

England, his form was not that of a running-bred horse. His large head, short neck and great muscular power, with large bone and ample foot with thick shell or wall, seemed rather to have stamped him as being by nature formed to accomplish just what his mission and service has done for this country and humanity, viz: given them a class of high-bred trotting families, for road and general purposes; a horse superior to any which the world had before seen, with the power to keep pace with us as we live, come where we will, for any purpose requiring his highest and best qualities in the old world, and his potency to produce the highest bred animals with the same action and trotting instinct in the new, should receive the name, character and position to which they are justly entitled to designate them from the running-bred horse, whose breeding, education and instinct to run has been intensified for centuries. The departure of the high bred trotter of to-day is as much of a departure from the cold blood animal of common breeding, as was the English departure when they commenced to perfect the runner, and it is a question much mooted at this time by intelligent persons whether the dashes and short contests now so fashionable with the patrons of the running turf, will not place the running-bred horse far behind the high-bred trotter in stamina and endurance in the next decade.

We here respectfully suggest that intelligent persons give to the runner the appellation to which he is fairly entitled, having through the hundred of years been confined and educated to that gait; let us call him "running-bred." To the other class, that from the beginning had the natural trotting gait, which by years of education has been so intensified as to fairly entitle the family to the very highest position in historic annals, let us designate him as the "Trotting-bred horse of America."

From the first commencement of breeding, my effort has been to get the very highest bred animals to be obtained that had marked trotting action combined with the inclination to trot. My first outlay for brood mares was in one mare by Abdallah,

seven by American Star, four by imported Consternation, and one Clay mare, and my first stallion was a son of Consternation, his dam being by a son or grandson of Messenger; and dam, Old Mogg, by imported Diomed. But I soon got nearer the trotting fountain by securing Volunteer, Reserve and Woburn, sons of Hambletonian.

American Star I then believed to be a thoroughbred horse, and, as yet, have seen no evidence to cause me to change my mind, but he was a natural trotter and one whose gait would bear the most extreme forcing, and when 26 years of age, harnessed to a wagon on the fair grounds at Goshen, he won the annual trophy offered for the best stallion, speed considered, from the six-year-old son of Hambletonian--Alexander's Abdallah--to sulky, in a contest of heats. He also, in a long and desperate contest on the same grounds, vanquished Harry Clay.

The get of Consternation also possessed good trotting action, but when forced were inclined to find their natural and educated gait, the gallop.

My last outlay for brood mares was for 20 animals that commingled just as many currents of Hambletonian blood in the direct line from old Abdallah, intensified by the trotting instinct and gait of American Star, with just enough of the Mambrino Chief and Clay blood to unite and concentrate, yet cool and fuse the hot streams into one body, whose composition would, when so united and bred to a natural trotter with undying game and trotting prepotency, be about sure to produce a trotter every time. After many years of careful thought and observation at the breeding farm and on the perfecting or training circle, or on the turf, I have fully made up my mind that the less we have of the pacing element, whether from Pilot or any other source, the better we are off.

With that pacing mixture you may go fast, but if your gait requires toe-weights to control and perfect it, you cannot continue long. At Cincinnati, last fall, John Splan, who first as a rubber and then as a driver has had much experience, when his pet horse, Wedgewood, went dead lame and for the moment seemed to be broken down, in his anguish exclaimed: "I would not give \$1,000 for the best animal in America that was compelled to carry toe-weights to keep him at a square trotting gait!"