

HACKNEYS OF STAMINA.

English Rustics Bowed Down to Marshland Shales.

BREEDERS WHO ARE HELPING FARMERS.

Bright Star's Staying Powers Recall the Feats of Her Illustrious Ancestress Phenomena.

Nothing more touching or picturesque than the following old-fashioned little cameo can be found in the history of the horse. It's a bit of romance about the hackney, and it occurs in an old work published early in the present century.

"I was standing on the Castle Hill in the midst of a fair of horses. . . . An old man draws nigh; he is mounted on a lean pony, and he leads by the bridle another nag, gentler than the rest, almost dun in color, and over one eye a thick film has gathered. Nothing very remarkable, say you, about that nag. But stay; there is something very remarkable about him—there is something in his action in which he differs from all the rest. As he advances the elms are lushed. All eyes are turned upon him. What looks of interest, of respect, and—what is this? People are taking off their hats—surely not for that steed! Yes, verily; men, especially old men, are taking off their hats to that one-eyed steed, and I hear more than one deep-drawn 'Ah'."

"What horse is that?" said I to a very old fellow, the counterpart of the old man on the pony, save that the latter wore a faded suit of velveteen, and this one was dressed in a white frock. "The best in Mother England," said the very old man, taking a knobbed stick from his mouth and looking me in the face, at first carelessly, but presently with something like interest. "He is old, like myself, but can still trot his twenty miles an hour. You won't live long, my son; tall and overgrown ones like these never does; yet, if you should chance to reach my years you may boast to thy great-grand boys that thou hast seen Marshland Shales."

THE CRACK TROTTER OF HIS DAY. "And I did for that horse what I would neither do for earl or baron—doffed my hat. Yes, I doffed my hat to the wondrous horse, the fast trotter, the best in Mother England; and I, too, drew a deep 'Ah' and repeated the words of the old fellow around. 'Such a horse as this we shall never see again; a pity that he is so old.'"

Had these old chaps lived until to-day, they would have realized that there was little cause to pity old Marshland Shales, for he would have seen what a magnificent train of horse-like himself the Nor-



Mrs. W. E. D. Stokes.

Folk trotter became the progenitor of. At thousands of old-fashioned shows and horse fairs held in the market places and on the country roads of England nags of the real old stamp have snatched their knees and flexed their hocks exactly as the Shales horse did, and at the ring-side horsemen—not perhaps, in stock frocks, but more probably in fancy covert cloth breeches and gaiters of stylish cut—have doffed their hats to worthy scions of the hackney blood, just as did "old" breeders for the one-eyed steed.

And in America, too, the same thing goes merrily on. At every exhibition of the hackney's superlatively stylish action the crowd of good horse men and women who fill the best boxes and the galleries rise as one solid mass and split their gloves with hand-clapping when the royal fly and high-steppers at the end of a loose rein show off their natural gait on the tanbark.

In America no horse has won more renown for this sort of thing than rare old Fashion, that fetching little black beaver of whom Mr. Prescott Lawrence is the proud possessor. Who, among the millions—aye, I said millions—that has witnessed the almost human knowledge that this brave stallion demonstrates when he gets into his stride, can deny for an instant the peculiar excellence of the hackney as a natural actor?

MATCHLESS AND HIS PROGENY. Then, again, take that marvelous chestnut stallion, Dr. Seward Webb's Matchless, who has always won premier honors at every show of which he has been exhibited. By the renowned English sire Danezell, this horse is bred right up in the purple, through the Phenomenons and the Phenons away back to the original Shales and Flying Children. He took twenty-one first and second prizes in England and Belgium before coming to this country. At the Madison Square show of 1893 a score or more of his sons and daughters were paraded after him, and every one possessed the marks of heredity, his color, the curved neck and the stately carriage of their illustrious sire.

This has often been repeated, Matchless taking challenge cups and tri-color ribbons as best sire in every competition. He is loved by all good Judges to be one of the very finest specimens of his breed, presenting a combination of the peculiar points characteristic of a perfect hackney sire.

