduced the four-year-old record, the race record and the stallion records by trotting in 2 m. 05¼ s., and the dainty Alix cut down the world's trotting record to its present mark, 2 m. 03¾ s., and at Terre Haute, Ind., September 17, beat Ryland T., Pixley, Belle Vara and Walter E. in 2 m. 06 s., 2 m. 06¼ s., 2 m. 05¼ s., the fastest two consecutive heats and the fastest three consecutive heats ever trotted in a race. Fantasy trotted in 2 m. 06 s. and Ralph Wilkes in 2 m. 06¾ s. against the watch, and Ryland T. in a race went in 2 m. 07¾ s. The chestnut mare Nightingale, in a two-mile race, reduced the world's record to 4 m. 36½ s., and Sallie Simmons and Roseleaf the double-team race record to 2 m. 15¼ s. Nor were the pacers "more backward in coming forward." Besides Directly's wonderful two-year-old record, Online cut the four-year-old record to 2 m. 04 s., and John R. Gentry and Robert J. dominated the turf with their records of 2 m. 01½ s. and 2 m. 02½ s., respectively

With such an unbroken series of victories over poor old Father Time, and with such trotters as Ralph Wilkes, Fantasy, Beuzetta, Klamath, Azote, Directum, Kentucky Union, Phœbe Wilkes and Athanio, and the wonderful trio of pacers, Robert J., John R. Gentry and Joe Patchen, waiting the signal to start, the wiseacres of the press were justified in anticipating an equally brilliant year for

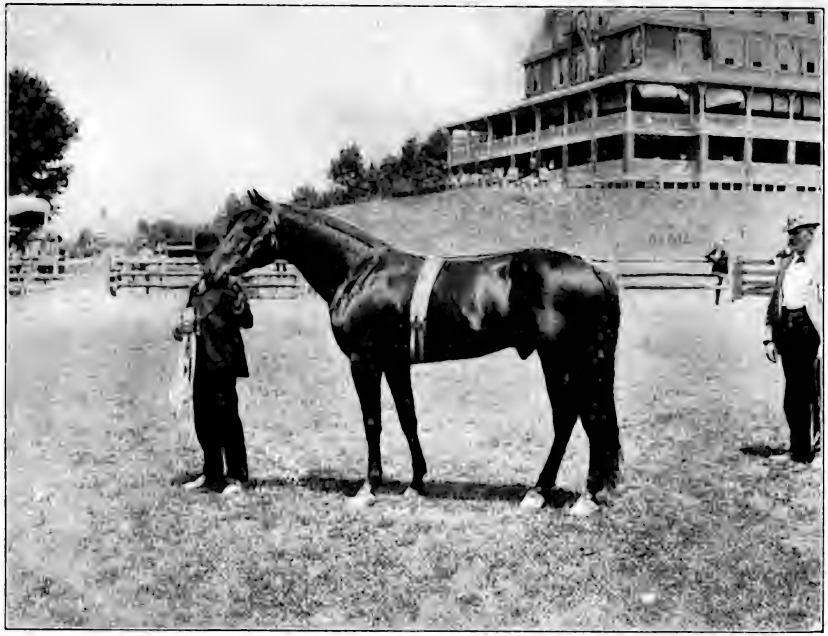
1895. But alas! for human expectations, the racing was good; with such horses it could hardly have been otherwise; but Father Time this year more than held his own. The sensational horse of the year was unquestionably the bay gelding Azote, by Whips, out of Josie, by Whipple's Hambletonian, the fastest trotter ever bred on the Pacific slope. Although born at Governor Stanford's famous Palo Alto Farm, he was little thought of in that home of precocious youngsters and unrealized expectations, and spent the early years of his life as a common hack about the farm. Fortunately a "rubber" in the stable took a great fancy to the horse, and told the veteran Orrin A. Hickok, on one of his visits of inspection, that if he was looking for a trotter, the big, overgrown buggy horse standing by was the pick of the lot. Hickok laughed derisively, but finally was persuaded to give him a chance, and was soon convinced that the "rubber" was right. In his first season, Azote won two of the five races in which he started, and was second in the other three, acquiring a record of 2 m. 14½ s. In 1893 his legs failed him, and he won but one of his five races, and Hickok, who could not forget his early prejudices, persuaded Governor Stanford to offer him for sale. That astute horseman, Monroe Salisbury, snapped him up, and under his management he won many races in 1894, the best of them being the $5000 Transylvania Stakes at Lexington, Ky., in which he defeated some of the best horses of the day in straight heats in 2 m. 08¾ s., 2 m. 09¼ s., 2 m. 09¼ s. In 1895, in his first race, he reduced his record to 2 m. 07¼ s., and then in quick succession to 2 m. 06½ s. and 2 m. 05½ s. He defeated Directum, Fantasy, Beuzetta, Klamath, Muta Wilkes, Ryland T. and Hulda, and did not lose a heat to any of them. And as if this was not glory enough for a despised "buggy hack," at Galesburg, Ill., September 5, he trotted a mile against time in 2 m. 04¾ s., the first quarter, according to the official record, being in 29¾ s.

Beuzetta, who fairly divided with Azote the honors of the season of 1895, is a homely-looking mare, but, if "handsome is as handsome does," she may be considered one of the handsomest mares that ever trod the turf. She was foaled May 11, 1891, and is by Onward, son of the great George Wilkes, out of Beulah, by Harold, sire of Maud S. As a two-year-old she started twice, and, although she lost both races through misbehavior, she took a record of 2 m. 26½ s. In her three-year-old form she won all of the four races in which she started, one of which was the Kentucky Futurity, worth $31,480, in straight heats, in 2 m. 16¼ s., 2 m. 16¼ s., 2 m. 14½ s.—the largest sum ever won by a trotter in a single race. In 1895 she won all her races but one, Azote being her sole conqueror, and reduced her record to 2 m. 06¾ s.

Fantasy, who also succumbed to Azote's prowess, was a tall, slim, loosely-made mare of delicate constitution, but possessing great speed. She was foaled March 7, 1890, and was by Chimes, son of Electioneer, out of a grand-daughter of Almont. She was not able to duplicate her record of 2 m. 06 s., made at Terre Haute the previous year, and proved a disappointment the whole season. In 1896 she came out strong, and took her place at the head of the procession, while Azote and Beuzetta were decidedly "off" all that year, and have since been retired to private life. Her principal opponents were Kentucky Union (2 m. 07¼ s.), Onoqua (2 m. 08¼ s.), Klamath (2 m. 07½ s.), William Penn (2 m. 07½ s.), and Lord Clinton (2 m. 08¾ s.)

For one-half a century the two-minute horse had been the dream of the enthusiastic horseman, who still clung to the fond ideal, notwithstanding the elaborate deductions of scientific writers, who plainly proved that two minutes was clearly beyond the possibility of horse endurance. As gradually both trotting and pacing champions drew nearer and nearer the long-desired mark, the public interest in the relative merits of the trotting and pacing gaits increased. It was a close race between the two ways of going, and much speculation was indulged in as to the probable winner. The champion trotting stallion of 1893 was Directum, a black horse by Director, son of the full brother of the mighty Dexter, out of Stemwinder by Venture, son of Belmont. He had easily defeated all of the best horses of his day without once suffering defeat, and had wound up a sensational season by trotting at Cumberland Park, Nashville, October 18, in 2 m. 05¼ s., in the third heat of a race. Saladin, by Sultan, dam Ella Lewis by Vermont, was the champion pacing stallion, with a record of 2 m. 05¾ s. He is a beautiful seal brown, and the very poetry of motion, but his career had been a checkered one, and when he was matched against Directum at Point Breeze, Philadelphia, on November 27, 1893, few thought he had the ghost of a chance. The day was cold and gloomy, the dark, low-hanging clouds portended a coming storm, and winter overcoats and mufflers were more than comfortable. As it was the last race of the season, and Directum was a drawing card, the largest crowd which old Point Breeze had seen for many years shivered in the grand stand and club house balconies, and packed the intervening spaces. The pool box did a poor business, for Directum had swept everything before him, and few dreamed that Saladin would even make him extend himself.

Off they started for the first heat, neck and neck together, but before the quarter pole was reached, in 31¼ s., Saladin broke, and Directum obtained a lead of three lengths, which he steadily increased, until at the three-quarter pole, in 1 m. 37¾ s., it was six



SALADIN.

lengths. Apparently all was over but the shouting, for no one believed that any horse could close up such a gap on the champion trotting stallion, a horse that never made a mistake and always had a reserve of speed to call upon. But all of a sudden the cry ran through the crowd, "Look at Saladin! Look at Saladin!" as the brown whirlwind came like a shot from a gun, and step by step gained on the too-confident leader. The excitement became intense, the bitter cold was forgotten, and the whole audience rose en masse to cheer the flying stallions. On they go; in vain did Directum strain every nerve to keep the lead he had won; gradually, but surely, Saladin gained on him; the six lengths' lead was cut down to two, and as they passed the ladies' stand, it was a length and a half; at the grand stand it was only half a length; ten yards from the wire the two horses were on even terms, and as they flew under the wire with Saladin's beautiful head fairly in front, the audience went frantic with excitement. Such an electric burst of speed had never been seen on the course before; it was not racing, it was flying; Saladin had paced the last quarter without a break or skip in 29¼ s.—better than a two-minute gait. Although Directum had lost the first heat, he was still the favorite, as it was known that he was in the pink of condition, and Saladin was not deemed prepared for such a bruising race. The result justified these predictions. Saladin struggled gamely in each of the remaining heats, but broke in each on the home-stretch, and Directum won them by a length or more. Still to have won one heat such as the first was glory enough for the pacer.

But Saladin did not long continue the champion pacing stallion. There were others mightier than he in reserve, and of these mighty ones none are more popular with those who love a horse for what he is than the beautiful, big black stallion, Joe Patchen. While others have shown greater flights of speed and have lowered technical records, none have surpassed the bonny black in honesty, willingness, courage and gameness. Never in his long career has he flunked or shown the white feather, but, like old Lady Suffolk, he will do his level best as cheerfully at the end of the last heat as at the beginning of the first. His record of 2 m. 01¼ s. has been surpassed but by two pacers and no trotters.

At Belmont Park, Philadelphia, September 22, 1897, the pacers John R. Gentry and Robert J., went to wagon in the remarkable time of 2 m. 09 s., which at Glens Falls, N. Y., October 8, they reduced to 2 m. 08 s.—faster than any pair of trotters went to wagon, or any pacers but themselves. Both horses are wonders in their way, but different in their make-up and characteristics. John R. Gentry is a small bay horse by a son of Red Wilkes, out of a mare by Wedgewood. He is a beautiful horse and phenomenally

fast; he has gone to the half-mile post in 59½ s., and done the mile in 2 m. 0½ s., being by the records second only to the great Star Pointer. He is not as consistent a performer as Joe Patchen, and does not like a long-drawn race. Withdrawn from the turf after a successful career, he and his companion, Robert J., may be seen on the roads near New York. These two old contestants for a time travelled together and took no man's dust on the road. Robert J. has a record of 2 m. 01½ s., within ¼ s. of Joe Patchen, and is almost as game. As a colt he was so puny and insignificant, and withal so badly sprung in the knees, that his breeder, when retiring from business, actually gave him away rather than allow him to be shown at the closing-out sale of his horses. Royally bred, being by Hartford, son of Harold, the sire of Maud S., out of Geraldine, by Jay Gould, son of Rysdyk's Hambletonian, by the logic of the pedigree-makers, he should have been a trotter, but a pacer he was from the start, and a great one, too—the greatest perhaps, with the exception of Star Pointer, the world has ever seen.

When, in 1898, John R. Gentry, who had commenced the season with a record of 2 m. 0½ s., failed to reduce it, and Robert J., with his record of 2 m. 01½ s., could do no better, the world settled down to the belief that if *they* could not cross the fated line, it might be years before any one could. But the fine-spun theories were to be upset and the two-minute horse not a dream, but an accomplished fact. At Readville, Mass., August 28, 1897, Star Pointer, who had commenced the season with a record of 2 m. 02¼ s., paced a mile against the watch in 1 m. 59¼ s., and the following year beat two minutes four times—a feat which no other horse, trotter or pacer, has ever accomplished.

A member of the great Tom Hal family—the famous saddle horse family of Tennessee, which has given to the world Little Brown Jug (with his record of 2 m. 11¾ s.), Hal Pointer (2 m. 04½ s.), Hal Dillard (2 m. 04¾ s.), Hal Broden (2 m. 07¼ s.), Laurel (2 m. 09¼ s.), and Brown Hal (2 m. 12½ s.), the sire of Star Pointer—he is the only one of the great pacers who is not trotting bred. He is a big, well-shaped, wine-colored bay horse, and goes with a free, bold stride, and it is believed that his present record of 1 m. 59¼ s. is by no means the limit of his speed. In 1897 he started sixteen times, winning from Joe Patchen seven times and losing twice to him. He beat Frank Agan twice, and John R. Gentry and Lottie Lorraine each once. His other contests were with Father Time. He commenced the year with a record of 2 m. 02¼ s., which he equalled once and beat eight times. Fourteen times he beat the fastest trotting record, and at Readville, Mass., August 28, he capped the climax of his career by pacing a mile in 1 m. 59¼ s. In 1898 he started seven times, all against the watch,

his slowest mile being in 2 m. 02¼ s, and the fastest 1 m. 59¼ s.,, the same as his previous record. He beat two minutes four times that year, a feat which no other horse has ever done once.

"And panting Time toiled after him in vain."

The close of the Nineteenth Century was marked by the advent of two great trotters who pressed poor Father Time very closely, but did not quite reach the two-minute mark. In 1900 The Abbot, a bay gelding by Chimes, clipped half a second from the world's record by trotting a mile in 2.03¼ at Terra Haute, Ind., while Cresceus, with a mile in 2.04 at Cleveland, reduced the trotting stallion record 1¼ seconds. The gelding failed to equal his record in 1901, but Cresceus came out better than ever, establishing a world's record of 2.02¼, in a trial against the watch at Columbus, Ohio, on Aug. 2; and on the 15th of the same month at Brighton Beach, N. Y., he won the first heat in a $12,000 match race with The Abbot in 2.03¼, which beat all race records. Cresceus won the second heat in 2.06¼, distancing The Abbot, and then trotted a third mile against the watch in 2.05, making the fastest three consecutive miles ever trotted by a horse in a race.

In appearance Cresceus shows little resemblance to his sire, Robert McGregor, "the Monarch of the home stretch." Though styled a chestnut in color, he narrowly escapes being a dun, while his mane and tail fade to a blonde at their fringes. His one point of beauty is his head, which is clean and bony, with soft, expressive eyes set well apart, and ears full of character. He has tremendous muscular substance, and the driving power of his hind quarters is something marvellous. There is not a weak spot in his entire make-up, and yet he has many peculiarities in his way of going that makes him once seen always remembered. He is low-headed and lumbering in his slow paces, just the opposite to his jaunty sire, but once aroused no horse has a more determined way of going. He is a bulldog trotter, if there ever was one, and he has speed to match his courage. At speed his head drops almost to the level of his withers, and while his action is very close forward, yet the fold of his knee does not carry him near his elbows. He pounds terrifically, and thunders past like some resistless engine adjusted to the nicety of the daintiest mechanism.

His early history resembles that of Andrew Jackson, though Cresceus was a yearling when his fate hung in the balance. Having been blistered on the throat for an attack of epizootic, in his efforts to relieve himself from the suffering caused by the severe application, he sawed his neck against the upper door of his stall, which had been carelessly left open, until his wind-

pipe appeared bared and bleeding, and presented such a pitiable appearance that his owner ordered him to be killed and put out of his misery. Through carelessness or inadvertence, this was delayed until the following morning, when, to the great surprise of all, the horse was found to be so much improved that it was decided to give him another chance for his life, which he accepted, and eventually became one of the healthiest and most promising colts on the Ketcham farm. His owner, from some remembrance of his classic studies when a boy at the staid old Quaker school of Westtown, called his pet Cresceus, after Caesar's slave, who was famous for his skill in chariot races. The stallion was six years old when he made his record of 2.04 and had been in training since he was two years old. In his first four years on the turf he started in 33 races; won 19; took second money in 9, third in 4, fifth in 1; never having been unplaced. He won 53 of the 112 heats in which he started, 21 of which were in 2.10 or better; 40 in 2.15 or better, and 51 in 2.30 or better. In addition to these races he started seven times against the watch, four times trotting in better than 2.06. He established thirty records, and some horsemen think that he is the "noblest Roman of them all."

Ed. Geers, who trained The Abbot, and has driven him in all of his races, says in his book, *Experience With Trotters and Pacers:* "He has an intelligent-looking head, and his general conformation is smooth; while his legs are not unusually heavy, they are well formed, and his feet are perfect. Taken as a whole, he comes about as near being an ideal-looking race horse of the modern school as is often seen. I first commenced work with him in the fall of 1896, when he was three years old. At that time he was rough-gaited and inclined to amble and mix his gaits. I experimented with him for some time before he convinced me that he possessed material sufficiently good to be eligible to start in the Grand Circuit. I finally shod him with eleven-ounce shoes in front and added three-ounce toe-weights, and put a square-toed shoe on the left front foot and the right hind foot, and made the shoe on the left hind foot full at the toe and a trifle longer than the shoe on the other hind foot, and, shod in this way, he would trot square after the preliminary amble in which he would usually indulge when first started—a habit he has not yet entirely forsaken. His first start was at Detroit, July 13, 1897, in the M. and M. stake, in which he won the second heat in 2.11½, the fastest heat of the race, and finished in fourth place. He started a week later at the same meeting in the 2.20 class, and was unplaced. But at Cleveland, the next week, he won the 2.18 class, in straight heats, in 2.12¾, 2.11½ and 2.14¼. At Fort Wayne he won the first two heats in 2.13¼ and 2.13¼, was third in the third heat, and dis-

tanced in the fourth. At the August meeting, at Readville, he won, in straight heats, in 2.14¾, 2.13 and 2.14¼. He also won at Hartford, in straight heats, in 2.15, 2.16¼ and 2.16¼. At Louisville he won the first heat in 2.13, was second in the second and third heats, and distanced in the fourth. At Lexington he won the second, third and fourth heats, in 2.13, 2.15½ and 2.15¾. At the September meeting, at Readville, he again won, in straight heats, in 2.15, 2.13¼ and 2.13½. At Portland he won the first, second and fourth heats, in 2.18¼, 2.13¼ and 2.15¼—making for his first season the following record: Six times first, fourth once and unplaced three times. His first start in 1898 was at Hartford, July 4, where he won a three-heat race to wagon in 2.14 and 2.12¼; his record in the second heat being the world's race record to wagon. He next started at Detroit in the 2.10 class, which he won, in straight heats, in 2.12½, 2.12 and 2.08¾. In the same class, at Cleveland, the next week, he met and defeated Eagle Flannigan, Pilot Boy, Don Cupid and Rilma, in straight heats, in 2.08½, 2.09¼ and 2.09¼. He won the second and third heats at Columbus in 2.08¼ and 2.08½, and finished in second place in the race. He won the first two heats at Glens Falls in 2.12¼ and 2.11½, and finished in second place. At Hartford he won the first, fourth and fifth heats, in 2.11¼, 2.10¼ and 2.09¾. He won at Fort Erie, in straight heats, in 2.12¼, 2.14½ and 2.13. At Portland he finished in third place. At the fall meeting, at Readville, he won in straight heats, in 2.08¼, 2.09¼ and 2.08¾. He closed the season at Lexington, where he won, in straight heats, in 2.15½, 2.08 and 2.08¼; his record for the second racing season being seven times first, twice second and third once, and retiring in his five-year-old form with a race record of 2.08. He developed speed so rapidly and showed all the elements of a first-class race horse so plainly that, before the season was through I was convinced he would be invincible in the free-for-all class whenever I should deem it advisable to introduce him to that select company. He started the campaign of 1899 at Detroit, July 20, in the 2.08 class, where he won the first, third and fourth heats, in 2.07½, 2.09 and 2.10¾. In the same class, at Cleveland, the next week, he met and defeated Eagle Flannigan, Kentucky Union, Mattie Patterson and John Nolan, in straight heats, in 2.08¾, 2.08½ and 2.08¼. He won in the same class at Columbus, in straight heats, in 2.09¾, 2.07¼ and 2.07½. His first start in the free-for-all class was at Fort Erie, August 7, 1899, which he won, in straight heats, in 2.08, 2.09½ and 2.10½. In the free-for-all at Glens Falls he defeated Bingen, Monterey, Kentucky Union, Directum Kelly and John Nolan, winning the first, third and fourth heats, in 2.09, 2.09¾ and 2.08¾. He won in the same class at Hartford, in straight heats, in

2 08¼, 2 08¾ and 2.07¾. He repeated this performance at Providence by winning two straight heats in a free-for-all three-heat race in 2.08¼ and 2.06¾. At New York he started against John Nolan, in a free-for-all three-heat race, and won in straight heats, in 2.09¾ and 2.06¼. He started at Providence in the free-for-all, and had Bingen as his only competitor, whom he defeated, in straight heats, in 2.09¾, 2.09½ and 2.06¼. He closed the season's campaign at Lexington, where he defeated Bingen and Cresceus, winning the third, fourth and fifth heats in 2.07½, 2.08¼ and 2 10¼—Bingen winning the first two heats in 2.07¼ and 2.09. His record for the season being ten races won and not meeting a single defeat. No other horse, living or dead, ever made such a record as this. In a total of thirty races, embracing all the races in which he has ever started, he was first in twenty-three, second in two, third in one, fourth in one, and unplaced in three. In the thirty races in which he started, he won seventy-six heats, all below 2.20; sixty-nine of these heats were better than 2.15, and thirty-eight were better than 2.10. In 1900 there was no free-for-all class in the Grand Circuit, and, believing he had the ability to trot a faster mile than any horse had ever yet done, I took him along with my racing stable and gave exhibitions at many of the large meetings. I first started him at Detroit, and he trotted a mile in 2.07. Readville next engaged his attention, and he there trotted a mile in 2.05¾. The next trial was at Providence, and here the time was 2.04¾. When Hartford was reached the race record to wagon was 2.12¼, which he made on this track in 1898, and the trial record to wagon was 2.09½, held by Lucille. I therefore determined to try and crown him as king in front of this vehicle, and he easily demolished all previous records by drawing a wagon a full mile in the phenomenal time of 2.05½. I next started him against the Sickle Bearer, at New York, where he trotted to a record of 2.04; and when Terre Haute was reached in the fall, all the conditions were favorable for a fast mile, and I there drove him a mile in 2.03¼, and thereby dethroned Alix as Queen of the trotting world. The fractional parts of this record-breaking mile were made as follows, viz: First quarter in 31¾ seconds, second quarter in 30½ seconds, third quarter in 29½ seconds, fourth quarter in 31½ seconds, and the mile in 2.03¼. It will be observed that the middle half of this mile was trotted in exactly one minute, which is much faster than any of his predecessors ever trotted this particular part of the mile, and that while several other champions have surpassed his time in the first quarter, no one has ever approached the speed he showed in the third quarter. It will also be observed that in the five starts he made against time in harness, he improved at every trial, from 2.07 at Detroit to 2.03¼ at Terre Haute. The gait of The Abbot,

when at full speed, approaches perfection as nearly as we are likely to see in any horse for some time; there is just enough, but not too much, knee or hock action; his stride is even, fast and frictionless, with no false motions or waste of power. . . . That a horse will trot a mile in harness in two minutes in the near future does not, in my judgment, admit of a doubt. Whether any of the horses I have mentioned will be the first to accomplish this much-desired result, time will soon demonstrate." Alas for Mr. Geers' prediction, The Abbot died early in 1904, and what he might have done is only conjecture.

The advent of the Twentieth Century witnessed the beginning of the career of the Champion pacer, Dan Patch, the famous son of honest old Joe Patchen, whose contests with Robert J. and John R. Gentry made the close of the Nineteenth Century luminous with the glory of the Pacer. Dan Patch, a brown horse, whose dam by Wilkesberry brought in a fresh impression of the Wilkes blood, made his first appearance in public as a four year old at Boswell, Ind., Aug. 30, 1900, where he won the 2.35 class in straight heats, obtaining a record of 2.22¼, which he reduced to 2.16 at Lafayette, Ind., the following week. At Crawfordsville, Ind., Sept. 12, and Brazil, Ind., he won again. In his first year on the turf he won four races easily against good fields and only lost one heat. The next year he went down the Grand Circuit with flying colors, winning eleven hotly contested races in straight heats, and at Brighton, Beach, N. Y., Aug. 16 and 17, after losing the first heat to Martha Marshall in 2.09, he won in 2.04½, 2.07¼, 2.05¾.

In 1902 he defeated such good ones as Searchlight, Connor, Indiana, Riley B. and Harold H., and reduced his record in races to 2.03¾, and against the watch to 1.59½. His reputation was now such that it was difficult to find competitors, and henceforth his only opponent was old Father Time, whom he handled unmercifully, and some think unfairly, for in his efforts against him he was accompanied by pace-makers and had the advantage of wind-shields and dirt-shields.