SPECIAL NEWS RELATIVE TO HORSES AND HORSEMEN. OUR POLY FAVORITES.

He was bred by old Mr. Brough, near the East of Lonsdale's place, up in Yorkshire, and was imported to this country at four years of age in 1888 by Mr. Henry Fairfax, of Virginia, who sold him, in 1891, to Dr. William Seward Webb for \$15,000—quite a nice little sum for a stallion to beget harness horses.

Dr. Webb, with his usual liberality, is actually permitting the use of this horse to farmers' mares up in Vermont free, only claiming the privilege of buying the pick of the foals at six months old; and he is also giving the service of some other hackney stallions, just as he did that of his French coach-horses some years ago; and, be further, provides special horse cars, that make regular trips between New York and Burlington, Vt., to carry mares visiting his farm.

GOOD STALLIONS AT LOW FEES. Speaking of liberality, several prominent breeders of hackneys in this country are giving either free use of their stallions or placing the fees at nominal figures to the farmers in the vicinity of the hackney stock farms. Mr. Cassatt, down at Berwyn, Pa., who owns the great Cadet and Little Wonder, makes most liberal arrangements to breeders, as do also Mr. Fairfax, who has a Danegott stallion of superlative excellence; Mr. Widener, who has Rufus and Danegott blood; Mr. McCurdy, also a Philadelphia gentleman who owns a grand black-brown stallion; Mr. Shoemaker, of Baltimore, a man who has done a vast deal of good in his district to improve the farmer's horse; Mr. Kimball, of Germantown; the Messrs. Cheney, of South Manchester, Conn., who have placed the services of their famous stallion, Dr. Parke, at such a fee that no breeder can afford to omit sending stock to him; Mr. George Green, of Katonah, N. Y., who is the happy possessor of that magnificent chestnut steed, Rufus, Jr., that took New York by storm a year ago, and even before he moved out of his stall was the acknowledged champion of the show.

There are many other hackney men I could mention, to whom the horse world will be much indebted, and among them will be found Mr. Fred C. Bourne, of Indian Neck, L. I.; Mr. T. B. Hidden, of Short Hills, N. J.; Mr. William D. Sloane, of Lenox, Mass.; Colonel Higginson, of Boston, and last, but by all odds not least, Mr. H. K. Bloodgood, who owns the Star of Mepal and stands him in the neighborhood of New Marlboro, Mass.

Dr. Parke is one of the very few real old-fashioned typical hackneys in America. It's impossible to mould a purer model of the Lord Derby strain than this one. Foaled in 1880, now 15.2 hands in height, and the richest shade of dark chestnut, Parke thrills the nagsman the moment he turns his head. The expression is fascinating; the poise of the head and whole forehead royal; the lay of shoulder throwing the wither well-back into a top line that is really beautiful. The roll of the quarters and set of dock Derby thorough; so is the curve to gaskin. The middle piece is well rounded, and there is great depth and heart room. He goes, too, does Parke, especially forward, and in the hands of that clever little 'carr never stretches his line, and when at the halt extends in camper, turning to show his crest and repose like no other nag I know. Like Mr. Cassatt's great sire, Comet, Parke traces, though in another line maternally, direct to the Phenomenons and Performer, who was foaled in 1810, and who in his day was by Woot's Pretender, the horse that went from Norfolk into Yorkshire about 1800 and lived to the ripe old age of thirty-three, giving at thirty an exhibition of trotting powers that put quite into the shade that of every other stallion brought against him. It is through the pedigrees of such horses as Parke that we trace the hackney 'way back to 1300, and have record of the performances of famous ancestors.

REMARKABLE FEATS ON THE ROAD. Mr. Bloodgood's mare, Bright Star, like a hundred others I could mention, is a cast-iron sort. She is a black, 15.2 hands, born in 1886, at Mr. Arthur Gittus's place, in Cambridgehire. By Star of the North, who was grandson of old Denmark, and out of the Wood Nymph mare by Realty, the seasonal stallion of younger days, this mare contains in her veins the cream of hackney blood. I had the privilege of seeing this mare go in harness a mile inside of three minutes, and she was one of the leaders in a coach that Mr. Bloodgood drove up the hills and down the dates of the Berkshires at pretty near eighteen miles an hour.