In his six years on the turf he won nineteen races, all but two in straight heats, and went against the watch thirty-nine times; beat two minutes ten times, and has a record of 1.55¼; but when we compare his career with that of his sire, who will say that in all that goes to make a horse great, honesty of purpose, unflinching gameness and strength of character, the son with his champion record is better than his sire, grand old Joe Patchen.

The pathetic feature of the races of 1902 was the wonderful success of the blind five year old stallion Rhythmic, who won more money than any trotter did in a season. Blind of both eyes ever

since he was a colt, and trusting entirely to his driver's guidance, game as a bulldog, and fearless of mishaps, he won the classic Merchants' and Manufacturers' $10.000 stake at Detroit, July 15, in straight heats in 2.11½, 2.11½, 2.11¾. It was the blind horse's maiden race, and any of his thirteen competitors could beat 2.15, but his grand appearance and well-known infirmity made him a general favorite, and thousands greeted his easy victory with hearty cheers. His next start was at Columbus, O., July 30, where he scored another straight-heat victory in 2.12½, 2.12¼, 2.13¾. He then went to Buffalo, N. Y., where on Aug. 4, he won in straight heats, 2.09¾, 2.10¼, 2.13½. The following week he won the Bonner Memorial Stakes for $10,000 at Brighton Beach in 2.09¼, 2.09¾, 2.12.

Rhythmic's next start was in the Roger Williams Stake at Narragansett Park. This proved to be an eight-heat race, and was finally won by Nutbearer, Rhythmic winning the second heat in 2.08¾. Six heats were trotted August 27, and five horses were heat winners. The race was then postponed until the following day, when he was distanced in the seventh heat of the race. He started at Hartford the following week, September 1, won two heats in 2.10, 2.11, but only got second place.

From Hartford Rhythmic went to Syracuse, N. Y., where he started, Sept. 9, in the Woodruff Stake, and won in 2.11¼, 2.10½ and 2.12. September 16 found him at Empire City Park fighting for the 2.20 class, purse $5,000, and he got it, too, winning in straight heats in 2.08, 2.08¼, 2.08½.

And at Terre Haute, Ind., Sept. 23, he won again in 2.09, but this was his last win that year. At Cincinnati he could only obtain third place in a field of nine, both Anzella and Major Delmar finishing before him. At Lexington, Ky., he fared still worse, coming in twelfth in the first heat, and was drawn in the second. In 1903 he was very unsuccessful, winning but two out of the thirteen races for which he started, although he reduced his record to 2.06¾. Since then he has not appeared on the turf.

The sensation of 1904 was undoubtedly the beautiful Sweet Marie, and her story reads like a romance. A stable boy in Los Angeles bought for a song the well-bred mare Lady Rivers, by Carr's Mambrino, and was allowed by his employer, who owned the famous stallion McKinney, to breed the mare to him. As a five-year-old, Sweet Marie beat all opponents at the matinees in her home town, but was not allowed to obtain a record. The following year she made her turf debut at Seattle, Wash., where she won six races in succession without an effort, the fastest time in any of them being 2.15½. She then went to Salem, Ore., where she won the first heat in 2.13½, but being third in the next, the judges accused her driver of pulling her,

and ordered him out of the sulky. Upon his refusal to obey, he and the mare were indefinitely suspended. This sensational scene ended her campaign that year, and few deemed that the next would cover her with glory. A young man of good family in the East was in Los Angeles for his health, and when he saw the mare, fell in love with her, and began training her purely for his own amusement. So successful was he that he brought her East and campaigned her the greater part of the year, when, fault being found with his driving, turned her over to the veteran driver, Alta P. McDonald. She commenced the season of 1904 by winning at Detroit, July 27, in straight heats, in 2.10, 2.10¼, 2.10¼, and the following week at Buffalo, Aug. 5, she beat Tiverton and seven others in 2.09½, 2.09, John Taylor capturing the first heat in 2.09¾. Then on to New York, Aug. 10, where she beat Aristo and four others in 2.10½, 2.10, and walking across the bridge to Brooklyn the next week, she won the $10,000 purse, and again beat Aristo and five others in 2.09, 2.08¼, 2.11¼, the second heat being a dead heat with Aristo. At Readville, Aug. 25, she won the last three heats after losing the first two heats to Direct View, her best time being 2.11½, and then at Providence, Aug. 31, she beat Tiverton (who won the first two heats), and five others in reducing her record to 2.06¼. At Hartford she was off, and Tiverton beat her, but at Columbus, Sept. 22, and at Cincinnati, Sept. 30, she regained her laurels by winning hotly contested races from Ozanam, the fast daughter of Axtell, and others. Crossing into Dixie, at Lexington, Oct. 6, she met Tiverton again, and after losing the first two heats to him in 2.05¾, 2 04½, won the next three and the race in 2.05, 2.08½, 2.09. At Memphis, Tenn., Oct. 18, she beat the gray gelding, Dr. Strong, and five others in 2 04¾, 2.06, and three days later she finished ahead of Fereno and three others in 2.05½, 2.06½, and three days later still, at the same place, she wound up a remarkable weeks' work by winning the Free-for-All from Dr. Strong, Ozanam and Snyder McGregor, in 2.07¼, 2.05. In that year she started in sixteen races losing only one, and trotted thirty winning heats. Tiverton, her leading opponent, started six times and won three races, his best time being half a second better than the mare.

This year, after a series of in and out races with Tiverton, Sweet Marie went against the watch at Readville, Mass., Oct. 6, and reduced her record to 2.04¼.

The latest to enter the charmed two-minute circle is the chestnut stallion Audubon Boy, by J. J. Audubon out of Flaxey by Benton Wilkes, who, at Readville, Mass., Sept. 22, driven by his owner, James Gatcomb, paced a mile against time in 1 59¼ equalling Star Pointer's record.

The present Queen of the Trotting Turf is Lou Dillon, the fair

wild flower of California, a dark chestnut mare seven years old, by Sidney Dillon, dam by Milton Medium, son of Happy Medium. Millard Sanders who has been her trainer and driver since she was a yearling says of her: "She has pacing-horse speed and the strongest heart of any horse I ever saw. Lou Dillon is very feminine. She has pride, but it is a gracious pride. She is notional, but her notions are pretty; she wants to do things in her own way, but then her own way is just the right way for her. Lou in her races comes to the starting point with a hop, skip and a jump, a little dance, a little gallop—all wrong from the orthodox point of view, but all right for Lou Dillon. In another horse such conduct would be most reprehensible, and would presage badly for steadiness in the race, but in Lou's case all the frisking is a mere harmless effervescence. She is so high strung, so eager, so full of strength and go and joyous life that she simply can't hold herself—she must dance and prance. But once in the race no horse ever went truer than Lou. The word 'drive,' though the proper technical term, conveys a false idea concerning the person who sits behind Lou in her races. She isn't really driven at all; she knows nothing of the whip and little of the bit. As she matured it was easily perceived that she had great speed possibilities, but at the same time sober-sided people shook their heads over her. She was so high strung that they thought she was overstrung—too nervous, too notional, too frivolous, too wayward to ever amount to anything. When harness was first put on her she showed nervousness and impatience and she wanted her own way. The farm trainer, a very experienced man, but a stickler for orthodoxy, insisted on her doing things as other horses did then. Mildly but firmly she refused, and when he still persisted, they quarreled.

"Lou has a sweet disposition—she never harbors a vicious thought, she is generous and gentle, yet most brave and full of fire, and so it is possible to force a quarrel with her. So, whenever she was taken out by the farm trainer there were painful scenes of discord and the sober-sided people shook their heads more and more.

"Three years ago I found Lou in disgrace on account of what was supposed to be invincible frivolity. I made her acquaintance and liked her at once. She has the daintiest and nicest manners of any horse I ever saw. She took to me, too, and from that day to this, though I have driven her in all her miles, we have never had a quarrel. She needed understanding, trust and sympathy, for, as I have said, she is very feminine. There never was a safer horse, but she is most ambitious, wanting to go all the time. One advantage that Lou has over most horses arises largely from the fact that in spite of her dainty airs and grace she is so gentle and so true. We can give her the utmost freedom. She wears

no check rein or martingale. Her head is not forced away up like the heads of other horses and she goes easy to herself with the reins slack on her back."

She started at Cleveland, July 4, 1903, against the record of 2.03¾, which the dainty Alix had held for nine long years, and though she barely failed to dethrone her, she did so one week later, and was hailed as the new Trotting Queen. Twenty days later, still at Cleveland, she reduced this to 2.02¾, and sturdy Cresceus trembled at his approaching downfall. At Brooklyn, Aug. 17, the watch only showed 2.03¾, but at Readville, Aug. 24, she accomplished the trick, and the two-minute trotter had come at last. She then returned to her old quarters at Cleveland, and on Sept 12 sought by a bold stroke to overthrow Maud S's record of 2.08¾ to the old high-wheel sulky, and went in the wonderful time of 2.05; but as her sulky, though high-wheeled, was not of the old-fashioned kind, but a new-fangled one, with ball-bearing hubs and pneumatic tires, and as she was accompanied by a pace-maker with a dirt-shield in front, the National Trotting Association, on Jan. 5, 1904, decided that it was not a record, and that Maud S was still the high-wheel champion.

Lou Dillon, however, did not long enjoy the honor of being the only two-minute trotter. Quite unexpected to the public at large, Major Delmar dropped into the charmed circle. The grandson of Electioneer, unlike his female rival, was not new to the trotting game. He started as a two-year-old in 1899 in three races, but failed to win a heat, and as a three-year-old he won two stakes and second money in the Horse Review Futurity. As a five-year-old, he was a very successful campaigner. Out of twelve starts, he won nine times, was second once and third twice. His first mile of note was at Albany, Aug. 1, 1903, in 2.04¾. This he reduced to 2.04 at New York, Aug. 13; to 2.02½ at Providence, Sept. 4; to 2.01½ at Syracuse, Sept. 9, and on Sept. 11, at the same place, to 2.00¼. At Readville, Sept. 14, he trotted a mile in 2.00¾. He was then shipped to Empire City, and there sold for $40,000 to E. E. Smathers. Under the new ownership he trotted a mile there, on Sept. 25, in 2.00. He reduced this record to 1.59¾ at Memphis, on October 27, and public curiosity was aroused when it was announced that he and Lou Dillon would meet at the Lexington meeting, Oct. 10. It was a cold raw day, with the wind blowing at the rate of 30 miles an hour, when the first great test of the trotting ability of the two came, not in a contest but in an effort by each against the wagon record of 2.04¾. Major Delmar tried first, driven by his owner, and went in 2.03¾, reducing the record just a second. The mile was a startler. It not only seemed an impossible feat, but stood out as one of the greatest

performances of any time by a trotter under the conditions. Twenty minutes later, however, Delmar's mile sank into insignificance. Lou Dillon came out not only to beat her own record of 2.04¾, but to try to eclipse the mile of 2.03¾ that Major Delmar had gone less than 30 minutes before. The mare went away from the wire not overly fast, but with every stride the clip was faster, and in one of the grandest finishes ever witnessed, she flashed under the wire in the remarkable time of 2.01¾, beating Delmar's record by just two seconds. These separate contests were decisive as to the relative speed of the horses, but as she had never competed in an actual race many thought that when they were to meet, at the Memphis meeting, Oct. 20, the result might be different. But the mare soon settled the question by defeating the Major in 2.04¾, 2.04¾. Last year she was not so successful. She started seven times against the watch. At Detroit she made efforts to beat 2.05 to wagon, and did it the second time of asking. At Cleveland, July 30, she tried again to beat Maud S's record, but the best she could do was 2.09¼. At Memphis, Oct. 18, Major Delmar turned the tables on her, and beat her to wagon in straight heats, 2.07, 2.18½. At the same meeting she made two efforts to beat 2.01¾ and failed, but later on made two successful efforts in 2.01½ and 2.01. This year she has done nothing.

When we compare her career of two short years, dazzling though it be, with the many years service of Flora Temple, and Goldsmith Maid, who fought their way to pre-eminence in hotly contested and often long-drawn-out races, drawing heavy high-wheeled sulkies over rough and uneven tracks, the true lover of the horse may well ask whether the old ways were not better.

Shod with aluminum shoes, hitched with the lightest and most expensive harness to a low bicycle sulky with ball-bearing hubs and pneumatic tires, with a wind-shield to break the force of the wind, and narrow strips of canvass hung between the wheels for a dirt-shield, accompanied by pace-makers to make the way easy for him at every turn, the modern racing machine skims over tracks as smooth as ball-room floors, and favored in every possible way in his effort to beat the watch, airily places the record so made against those made by the heroes of olden time. But it may well be questioned whether contests against time are beneficial after all. The true intent of horse racing is to draw out the best qualities of the horse, both mental and physical, and to indicate to breeders the best elements to perpetuate, and as the friendly rivalry and strenuous intercourse of public school and college life make the coming man, so it is the desperate struggle up the homestretch and the hard-won victory, when defeat hangs over

like a cloud, that has given us the game, resolute roadster of to-day—the delight of the American gentleman.

The following brief statistics will show at a glance the wonderful improvement in the speed of the trotting horse.

In 1818 the best mile in harness (Boston Blue), 3 m. 00 s.
In 1824 the best mile under saddle (the Albany Pony), 2 m. 40 s.
In 1834 the best mile under saddle (Edwin Forrest), 2 m. 31½ s.
In 1835 the best mile (Oneida Chief, ch. g., Kentucky Hunter), 2 m. 31 s.
In 1839 the best mile under saddle (Dutchman), 2 m. 28 s.
In 1845 the best mile (James K. Polk, ch. g., pedigree unknown), 2m. 27s.
In 1849 the best mile under saddle (Lady Suffolk), 2 m. 26 s.
In 1853 the best mile in harness (Highland Maid), 2 m. 27 s.
In 1853 the best mile under saddle (Tacony), 2 m. 25½ s.
In 1856 the best mile in harness (Flora Temple), 2 m. 24½ s.
In 1859 the best mile in harness (Flora Temple), 2 m. 19¾ s.
In 1859 the best mile in harness (Flora Temple), 2 m. 19¾ s.
In 1865 the best mile (Dexter), 2 m. 18¼ s.
In 1866 the best mile (Dexter), 2 m. 18 s.
In 1867 the best mile in harness (Dexter), 2 m. 17¼ s.
In 1879 the best mile in harness (St. Julien), 2 m. 12¾ s.
In 1871 the best mile in harness (Goldsmith Maid), 2 m. 17 s.
In 1872 the best mile in harness (Goldsmith Maid), 2 m. 16¾ s.
In 1874 the best mile in harness (Goldsmith Maid), 2 m. 14 s.
In 1878 the best mile in harness (Rarus), 2 m. 13¼ s.
In 1880 the best mile in harness (Maud S.), 2 m. 10¾ s.
In 1881 the best mile in harness (Maud S.), 2 m. 10¼ s.
In 1884 the best mile in harness (Maud S.), 2 m. 09¾ s.
In 1885 the best mile in harness (Maud S.), 2 m. 08¾ s.
In 1891 the best mile in harness (Sunol), 2 m. 08¼ s.
In 1892 the best mile in harness (Nancy Hanks), 2 m. 04 s.
In 1894 the best mile in harness (Alix), 2 m. 03¾ s.
In 1901 the best mile in harness (Cresceus), 2 m. 02¼ s.
In 1903 the best mile in harness (Lou Dillon), 1 m. 58½ s.

REDUCTION OF THE PACING RECORD.

Drover, b. g.,	New Jersey, Oct. 3, 1839,	2.28
Fanny Ellsler, gr. m.,	Albany, N. Y., Aug. 2, 1844,	2.27½
Unknown, ch. g.,	New Jersey, Aug. 2, 1844,	2.23
Pet, rn. g.,	Long Island, N. Y., Aug. 2, 1851,	2.21
Pet, rn. g.,	Long Island, N. Y., Sept. 9, 1852,	2.19¼
Pet, rn. g.,	Long Island, N. Y., Sept., 1852,	2.18½
Pocahontas, ch. m.,	Long Island, N. Y., June 21, 1855,	2.17½
Sleepy George, b. g.,	Rochester, N. Y., Aug. 7, 1879,	2.15½
Sweetzer, gr. g.,	Oakland, Cal., Dec. 25, 1878,	2.15
Sleepy Tom, ch. g.,	Columbus, O., July 16, 1879,	2.14½
Billy Corbeau, blk. g. (to saddle),	1868,	2.14¼
Sleepy Tom, ch. g.,	Chicago, Ill., July 25, 1879,	2.12¼
Little Brown Jug, br. g.,	Hartford, Conn., Aug. 24, 1881,	2.11½
Johnston, b. g.,	Chicago, Ill., Oct. 9, 1883,	2.10
Johnston, b. g.,	Chicago, Ill., Oct. 9, 1884,	2.06¼
Direct, blk. s.,	Independence, Ia., Sept. 4, 1891,	2.06
Hal Pointer, b. g.,	Chicago, Ill., Aug. 18, 1892,	2.05¼
Mascot, b. g.,	Terre Haute, Ind., Sept. 19, 1892,	2.04

Flying Jim, b. g.,	Chicago, Ill., Sept. 15, 1893,	2.04
Robert J., b. g.,	Fort Wayne, Ind., Aug. 31, 1894,	2.03¾
Robert J., b. g.,	Indianapolis, Ind., Sept. 5, 1894,	2.03½
Robert J., b. g.,	Terre Haute, Ind., Sept. 14, 1894,	2.01½
John R. Gentry, b. s.,	Glens Falls, N. Y., Sept. 10, 1896,	2.01½
John R. Gentry, b. s.,	Portland, Me., Sept. 24, 1896,	2.00½
Star Pointer, b. s.,	Readville, Mass., Aug. 28, 1897,	1.59½
Dan Patch, b. s.,	Lexington, Ky., Oct. 7, 1905,	1.55¼

Since the establishment of trotting as a national sport there have been only eight horses that have been recognized as kings and queens of the trotting turf—whose names have been familiar as household words even to those who never set foot on a race-track or read the sporting columns of the newspaper, viz., Lady Suffolk, Flora Temple, Dexter, Goldsmith Maid, Rarus, Maud S., Nancy Hanks and Cresceus, a brilliant octave, the mention of whose names spans the memories of half a century and links the recollections of the veteran raconteur to the present day. There have been other brilliant performers who have reduced records and won renown, but only these eight have reigned in the public heart. Of all the brilliant coterie, no name is even now mentioned with greater respect than Lady Suffolk, and the three next greatest favorites have been her successors in the order named. Why this should be so it is not easy to say, for Rarus, Maud S., Nancy Hanks and Cresceus were all consistent performers, and Maud S., in addition, was almost as lovable as dear old Lady Suffolk. The broadening out of the circuit and the multitude of horses on the turf may account for this fact, on the principle that it is easier to be the great man of a village than of the large city, and that the tracks around New York and Philadelphia no longer hold the prominence that they once possessed.

When it is considered that by far the greater portion of the best bred colts are kept for driving purposes or the stud, and that very few even of the most promising trotters are kept long on the turf, the enormous increase in the number of fast horses America is annually producing is still more marked. But with all this the demand for fast driving horses has been so great that the supply is not equal to the demand, and the increase in prices has been even proportionately greater.

The money invested in horseflesh for road purposes only may be judged by the amount spent by the late Mr. Robert Bonner, a gentleman who never permitted any of his horses to trot for money, but kept them solely for his own driving. For Pocahontas Mr. Bonner gave $35,000 and another horse; Rarus cost him $36,000; for Dexter he paid $33,000; Edward Everett, $20,000; Startle, $20,000; Edwin Forrest, $16,000; Lady Stout, $15,000; Grafton, $15,000; Bruno, $15 000; the Auburn horse, $13,000; Wellesley Boy, $12,000; Joe Elliott, $10,000; Maud Macy, $10,000; Mambrino Bertie, $10,000; Dick Jamison, $10,000; Maybird, $9500;

Lantern and Light, $9000; Music, $8000; three full sisters to Dexter, $6500; Molsey, $6000; Peerless, $5500; Lady Palmer, $5000; Prince Imperial, son of the famous Flora Temple, $5000; Flatbush Maid, $4000; Eric, $4000; John Taylor, $3500; Lady Woodruff, $3000; Centennial, $3000; Lucy Cuyler, $3000; Walton, $3000; the Canada roan mare, $3000; Keen Jim, $2800; Major Morton, $2500; the Carpenter horse, $2200; the Boston gray team, $2000; Elsie Venner, $2000; Ada Duroc, $2000; Ella Sherwood, $1600; Hebe, Grafton's dam, $1500; Carl Burr, $1200; Malice, $1200; Honest Peter, $1200; dam of the Morse colt, $1200; Uncle Sim, $1000; dam of Clara G., $1000; Princess, $1000. The list of itself amounts to $377,700. But in addition to those mentioned Mr. Bonner had a large number of fashionably bred brood mares, and several young mares and geldings of great speed that he purchased at prices ranging below $1000.

That the trotting turf has been of inestimable benefit to the great breeding interests of the country cannot be denied. It has already added millions of dollars to the material wealth of the country, and if the exportation of American horses to Europe increases as rapidly in the next few years as it has done during the year now fast drawing to a close, the raising of horses will be among the most important of American industries. But there is almost always a dark side to every picture.

Up to 1870 there had been no co-operation between the management of the different trotting courses of the United States. A course might rule a driver or owner off its track for a palpable fraud, but the punishment virtually amounted to nothing, as he could immediately go to another course on the same footing as the honestest man there. Is it any wonder that under this want of system fraud oftentimes ruled with a high hand, and when exposed laughed at those who had at heart the best interests of the turf?

It became evident that some plan must be devised to check the growing flood of corruption which threatened to engulf the trotting turf, and a call was issued to the different trotting associations of the United States to send delegates to a convention to be held in New York to promote the best interests of the trotting turf. The convention met in February, 1870, and formally organized the "National Association for the Promotion of the Interests of the American Trotting Turf." Amasa Sprague, the great Rhode Island manufacturer, was elected president of the association, rules for the management of all the tracks belonging to the association were adopted, and a board of appeals constituted, to whom all disputes and doubtful questions were to be referred. This organization still exists, and its influence for good has been immense. Nearly all the principal tracks in the country belong to it and act together in perfect harmony. And now if any one is ruled off a track the

punishment is by no means a light one, for expulsion from one track means expulsion from all.

The future of the trotting turf is full of bright omens. The clouds of prejudice and suspicion, which so long overhung it, are drifting rapidly away, and many of our leading scholars and thinkers are beginning to see that the turf is not as bad as it has been depicted. In a recent address President Clark, of Amherst College, makes the following sensible remarks: "With suitable preparation and management, not only does a healthy horse suffer no distress from trotting a moderate distance at the top of his speed, but enjoys it as highly as his driver. The match trotter is peculiarly gifted with powers of locomotion, and his wonderful mechanism can only be appreciated when in full operation. To most persons a closely-contested trot is a beautiful and attractive spectacle, and experience proves that nothing affords a more delightful or harmless amusement for the people, provided the surroundings and associations are of the proper kind. The usual accompaniments of the race-course—quarrelling, profanity, intoxication, gambling, and public betting—may and should always be everywhere forbidden and prevented. The morals of the community are of more consequence than the breeds of horses. There is no more occasion for immorality in connection with a trotting match, than in connection with an exhibition of skill and swiftness in skating."

But will these bright omens be fulfilled? Who can tell? One thing is certain: the fate of the turf rests not with its enemies, but its friends. The outrageous Edwin Forrest case at Utica, in 1878, inflicted a far deadlier wound than bigoted opposition or rancorous diatribe could possibly have done, and if the races are to be decided in the pool-box and not upon the track, if horses are to be pulled in order to save records, if drivers are allowed to form corrupt combinations, and the interests of the owners are treated as naught, the turf will sink to a lower condition than it was before the National Association was formed. But if the reform movement which was then inaugurated is carried on in the spirit in which it was begun; if fraud, when exposed, is rigorously punished, no matter who may be the sufferer; if the owners and breeders come to the front and the gamblers are sent to the rear, then shall the trotting turf become a blessing and not a curse, and when hereafter the foreigner visiting these shores shall ask to see the productions of American genius and enterprise, he shall behold none more truly characteristic, none more worthy of his admiration, than the Trotting Horse of America.

MEMORANDUM.

MEMORANDUM.

MEMORANDUM.

MEMORANDUM.

SOME USEFUL HINTS, SUGGESTIONS AND OPINIONS ON TRAINING AND CONDITIONING.

COMPILED FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

"No man is fit to handle colts or horses unless he has perfect control of his temper, for you can do much more with coaxing than you can with harsh treatment; for, when an animal becomes afraid of his trainer, he loses confidence and will not improve in that man's hands. This applies to aged horses as well as colts."—*A. J. Feek.*

"Further than halter-breaking I have never thought necessary during the first year. The fall and winter after weaning, they should have all they will eat, and on every dry day they should run out in the fields and take all the exercise they will; for plenty of food and plenty of exercise are equally necessary to accomplish the best results.