Mrs. Bloodgood has handled this great mare with ease, I believe, at over fifteen miles many a time, and old man Ramsdell, whose picture is in the stud book on his greatest of all mares—the Norfolk Phenomena—must turn in his grave every time



Mr. H. K. Bloodgood's Long Distance Hackney Mare, Bright Star.

the Bright Star gets down to the gait he was so fond of. There are many points of resemblance in her to the old Phenomena of 1788, although, of course, Bright Star is larger. I should not be a bit surprised if the latter could not duplicate some of the feats recorded of old Ramsdell's mare. This mare, Phenomena, was matched in 1800, being then twelve years old, to trot seventeen miles within the hour, under saddle, on the Huntingdon road, and she did it with ease in fifty-five minutes. The performance was witnessed by a number of her first trial, she did seventeen miles in a few seconds under fifty-three minutes. She was afterward matched for £2,000 to trot nineteen miles and a half within the hour, but her opponent paid for it, as was proved by several watches on her last performance that she did four miles under eleven minutes. When twenty-three years old, in February, 1811, she trotted nine miles in twenty-eight minutes and thirty seconds. A. H. GODFREY.

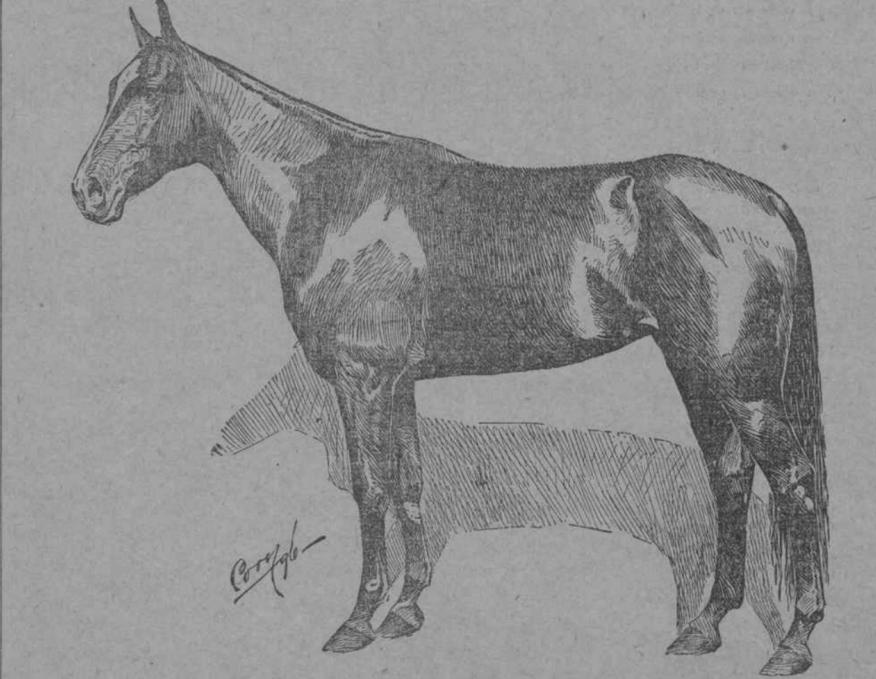
MAY BE QUEEN OF THE TROTTERS.

Mrs. W. E. D. Stokes's Great Mare Beuzetta, 2:06 3-4, a Promising Candidate for This Year's Championship Honors.