"There is no process, not even the starving process, that I think more injurious to the colt than over-feeding, with little or no exercise. The legs cannot grow and develop without plenty of galloping, and if well fed and turned out in the fields in good weather, they will run and play."—*A. J. McKimmin.*

"The first thing in training a horse is to make a careful study of the animal, learning all his peculiarities, faults, weaknesses, habits, etc. I think one vital mistake made by men training horses is that they do not seem to think that horses are made of flesh and blood, and very nearly human in all their ways."—*John Splan.*

"Two-thirds of the promising and fashionably-bred colts are ruined through mismanagement, which includes over-conditioning, bad shoeing, excessive use of boots, weights and ointments, which incite and weaken, through increased growth, the hoof, one of the most fruitful sources of malformation."—*Alexander Dunbar.*

"It used to be a custom to send a three-month-old colt, half-halter broken, and give him one month to complete his education,

and return it fit and safe for any use. This was a great mistake; the man had either to half kill the colt or return him half broken, or perhaps both. It takes a bright, intelligent boy ten or fifteen years to complete a good education, and it can hardly be called fair to expect a dumb beast to be fit to graduate at the end of a month. A colt, when thoroughly broken, should have a graceful, easy carriage, a pleasant mouth, be obedient, and yield promptly to every requirement. He should go at his work cheerfully, and with as much apparent pleasure as his driver takes in riding after him. By such behavior he would indicate at once that he was an educated horse, and not an abused and half-killed brute. To take a green colt and return him in this condition requires considerable time—at least three months."—*H. C. Woodnutt.*

"The commencement of Lady Suffolk's history interested those who remembered her performances five-and-twenty years before, and revived the discussion about the forcing system and early maturity. It was admitted that David Bryant trotted the mare too much in her first season; but some still held that early maturity was a good thing, and predicted that it will be hereafter one of the chief aims of the breeders. I am somewhat afraid that it will; and being convinced that it will be mischievous, and end in the premature decay of many good horses, I have protested against it. The argument is this: If a colt can be made as good at three years old as another will be at five or six, there is a great saving of time and expense. Now, this is not the proper way to state the question; for a colt may be as fast at three as another is at five or six, and still be an inferior horse; and it is my opinion that the method adopted to make him at three equal to what the other will be at six is almost certain to render him an inferior animal as regards duration."—*Hiram Woodruff.*

"In regard to colts, I have previously observed that the forcing system in the raising of trotters was not advisable. I am satisfied that it is not only expense laid out to no use, but for a purpose which is likely to be mischievous. Very early maturity is only to be attained accompanied with the liability, the almost certainty, of corresponding early decay; and, to achieve such excellence as that to which Dutchman attained, the trotting horse must have all his powers long after the period at which most running horses have left the turf. The reason is obvious. The trotter has to be educated up to his best and strongest rate, and the education takes many years. Dutchman improved until he was ten or eleven years old, and it may be questioned whether his very best capabilities were ever brought out; for the change into new hands just when

he had come to the highest pitch that we know of was not altogether favorable to continued advance. Therefore, when a trotting horse has attained the age of seven, and is aged, or arrived at natural maturity, he has only just reached that stage when we may begin to expect the development of his finest powers; and that development, according to my experience, is likely to be gradual, and to continue for a long time. No doubt many horses never improve after they are seven; and in some cases the speed comes to them all at once, as the saying is. In the former, the constitution, breeding or form is probably defective. A century of work would not improve some horses. They get to their best early, and only because their best is very bad."—*Hiram Woodruff.*

"Many trainers ought never to be allowed to get into a sulky in possession of a whip. They are so constituted that they cannot control their temper, and they often whip when there is no better reason for it than the gratification which the doing so yields their ill-nature. One single cut with the whip at the wrong time will not be forgotten by some horses during a whole season, and may cause the horse to become timid and irritable—may, in fact, ultimately ruin him—causing him to prove unreliable, both as regards gait and everything else considered as exceptionally valuable."—*Farmers' Home Journal.*

"Drivers are born, not made, and it is impossible to teach a man so that he can get up behind a horse and drive him well unless he has the natural gift; and only this, with experience, makes a good driver. You want a steady, firm hand, and yet a light one. You want a firm hand, but not a rigid, unyielding one, for a certain ease is necessary to give the horse confidence. If the driver be nervous and unsteady, the horse will soon know it, and his steadiness will be affected by it. Never take more hold on the horse than is necessary to give him confidence, and to hold him steady and safe. A good driver must be a good judge of pace and of distance, cool-headed, with presence of mind, and able to take in a situation at a glance and act upon it instantly. He must be ready to see an advantage the moment it presents itself, and seize it the moment he sees it. All this, as I have said, cannot be learned; there are certain qualities of the brain and the hand that must in a degree be natural to the man, though they may be perfected by acquirement. A driver may be good when going at a 2.40 gait, but the same man may be all at sea when going at a 2.16 gait. The difference in results that will follow a move at 2.40 gait and that which may follow a move at 2.20 gait is marvellous."—*Charles Marvin.*

"In order that a fast horse should be under circumstances to do his best, he should be as much at his ease in his harness and general rig as possible. If he is not, he is placed at almost as much disadvantage as if sore or stiff, or suffering from some bodily ailment. You may see horses brought out of the stable to trot, with a very tight check to keep their heads up, and a tight martingale to keep it down. Such a horse is in irons; and when to this is added a dead drag at the reins, and no movement of the bit from end to end, I cannot see how he should do his best. People talk about a steady, bracing pull; but, in my opinion, that is not the right way to drive a trotter. There is a great difference between letting go of your horse's head and keeping up one dull, deadening pull all the time."—*Hiram Woodruff.*

"Bits are often kept in places to which the frost penetrates in very cold weather. The bits become frosted; and, without a thought of what he is doing, the man claps a frosted steel bit into the horse's mouth. The consequence is a sore mouth, just about as certainly as if the bit had been nearly at a red heat; and then the man bothers his brains to find out what caused it. If he had put the frozen bit into his own mouth, it would have brought the inner skin of the lips away with it, and then he would have felt the mischief. In very cold weather, take your bits to the fire, and be sure that there is no frost in the steel when the bit is placed in your horse's mouth."—*Hiram Woodruff.*

"My experience has been that no horse can be successfully driven with anything like a severe bit. I never saw one that was even broken of the habit of pulling in that way. If you put a severe bit in the horse's mouth and pull on it it makes the horse mad and irritates him; the further you drive him and the harder you pull him, the more he will pull against it. When I was a boy, almost every trotter I saw would pull in a disagreeable manner when being driven at top speed. At the present time I cannot think of one horse that is anything like first-class, that pulls enough to make it disagreeable for a man at any time. A great many people think that every horse should be driven with an overcheck. I can remember when I had the same opinion myself. I am now satisfied that it is a serious mistake. There are a great many horses that will not take kindly to an overcheck, and if you insist on using it on them it will sooner or later spoil the horse's disposition to a great extent."—*John Splan.*

"The mouth is now fine and sensitive; and it ought to be kept so, because this is the great organ of communication between a good driver and the trotter, when he is cultivated and improved

into a fast horse. What you want the trotter to do when he is at speed is to be got into him through his mouth. You may encourage him by speaking to him, or sting him into a greater effort with the whip; but neither of these is half as good as the play upon the reins, with which you let him know what you want through his lively, sensitive mouth. You are then to keep in constant mind the necessity of not impairing the colt's mouth by rough handling of the reins. If you pull and lug at the bit, the colt, in his efforts to resist what hurts him, will very soon pull, too, for he will find out that this numbs and deadens the jaws; but this is at the expense of ruination to the mouth. It will become hard and insensible; and the first and the largest part of the mischief which goes towards the making of a hard puller is done." — *Hiram Woodruff.*

"Checks and bits have a good deal to do with balancing the horse, and the less restraint or annoyance these appliances give the horse the better. I like plain bits. If you cannot control a horse with a plain bit, you have a small chance of making a trotter of him at all. Such bits as the 'Perfection,' 'Rockwell,' etc., I consider pernicious contrivances. There are cases where a horse has improved with a severe bit, but they are exceptional. With what extreme measures have achieved I do not quarrel, but I do argue against using artificial and unusual appliances unnecessarily, and this applies not only to bits, checks, shoes, weights, etc., but to everything connected with training."— *Charles Marvin.*

"The stallion (Kemble Jackson) was then sent to me to be handled; and, in order to prevent him from throwing down his head between his knees when he broke, the well-known Kemble-Jackson check, since in use all over this country, and introduced in England also, was invented. It answered well in this case, and must always be of great use in similar ones; but I think it is often applied in cases where it is not only unnecessary, but does harm instead of good."—*Hiram Woodruff.*

"I would learn every colt or horse to drive with and without blinds or winkers."—*A. J. Feek.*

"A great deal has been written and said relative to the use of blinders. While the arguments for their discontinuance are apparently the stronger, I must acknowledge that, in my practice, more horses have gone better with than without them."—*Joseph Cairn Simpson.*

"How far to work a colt, I cannot tell you any more than I can how big a lump of chalk is. Colts differ in size, stamina, disposi-

tion and strength. Some have got to indulge in a little foolishness before they are ready to do right—play with the birds along the fence, or the shadows of the poles—while others are strict business all the time. It is safe enough to figure not to exceed four miles with any colt and not less than two and one-half. With the proper care, such as walking and turning out, colts do not need much jogging. They are ready to speed very soon after getting to the track."—*Thomas J. Dunbar.*

"I think it is a mistake to jog horses too far. From three to five miles a day is ordinarily sufficient for most horses, except that on one day in each week it is best to jog seven or eight miles, so the horse will get a little leg weary. Some days three miles and some four and five miles; but I do not believe in slow jogging for more than one mile. After going the first mile, it is best to let them jog along good and strong, as I am satisfied that from three to five miles stiff jogging will do a horse more good than twenty miles at a slow, poky gait. I also think a great many horses are jogged so far and slow that it takes away their speed; besides, it gets monotonous to the horse, and he does not take his work as cheerfully as a horse that is jogged short and lively."—*Edward F. Geers.*

"The object of the driver should then be to support him with as little pull as possible, but still to support him. The horse with a good mouth will always feel the driver's hand; and, when the latter is as skillful as he ought to be for the handling of the first-rate, fast trotter, he may play upon the rein with a touch like that of a harper upon the strings, and the horse will answer every touch with the music of the feet and wheels."—*Hiram Woodruff.*

"There is no cure for a pulling horse, however, like that of not pulling against him; though it adds to a person's steadiness of nerve to know that he has the appliances to stop a horse, should gentleness not prevail. A horse can never be radically cured of this propensity to pull, unless the driver is determined not to gratify the morbid habit, but to ease away whenever he rushes for the bit, and teach him that his comfort and ease of going is dependent on his ceasing to pull. The celebrated English jockey, Chiffney, wrote a treatise on riding a race horse with a slack rein. I have never been fortunate enough to see it; but, judging from the success he met with in 'his mounts,' his practice indicated the truth of this theory."—*Joseph Cairn Simpson.*

"It is often said that a horse cannot pull hard and last; and this is contrary to the facts I am about to mention. Trustee lasted;

and he was a hard puller. Captain McGowan lasted; and he is the hardest-pulling horse in America, I suppose. Dexter pulls a pound or two, I can assure you; and he has shown his capacity to go on. The truth is, that the pulling horses last well enough, but the drivers do not last so long. It is just so with the runners. Look at English Eclipse, who 'pulled a ton,' as the saying has it, when he distanced his fields. Look at Norfolk, a desperate hard puller, but, nevertheless, a thorough stayer. I mention these instances in order that you may not be led away by a theory that is groundless. To say that a horse can't stay *because* he pulls, is not true. To say that he might stay as well if he did not pull so hard, and that he would be much more pleasant to ride or drive, is the correct thing."—*Hiram Woodruff.*

"As the development and improvement of the fast trotter has exerted, and must continue to exert, a vast influence upon the general horse stock of the country, used for road purposes, it is necessary to consider another qualification besides those of speed and bottom. A horse may be fast on the course before a light sulky, just as a running horse may be very speedy for a mile with about a hundred pounds on his back, but not calculated for general use on the road, or to improve the common road stock as a stallion. The ability to pull weight is a quality of exceeding value; and, when it is found in connection with speed and stoutness, we may safely say that the three prime characteristics of the harness horse are obtained. It is to be remembered that the ability of which I speak is that which can pull at a great rate; so that putting on extra weight, up to a reasonable point, shall make no very great difference in the performance of the trotter. Almost any horse can pull a moderate weight at a slow pace on a good road; but those that can take along about four hundred pounds, and keep the pace good for two or three miles, are, and always have been, rather scarce."—*Hiram Woodruff.*

"It will be remembered that I have spoken of three prime qualities in the trotting horse; viz., speed, bottom and the power to pull weight. I was already confident that little Flora possessed the last, as well as the other two. People are apt to think that great size is demanded for a weight-puller, but there are plenty of notable instances to show that this is a mistake. Still, though there need not be great size, and though some big horses are the very worst of weight-pullers, coming right back as soon as they are required to take along a wagon and a heavy man, strength is certainly demanded. This strength in small horses is the result of a nice adaptation of parts, together with particular power in the loin

and hind-quarters. If a little horse of that sort be particularly examined, it will commonly be found that, though they are low, they are long in all the moving parts; and their quarters are generally as big, and sometimes a deal bigger, than those of many much larger horses."—*Hiram Woodruff.*

"Mere bulk is also useless. Everybody must have seen horses big enough to pull a ton, to look at, and able to trot very fast in a sulky, or to a skeleton wagon, but unable to act to advantage to three or four hundred pounds. The weight-pullers, as a general rule, are of medium size, with a fine, quick stroke, not over long, and they bend the knees well. They need to be spirited goers, keeping well up to their work all the time; and, unless their temper and pluck are both good, they will sulk, or give up from faint-heartedness, when they feel the weight, and the speed begins to tell. But though mere bulk is useless for the purpose, a fair amount of substance is required; and it will be found in nearly every case that, though the weight-puller may not have a large frame, he possesses a large muscular development. Long striders are seldom good at weight. Being greatly extended, with a load behind to be pulled along, they are unable to recover, and shove their haunches in quick, without extra exertion, under which they soon tire. Here they more than lose in time of stroke what they gain in space, and loiter, as it were, in their action."—*Hiram Woodruff.*

"A horse learns more in one lesson given in a race than a month's work alone will do. The fact is, you must work them in company as much as you can; it is the only proper way. Then you can find out his strong points and his weaknesses."—*Varick.*

"Another suggestion I would make is: If you have a horse that cannot trot better than 2.14 or 2.15, and you are in a race against horses that can trot in 2.10 or 2.12 and happen to get away well, and trotting second to a horse you know can go in 2.10, it is bad policy to try to drive your horse faster than he can go in chasing the 2.10 horse. If you do this, you will certainly get left, as there is no chance for you to win, and you are apt to make a mistake, and other horses may come on and beat you for a place. A great many horses lose races they could win if the driver had patience to sit still a little longer."—*Edward F. Geers.*

"In the training of a horse to bring him to his highest state of condition, what he eats and drinks cuts a very important figure. There are some horses that, from one cause or another, will not eat enough to stand the severe preparation; but, as a rule, I think

most horses eat too much. I think eating gets to be a habit with some of them, and a bad habit at that. If a horse is inclined to be 'washy,' sweat freely and lose his flesh, that horse, I think, needs more food than one of the opposite disposition. While Rarus was a delicate-looking horse, and people often asked me if he was a good feeder, he was the greatest feeder for a race-horse I ever saw. Through all his severe campaigns with me, I never saw him when he was not ready to eat, and in the hardest part of the season I fed him about fifteen pounds of oats a day. In their stomachs horses differ more from the human being than perhaps in any other part of their physical structure. A man in the course of twenty-four hours will take into his stomach more different kinds and sorts of food than a horse would in a lifetime, and for that reason I think what a horse does take has more effect on him than it otherwise would. Whatever a horse eats should be of the cleanest and best. I think, on an average, that ten pounds of oats a day, with a fair amount of hay, is enough for a horse to be trained on. I think that all horses in the training season should have plenty of grass. In winter I like carrots in small quantities, and for a change boiled oats have proved themselves a very satisfactory food to me. Some people say, 'What about bran?' I am a good deal like Dr. Weldon about that; sawdust will answer the purpose just as well, and it is a good deal cheaper."—*John Splan.*

A gentleman connected with the American Express Company informed me that when horses used in the company's business in New York—where they are fed on oats and hay—give out, they are sent to Buffalo to be recruited. The system of feeding there which invariably improves the horses is, morning and noon, a moderate feed of oats and hay; at night a half-bushel of hay cut fine, two quarts of wheat bran and two quarts of corn meal mixed together, with a small handful of salt, and the whole mess mixed with hot water and fed when cold."—*Western Rural.*

"It is my conviction that flesh can only be got off in the spring by slow degrees with safety. The physicking and sweating sometimes recommended, and often resorted to, are mischievous, in my opinion; and I know that anything like rapid work and hurry at the beginning, with a horse overfed during the winter, and very likely infirm in his legs, will be apt to knock him off before he has got the use of them, or the muscles and sinews have recovered much of their tone."—*Hiram Woodruff.*

"I think many cases of horses being distressed and dried up are caused by the men putting too much clothing on them. I think, as a rule, we are apt to use too much, and it is a detriment to them.

"Again, a horse would seem to be all burned up inside, and yet would not sweat a drop, and would seem to be choked for the want of water. I think, as a rule, there are more horses injured for the want of water than there are in giving it to them in the proper way. A man must use judgment. I have many times given a horse a bucket half full, sometimes a full one, then throw the blankets on him and walk him smartly, say for five minutes, and the sweat would pour out of him from his head to his tail, then strip and scrape him and rub the water out nicely and he would act like another horse."—*A. J. Feek.*

"For a stimulant to give a horse I formerly used cherry wine, whisky, brandy, etc., but all of these I discarded years ago, the after effect is so bad. It has the same effect on a horse it does on a man—first stimulating, then depressing. When any stimulation is necessary, I use a homœopathic preparation—a few drops on the tongue—and the effect is not only immediate but permanent, and is beneficial and no bad effect afterward. This has helped me to win many a long and hard race."—*A. J. Feek.*

RULES FOR TRACK LAYING.

We have received numerous inquiries recently as to the method of laying out race tracks. The following directions will be found useful:

A THIRD-MILE TRACK.—The usual rule for half-mile tracks is to have the stretches and turns of equal length. If the same rule is observed in laying out a third-of-a-mile track, each stretch and turn should measure 440 feet. Therefore, two stakes should be driven where one of the stretches is to be located, 440 feet apart. The opposite stretch then should be staked out, parallel to the first, and 274 feet across at either end. A wire 237 feet in length should be made fast to a post placed equally distant from the end of either stretch, and the turns staked as directed in laying out other tracks. The wire should be accurately measured, which may be best done with a long steel tape measure. Sufficient length should be allowed so that several turns may be made around a stick at the end, and also a loop to slip over a spike to be driven in the upper end of the turning stake. One end of the wire should be taken and placed upon the stake at the end of the stretch, while an assistant with the other end proceeds toward the end of the opposite stretch. When the wire has been tightly drawn, the turning stake should be located in exact line with the stakes at the end of the stretches and firmly guyed in every direction. After the circuit has been made and the stakes driven for the turn, the novice will probably be surprised to find the wire is from six to eighteen inches too long from stretching. If this should be the case, it should be shortened, so that it will exactly reach the stake at the end of the stretch, and the turn corrected. After the track is laid out, it should always be carefully measured three feet from the stakes before construction is commenced. If this is done with a chain, it will be found necessary to have as many as three assistants, to make sure that the chain follows the curve at the turns.

A HALF-MILE TRACK.—Draw the parallel lines 600 feet long and 452 feet 5 inches apart. Half-way between the extreme ends of the two parallel lines drive a stake, then loop a wire around the

stake long enough to reach to either side. Then make a true curve with the wire, putting down a stake as often as a fence post is needed. When this operation is finished at both ends of the 600-foot parallel lines the track is laid out. The inside fence will rest exactly on the line drawn, but the track must measure a half-mile three feet from the fence. The turns should be thrown up an inch to the foot. The stretches may be anywhere from forty-five to sixty feet.

A Mile Track.—Draw a line through an oblong centre 440 yards in length, setting a stake at each end. Then draw a line on either side of the first line, exactly parallel with and 417 feet 2 inches from it, setting stakes at either end of them. You will then have an oblong square 440 yards long and 384 feet 4 inches wide. At each end of these three lines you will now set stakes. Now fasten a cord or wire 417 feet 2 inches long to the centre stake of your parallelogram, and then describe a half-circle, driving stakes as often as you wish to set a fence post. When the circle is made at both ends of your parallelogram you will have two straight sides and two circles, which, when measured three feet from the fence, will be exactly a mile. The turns should be thrown up an inch to the foot.— *Western Horseman, May* 8, 1901.

WHAT TO DO BEFORE THE VETERINARY SURGEON COMES.

By GEORGE FLEMING, F.R.C.V.S.

Those who own or have much to do with animals of various kinds, know only too well at times how seriously accidents or disease may diminish the value of these, and cause much inconvenience; and this loss and inconvenience are all the greater in proportion to the worth of these creatures, either as food producers, servants, companions, or pets. For the treatment of casualties and maladies, when they are at all of a grave kind, the services of the veterinary surgeon are necessary, if permanent impairment, protracted recovery, or even death, is to be averted. With the great advance which has been made of late years in veterinary medicine and surgery, owners of animals have benefited to a corresponding extent, while the animals themselves have had their sufferings abridged and diminished very considerably.

But it is obvious that accidents may occur, or diseases that run their course very rapidly may set in, which demand immediate attention to prevent serious or irreparable consequences; and as veterinary aid may not be immediately forthcoming, in the interests of humanity, not less than in their own, the owners of animals should not be altogether ignorant of what is necessary to be done in such emergencies. But while insisting upon their possessing sufficient knowledge to enable them to give such assistance as may for the time being obviate danger, we are far from advising them to dispense with the skill and advice of a competent veterinary surgeon whenever the case appears to demand his services. Of course, it is difficult to say when these services may or may not be necessary, as what might seem a very trivial accident or ailment may prove to be of the gravest kind. It is, therefore, advisable in accident or disease, after rendering all the help the amateur is capable of, to consult the veterinary surgeon in good time, and not delay until it is too late and his knowledge unavailing. Great numbers of valuable animals are annually lost, not only through the carelessness or ignorance of their owners or attendants, but also through unjustifiable delay in sending for the veterinary surgeon, or dispensing with his services altogether from motives of economy. More especially is this the case with regard to such creatures as the

sheep and pig, which are usually left to the mercy of shepherds and uneducated persons, who, however worthy they may be in other respects, yet know nothing or next to nothing of medicine or surgery, and are consequently far more likely to do harm than good by their interference, particularly in the matter of disease.

It will therefore be understood that the following hints are not meant to enable non-veterinary people to "doctor" animals, but merely to put them in a position to act usefully in emergencies, before the veterinary surgeon comes.

Wounds.—Animals, and especially horses, are very often wounded, and the seriousness of the wound will depend not only upon its extent and character, but also upon the part in which it is made, and especially on the amount of bleeding that takes place. With regard to character, wounds are *incised*, *lacerated*, *contused*, and *punctured*.

Incised wounds are clean cut by some sharp body, and the parts are merely cut through, not torn or bruised; they are made by glass, knife, scythe, or any other keen-edged instrument or body, and do not often contain foreign matters, as dirt, grit, &c. If clean, and not extensive, and the bleeding slight, they may not require anything done to them until the veterinary surgeon arrives, except keeping them clean. If there is bleeding, cold water may be applied, and the edges of the wound brought as near to each other as possible by means of a bandage, by pins passed through the lips of the wound at intervals of an inch or so, and twine twisted round them, or by stitches with a strong needle and thick thread. Should the bleeding be profuse, steps must be actively taken to check it until proper aid is procured. Pressure must be made by plugging the wound with tow, cotton-wool, lint, or a handkerchief, if there be space; if the wound be in a limb, then bandaging the part tightly with a handkerchief may check the hemorrhage for the time; if it does not, then severe pressure should be made on the course of the large vessels above the wound, by making a bandage or handkerchief into a firm roll, placing it over the vessels—which are always on the inside of the limb—and securing it there by another bandage. The animal should be kept quiet.