Ever since trotting began as a sport, and the records were commenced, the trotting championship, as measured by the time test has been the most coveted distinction. It carries with it a certain prestige that no mere racing success against other champions admires of the trotter and accomplished maresman. Mrs. Stokes possesses the most notable stable of famous horses of any woman in the United States. Besides Beuzetta, she owns Miss Rita (2:06 1/4), the champion three-year-old pacer, that was a wedding gift from Mr. Stokes, and that with Angle D. paced, to pole, in 2:12 1/4; Joie B., 2:13 1/4; Be Sure, 2:06 1/4; pacing, and others, including the high-strung trotter J. J. Amblin, 2:10, which Mrs. Stokes drove at Long Branch last Summer. It is worthy of note that Mrs. Stokes is said to prefer not only the American trotter as a driving horse, but the American driving 'rig' as his natural and

harmonious equipment. BEUZETTA'S BRILLIANT CAREER. The career of Beuzetta has been a brilliant one. She was bred by E. W. Ayers and first saw the light at his Mapleton Farm in Kentucky, May 11, 1891. Her sire was Onward, 2:25 1/4, one of the most productive sons of George Wilkes, 2:22, whom many horsemen regard as the greatest of trotting progenitors; and her dam, Beulah, was a daughter of Harold, the sire of Maud S. Beulah's dam was Sally B., daughter of Lever, thoroughbred son of the blind hero, Lexington, whose grave, as is Harold's, is at Woodburn. Individually Beuzetta falls considerably short of being handsome, but viewed strictly as a racing machine, she is almost entirely admirable. She is of about the right racing size, is a chestnut, with a star, stripe and snip, but no other marks. Her head is rather plain, though decidedly good mould, but is not pleasingly set on a neck that is somewhat slender, and this considerably detracts from an otherwise excellent racing conformation.

Beuzetta outraced the field. At Cleveland she was following the beat aged horses in the last heat in 2:06 1/4. A RECORD HEAT AT BUFFALO. At Buffalo she met the strongest field she had yet encountered, including the remarkable Californian, Klamath, who had been carrying all before him. He was booked as the winner, but she one of the greatest harness races of recent years Klamath stood second in the summary. The Californian landed the first heat in 2:10 1/4, but Beuzetta beat him home in 2:07 1/4, in the second heat. Miss Nelson chased the Onward mare out in 2:11 1/4, in the third heat, and in the last Klamath made his final rally and drove Beuzetta out in 2:06 1/4, the fastest fourth heat ever trotted. The Buffalo performance was sufficient to establish Beuzetta as a race mare of strictly the first class, but in the estimation of excellent judges her race in the free-for-all stake at Fleetwood Park, August 28, in which she was beaten by Azote, was an even greater performance. In this event she met the imberben Azote (2:04 3/4), un-



Mrs. W. E. D. Stokes's Great Trotting Mare, Beuzetta, 2:06 3-4.

questionably the best aged race horse on the turf in 1895, besides Klamath and Danegott. She was slightly outstayed in the opening heat, leaving Klamath to carry the favorite home in 2:09 1/4. In the second heat Beuzetta made her effort, carrying the gigantic Whips horse to the quarter in 0:30 1/4 and to the half in 1:01 1/4, still obliging to him up the hill to the three-quarters in 1:38, and coming gamely under a drive, forcing him out in 2:08 1/4, the fastest heat ever trotted at Fleetwood—and all this in spite of the fact that she threw a shoe in the second quarter. Her mile in 2:06 1/4, which was her official time for the heat, under the circumstances, shows what a sterling, naturally balanced trotter Beuzetta is. Immediately after this heat Peter Duryea bought Beuzetta for \$10,000, and it was later announced that her new owner was Mrs. W. E. D. Stokes. In the final heat of the race Beuzetta, after a break, forced Azote out in 2:07.

WILL SHE BE CHAMPION? This race closed Beuzetta's campaign, and she was immediately turned over to Orrin Hickok, of St. Julien fame, who took her with the rest of his stable to winter in California. Recent reports therefrom are to the effect that Beuzetta is in rare shape in Hickok's hands and that this skilled horseman has corrected certain little defects of deportment in work which still noticeably handicapped the Onward mare in her races last season. Beuzetta has shown as high a flight of speed as any trotter, and that she can carry it and does carry it with remarkable resolution and stamina was apparent to every critical observer of her last campaign. Orrin Hickok is one of the most experienced and gifted trainers and drivers in the profession and a very wily manager withal.