Lacerated wounds are generally more serious than incised wounds, as the parts are torn and jagged. They are produced by hooks, nails, bites, kicks, sharp prominences, stakes in fields, &c. There is seldom so much bleeding as in incised wounds, the vessels being torn instead of cut. They are serious from their extent, the parts injured, and the after consequences. In the region of the belly they may be extremely dangerous, especially if the skin and muscles are so torn that the intestines protrude, or the cavity of the abdomen be opened. Remove any foreign matters from the wound

by the fingers, washing with cold or tepid water, and treat as an incised wound, by either bandage, pins, or stitches. Tears of the abdominal muscles should be treated by stitches, if possible; and if the bowels protrude, the veterinary surgeon should be sent for without delay. Until he arrives the intestines should be cleaned in warm water, if soiled, placed on a cloth, gently returned, and retained by a wide bandage fastened round the body. Sometimes the muscles of the belly are lacerated without the skin being torn, and the intestines make a large swelling beneath the skin. In this case also the wide bandage is most useful. Should there be bleeding, apply cold water or plug the wound. If the chest is opened, the body bandage is also to be resorted to, to prevent admission of air. In parts where the skin is fine and thin, as the eyelids and nostrils, the edges of the wound should be brought into apposition as soon as possible, so as to obtain adhesion quickly. Fine pins or stitches, or glue or pitch plasters, will effect this.

Contused wounds are the most frequent of any among the larger animals, and they are serious from the fact that the parts wounded are also much bruised and torn, so that their vitality is more or less impaired, and sloughing is apt to ensue, abscesses to form, &c. They are produced by falls, kicks, blows, collisions, bites, &c. Very serious contused wounds are those which occur to joints, as the knees and hocks, and especially when the joints are opened.

For contused wounds generally warm water fomentations are best: at any rate, until all grit and foreign matter is removed. Poultices are good supplementary agents, particularly for joints. When the contusions to limbs or joints are severe, the animal should be moved as little as possible. Some contusions and wounds are so serious when inflicted, that there is extreme depression and symptoms of collapse, manifested by cold sweats, trembling, unsteady gait, and coldness of limbs and surface of body. A quart of oatmeal gruel with two or three ounces of brandy, to a horse or ox, and a tablespoonful or so of brandy-and-water to a dog, will be beneficial under these circumstances. Rubbing the body and keeping it warm will assist in restoring strength.

Punctured wounds are produced by sharp-pointed objects, and most important parts and organs may be penetrated without scarcely any external indication of the mischief done. If there is bleeding, plug the wound or apply pressure outside until the veterinary surgeon comes. Very often the sole of the horse's foot is wounded by sharp flints, nails, &c. The gravity of the wound will depend upon its depth and situation. A nail penetrating the sole deeply towards the point of the frog is a serious accident. Remove the nail carefully by pulling it straight and steadily out, have the shoe taken off, all the horn removed from around the wound, keep the foot in

a bucket of hot water for an hour or two, then immerse it in a large warm bran poultice. If the foot can be poulticed with a high-heeled shoe fastened on it, so much the better.

Punctured wounds of the feet caused by the farrier driving the nails too near or into the quick in shoeing, are not uncommon. Tapping around the foot with a hammer, or pinching it with pincers, will reveal the part where the injury has been inflicted. The shoe must be taken off, the horn removed all round the puncture, and the wound well opened out, to allow any matter that has formed to escape. Then immerse the foot in hot water, and afterwards poultice.

Bleeding from the sole or frog, the result of wound, is easily checked by pressure with tow, lint, or a handkerchief, maintained against the wounded part by means of two pieces of hoop iron or tough wood laid across each other between the shoe and the foot.

Fractures.—It is a somewhat popular notion that broken bones in animals, and especially those of the limbs, do not mend readily; and it consequently happens that horses and other creatures are immediately destroyed, when, in many cases, with proper care and treatment, they might recover and be as valuable as ever. When the bones of the head and jaws are fractured, unless there are grave complications indeed, there is little danger, and a skillful veterinary surgeon can in the great majority of cases make a complete cure, provided he is present in good time. Until he arrives, little can be done beyond keeping the animal quiet. If the lower jaw is broken, it may be supported against the upper one and bones of the face by a bandage, and stiff pieces of leather or pasteboard placed lengthways. Broken ribs are supported by a wide bandage round the chest. Sometimes the tail is broken in horses and cattle, and in this accident a leather or pasteboard splint, or a starch bandage (made by soaking a bandage in ordinary domestic starch, and wrapping it round the part while still moist), will suffice as a temporary measure. It not unfrequently happens with the horse, that in heavy falls the pelvis is fractured, so that when the animal rises it drags or strikes the toe or toes of the hind feet to such an extent that it cannot travel any distance; the fetlocks double over, the limbs give way, and repeated falls are the consequence. To get the horse home to his stable, it is necessary to prevent this striking and doubling of the limb or limbs, by passing a rope or band round the pastern and pulling the foot forward in progression. If there is intense lameness and inability to walk, the animal should either be allowed to remain at the nearest stable, or conveyed home in a bullock wagon.

Fractures of the limbs are serious, according to the nature of the fracture and the bone fractured. Fractures are *simple, compound,*

and *comminuted.* A *simple* fracture is merely the bone broken into two portions; it is *compound* when the broken bones lacerate the soft parts around them; and *comminuted* when the bone is reduced to a number of pieces. A *simple* fracture is the least serious, and provided the broken ends can be maintained in apposition, and no important parts—as joints—are involved, recovery takes place more readily in animals, perhaps, than in man. A *compound* fracture is sometimes hopeless, when the soft parts torn are of importance; and a *comminuted* fracture is generally a hopeless one.

As a rule, no animal should be destroyed for fracture—especially if it be a valuable animal—until it has been seen by a veterinary surgeon; as I have known horses, dogs, cows, goats, and sheep, killed from a leg being broken when a cure could have been effected.

Until the veterinary surgeon comes the animal should be kept as quiet as possible, and the broken bone fixed by means of a bandage round it, above which wooden, pasteboard, stiff leather, or gutta-percha splints should be fastened. Gutta-percha makes an excellent splint, as when steeped in warm water it is softened, and can then be moulded to the shape of the part. To prevent movement, the greater portion of the limb should be enveloped in bandages. If the fracture is compound, the bone should be "set," *i. e.*, straightened, so that the broken parts meet; then the wound should be treated with cold water, if there is bleeding, after which a linen bandage or handkerchief must be tied round it, then splints. With small animals—as the dog, sheep, goat, pig, and cat—a starch bandage, or Burgundy pitch melted and spread on a bandage, answers very well. Horses sometimes receive a kick from another horse on the inside of the thigh-bone, above the hock, where the bone is only covered by the skin, and displacement or fracture does not take place at the time—the bone being only cracked. In some cases there is lameness; in other cases it is so slight that the horse is kept at work, and many days may elapse before disunion occurs. I have known a horse perform hard work for seventeen days after receiving the kick, before the leg became completely broken. When, therefore, a horse receives an injury of this kind, every precaution should be taken, and he ought not to be allowed to lie down for three weeks or a month. If the bone has been really cracked, in the course of a few days a hard swelling will appear at the seat of contusion—the new matter thrown out to repair the fracture.

In all fractures of limb-bones there is great and sudden lameness, and if manipulation be made, crepitation, or grating of the broken pieces of bone on each other, will generally be felt. Cold water continually applied to a fractured limb greatly alleviates pain.

Dislocations.—Dislocations in animals are not infrequent, and some of them are extremely serious, while others are not so. When they occur in the joints of the limbs, there is great lameness and more or less deformity. They may occur in various situations; indeed, there are no joints which may not be dislocated, though some are much more exposed to this accident than others.

The prompt reduction of a dislocation is above all things necessary, and it should be effected, if possible, without delay. Extension—pulling the dislocated bones apart, with perhaps side pressure at the same time—is to be made, and then a bandage should be wrapped round the joint, if it belong to a limb. Cold water should then be applied, and the animal kept at rest.

Sometimes dislocation of the stifle occurs in young or weakly horses—the stifle-bone (patella) slipping off to the outside of the joint, producing a peculiar kind of lameness. The hind leg is more or less thrust backwards, and the horse cannot bring it forward—consequently he drags it stiffly behind him. No dislocation is so easily reduced. The leg is to be pulled well forward by means of a rope round the pastern, and the stifle-bone, which projects outwards, is then smartly pushed forward: it makes a clicking noise when it gets in its natural place.

Dislocation of the lower jaw sometimes occurs in the dog, through opening the mouth too wide when giving the animal medicine. The creature cannot close its mouth, and the lower jaw is rather protruded. To reduce this dislocation, place a round piece of wood—a thick pencil or roller, according to the size of the dog—across the mouth, and well back. Then endeavor to close the mouth in front, pushing back the lower jaw at the same time, when it will enter the joint with a jerk. It is best to do this, and, indeed, all operations on the dog's mouth, with gloves on the hands. The wood in some instances may be dispensed with, the lower jaw being pressed firmly downward and backward.

Sprains.—Sprains are not, as a rule, so serious as the majority of fractures, and there is not the same urgency with regard to them, though when very severe they may be mistaken for fractures. More especially is this the case with sprain of the muscles and ligaments of the horse's back, which if very intense might be confounded with broken back. But in the latter paralysis is more or less complete, and the hind legs are colder than the fore ones, while sensation is generally lost. Pricking the legs with a pin will prove the absence of sensation. Broken back is hopeless, while sprained back may quite recover. If the accident has occurred away from home, and the horse cannot travel, he ought to be carried in a bullock or low flat cart. Slings will probably be

necessary when he reaches the stable, and these, with the necessary attention, must be furnished by the veterinary surgeon.

Sprains of tendons or ligaments in the limbs vary in intensity and gravity, and cause more or less lameness. Pain on manipulation, and increased temperature, with swelling, and a characteristic mode of progression, mark the seat of injury for those accustomed to horses. Until the veterinary surgeon arrives, hot fomentations or cold water applications may be resorted to. If tendons or ligaments at the back part of a limb are injured—indeed, in every instance in which a horse cannot put his heel to the ground—a high-heeled or patten shoe should be put on the foot. This is generally half the cure, as it relieves the part which is sprained.

A word of caution is necessary, however, with regard to sprains. In all cases of lameness, unless there is exceedingly conclusive evidence to the contrary, the foot should be suspected as the seat of lameness, and especially the shoeing as a cause.

Burns and Scalds.—All the domestic animals are liable to be burned or scalded: the larger from their dwellings taking fire, or their being employed in certain works; and the smaller, to scalding by hot water accidentally spilt upon them in the kitchen. The seriousness of these accidents usually depends upon the extent of surface and depth involved, and the parts implicated. As a rule, severe burns or scalds either lead to a fatal result or damage the animal so much as to render the expense and trouble of treatment inadvisable. The severity of these accidents cannot, however, be ascertained with certainty until the arrival of the veterinary surgeon. In the meantime, the injured parts should be excluded from the air as quickly as possible, some soothing application being previously applied. If at hand, in the case of burns or scalds which are not very severe, white lead paint is a good application. Baking soda (bicarbonate of soda) is generally kept in every house, and is a very good remedy; it may be made up into a paste with water, and laid over the injured part; or it may be merely sprinkled as a dry powder over it. The well-known "Carron oil" (equal parts of lime water and linseed oil), solution of alum (two ounces to the pint of water), Goulard water, and other applications, have all been commended.

After dressing with either of them, the parts should be covered thickly with cotton-wool or flour. When the pain is very severe, bathing with oil of turpentine allays it, and an after application of resin ointment is beneficial.

Bites and Stings.—Ordinary bites may be treated as lacerated or contused wounds, the part being well cleansed. Poisonous bites, more particularly, require thorough cleansing, and the most prompt treatment, to avert serious or fatal consequences. Active suction

by the mouth, causing a strong jet of water to play upon them, and squeezing them well, should at once be resorted to. The circulation in the part should be retarded wherever possible, by making pressure on the larger vessels passing from it by means of the fingers or a handkerchief and pad, as recommended for stopping bleeding. It may be absolutely necessary to cauterize the wounds, and to effect this there is seldom anything more convenient than a red-hot iron, in the form of a skewer, nail, or any other iron object in shape like the animal's teeth or fangs. If any caustic—as nitrate of silver, sulphate of copper, nitric acid—is at hand, then it may be employed instead; but the destruction of the poison must be thorough. Snake-bite should be treated in a similar way, but if symptoms of depression or collapse appear, then stimulants must be quickly administered. Brandy will do; but spirits of ammonia (liquor ammonia) is best. The doses may be small, but given frequently. The injection of the liquor ammonia into the veins often affords the only chance of saving life.

Animals are sometimes most seriously stung by wasps, bees, or hornets, and death not infrequently ensues. Lime-water sponged over the surface, a strong lather of carbolic acid soap in which a little additional carbolic acid has been dissolved, a solution of carbolic acid (one ounce to the quart of water), or a solution of liquor ammonia (two ounces to the quart of water), are good applications. To diminish the general irritation give laudanum (tincture of opium), half a teaspoonful to a dog, a tablespoonful to a calf, and one or two ounces to a horse or cow.

Rabid Dogs.—A few words as to rabid or mad dogs, and the measures to be adopted with regard to them. Every person who keeps a dog, and even those who do not, should know something of rabies, and how its evil consequences may be averted. In the first place, a mad dog is not afraid of water, but will drink it and swim in it, and even lap its own urine. Therefore the water test is a fallacious one. Secondly, a mad dog does not always froth at the mouth, though sometimes saliva hangs from it. Thirdly, a dog in this condition is not always furious. Fourthly, the appetite is not always lost, but it is generally so depraved that the creature swallows all kinds of substances. The earliest symptoms are—changed manner; moroseness; desire to retire into out-of-the-way places; restlessness; tendency to lick cold substances—as iron or stone—and to gnaw and swallow wood, carpets, rugs, &c.; desire to bite and fight with other dogs; seeking to escape from home, and returning after a time dirty, fatigued, and strange in manner; altered bark and howl; squinting of the eyes; readiness to snap, even at those to whom it was most attached; insensibility to pain, as while being beaten; worrying other creatures. In some cases

the lower jaw drops, the mouth gapes, and the dog looks as if something were in its throat. These are the most marked symptoms, and whenever they are exhibited by a dog it should be at once safely secured until the arrival of the veterinary surgeon. We have just enumerated the measures to be promptly had recourse to when a person or animal has been bitten by a dog—no matter what its condition may be.

It is a great mistake to at once destroy a dog which has bitten any one, as its state of health cannot then be ascertained. The most judicious course is to have the animal securely tied up where it cannot do injury, and keep it under the observation of the veterinary surgeon for a few days; this will decide whether rabies is present or absent. A stupid notion is entertained by some people, that if a healthy dog inflict a bite, the person or animal wounded will incur great peril should it afterwards become rabid. This notion has no foundation whatever in fact, and should be got rid of, as it frequently causes much anxiety and distress.

Choking.—Choking often occurs with animals, and in some cases death rapidly ensues if relief is not afforded. In the larger animals it is generally caused by roots, apples, dry fodder—as chaff, bran, chopped hay, &c., or foreign substances. In the smaller animals—dog and cat—it is usually a bone. Sometimes it is due to grooms giving a ball, either through this being too large, too hard, or improperly placed at the back of the mouth.

The symptoms differ somewhat, according to the situation and nature of the obstruction. When the latter is solid, and lodged at the upper part of the throat or the neck, the animal exhibits much distress: eyes prominent and staring; difficult breathing; saliva flowing from the mouth; strenuous attempts to swallow; bending the nose in towards the chest, then spasmodically curving the neck and extending the head; champing the jaws together; coughing violently, shrieking, and even expelling dung and urine; stamping and pawing with the feet; when attempts are made to drink water, the fluid returns by the nostrils; and there is profuse cold sweating. In cattle there is great and rapid distension of the stomach, which may very soon produce asphyxia; and when the substance gets over the top of the windpipe in horses or cattle, death may result in a few minutes.

When the obstruction is lodged in the neck portion of the gullet, there is less difficulty in discovering it than when it is at the back of the mouth or in the chest portion; as, if at all large, it can be seen as well as felt in the furrow and along the windpipe.

When it is lodged in the part of the gullet which passes through the chest, then the symptoms are not generally so urgent. But the animal cannot swallow, and food and water are expelled through

the mouth and nostrils in cattle, though only by the nostrils in the horse.

With dry, chopped, or ground food, the symptoms are similar, except that if it is lodged in the neck portion of the gullet, instead of a hard defined mass being felt the swelling will be soft and somewhat doughy.

Small animals cough, attempt persistently to vomit, and stringy saliva flows from the mouth.

In urgent cases of choking there may be danger in waiting for the veterinary surgeon, and it may be necessary to attempt to give relief. A rapid examination should be made at the side of the neck along the throat, in order to discover if the obstruction is situated there. If it is not, then an examination must be made of the back part of the mouth. This requires tact and care, as well as skill, unfortunately, with the larger animals, and amateurs do not always possess this. The head should be raised and the nose extended, the mouth kept widely open by some means, the tongue carefully and steadily pulled out by the left hand, while the right hand is passed back into the throat. Should it be able to reach and seize the obstructive body by one or more fingers, this ought to be drawn forward out of the mouth. Should its seizure be difficult, an assistant must make firm upward pressure on each side of the neck, towards the back of the lower jaw. If this does not succeed, and when the abdomen swells so much as to threaten suffocation, it has been recommended to fasten a gag in the mouth—a smooth round piece of wood, about two inches in diameter, tied by means of a cord at each end across the mouth around the top of the head, behind the ears or horns. In many cases nothing more is required to be done, the obstacle passing down the throat. When the animal begins to scream for breath, or stagger about, or has fallen from suffocation, then not a moment is to be lost in opening the windpipe. This, though requiring skill to do it properly, nevertheless in such a death-or-life case must be attempted by the amateur. An ordinary pen or pocket-knife must be pushed into the front of the neck, about six or eight inches below the lower jaw, and an incision three inches long made into the windpipe from above to below. Into this incision two fingers should be pushed and then separated, so as to open a wide aperture into which the air can pass. This aperture must be kept open until the arrival of the veterinary surgeon, who can then insert a proper tube, and set about the removal of the obstacle. When the obstacle is lower, and the symptoms not extremely urgent, occasional small quantities of water, gruel, or linseed oil should be administered, and if it can be felt in the region of the neck it may be pushed gently up and down until it is well moistened, when it

will probably pass on into the stomach. Should this not succeed, then gentle force from above must be resorted to if there is distress, and the veterinary surgeon has not yet appeared. There is a special instrument—the probang—which should be kept in every cattle establishment; but if this is not at hand, then a long piece of rather thick new rope—one end being teased out a little and tied back to make it wider and softer—must serve as a makeshift probang. The rope at this extremity, and for some distance, must be well oiled or greased, and the animal's nose and head being raised in a line with the neck, the tongue is pulled out, the wide end of the rope passed steadily and gently along to the back of the mouth, into and down the gullet, where it may be seen at the left side of the neck. When the obstruction is reached, firm and continuous pressure has to be exerted upon it, a few seconds at a time, until it begins to move; then it is pushed into the stomach. When this is accomplished, the probang is carefully withdrawn, and a quantity of gruel, and perhaps a stimulant as well, given. When the obstacle is finely divided food, the probang may do harm by pressing it into a firm mass. It is then better to administer oil, gruel, or water, and trust to external manipulation.

In cattle, when the abdomen is so extremely distended as to threaten suffocation, a knife should be plunged into the right side near the spine, and in front of the haunch-bone. With small animals care is necessary in handling them, in order to avoid being injured. In a form of madness in the dog—"dumb madness"—the mouth gapes as if there were a bone lodged at the back part of the throat; and people have lost their life from hydrophobia, through putting their fingers into the mouth in search of the supposed bone, and getting wounded. Gloves should therefore always be worn in these cases. The bone or foreign substance may be seized with the finger, forceps, or pliers, the jaws being held apart by an assistant.

The cat should be wrapped in a towel before any attempt is made to examine its throat.

In the case of the horse or cow, sloppy food should be given for some days after choking, especially if much force and manipulation have been required to give relief.

Bleeding from the Nose, Mouth, Stomach, and Lungs.—Bleeding from the nose and lungs, though not very frequent in animals, yet when it does occur generally causes considerable alarm, and in some cases with good reason, particularly when blood comes from the lungs or stomach.

Bleeding from the nose is the result of injury to the bones of the face—as from a blow—or to the lining membrane of the nose; as well as to severe coughing, sneezing, over-exertion—particularly

in harness while wearing a tight collar, and the animal is out of condition. It may also be due to disease—as in glanders, when we have ulceration; or to leeches getting up the nose while the animal is drinking from a pond or stream. The blood comes away by drops, sometimes in a very thin stream, and usually from only one nostril; there is no foaming or cough, though the animal may occasionally sneeze. It is rare that any bad effects follow bleeding from the nose when uncomplicated with disease. If it is due to leeches, then these must be reached and picked off.

Sponging the face and nose with cold water, and throwing it up the nostril, will usually check bleeding. If it persists, however, the horse's head should be tied up high to the hay rack, a beam, or the branch of a tree; and if it continues very severe the nostril should be plugged with a sponge, handkerchief, or bundle of tow. As the horse breathes only through the nostrils—not by the mouth as well, like the ox, dog, pig, or sheep—both nostrils must not be plugged at the same time. An examination should be made by a veterinary surgeon, to ascertain the amount of injury or disease.

Bleeding from the mouth is commonly due to injury or leeches, and the blood is bright red in color. Allowing the animal to rinse its mouth in cold water, or washing it out with a solution of alum in water, will check or stop the hemorrhage.

Bleeding from the stomach is symptomatic of serious disorder—as of disease or poisoning—and demands the attention of the veterinary surgeon. The blood will be discharged from both nostrils in the horse, but chiefly from the mouth in other animals. It is black in color, has a sourish smell, and is more or less in clots. Attempts at vomiting are usually observed in stomach hemorrhage. The cause should be discovered, if possible, and if poisoning is suspected or ascertained, the poison will be of a corrosive nature, and have caused ulceration of the interior of the stomach. In such circumstances, linseed or olive oil, starch, or flour gruel, or a quantity of beaten-up eggs, should be administered. If these do not combine with the poison, and so render it inert, they will, at any rate, act as a protection against the further action of the substance, and more or less soothe the ulcerated surface. If there is pain, opium—either in the form of powder or watery solution—should be given mixed with the gruel, oil, or eggs. The acetate of lead in solution is also useful.

Bleeding from the lungs is distinguished from that from the nostrils, mouth, or stomach, by the animal coughing very much, and the blood—which passes from the nostrils in the horse, mouth and nostrils in other animals—being bright red and *foamy*. There is usually distress in breathing. It is ordinarily brought on by severe exertion or coughing, though it may also be a result of disease—as

acute congestion of the lungs or disease of the heart. The horse must be kept perfectly quiet, and cold water, acidulated with vinegar or sulphuric acid, given in plenty to drink. The stable or loose box should be well ventilated and cool, and the body warmly clothed. If the limbs are cold, then rub them well, and bandage them. If the bleeding is due to congestion of the lungs—as it is after severe exertion, and especially when the animal is not in condition—then a strong dose of brandy-and-water should be given. A dose of opium should also be administered, if it is at hand.

Palpitation of the Heart.—The horse, dog, and cow are liable to attacks of palpitation of the heart, but especially the first-mentioned animal. If there is no actual disease of the heart, palpitation—though alarming—is not of much moment, though at the time it may inconvenience or distress the animal. The excessive convulsive beating or thumping of the heart may be due, when disease is not present, to fear, or nervousness, or over-exertion when out of condition or weakly. The beating or palpitation is so loud that it can be distinctly heard as a series of dull, thumping, intermittent sounds, commencing abruptly, and continuing for a variable period, the body jerking at the same time as the thump. When this palpitation begins during severe exertion, as in galloping, the animal should be stopped, and kept quiet, with the head to the wind, until the sounds have diminished and the jerking of the body has ceased Or it may be walked quietly home, receiving some ale and gruel, if convenient, and the journey happens to be a long one. As debility is generally present, and perhaps the heart may be diseased, the veterinary surgeon should be consulted.

Acute Congestion of the Lungs.—Acute congestion of the lungs is most frequent in horses, and if not promptly removed it may quickly cause death, or lead to inflammation of the lungs—pneumonia. Various causes will produce this congestion, but perhaps the commonest is severe exertion when out of condition, or bringing in a heated and exhausted horse from a cold atmosphere to a hot and badly-ventilated stable.

When it occurs during exertion, the animal looks distressed; the nostrils are widely dilated, the breathing is greatly hurried and labored, the nose thrust out, the eyes staring and red, the gait unsteady, the ears and limbs cold, the body bedewed with a clammy perspiration, and the heart's beats—felt behind the elbow—are irregular and disordered. If movement is continued the animal will soon fall.

The horse should be pulled up before becoming so distressed—the wheezing, hurried, and labored breathing, slackening speed, heaviness in hand, and staggering gait, are warnings—girths slackened, or saddle altogether removed, or if in harness, the collar,

and everything else which may impede respiration or fidget the horse.