Major Berak G. Thomas, of Lexington, still clings to the name of Distern, although his stock farm, which originally bore it, has passed into other hands. The pride of his heart is the once famous race horse Hinyar, now a most successful stallion—head of the winning series in 1893, second in 1894, and among the first five in 1895. Hinyar's get are generally good campaigners. Fourteen of his best sons and daughters have won a total of 350 races, an average of 25 wins for each. Greenwick, a six-year-old mare last season, has captured forty races and been placed in sixty-three others out of one hundred and forty-three starts.

HIGH RENOWN FOR EXCELLENCE. Lofty and enduring renown indeed is carried with the title of king or queen of the trotting turf. Hence the continual effort to reduce the record, and the always

keen interest in any horse who so far wins his way to the front as to be considered a candidate for the championship. Now, at the beginning of the trotting season, there are in sight, to make it broad, perhaps half a dozen trotters that may be considered possible aspirants for the honor which Alex has proudly worn since the September day in 1894 when she turned the new Galesburg track in 2:03 3/4. Thousands of devotees of the trotting horse all over the country are speculating as to the chances of this or that candidate, and at this time it seems reasonable to review the prospects of some of the more prominent ones in the light of what they have done and what they seem to be. As to what they will do—"that is another story," for in all the charming uncertainties of life these the turf still hold pre-eminence. It would seem that a large majority of

It may be expected, therefore, that when he brings Beuzetta East he will be found to have her trained to that degree of levelness that her speed can be controlled to the best advantage, and it certainly would seem that there is no trotter in sight whose prospects for championship honors look quite so bright at this writing as those of Mrs. Stokes's phenomenal young mare. The horse now rests with Iowa, for Alex is a native of that State, and should they be won by Beuzetta this Summer, not only would all New York be delighted, but the news would thrill with exultation every blade of the Blue Grass ground. LESLIE MACLEOD.



Dr. W. S. Webb's Hackney Stallion Imp. Matchless of Lonsdale.

owner, "Jimmy" McLaughlin, appears to have picked up a very useful colt for \$150 at the Rancho del Paso sale last year in Joe Hayman, by Tyrant—Realty. This youngster has shown well at the Reading meeting, earning brackets on two occasions and defeating the most experienced and gifted prospects for championship honors look quite so bright at this writing as those of Mrs. Stokes's phenomenal young mare. The horse now rests with Iowa, for Alex is a native of that State, and should they be won by Beuzetta this Summer, not only would all New York be delighted, but the news would thrill with exultation every blade of the Blue Grass ground. LESLIE MACLEOD.

RACES OF THE ORLOFFS.

The Grand Dimitri the Leading Winner of the Late Season on the Trotting Tracks of Russia.

Russia is second only to the United States in the possession and development of a native breed of trotters. The Orloff has been systematically bred and developed for many generations, and trotting is an established sport in Russia. The statistics of the past (winter) trotting season have just been published in Europe, and show the Grand Duke Dimitri Constantinovich and the Messrs. Koshevlkoff to be the leading winning owners. The latter won 26,850 rubles, while the Grand Duke's stable won 20,350 rubles. The largest winning horse of the season was the Orloff Polkan, 22,882 rubles. Next came the Grand Duke's four-year-old Chvalpony, 18,075 rubles, and the American horse Fleche, which, though hatched from a great number of valuable rubles, still won 14,134 rubles. The prominence of the Grand Duke Dimitri's stable recalls the great display he made at the Columbian Exposition in 1893. About a score of his horses were exhibited in the charge of Lieutenant Ismailoff, master of the imperial stables, and the American trainer, Havmor. It was seen that the Russians and all the latest American trotting equipments, in the way of harness, saddles, whips, boots, shoes, weights, etc., and Lieutenant Ismailoff assured the writer that it was the policy of the Russian stables to avail themselves of every up-to-date American device in trotting, and some of our trotting works, notably Marshall's "Training the Trotting Horse," have been translated into Russian, and the translation of the latter work was in the hands of all Grand Duke Dimitri's horsemen. The fastest Russian trotter to that date was the Russian, the fastest to be seen in a Russian record equal to about 2:20, and was shown at Chicago.

When the Russians returned, they left Karamas here for training in charge of Peter Duryea, of this city, who turned him over to Orrin Hickok, but whether from the Russians and all the latest American trotting equipments, in the way of harness, saddles, whips, boots, shoes, weights, etc., and Lieutenant Ismailoff assured the writer that it was the policy of the Russian stables to avail themselves of every up-to-date American device in trotting, and some of our trotting works, notably Marshall's "Training the Trotting Horse," have been translated into Russian, and the translation of the latter work was in the hands of all Grand Duke Dimitri's horsemen. The fastest Russian trotter to that date was the Russian, the fastest to be seen in a Russian record equal to about 2:20, and was shown at Chicago.

Stable and Stud. Byron McClelland is another possessed of most excellent judgment, or is one of Fortune's favorites. It is not many years ago since he was subjected to the frowns of the fickle goddess and suddenly found himself at the bottom of the ladder; but, nothing daunted, he started upward again, and has been steadily climbing. Judge, Healy of Narragansett, Rhode Island, the Commencer, Halma and other good ones have helped his ascent in the past, and in Prince Liet and Nimrod he now appears to have two of the most promising three-year-olds in the West. The former showed his ability on the metropolitan courses last season, and a Monday last won the Distaff Stakes at Lexington in time which lowered the local record for a mile and a sixteenth. Nimrod is a full brother to the great race mare Huntress, and was purchased last season by McClelland. He is now in the Kentucky State, but is one of the entries in the Clark Stakes at the approaching Louisville meeting.

Charles Head Smith, the millionaire stockholder of Chicago, has started out well with the Eastern string of his stable, his two-year-old Danette winning at Bonnings on Monday last. Mr. Smith is quite a plunger when he has assurance from his trainer that his horses are right, and it is more than likely that he won a comfortable sum over the victory of the son of Inspector B., as that colt was neglected by the public for Florida and Winged Foot, and started at the odds of 4 to 1 in a field of four.

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It is a notable fact that of the three largest winners in the six-year-old and upward class in America last year, two—the Ironmaster and Parady—are by Hinyar. Others by him that have raced for several seasons are Dago, Correction, Walk Jim, Ross, The Hawk, Beulah, etc. His greatest representative, Domingo, in three years on the turf won more than \$200,000, passing the winning post first in 19 out of 25 races, and running off placed but three times. In fact, you never know when the Hinyars were out.

Ex-jockey and starter, and now trainer and



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owner, "Jimmy" McLaughlin, appears to have picked up a very useful colt for \$150 at the Rancho del Paso sale last year in Joe Hayman, by Tyrant—Realty. This youngster has shown well at the Reading meeting, earning brackets on two occasions and defeating the most experienced and gifted prospects for championship honors look quite so bright at this writing as those of Mrs. Stokes's phenomenal young mare. The horse now rests with Iowa, for Alex is a native of that State, and should they be won by Beuzetta this Summer, not only would all New York be delighted, but the news would thrill with exultation every blade of the Blue Grass ground. LESLIE MACLEOD.

OUR POLY FAVORITES.

Household Pets, Children's Tutors, Equine Logicians, KNOWING, FUNNY, SELDOM VICIOUS.

On the Pony's Back the Young Idea Can Best Begin to Gather Confidence and Skill in Riding.

Few things strike a foreigner visiting New York for the first time, if he pay even passing attention to matters pertaining to the horse, than the dearth of ponies, or, rather, the much smaller part that ponies play in the equine end of affairs here than abroad, especially in England. Whereas in England the pony is a most important adjunct to every well established household, a bosom friend of the small and a pet of the grown-up folks, here he is practically unknown in an intimate domestic relation.