The head should be turned to the wind, the ears and legs well rubbed, as well as the surface of the body, if wisps or cloths can be procured, and a good dose of alcohol (whisky or brandy), one or two wine-glassfuls, and water administered; or if this cannot be procured, then warm gruel with a quantity of ginger or pepper in it must be given. Acute congestion of the lungs, when occurring in the stable, presents the same symptoms: great distress of countenance, widely-dilated nostrils and very hurried breathing, cold legs and ears, &c. Remove from the hot stable to a cool place, or throw open the doors and windows; give a stimulant as above, and repeat it in half an hour or so, if the veterinary surgeon has not arrived. Rub the legs, ears, and body well, then clothe and bandage to keep up the surface temperature. If relief is not soon afforded, and skilled aid has not yet been available, horse rugs soaked in hot water and wrung out should be wrapped round the body, and these again covered with dry rugs. If the amateur can practise phlebotomy with safety, the horse should be bled from the jugular vein to the extent of six or eight quarts. Spirits of ammonia, in doses of half an ounce in a quart of tepid water, and frequently repeated, is an excellent medicine. Mustard poultices should be applied to the sides and front of the chest, if the hot-water rugs have not been employed.

Pleurisy.—Pleurisy generally commences suddenly, like congestion of the lungs, and the symptoms are not very unlike those observed in that condition. Only the ribs are, as it were, fixed, the sides of the chest do not move, and the breathing is mainly carried on by the muscles of the belly—inspiration being short and catching, while the air is expelled slowly and carefully. Turning the horse round suddenly—he is unwilling to be moved—will cause him to grunt; there is usually a short, painful cough, and if pressure be applied by the ends of the fingers between the ribs, over the inflamed part, the animal winces, grunts, and tries to evade it. There is often much uneasiness, though it is rare that he seeks to lie down. Until the arrival of the veterinary surgeon the treatment should be the same as for congestion of the lungs, hot-water rugs or mustard poultices to the sides of the chest being all-important.

Inflammation of the Feet.—Inflammation of the feet, or laminitis, is a very serious condition in the horse, and demands careful and active treatment at its very commencement or congestive stage, if grave consequences are to be averted. It is most frequently induced by long or rapid journeys on hard roads during hot weather, or in animals not in training; improper shoeing, and

injuries; though it not unfrequently appears as a sequel of such diseases as influenza, inflammation of the lungs or bowels, feeding on certain kinds of food, standing too long in the stable, and overfeeding. It is a most painful disease, and when acute the symptoms are most marked. The fore-feet are most frequently involved, and in addition to signs of general fever—hurried breathing, dilated nostrils, anxious countenance, hard quick pulse, perspiring—there is great disinclination to move, even when force is employed the animal swaying his body backwards and forwards rather than lift the feet off the ground. These are placed well out in front, so as to throw the weight on the heels, while the hind legs are brought more under the body. When compelled to move, the hind limbs have to sustain nearly all the weight; the horse appears greatly distressed, and groans, and the hoofs are very hot. If both fore-feet are involved, it is all but impossible to make the horse stand on one of them; but if only one is affected, then this is often rested and placed in front. When the hoofs of the inflamed feet are tapped with a hammer, the greatest distress is exhibited. Should the hind feet be affected—which is not so common—they are placed well beneath the body, but the front ones are brought back close to them, so as to sustain a larger share of the weight.

If there is only congestion—that is, the disease has only commenced—compelling the animal to take long-continued but gentle walking exercise on soft ground, may soon effect a recovery, and more especially if the shoes are taken off, during the intervals of rest cold water being applied to the hoofs, or the feet immersed in cold poultices. A strong dose of physic should also be given soon, if the animal is in gross condition. If it is apprehended that the congestive stage has passed and the inflammatory one is present, then exercise should not be resorted to, but the margin of the hoof should be rasped down when the shoes are removed, so as to make it level with the sole, and poultices applied. It will be all the better if the horse can be induced to lie down on a good bed of sawdust or tan. Considering the serious character of this disease, no time should be lost in sending for the veterinary surgeon.

Sunstroke.—During very hot weather, animals exposed to the sun and compelled to undergo severe exertion are liable to sunstroke or heat apoplexy. The attack may be quite sudden—the first intimation of it being the horse, or whatever animal it chances to be, falling to the ground as if shot. At other times, if it be a horse in harness, signs of giddiness and stupor are manifested; the animal shows an indisposition to go on so freely as usual, hangs heavy in hand, does not care for the whip, and staggers If not relieved he stops, props out his limbs, drops his head, appears to be only half conscious, the breathing is hurried, panting, and noisy,

the eyes staring and bloodshot, and the body perhaps covered with perspiration. Then the creature falls quite unconscious, struggles perhaps, or lies perfectly still; the breathing is stertorous, and death may ensue more or less rapidly in the midst of profound coma.

Debility, bad and tight-fitting harness, keeping in hot, insufficiently-ventilated stables, insufficient exercise, unsuitable food, and plethora, are all predisposing causes, and should be guarded against during hot, sultry weather, if animals must be travelled, or cannot be kept cool.

When attacked, remove into a cool, shady place, if possible; whether possible or not, cold water should be applied freely to the head and neck. To the head and spine it should more particularly be applied in a full stream, and an ice-bag will be found most beneficial if placed against the head. The limbs should be well hand-rubbed, and it may be necessary to apply turpentine or ammonia liniment to them by friction, and mustard to the head and sides of the neck when torpor is extreme.

Recovery in bad cases is slow, and should the animal rally in a short time it must not be immediately worked or travelled.

Fits.—Animals often fall down in what are called "fits," and cause alarm Horses, when in harness, and even in the saddle, are liable to attacks of epilepsy, during which they may be seized with partial convulsions without falling, or they may fall and be violently convulsed while lying on the ground. In such circumstances but little can be done, except allowing the animal to have plenty of air, preventing it injuring itself while struggling, dashing cold water against the head and spine, and keeping it quiet for some time after recovery.

Small animals are very liable to fits, especially dogs. During the attack they whine or yell, struggle convulsively, foam at the mouth, roll their eyes about, and gnash their teeth, &c.

The cause or causes of fits are often very obscure, and the veterinary surgeon must be left to ascertain them and suggest measures for their prevention.

Fainting.—Fainting, or syncope, is comparatively rare among animals. During the attack they lie perfectly still, the pulse is not much altered, the breathing is tranquil, and there are scarcely any symptoms of a departure from ordinary health, except the state of unconsciousness, from which the creature cannot be aroused. Plenty of fresh air, sponging of the face, nostrils, and mouth with cold water, pulling the tongue well forward, and, if the animal wears harness, removing all those portions which may impede the respiration or circulation, are the chief indications. The cause of fainting should be ascertained by the veterinary surgeon.

Stomach Staggers.—The stomach derangement which gives rise to staggering and other symptoms—due to disturbance in the circulation or nervous system—usually arises from inordinate eating causing paralysis of the stomach and functions of digestion—as when horses get to the corn-bin during the night; from consuming various articles of food to which they have not been accustomed—as unripe or indigestible vegetation; or from the consumption of food containing some noxious principle.

There is first sluggishness and sleepiness—drowsiness being often manifested during eating, the eyelids being more or less closed, and the eyes dull. The belly is more or less distended, the head hangs heavy, or is listlessly laid on the ground if the animal is lying, or on the manger if standing. It ceases to masticate while food is yet in the mouth, and when compelled to move, the gait is staggering, and the animal stupidly bores forward against any obstacle, instead of trying to avoid it. In the ox, the rumen may be so extremely distended as to threaten suffocation. If not relieved, violent symptoms supervene. The movements become wild and disordered, and almost incessant during the paroxysms, and the animal dashes itself about, heedless of the pain and injury it may inflict upon itself, and rendering approach to it very dangerous during the delirium.

A very strong purgative should be at once administered, combined with a stimulant—as alcohol. If copious enemas can be given before the arrival of the medical attendant, so much the better. Abundant affusion of cold water to the head, or the application of the ice-bag, must also be resorted to. In the ox, when the rumen is greatly distended, it should be punctured to allow the gas to escape.

Colic.—There are two kinds of colic—spasmodic, and flatulent or tympanitic. In the first there is spasm of the small intestine, without any external manifestation, except symptoms of pain; whereas in the second, in addition to the pain, the belly is greatly distended, and this distension is due to the generation of gas from indigestion, or to the animal (if a horse) swallowing air, as in crib-biting or wind-sucking.

In spasmodic colic the attack is sudden, the horse all at once exhibiting uneasiness in pawing, stamping with the hind feet, or striking with them at the belly, looking round anxiously towards the flank, crouching, switching the tail, throwing himself down, groaning, rolling over on his back, and, if the pain is very acute, appearing distressed, and perspiring. In a few minutes the spasm passes off, the horse or ox appears easy for a longer or shorter period, when there is a relapse, and similar symptoms are again exhibited. Neither the breathing nor the pulse is disturbed, except during the spasm.

The dog yells and moans during the attack, moves uneasily from place to place, and when it passes off, lies down and curls itself up until another spasm comes on.

Rubbing the belly well, applying warmth to it by means of a hot blanket or hot water, or a stimulating liniment, exercise at a slow or fast pace, the exhibition of a stimulant, as alcohol, or an anodyne, as laudanum, usually relieves the animal. It may be necessary to administer a mild castor oil or linseed oil purgative, when the spasm depends upon some irritation in the intestine, and to give enemas.

In tympanitic or flatulent colic the symptoms are similar, and there is more or less distension of the belly, with, perhaps, nausea and labored breathing, as well as stupor when the distension is great.

If the tympany is due to crib-biting or wind-sucking, rubbing the belly very hard, and giving exercise, will often afford relief. If it does not, or if the attack proceeds from indigestion, then a strong stimulant dose must be given, with an oil or other purgative—the treatment being something the same as in spasmodic colic.

In attacks of colic—whether spasmodic or flatulent—if the symptoms do not disappear in the course of an hour or two, the veterinary surgeon should be sent for, as serious consequences may follow.

Inflammation of the Bowels.—Inflammation of the bowels may supervene on colic, or arise immediately from some other cause. The symptoms are not unlike those of colic, except that the pain is persistent, the animal has no remissions, but it lies down more carefully, the face is more anxious and distressed-looking, the body is more or less covered with perspiration, the breathing and pulse are hurried, ears and legs cold, eyes anxious or dull, and the belly tender on pressure. The veterinary surgeon should be at once sent for, and until he arrives very hot water must be applied to the belly. This is best done by fastening a large horse-blanket, doubled, round the body, close to the skin, and pouring the hot water on the outside of it by means of a small vessel—as a cup. A pint or so of linseed or olive oil should be given, with flour gruel, and opium (one or two drachms of the powder), and enemas of warm water.

Poisoning.—Animals are poisoned either accidentally, maliciously, or through the injudicious administration of poisonous substances by amateurs and empirics. The majority of poisons are vegetable or mineral, very few are of animal origin.

The symptoms produced by many poisons closely resemble those manifested during the existence of some diseases, and it is there-

fore often very difficult even for a highly skilled person to decide whether an animal is suffering from the effects of poison or is laboring under a particular disease.

In order to counteract the effects of a poison, not only must it be known that the suffering animal has been poisoned, but the nature of the poison, and consequently its antidote, must also be known. Considering that poisons act in many different ways, and affect different organs or tissues in the body, and that almost every one of them requires a different kind of antidote, it will be seen that a great amount of knowledge is required, and that in a collection of brief notes like the present it would be impossible to describe everything relating to toxicology.

When poisoning is suspected, the veterinary surgeon should at once be sent for, and the message should convey information as to the kind of poison suspected, and the symptoms. Until he appears, everything ought to be done to neutralize the injurious effects and alleviate the symptoms.

Some poisons produce diarrhœa and dysentery, with great pain. To ameliorate these symptoms, and, if possible, prevent further local action, it is best to give quantities of milk, flour, or starch gruel, thick and viscid, eggs beaten up, or thick broths or soups; while to allay the pain large doses of opium powder, or watery infusion of opium, should be administered. These articles do well for many mineral, as well as some acrid and irritant vegetable poisons. If acids are the cause of poisoning, alkalies—as the carbonate of potash or soda—should be given in large quantities of water, in addition to milk or flour gruel; and when it is the caustic alkalies—as soda, potash, or ammonia, then weak acids, as vinegar and water, should be administered with the above-mentioned demulcents.

In poisoning by strychnia, which is not at all uncommon, the symptoms are very marked, there being most painful spasms of all the muscles at intervals, which bend the body backwards and stiffen the limbs, while the animal is quite conscious. An infusion of tobacco is the best and most convenient remedy. Warm baths, and the administration of chloral, or inhalation of chloroform, are also useful.

Phosphorus paste is not infrequently accidentally swallowed by animals—as dogs and cats—being used for killing rats. There is vomiting, and the vomit is dark, and has a luminous appearance in the dark, and it, as well as the breath and fæces, has the peculiar odor of phosphorus. There is great constitutional derangement and thirst. With this poison, all oily fluids, as well as broth and soup, should not be administered, but, instead, large quantities of solution of potash, magnesia, or soda.

When there is much prostration or collapse, stimulants should be given and external warmth applied.

PARTURITION.—The females of the domestic animals do not require the same arrangements and care as the period of parturition draws near, or when that act has commenced, as does woman. As a rule, they bring forth their young without assistance, and if properly fed and sheltered need but little attention otherwise. The larger animals, and especially the cow, are liable to expel their young before the full period of pregnancy has been reached, and this so-called abortion is sometimes a serious misfortune, particularly when it occurs in a place where there are many pregnant cows; as when the accident happens to one, it may extend to all, or nearly all When abortion takes place at a comparatively early period, the effects are not very damaging to the animal, but every precaution should at once be adopted to prevent its neighbors from aborting. With this object, they should all, if possible, be immediately moved from the shed in which the accident has occurred—no contact or approach being allowed between them and the patient, nor should people or utensils, or anything else, be allowed to pass between the infected shed and the yet unaffected cows. The accident should be treated as if it were a highly infectious disease; disinfectants must be freely employed, the fœtus and all the membranes and discharges must be disinfected and buried, and injections of some mild disinfectant—as a weak solution of Condy's fluid, or carbolic, should be made into the vagina of the cow which has aborted. The same procedure should be adopted in the case of sheep. If many animals abort, the veterinary surgeon should be sent for to ascertain the cause, as well as to report upon the general health of those animals which are not yet involved.

If there is any unusual delay in an animal bringing forth its young, there is something amiss with it; or the young creature is not in a proper position, or is defective or distorted in shape.

No time should be lost in sending for the veterinary surgeon when this delay takes place. Nothing is more pernicious or dangerous than waiting too long, or allowing unskilled persons to interfere; as the strength of the parent may be exhausted, and the life of the progeny sacrificed, by undue delay; or irreparable damage, or even a fatal result, may follow injudicious meddling or rough interference. More particularly is this the case with the mare—an animal which must foal quickly, which is most difficult to aid when there is any obstacle, and which readily succumbs when aid is too long deferred, or when it is improperly attempted to be rendered. The natural presentation—in the larger animals at least—is with the fore limbs, the feet coming first, and the nose between the arms. When the water-bag has appeared and burst, and after

some time there are no signs of the young creature, then difficulty in birth should be apprehended, and skilled assistance should be sent for. Until it arrives, the parent should be kept quiet, and gruel, or other light sustaining food, offered from time to time, to keep up her strength. If the amateur has sufficient knowledge and confidence, an examination might be made, the hand and arm being smeared with oil; but on no account should forcible attempts to extract the young creature be resorted to. If the head or one or both fore-legs be doubled back, then the indication is to bring them forward into the passage; if the hind-quarters present, and the hocks only are in the passage, then the buttocks should be pushed forward, so that the legs can be extended, and the feet carried outwards. Beyond these directions we cannot go, as there is perhaps no more difficult section of the veterinary surgeon's art than that pertaining to the delivery of animals in parturition; and we have before us hundreds of instances of valuable mares, cows, sows, and bitches, which were tortured and lost through amateur efforts to extract the young. Only too often this interference renders what would be an easily remedied mal-presentation by the veterinary surgeon, one altogether beyond hope.

And even when birth has taken place the danger is not over. The membranes (after birth) must come away soon after the young creature, and when they are retained too long serious consequences may ensue. Their removal also requires the intervention of the veterinary surgeon, though the injection of warm water, and gentle traction at the portion which is accessible, may enable the owner of the animal to effect their displacement.

The cow is specially liable, after giving birth, to what is known as "dropping after calving" (parturient apoplexy): a serious condition, which, in the great majority of cases, runs a rapidly fatal course. The symptoms appear within from one to four or five days after calving, and the earliest is the diminution in the quantity of milk; the animal then appears to be dull, does not eat or ruminate, becomes uneasy, and stamps with the hind feet; soon the breathing is quickened; staggering is observed, and she falls, and rapidly lapses into a deep coma, after throwing her head about wildly. Cows which are "deep milkers" should always be watched for this disease, and whenever the earliest symptoms appear a good dose of purgative medicine should be given, combined with a stimulant—as alcohol, or spirits of ammonia—and cold water applied in a full stream to the head. Medicine must be given promptly, for in a short time the power of swallowing is lost.

Contagious Diseases.—Contagious diseases are generally so serious when they appear among animals, and the ravages of some of them are so great, that every one who keeps such animals

should possess some knowledge of the earliest symptoms of these catching disorders, not necessarily that the diseases may be submitted to medical treatment—for some of them are not allowed by Government to be treated, while others are incurable—but that steps may be taken to prevent their spreading. Whenever any suspicious symptoms of disease appear, therefore, the animal should be carefully isolated—at least from others of the same species—and the veterinary surgeon sent for.

TABLES OF PEDIGREES OF FAMOUS HORSES.

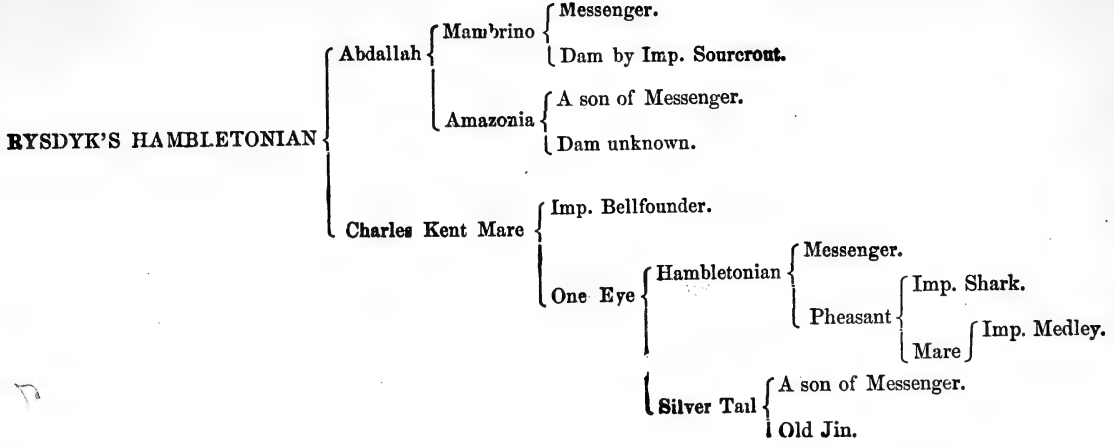

RYSDYK'S HAMBLETONIAN
Abdallah
Mambrino
Messenger.
Dam by Imp. Sourcrout.
Amazonia
A son of Messenger.
Dam unknown.
Charles Kent Mare
Imp. Bellfounder.
One Eye
Hambletonian
Messenger.
Pheasant
Imp. Shark.
Mare
Imp. Medley.
Silver Tail
A son of Messenger.
Old Jin.

TABLE II.

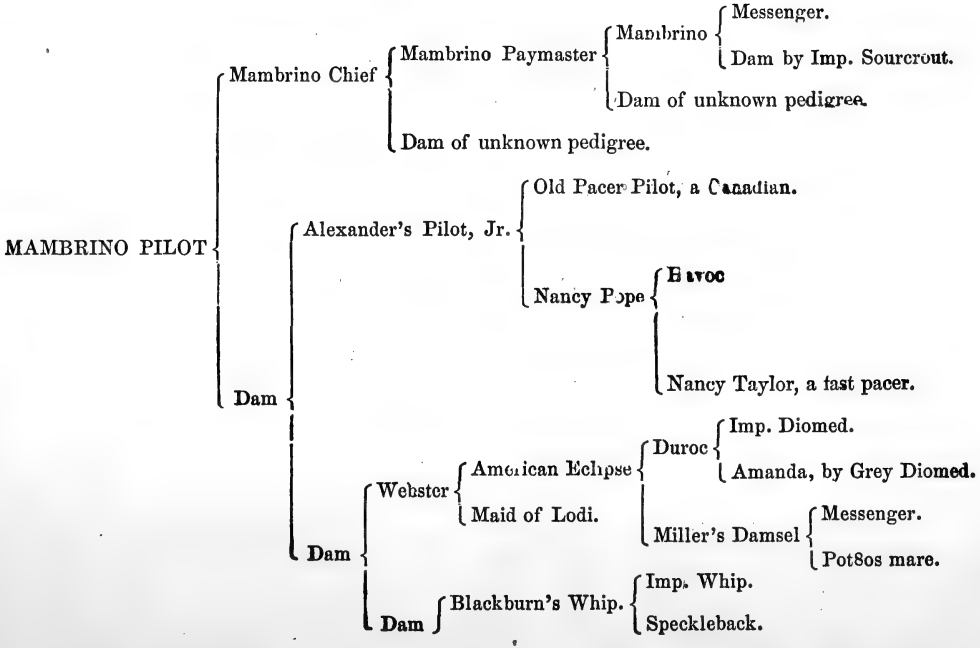

MAMBRINO PILOT
Mambrino Chief
Mambrino Paymaster
Mambrino
Messenger.
Dam by Imp. Sourcrout.
Dam of unknown pedigree.
Dam of unknown pedigree.
Dam
Alexander's Pilot, Jr.
Old Pacer Pilot, a Canadian.
Nancy Pope
Havoc
Nancy Taylor, a fast pacer.
Dam
Webster
American Eclipse
Duroc
Imp. Diomed.
Amanda, by Grey Diomed.
Maid of Lodi.
Miller's Damsel
Messenger.
Potsos mare.
Dam
Blackburn's Whip.
Imp. Whip.
Speckleback.

TABLE III.

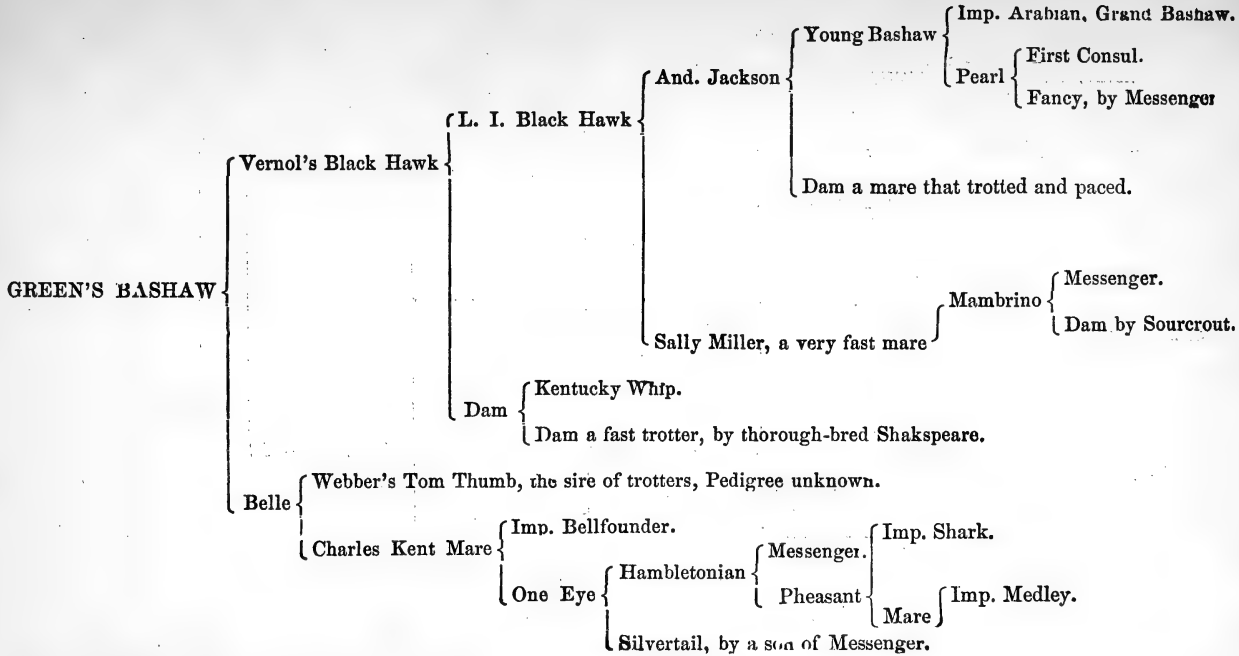
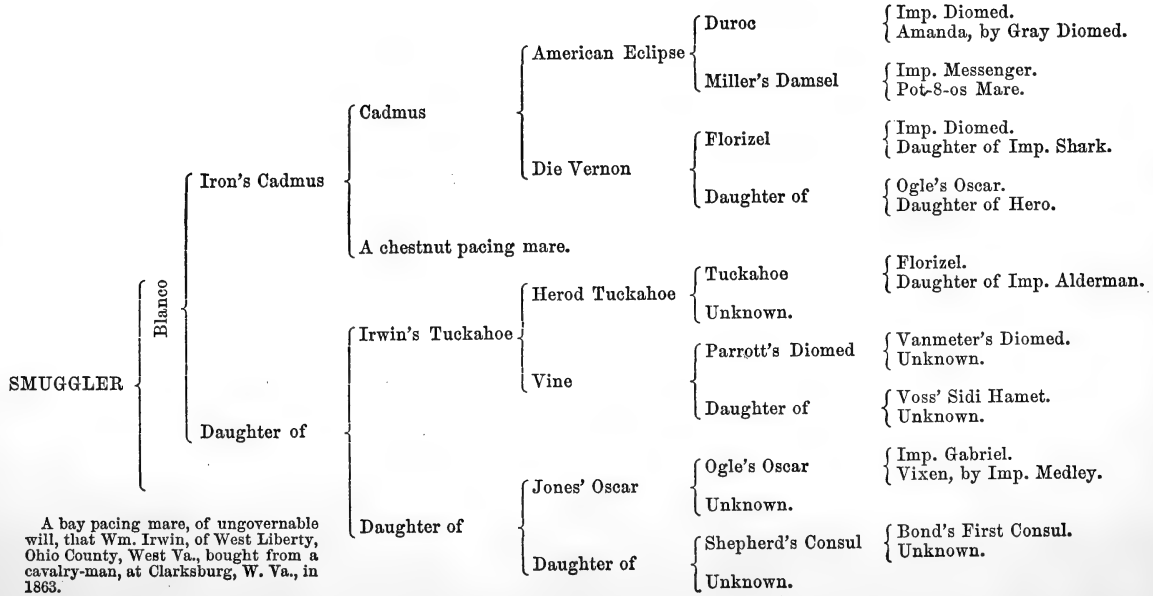

GREEN'S BASHAW
Vernol's Black Hawk
L. I. Black Hawk
And. Jackson
Young Bashaw
Imp. Arabian, Grand Bashaw.
Pearl
First Consul.
Fancy, by Messenger
Dam a mare that trotted and paced.
Sally Miller, a very fast mare
Mambrino
Messenger.
Dam by Sourcrout.
Dam
Kentucky Whip.
Dam a fast trotter, by thorough-bred Shakspeare.
Belle
Webber's Tom Thumb, the sire of trotters, Pedigree unknown.
Charles Kent Mare
Imp. Bellfounder.
One Eye
Hambletonian
Messenger.
Imp. Shark.
Pheasant
Mare
Imp. Medley.
Silvertail, by a son of Messenger.

Table IV.



A bay pacing mare, of ungovernable will, that Wm. Irwin, of West Liberty, Ohio County, West Va., bought from a cavalry-man, at Clarksburg, W. Va., in 1863.

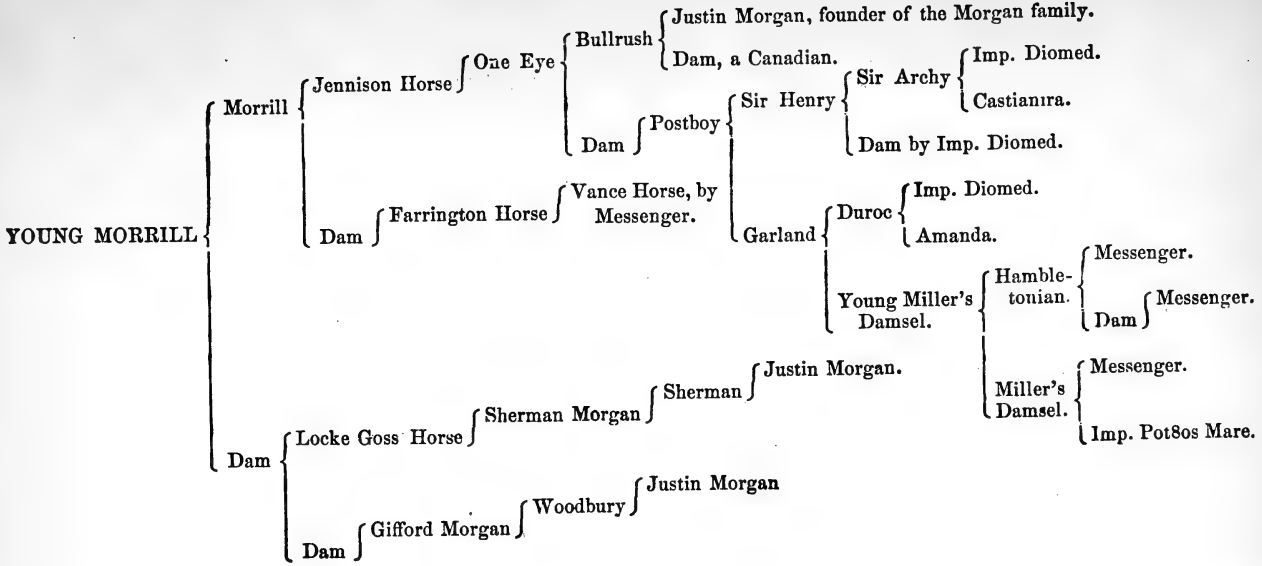
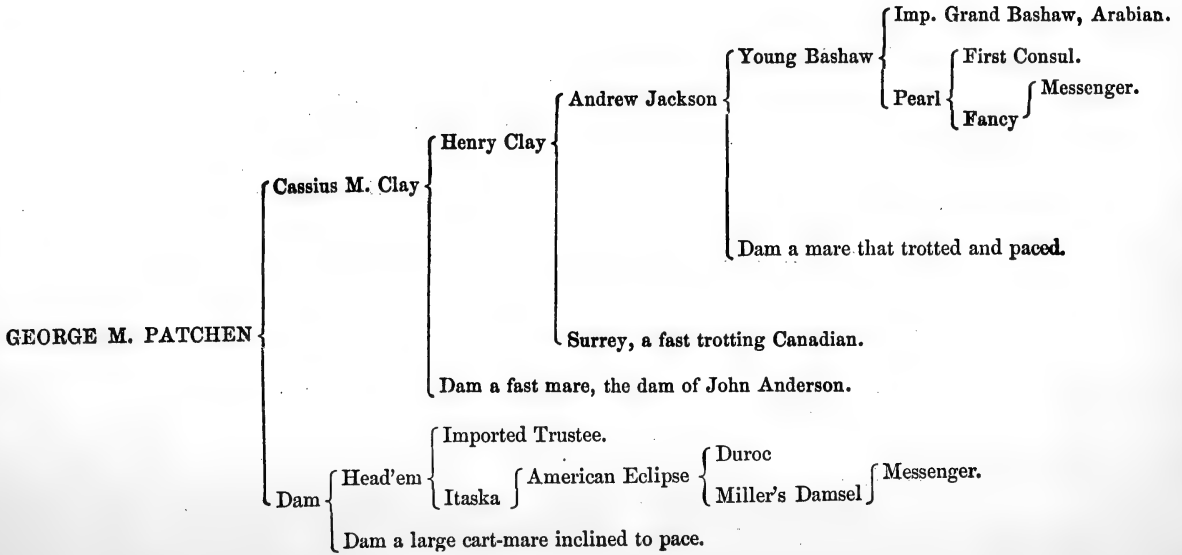

YOUNG MORRILL
Morrill
Jennison Horse
One Eye
Bullrush
Justin Morgan, founder of the Morgan family.
Dam, a Canadian.
Dam
Postboy
Sir Henry
Sir Archy
Imp. Diomed.
Castianira.
Dam by Imp. Diomed.
Dam
Farrington Horse
Vance Horse, by Messenger.
Garland
Duroc
Imp. Diomed.
Amanda.
Young Miller's Damsel.
Hambletonian.
Messenger.
Dam
Messenger.
Miller's Damsel.
Messenger.
Imp. Pot8os Mare.
Dam
Locke Goss Horse
Sherman Morgan
Sherman
Justin Morgan.
Dam
Gifford Morgan
Woodbury
Justin Morgan

Table VI.


GEORGE M. PATCHEN
Cassius M. Clay
Henry Clay
Andrew Jackson
Young Bashaw
Imp. Grand Bashaw, Arabian.
Pearl
First Consul.
Fancy
Messenger.
Dam a mare that trotted and paced.
Surrey, a fast trotting Canadian.
Dam a fast mare, the dam of John Anderson.
Dam
Head'em
Imported Trustee.
Itaska
American Eclipse
Duroc
Miller's Damsel
Messenger.
Dam a large cart-mare inclined to pace.

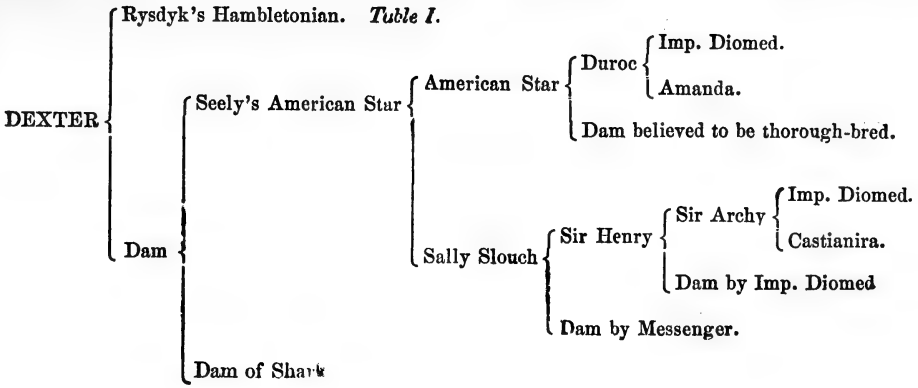

DEXTER
Rysdyk's Hambletonian. Table I.
Dam
Seely's American Star
American Star
Duroc
Imp. Diomed.
Amanda.
Dam believed to be thorough-bred.
Sally Slouch
Sir Henry
Sir Archy
Imp. Diomed.
Castianira.
Dam by Imp. Diomed
Dam by Messenger.
Dam of Shark

TABLE VIII.

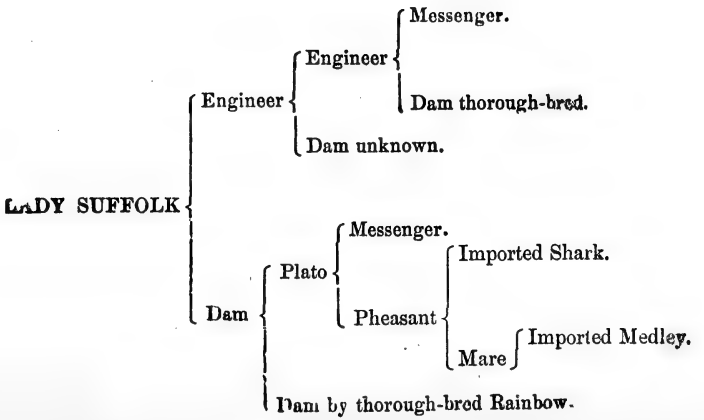

LADY SUFFOLK
Engineer
Engineer
Messenger.
Dam thorough-bred.
Dam unknown.
Dam
Plato
Messenger.
Pheasant
Imported Shark.
Mare
Imported Medley.
Dam by thorough-bred Rainbow.

Table IX.

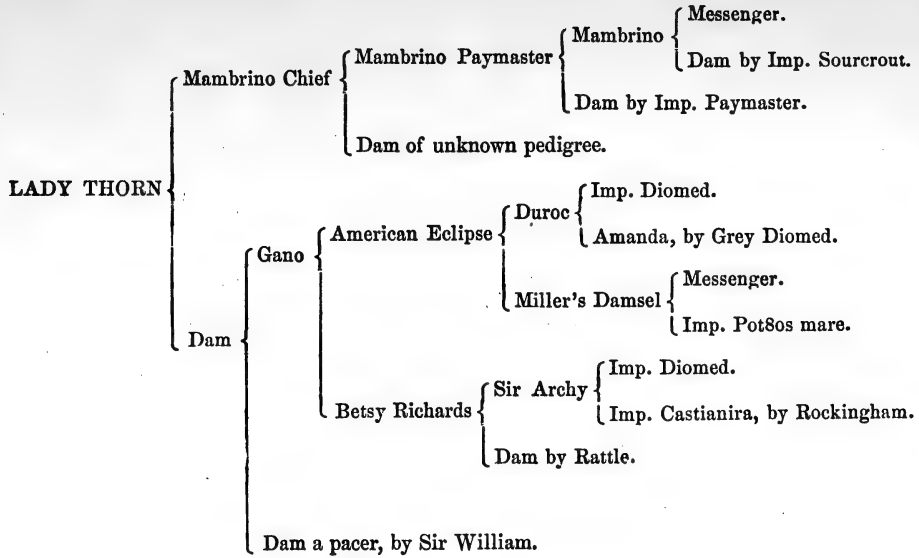
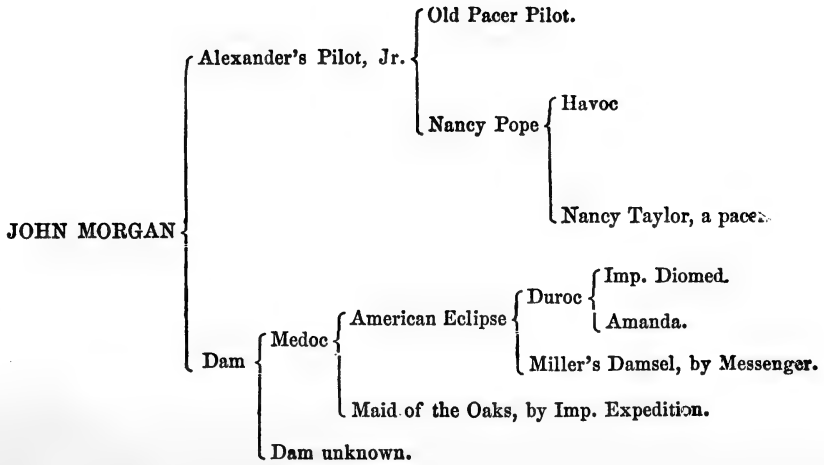

LADY THORN
Mambrino Chief
Mambrino Paymaster
Mambrino
Messenger.
Dam by Imp. Sourcrout.
Dam by Imp. Paymaster.
Dam of unknown pedigree.
Dam
Gano
American Eclipse
Duroc
Imp. Diomed.
Amanda, by Grey Diomed.
Miller's Damsel
Messenger.
Imp. Pot8os mare.
Betsy Richards
Sir Archy
Imp. Diomed.
Imp. Castianira, by Rockingham.
Dam by Rattle.
Dam a pacer, by Sir William.

TABLE X.


JOHN MORGAN
Alexander's Pilot, Jr.
Old Pacer Pilot.
Nancy Pope
Havoc
Nancy Taylor, a pacer.
Dam
Medoc
American Eclipse
Duroc
Imp. Diomed.
Amanda.
Miller's Damsel, by Messenger.
Maid of the Oaks, by Imp. Expedition.
Dam unknown.

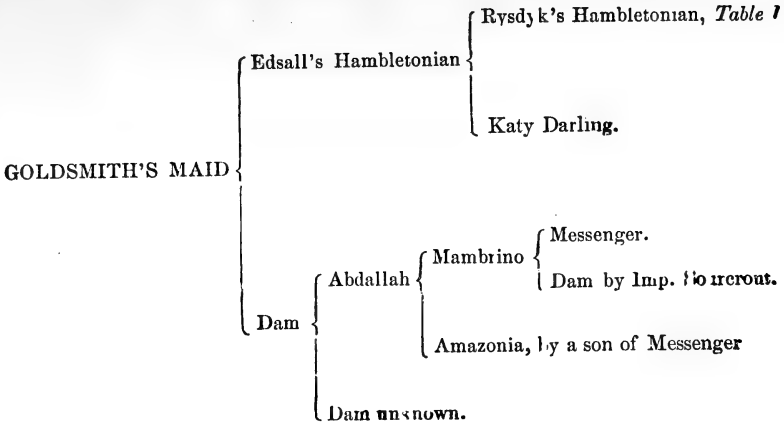
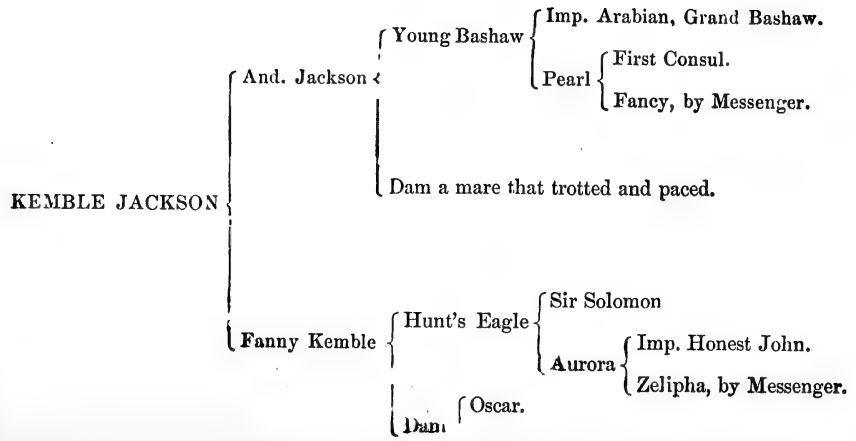

GOLDSMITH'S MAID
Edsall's Hambletonian
Rysdyk's Hambletonian, *Table I*
Katy Darling.
Dam
Abdallah
Mambrino
Messenger.
Dam by Imp. Hoircrout.
Amazonia, by a son of Messenger
Dam unknown.

Table XII.


KEMBLE JACKSON
And. Jackson
Young Bashaw
Imp. Arabian, Grand Bashaw.
Pearl
First Consul.
Fancy, by Messenger.
Dam a mare that trotted and paced.
Fanny Kemble
Hunt's Eagle
Sir Solomon
Aurora
Imp. Honest John.
Zelipha, by Messenger.
Dam
Oscar.

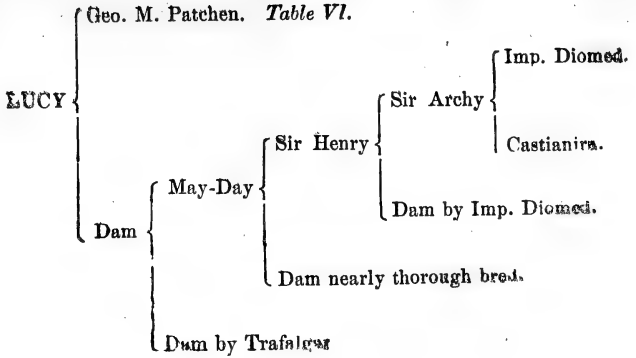
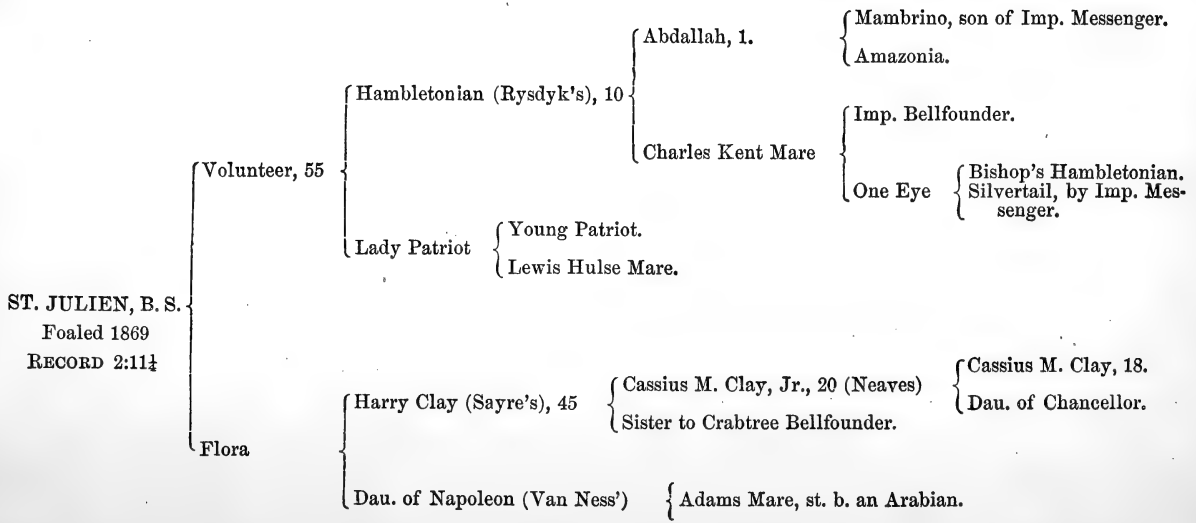
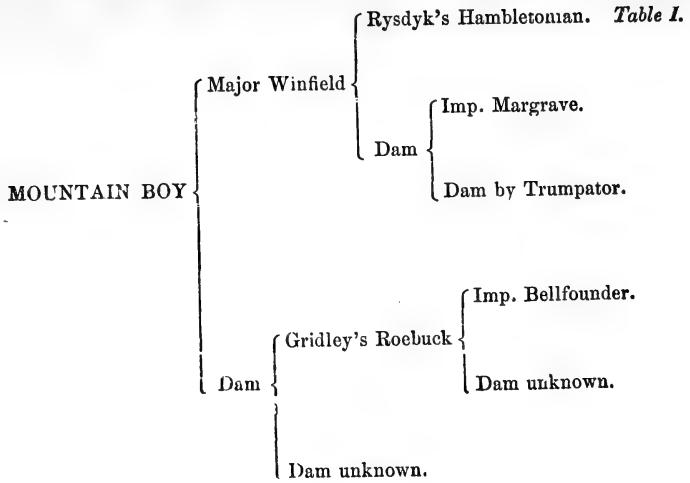
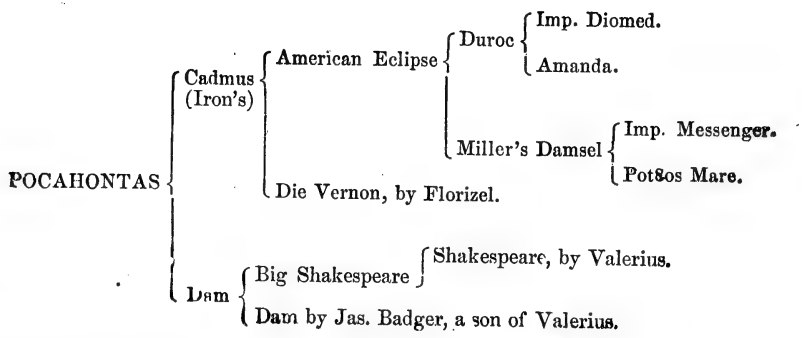

LUCY
Geo. M. Patchen. Table VI.
Dam
May-Day
Sir Henry
Sir Archy
Imp. Diomed.
Castianira.
Dam by Imp. Diomed.
Dam nearly thorough bred.
Dam by Trafalgar

TABLE XIV.


ST. JULIEN, B. S.
Foaled 1869
RECORD 2:11¼
Volunteer, 55
Flora
Hambletonian (Rysdyk's), 10
Lady Patriot
Abdallah, 1.
Charles Kent Mare
Young Patriot.
Lewis Hulse Mare.
Mambrino, son of Imp. Messenger.
Amazonia.
Imp. Bellfounder.
One Eye
Bishop's Hambletonian.
Silvertail, by Imp. Messenger.
Harry Clay (Sayre's), 45
Dau. of Napoleon (Van Ness')
Cassius M. Clay, Jr., 20 (Neaves)
Sister to Crabtree Bellfounder.
Adams Mare, st. b. an Arabian.
Cassius M. Clay, 18.
Dau. of Chancellor.


MOUNTAIN BOY
Major Winfield
Rysdyk's Hambletonian. Table I.
Dam
Imp. Margrave.
Dam by Trumpator.
Dam
Gridley's Roebuck
Imp. Bellfounder.
Dam unknown.
Dam unknown.


POCAHONTAS
Cadmus (Iron's)
American Eclipse
Duroc
Imp. Diomed.
Amanda.
Miller's Damsel
Imp. Messenger.
Potsos Mare.
Die Vernon, by Florizel.
Dam
Big Shakespeare
Shakespeare, by Valerius.
Dam by Jas. Badger, a son of Valerius.