To the little ones he is a tutor in the acquirement of the art of equestrianism, not always a willing tutor or even tempered, but from his back the young idea learns to view the world from the superior eminence of the saddle. His tricks and pranks are a matter of course, and scarcely alarm even the most timid child. There must be hundreds of thousands of persons of British birth, scattered here, there and everywhere on the face of the globe, whose memories bear the likeness of some shaggy Shetland or more graceful Welsh pony, or whose back many a scamper has been enjoyed.

To teach a child to ride on a big horse is an altogether false principle. Confidence is the point to be first attained, just as in swimming. Put a little lad on a horse and he at once feels himself perched on a dangerous eminence. The prospect of a possible fall terrifies him unless he is of exceptionally stout heart. He naturally misjudges his ability to control the great mass of living bone and muscle beneath him, every movement of which conveys to him a power and vigor that he has never before encountered. His small legs will barely straddle the broad back and a real grip of the same will be impossible. And yet thousands of children have been taught to ride in this way in the riding schools and clubs of this and other cities.

POOR MARKET FOR PONIES. Of course there are many ponies annually bred in this country, but at that a comparatively small percentage of these are what may be called genuine children's ponies. The market for them has always been poor and few have cared to take the trouble to breed them with so small a chance of profit.

For example, Mr. Pierre Lorillard's Hancock breed of Shetland ponies, which have been bred to cut a prominent figure at each succeeding horse show, but he has finally grown tired of the unremunerative venture. This and similar experiences have resulted in the exhibitors of pony breeding stock dwindling down to a small but devoted band of wealthy people, who, doubtless, get their reward through the enjoyment they derive from the little animals. The Western cow pony, whether improved or unimproved, is not a child's mount. He may make a climbing polo pony, or even show racing qualities, but after all is said and done he is nothing but an undervalued horse, and seldom has the manners or the characteristics that render it safe to intrust a child's tender bones to his safekeeping.

When a child gets his or her first experience of riding on the back of a genuine pony a strong affection is almost sure to grow up between the pair. Many a time the older persons in the establishment have found, somewhat to their amusement, but also to their chagrin, that Bran, or Spot, or whatever this particular pony may happen to have been called, point blank refused to obey their wishes, however docile he might be with his small master or mistress.

THE POLY AS A FAVORITE. The tricks a pony can learn are legion and would almost seem to prove the existence of at least some degree of reasoning power. I have run across a number myself. One small equine philosopher knew enough to argue that if he pretended to be lame his head would be turned homeward, but his philosophy failed him at this point, and once headed for his manger he went as sound as a new-milled dollar. Another found that one boy was not much of a rider and blankly refused to take a turn in a road which necessitated a long ride of some five or six miles before home could be reached. But he also miscalculated, for he concluded, falsely, that all boys must be alike, and when he tried the same manoeuvre with another brother he got a sound fallin', and finally yielded, after tumbling into sundry ditches in the contest.

But Shetland, Welsh and Devonshire ponies and other naturally small breeds, while they are apt to develop tricks when they discover weaknesses of which they think they can take advantage, seldom possess any downright vice, such as rearing, backing, bolting, etc. Their exuberance of spirits manifests itself in a desire for a headon but brief career over the first decent piece of turf encountered, and accompanied with a volley of kicks at the tertius that is probably joining in the fun.

BREEDING SHOULD BE ENCOURAGED. The breeding of ponies should be encouraged by wealthy men, if only for the sake of the coming generation. At present, in spite of the ever increasing love of horseflesh, the showing of our stock of ponies is deteriorating. Not only are the breeding classes meagrely filled, but the competition under saddle and in harness is poor. I do not think there has been as good a pony shown for example, during the last two or three years as Mr. Dean Smith's mare Merryfies was when in her prime. There is too great a tendency to confound the pony proper with the underbred hackney, which is a stupendous mistake, for the pony that is wanted is the pony proper, not an extravagant actor or necessarily a thing of indispensible beauty, but a sensible, adaptable animal, at home under saddle or in harness, free from vice and capable of taking good care of himself when young masters ask more of him than even tough pony nature can stand. FRANCIS TREVELYAN.