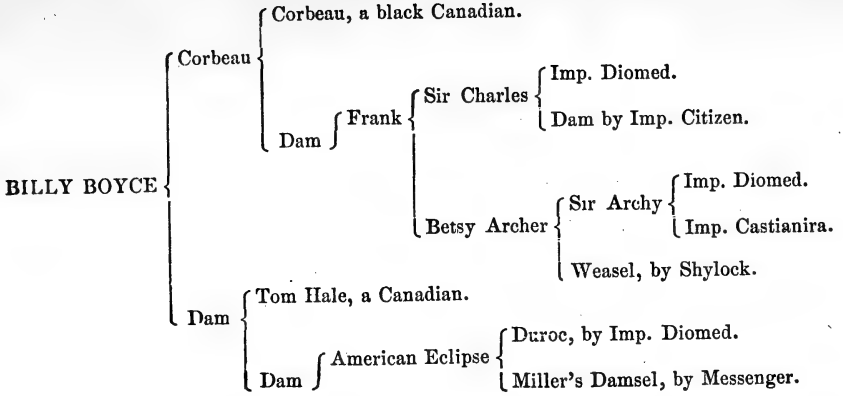

BILLY BOYCE
Corbeau
Corbeau, a black Canadian.
Dam
Frank
Sir Charles
Imp. Diomed.
Dam by Imp. Citizen.
Betsy Archer
Sir Archy
Imp. Diomed.
Imp. Castianira.
Weasel, by Shylock.
Dam
Tom Hale, a Canadian.
Dam
American Eclipse
Duroc, by Imp. Diomed.
Miller's Damsel, by Messenger.

TABLE XVIII.

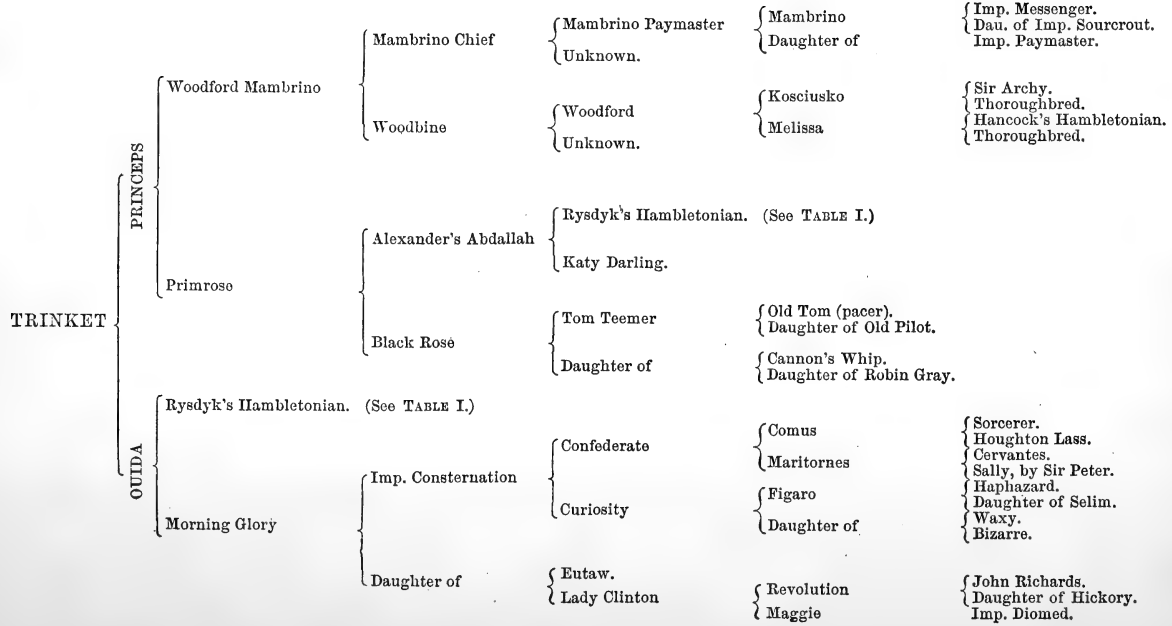

TRINKET
PRINCEPS
Woodford Mambrino
Mambrino Chief
Mambrino Paymaster
Unknown.
Mambrino
Daughter of
Imp. Messenger.
Dau. of Imp. Sourcrout.
Imp. Paymaster.
Woodbine
Woodford
Unknown.
Kosciusko
Melissa
Sir Archy.
Thoroughbred.
Hancock's Hambletonian.
Thoroughbred.
Primrose
Alexander's Abdallah
Rysdyk's Hambletonian. (See TABLE I.)
Katy Darling.
Black Rose
Tom Teemer
Old Tom (pacer).
Daughter of Old Pilot.
Daughter of
Cannon's Whip.
Daughter of Robin Gray.
OUIDA
Rysdyk's Hambletonian. (See TABLE I.)
Morning Glory
Imp. Consternation
Confederate
Comus
Maritornes
Sorcerer.
Houghton Lass.
Cervantes.
Sally, by Sir Peter.
Curiosity
Figaro
Daughter of
Haphazard.
Daughter of Selim.
Waxy.
Bizarre.
Daughter of
Eutaw.
Lady Clinton
Revolution
Maggie
John Richards.
Daughter of Hickory.
Imp. Diomed.

Table XIX.

- GENERAL KNOX
  - Vermont Hero
    - Sherman Black Hawk
      - Vt. Black Hawk
        - Sherman Morgan.
        - New Brunswick Mare.
      - Daughter of
        - Young Hambletonian.
        - Matchem Mare.
    - Daughter of
      - Harris' Hambletonian
        - Bishop's Hambletonian.
        - Munson Mare.
      - Dam unknown.
  - Daughter of
    - Searcher
      - Barney Henry, by Harris' Hambletonian.
      - Daughter of Woodbury Morgan.
    - Daughter of
      - Sir Charles, by Duroc.
      - Daughter of Plato, son of Messenger.

TABLE XX.

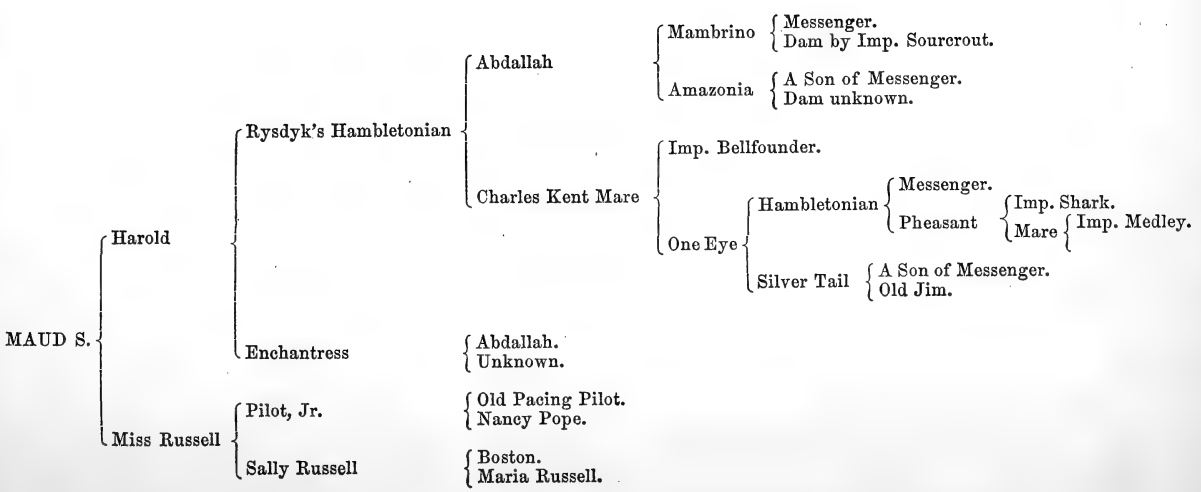

MAUD S.
Harold
Rysdyk's Hambletonian
Abdallah
Mambrino
Messenger.
Dam by Imp. Sourcrout.
Amazonia
A Son of Messenger.
Dam unknown.
Charles Kent Mare
Imp. Bellfounder.
One Eye
Hambletonian
Messenger.
Pheasant
Imp. Shark.
Mare
Imp. Medley.
Silver Tail
A Son of Messenger.
Old Jim.
Enchantress
Abdallah.
Unknown.
Miss Russell
Pilot, Jr.
Old Pacing Pilot.
Nancy Pope.
Sally Russell
Boston.
Maria Russell.

TABLE XXI.

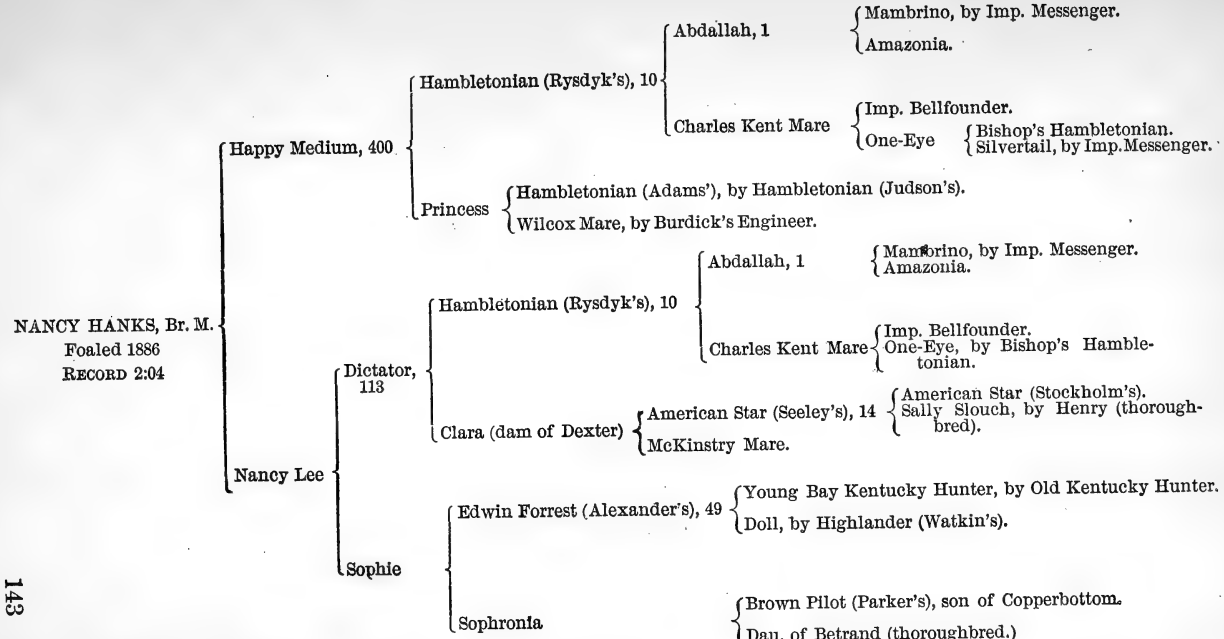
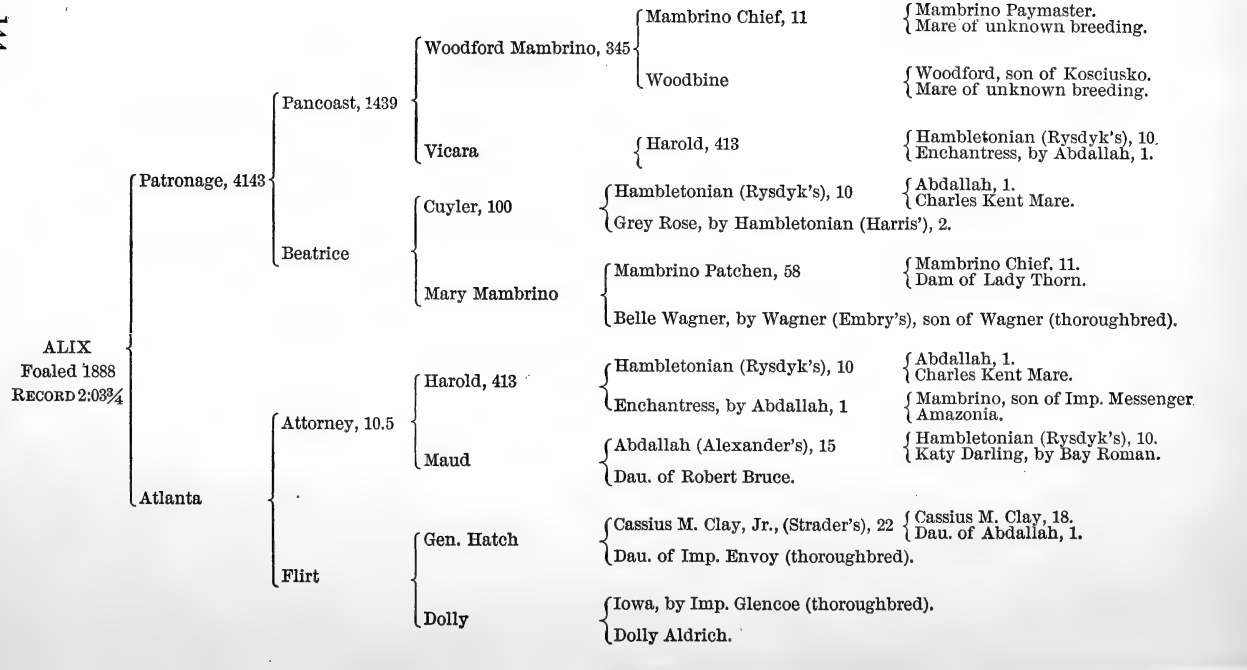

NANCY HANKS, Br. M.
Foaled 1886
RECORD 2:04
Happy Medium, 400
Hambletonian (Rysdyk's), 10
Abdallah, 1
Mambrino, by Imp. Messenger.
Amazonia.
Charles Kent Mare
Imp. Bellfounder.
One-Eye
Bishop's Hambletonian.
Silvertail, by Imp. Messenger.
Princess
Hambletonian (Adams'), by Hambletonian (Judson's).
Wilcox Mare, by Burdick's Engineer.
Nancy Lee
Dictator, 113
Hambletonian (Rysdyk's), 10
Abdallah, 1
Mambrino, by Imp. Messenger.
Amazonia.
Charles Kent Mare
Imp. Bellfounder.
One-Eye, by Bishop's Hambletonian.
Clara (dam of Dexter)
American Star (Seeley's), 14
American Star (Stockholm's).
Sally Slouch, by Henry (thoroughbred).
McKinstry Mare.
Sophie
Edwin Forrest (Alexander's), 49
Young Bay Kentucky Hunter, by Old Kentucky Hunter.
Doll, by Highlander (Watkin's).
Sophronia
Brown Pilot (Parker's), son of Copperbottom.
Dau. of Betrand (thoroughbred.)

Table XXII.


ALIX
Foaled 1888
Record 2:03¾
Patronage, 4143
Atlanta
Pancoast, 1439
Beatrice
Attorney, 10.5
Flirt
Woodford Mambrino, 345
Vicara
Cuyler, 100
Mary Mambrino
Harold, 413
Maud
Gen. Hatch
Dolly
Mambrino Chief, 11
Woodbine
Harold, 413
Hambletonian (Rysdyk's), 10
Grey Rose, by Hambletonian (Harris'), 2.
Mambrino Patchen, 58
Belle Wagner, by Wagner (Embry's), son of Wagner (thoroughbred).
Hambletonian (Rysdyk's), 10
Enchantress, by Abdallah, 1
Abdallah (Alexander's), 15
Dau. of Robert Bruce.
Cassius M. Clay, Jr., (Strader's), 22
Dau. of Imp. Envoy (thoroughbred).
Iowa, by Imp. Glencoe (thoroughbred).
Dolly Aldrich.
Mambrino Paymaster.
Mare of unknown breeding.
Woodford, son of Kosciusko.
Mare of unknown breeding.
Hambletonian (Rysdyk's), 10.
Enchantress, by Abdallah, 1.
Abdallah, 1.
Charles Kent Mare.
Mambrino Chief. 11.
Dam of Lady Thorn.
Abdallah, 1.
Charles Kent Mare.
Mambrino, son of Imp. Messenger.
Amazonia.
Hambletonian (Rysdyk's), 10.
Katy Darling, by Bay Roman.
Cassius M. Clay, 18.
Dau. of Abdallah, 1.

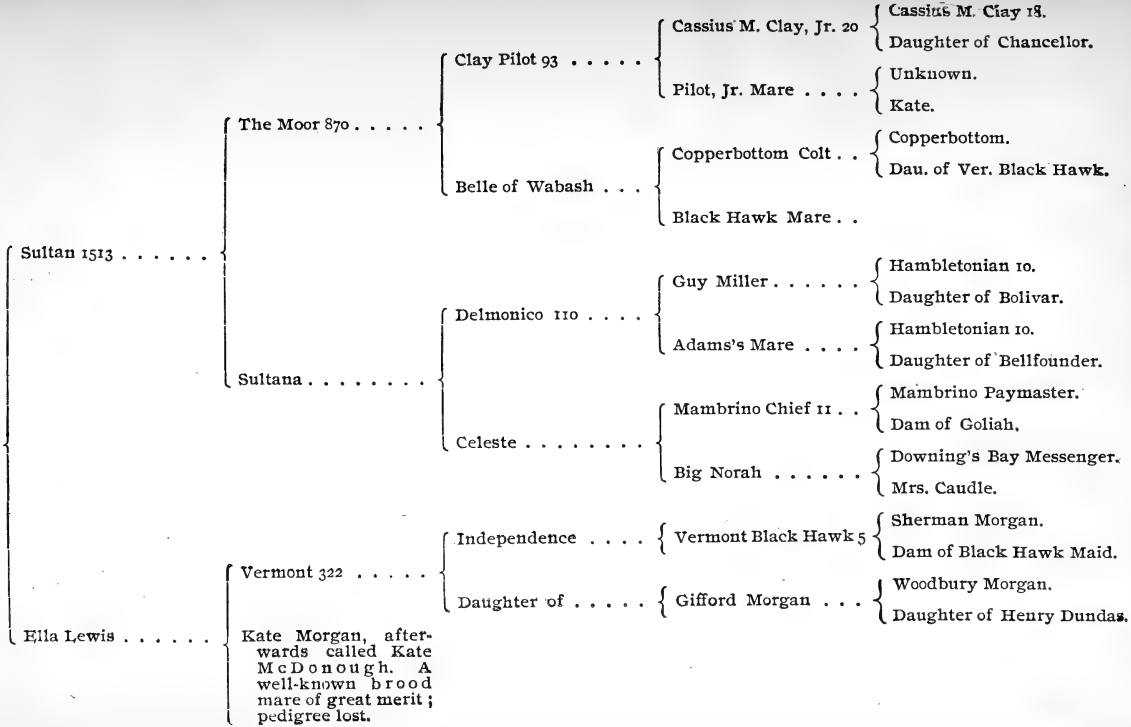

SALADIN, 12560.
Record, 2.05¾.
Sultan 1513
Ella Lewis
The Moor 870
Sultana
Vermont 322
Kate Morgan, afterwards called Kate McDonough. A well-known brood mare of great merit; pedigree lost.
Clay Pilot 93
Belle of Wabash
Delmonico 110
Celeste
Independence
Daughter of
Cassius M. Clay, Jr. 20
Pilot, Jr. Mare
Copperbottom Colt
Black Hawk Mare
Guy Miller
Adams's Mare
Mambrino Chief 11
Big Norah
Vermont Black Hawk 5
Gifford Morgan
Cassius M. Clay 18.
Daughter of Chancellor.
Unknown.
Kate.
Copperbottom.
Dau. of Ver. Black Hawk.
Hambletonian 10.
Daughter of Bolivar.
Hambletonian 10.
Daughter of Bellfounder.
Mambrino Paymaster.
Dam of Goliah.
Downing's Bay Messenger.
Mrs. Caudle.
Sherman Morgan.
Dam of Black Hawk Maid.
Woodbury Morgan.
Daughter of Henry Dundas.

TABLE XXIV.

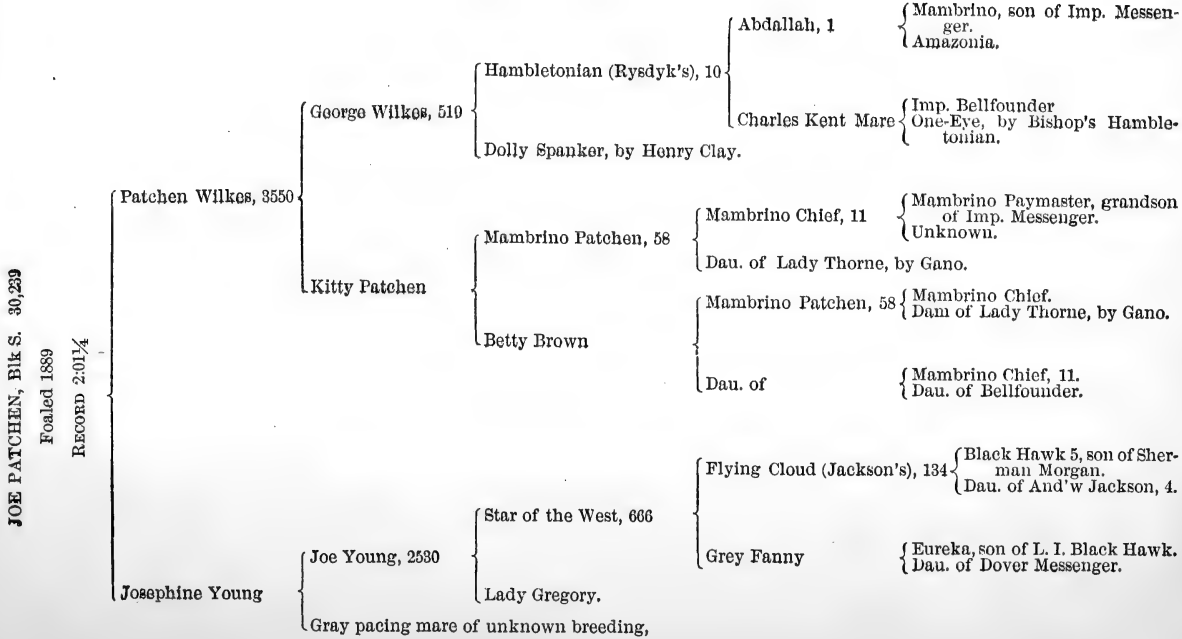

JOE PATCHEN, Blk S. 30,239
Foaled 1889
RECORD 2:01¼
Patchen Wilkes, 3550
George Wilkes, 519
Hambletonian (Rysdyk's), 10
Abdallah, 1
Mambrino, son of Imp. Messenger.
Amazonia.
Charles Kent Mare
Imp. Bellfounder
One-Eye, by Bishop's Hambletonian.
Dolly Spanker, by Henry Clay.
Kitty Patchen
Mambrino Patchen, 58
Mambrino Chief, 11
Mambrino Paymaster, grandson of Imp. Messenger.
Unknown.
Dau. of Lady Thorne, by Gano.
Betty Brown
Mambrino Patchen, 58
Mambrino Chief.
Dam of Lady Thorne, by Gano.
Dau. of
Mambrino Chief, 11.
Dau. of Bellfounder.
Josephine Young
Joe Young, 2580
Star of the West, 666
Flying Cloud (Jackson's), 134
Black Hawk 5, son of Sherman Morgan.
Dau. of And'w Jackson, 4.
Grey Fanny
Eureka, son of L. I. Black Hawk.
Dau. of Dover Messenger.
Lady Gregory.
Gray pacing mare of unknown breeding,

Table XXV.

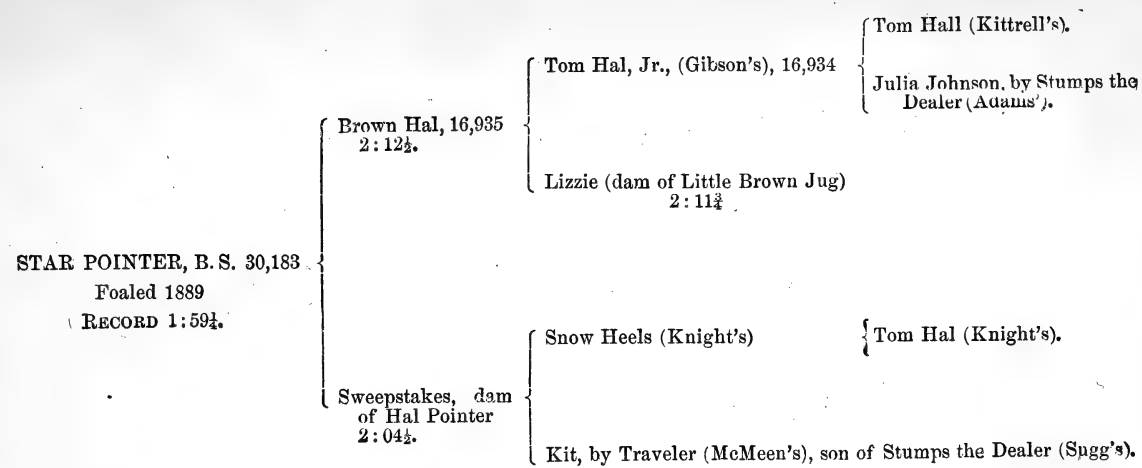

STAR POINTER, B. S. 30,183
Foaled 1889
Record 1:59¼.
Brown Hal, 16,935
2:12½.
Sweepstakes, dam of Hal Pointer
2:04½.
Tom Hal, Jr., (Gibson's), 16,934
Lizzie (dam of Little Brown Jug)
2:11¾
Snow Heels (Knight's)
Kit, by Traveler (McMeen's), son of Stumps the Dealer (Sugg's).
Tom Hall (Kittrell's).
Julia Johnson, by Stumps the Dealer (Adams').
Tom Hal (Knight's).

TABLE XXVI.

THE ABBOT, B. G.
Foaled 1893
RECORD 2:03¼

- Chimes, 5348
  - Electioneer, 125
    - Hambletonian (Rysdyk's), 10
      - Abdallah, 1
        - Mambrino, son of Imp. Messenger.
        - Amazonia.
      - Charles Kent Mare
        - Imp. Bellfounder.
        - One-Eye, by Hambletonian (Bishop's).
    - Green Mountain Maid
      - Henry Clay, 45
        - Cassius M. Clay, Jr., 20.
        - Sister to Crabtree Bellfounder.
      - Shanghai Mary.
  - Beautiful Bells
    - The Moor, 870
      - Clay Pilot, 93
        - Cassius M. Clay, Jr., 20.
        - Dau. of Pilot, Jr., 12.
      - Belle of Wabash, by Copperbottom colt.
    - Minnehaha
      - Bald Chief (Stevens')
        - Bay Chief, by Mambrino Chief, 11.
        - Dolly Spanker, by Commodore (Hunt's).
      - Nettie Clay
        - Cassius M. Clay, Jr., 22.
        - Dau. of Abdallah, 1.
- Nettie King
  - Mambrino King, 1279
    - Mambrino Patchen, 58
      - Mambrino Chief, 11
        - Mambrino Paymaster.
        - Unknown.
      - Dam of Lady Thorne.
    - Dau. of Edwin Forrest, 49
      - Young Bay Kentucky Hunter.
      - Doll, by Highlander (Watkins).
  - Nettie Murphy
    - Hamlin Patchen, 3579
      - George M. Patchen, 30
        - Cassius M. Clay, 18.
        - Dau. of Head'em, son of Imp. Trustee.
      - Mag Addison
        - Addison, son of Vt. Black Hawk.
        - Dau. of Sherman Black Hawk. 142.
    - Dau. of a son of Kentucky Whip (thoroughbred).

Table XXVII.

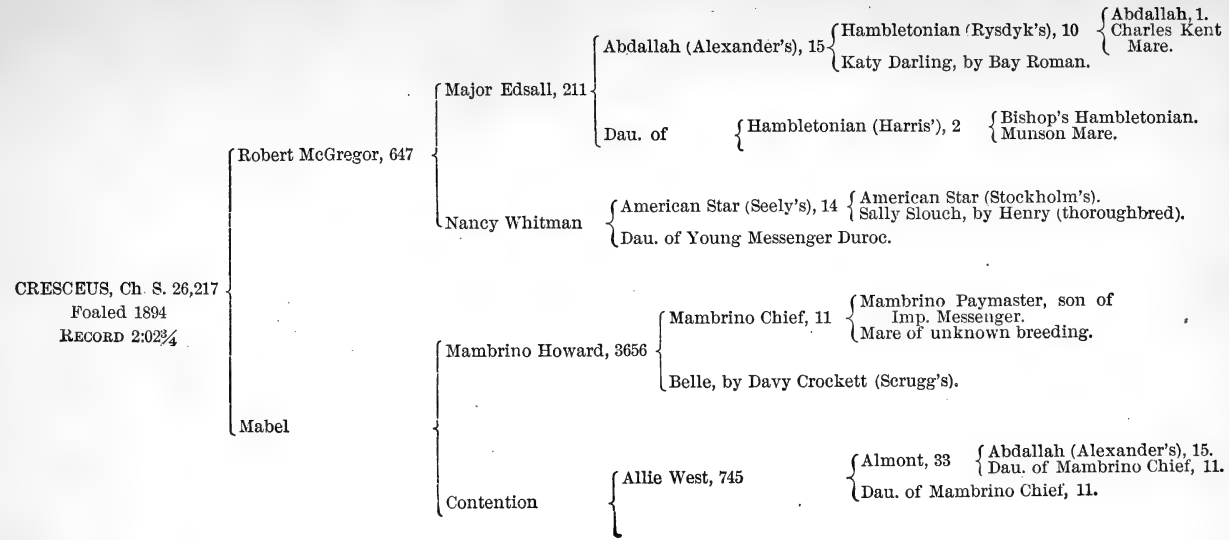
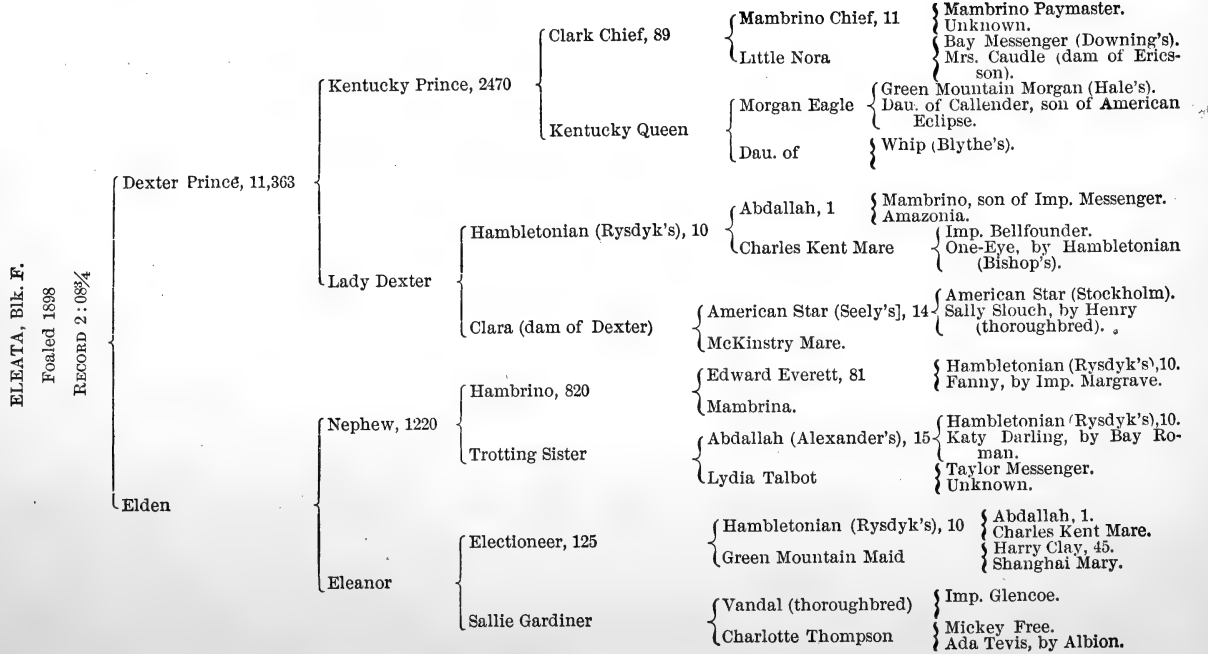

CRESCEUS, Ch. S. 26,217
Foaled 1894
Record 2:02¾
Robert McGregor, 647
Mabel
Major Edsall, 211
Nancy Whitman
Mambrino Howard, 3656
Contention
Abdallah (Alexander's), 15
Dau. of
Hambletonian (Rysdyk's), 10
Katy Darling, by Bay Roman.
Hambletonian (Harris'), 2
American Star (Seely's), 14
Dau. of Young Messenger Duroc.
Mambrino Chief, 11
Belle, by Davy Crockett (Scrugg's).
Allie West, 745
Abdallah, 1.
Charles Kent Mare.
Bishop's Hambletonian.
Munson Mare.
American Star (Stockholm's).
Sally Slouch, by Henry (thoroughbred).
Mambrino Paymaster, son of Imp. Messenger.
Mare of unknown breeding.
Almont, 33
Dau. of Mambrino Chief, 11.
Abdallah (Alexander's), 15.
Dau. of Mambrino Chief, 11.

TABLE XXVIII.



A MORAL FOR HORSEMEN.

It was a mournful little procession which filed out of the barn and took its way along the lane towards the pasture. First came Azariah, with the old musket. Then followed Thad, leading a horse, tall, gaunt and aged; and in the rear, with a shovel over his shoulder, plodded old Benjamin Heminway, the owner of the farm.

No one said anything, but all three of the men glanced furtively at the house, and Thad carefully steered old Prince around some outcropping ledges where his shoes would have been likely to make a noise. When they reached the pasture they halted.

"I s'pose we might's well pull his shoes off," suggested Azariah.

"Yes," said Thad. "Three of 'em's nearly new and the other ain't much worn. I brought the hammer along."

He handed it to his brother, who took it and began to pry off the old horse's shoes.

While the group was occupied with this task a voice broke in upon them. A little old lady had come quietly up the lane, and now stood nervously twisting her apron and regarding them with reproachful eyes. The men dropped the hammer and the two shoes they had removed, and stood silent and shamefaced.

"Father," said the old lady, laying her hand on her husband's arm, "you know how I've felt about this all along. The more I think of it the wickeder it seems. I just can't stand it!"

"There, now, mother, don't take it so hard. It ain't pleasant, I know, but what's a body goin' to do? He's past any kind o' work, an' it costs something to keep him. Besides, the boys are all the time complainin'."

"Well," broke in Thad, "we have to cut up all his fodder an' take milk to him every day, and he's forever getting into the corn-field or the garden."

"Thaddy, it ain't what he is now, but what he's been that I'm thinking about," said the boy's mother. "You don't remember, as I do, how he worked here on the farm year after year, an' how

willin' and gentle he always was. You don't think of the time when your father had the mail contract, and old Prince travelled his forty miles a day, week in and week out, summer an' winter; or the day when the limb fell from the tree on the mountain road, and knocked your father senseless in the bottom of the sleigh. How long would he have lived in that cold, or where would you or any of us be, if Prince hadn't brought him home?"

Thad was idly kicking a hole in the sod with the toe of his heavy boot, and Azariah shifted the musket uneasily from his shoulder to the ground. The old lady went on:

"Father, old Prince has done his share to help us pay for the farm. He wouldn't owe us anything for board if he lived fifty years longer; but if he's got to be killed because you think we can't afford to keep him, I've got something to say. Here's eighteen dollars. It's my butter money, an' I've been savin' it to carpet the parlor with, but never mind. It'll pay for Prince's keep while it lasts, and there'll be more when that's gone."

A crimson flush crept into the old man's sunburned face. "Stop, mother, stop!" he said. "I'm a selfish brute, an' I'm ashamed of myself, but I ain't so mean as that! Old Prince has earned the right to fodder and good care the rest of his life, as you say, an' he shall have it if he lives to be a hundred! Thad, Az'riah, you go put him into the four-acre clover lot; an' if either of you pester me again 'bout killin' him, I'll take one o' them new tug straps an' make you dance livelier'n Prince ever did when he was a four-year-old."—*Youth's Companion.*

VALUABLE BOOKS

ON THE

HORSE

PUBLISHED BY

THE JOHN C. WINSTON CO.,

1006-16 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

The Trotting Horse of America: how to Train and Drive Him, with Reminiscences of the Trotting Turf. By HIRAM WOODRUFF. Edited by CHARLES J. FOSTER. Including an Introductory Notice by GEORGE WILKES and a Biographical Sketch by the Editor. Revised and Enlarged, with a copious Index. With a steel portrait of the author and six engravings on wood of celebrated trotters. 12mo. Cloth, extra, $1.00.

"The author of this work stood at the head of his profession as a trainer and driver of the trotting horse. . . . . To horsemen in particular the book will be found especially attractive and of great value. It will become a standard authority on the subject of which it treats."—*N. Y. Herald.*

"The record of his experience and suggestions constitutes, therefore, a valuable accession to our knowledge, and will prove to be of standard authority among the most skillful. The graphic style of his descriptions, the vivid pictures he draws of the breeding and education of his favorites, and the reminiscences he recalls of incidents on the turf, form a work of great merit. . . . . Those who are desirous to form an accurate idea of the characteristics of the trotting horse, for their benefit as riders or drivers, cannot find any other work in our language so replete with useful information, interesting hints, and readable anecdotes. Hiram Woodruff is now dead, and it will be many a year before we shall look upon his equal in his line of business."—*The Nation*, New York.

"This is a masterly treatise by the master of his profession,—the ripened product of forty years' experience in handling, training, riding and driving the trotting horse. There is no book like it, in any language, on the subject on which it treats. It is accepted as authority by the owners of racing trotters and fast roadsters. Its publication has been hailed by gentlemen as critically appreciative as Robert Bonner, and by trainers and drivers as distinguished as Sam Hoagland, Dan Mace and Dan Pfifer. The book is unquestionably one of great value; for, in America and England, the development of the horse has long been considered second only in importance to the development of man. This work contains the results of forty years' uninterrupted labor in bringing the trotter up to the highest speed and the greatest endurance of which he is capable. Before we read it we had seen with curious surprise very hearty commendation of it and eulogy of its author in the leading Presbyterian, Baptist and Methodist journals. No wonder, for Hiram Woodruff's system is based on the law of love."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

"Hiram Woodruff was the great trainer of his day; but, by his unsullied integrity and unequalled capacity, he rose above his profession. No man could ever say of him that he had his price. Indeed, it is the universal testimony of all who knew him—friends and foes—that his integrity was absolutely unassailable. In this work, which has been ably, carefully and judiciously edited by his faithful friend, Mr. Charles J. Foster, are recorded for the benefit of the public at large his life-long experiences, his sayings and doings, his authoritative views on almost everything pertaining to the horse. It is a book for which every man who owns a horse ought to subscribe. The information which it contains is worth ten times its cost."—*Mr. Bonner's New York Ledger.*

The Horse in the Stable and the Field: his Management in Health and Disease. By J. H. WALSH, F.R.C.S. ("Stonehenge"). With an Essay on the American Trotting Horse, and Suggestions on the Breeding and Training of Trotters. By ELLWOOD HARVEY, M.D. Illustrated with over eighty illustrations, and full-page engravings. 12mo. Cloth, extra, bevelled boards, $1.00.

"It sustains its claim to be the only work which has brought together in a single volume, and in clear, concise and comprehensive language, adequate information on the various subjects of which it treats."—*Harper's Magazine.*

"A very comprehensive treatise on that noble animal, in which the work of several hands has been well employed. The basis of the book is an English work by J. H. Walsh ('Stonehenge'), which has been carefully edited for American readers by Dr. Robert McClure, and enriched by an appendix on the American Trotter, by Dr. Ellwood Harvey, of Chester, Pa. All these gentlemen are at home on the questions they write about, and have availed themselves freely of the writings of others, so that the book condenses the wisdom of a whole library within itself. It is as entertaining as most novels are, and as original and independent in its speculations on many points as Huxley or Darwin are."—*Springfield* (Mass.) *Republican.*

"It will be seen at once that this is a book worth having. Certainly no one who owns a good horse, and is fit to own him, will ever regret buying it."—*Hartford Courant.*

"It holds a high rank among the works on the subject in England, and the American edition is enriched by the instructive notes of the editor and an Essay on the American Trotting Horse, by Ellwood Harvey, M.D. The various information contained in this volume, with its appropriate illustrations, makes it a valuable work for the library of the farmer or horse fancier."—*New York Daily Tribune.*

"One of the best English books about the Horse, improved and expanded, to adapt it to the American public, by competent native writers; so much improved that years must pass before it can be bettered. Portraits of our leading trotters, copied from life and photographs, are finely engraved on wood, and their pedigrees are given in a new method, which shows the lines of descent at a glance. The work is complete."—*The Press,* Philadelphia.

"This is an English work of acknowledged authority. It has been thoroughly revised and adapted to the wants of the American farmer and amateur. Dr. McClure, the American editor, is the well-known author of 'The Diseases of the American Stable, Field and Farmyard.' . . . Gives sound instruction upon all the points that every horse-owner will occasionally need to refer to. Every man who owns a horse should also own this book. It will be worth many times its cost to him every year. The publishers have issued it in a very substantial and creditable style."—*American Farmer,* Baltimore.

Encyclopædia of Rural Sports. Comprising Shooting, Hunting, Fishing, Boating, Yachting, Racing, Athletics, Cricket, Base Ball, etc., and the Various Rural Games and Amusements of Great Britain and America. By J. H. WALSH ("Stonehenge"), author of "The Horse in the Stable and the Field," etc., etc. Illustrated with 150 fine engravings. Thick crown 8vo. Cloth, black and gold. Size, 6¼ by 8 inches. $2.00.

"The work is not only a guide to all manly pursuits, but treats of them in such a complete and exhaustive manner as to meet every possible requirement."—*Newcastle Chronicle.*

"Boys and men, sportsmen, farmers, and all to whom the horse and the dog are dear, will find in the 'Rural Sports' a perfect treasury of information."—*The Hour,* London.

"A. C. M., AUSTIN, Nev.—Please inform me which is the best book on training horses for all distances, the price of the book, where to obtain it, etc. Also, the best veterinary book, price, and where to obtain it. Answer: 'Rural Sports of England,' by Stonehenge, will supply the first; and 'The Horse,' by Stonehenge, will answer for the last about as well as any."—*Spirit of the Times,* New York.

The Gentleman's Stable Guide: Containing a Familiar Description of the American Stable; the most approved method of Feeding, Grooming and General Management of Horses; together with Directions for the Care of Carriages, Harness, etc. By ROBERT MCCLURE, M.D., V.S. Illustrated. 16mo. Cloth, extra, $1.00.

"Such a treatise has been needed for years, and we think this volume will supply the want. The illustrations are very good and timely."—*Pittsburgh Daily Gazette.*

"The book contains a familiar description of the American stable, the most approved method of feeding, grooming and general management of horses; together with directions for the care of carriages, harness, etc. The whole is founded on the careful study and experience of many years of the author's life, and forms a valuable manual for any one who has charge of the noblest of man's irrational servants. Its low price and great value should give it general circulation among horsemen."—*Indiana Farmer.*

"Farmers and horsemen will find this an invaluable addition to their libraries. All is elucidated in such a way that no one need plead ignorance as to the duties of grooms and the requirements of the stable—the quantity and quality of food the horse requires, and how to prepare it, together with the effects which may be expected."—*Herald,* Mansfield, Ohio.

"This is a book on one of the most popular and least understood of everyday subjects. The writer is a practical horseman a veterinarian thoroughly acquainted with the whole philosophy of horseflesh. The book is as entertaining as useful, and will repay a careful reading. Horse fanciers can find much in the book really serviceable, and farmers might save themselves much vexation and loss by heeding its practicable and experienced suggestions."—*Rochester Democrat.*

Diseases of the Horse and How to Treat Them. A concise Manual of Special Pathology, for the use of Horsemen, Farmers, Stock Raisers and Students in Agricultural Colleges. By ROBERT CHAWNER and J. M. WALSH. New Revised Edition. Illustrated. 12mo. Cloth, $1.25.

"It is an unpretending treatise, free from technicalities, and well adapted for the use of farmers and stock raisers. The object of Dr. Chawner was to make a popular and reliable handbook on that department of veterinary science which treats of the horse and his diseases, and in this object he has succeeded and supplied a practical want. There is no extraneous matter. Information is imparted with commendable brevity, and in language plain and simple enough to be understood by all. The fallacies of the old school are rejected, and the treatment prescribed is that of modern practitioners."—*Turf, Field and Farm,* New York.

"Those who have a use for it do not have to wade through a multitude of pages to find out what is to be done in a given contingency."—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

The Practical Horse Keeper. By GEORGE FLEMING, LL.D., F.R.C.V.S. A Guide to those who have to do with Horses, containing chapters on Breeding, Purchasing, Stable and Stabling, Feeding, General Management, Riding, Hunting, Breaking and Training, Harness and Driving, Shoeing and Diseases of the Foot, Injuries, Lameness, Diseases of the Horse, the Ass and Mule, etc. 12mo. Cloth, 75 cents.

The Horse. By WILLIAM YOUATT. Together with a General History of the Horse and a Dissertation on the American Trotting Horse, and an essay on the Ass and the Mule. By J. S. SKINNER. With an engraving on steel and 58 illustrations on wood. Cloth, extra, $1.00.

"His works are standard authorities in England and America."—*Allibone's Dictionary of Authors.*

Horse-Breeding Recollections. By COUNT GEORGE LEHNDORFF. 8vo. Cloth, $1.00.

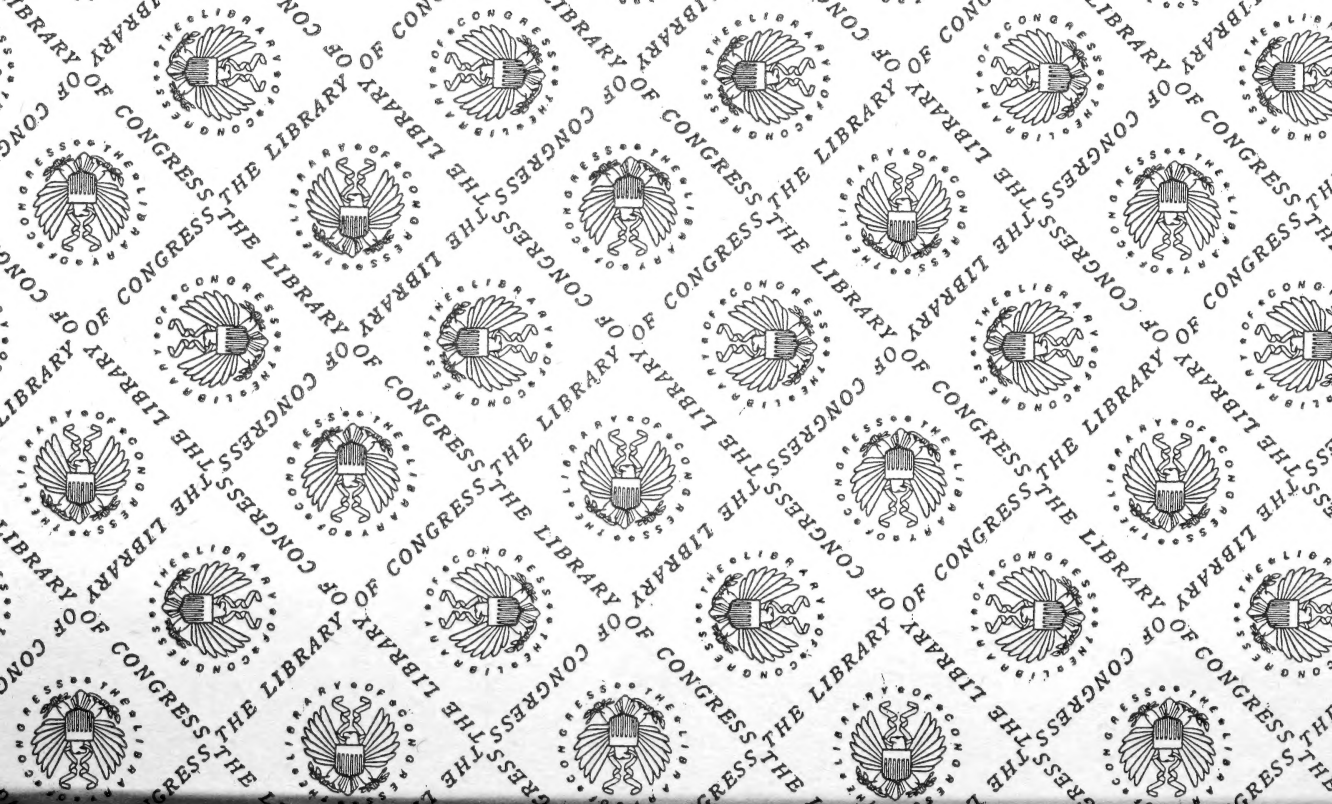
"Every one interested in horses ought to own a copy of this valuable vade mecum."—*Maryland Farmer.*

"Count Lehndorff's book is not only intelligent, but intelligible."—*Chicago Herald.*

"A richly illustrated and finely prepared work, with elaborate tables and statistics on breeding race-horses. It is issued in elegant form, and is recognized as authority by horsemen."—*Ohio State Journal.*

"Count Lehndorff, the manager of the Government stud of Germany, has made a special study of the intricacies of horse-breeding The recital of his experiences and the suggestions which he furnishes will undoubtedly prove of value to all who are interested in equine matters. The book is illustrated by engravings of some of the most celebrated favorites of the race-course."—*Public Record*, Philadelphia.

A Short History of the American Trotting and Pacing Horse. With Tables of Pedigrees of Famous Horses, Useful Hints, Suggestions and Opinions on Training and Conditioning, compiled from various sources, Rules for Track Laying, etc., by HENRY T. COATES; What to Do before the Veterinary Surgeon Comes, by GEORGE FLEMING, F. R. C.V. S. The book, besides treating of Driving Horses, gives a condensed history of the best horses in this country, with mention of their best performances. It is invaluable in its suggestions to horse trainers, and is the latest book on this subject published. Illustrated with six pictures from photographs from life. 12mo. Cloth, 75 cents.


THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS