HARTFORD divides this week, at Proctor's Opera-house between J. B. Polk, in Mixed Pickles, and Frederick Bryton, in Forgiven. A dedicatory concert will be given, at the North Methodist Church, next Monday evening, with John S. Camp as the organist, Mary Beeman, the violiniste, and Mrs. Marvick and Mr. Hatfield.

BALTIMORE takes kindly to Boucicault, in The Jilt, at the Academy, and Maggie Mitchell, in Fanchon, at Albaugh's. The Patti concert, next week, is making a sensation in society circles and many seats are already sold. Ethel Tucker has played Queena, at the Concordia Opera-house. Bad plays die hard.

THE Sunday concerts, at the Casino, are equally artistic and popular. Next Sunday evening, Trebelli and Musin will appear, and Aronson's splendid orchestra is always a feature. Prof. Cromwell gives an illustrated lecture, at the Grand Opera-house, and Prof. De Morgan, at Poole's theatre.

RALEIGH did not care for the Casino company—what Casino?—in Chimes of Normandy; but turned out in large numbers for McIntyre and Heath's Minstrels. This evening, at Tucker Hall, Kate Castleton appears in Crazy Patch. That ought to astonish North Carolina!

HARRISBURG is having a good time this week. At the Grand are Janish, Hi Henry's Minstrels, Frederick Warde, and Siberia, while at the People's, Professor Morris' horse show turns away crowds.

THE *Herald* says of the Fortescue company: "Messrs. Hardy Vernon and John Findlay, as Sir Geoffry and Sir Almeric, were pretty tart." Pretty tart? Is that criticism? No—it is the stuff.

PITTSBURGH has Joe Emmet at the Opera-house, this week, and Margaret Mather, at the Bijou. Blind Tom gave a concert, on Monday, at Hamilton Hall.

MEMPHIS is enjoying the Salisbury Troubadours, this week. Thatcher, Primrose and West will be the next attraction there.

BROOKLYN is crowding the Park theatre, this week, to see Edwin Booth. Next week, Maggie Mitchell, in four plays.

POST AND PADDOCK.

NEW YORK CITY, Dec. 1.

Although there was a time when people were wont to look upon Woodburn as the most extensive breeding establishment in the country, it, and every other stud in this country, public or private, has been thrown into the shade by the colossal stud of Mr. Haggin, in California, which has exceeded in numbers any similar enterprise. We believe it was not until 1883 that Mr. Haggin fairly embarked as a stud master by the purchase of the Irish stallion Kyrle Daly at Mr. Reber's sale in Ohio, together with Lady Middleton and several other broodmares. It was a good beginning, and sales commissioners, venders of yearlings, and everyone who had a choice mare to sell began turning their eyes toward Mr. Haggin's breeding predelictions as a new and good market. It was simply the old story. The appearance of a man of wealth in the arena always renders him a mark for everyone to shoot at, and it usually results in his being speedily loaded up with stock, good, bad, and indifferent. Most gentlemen of wealth who have entered the arena have done so with little or no personal experience, and the result is they have to pay for it. They are unable to exercise the nice judgment and discrimination a man of experience would, and depend upon the representations of others. The consequence is they often find out too late that they are loaded up with trash, and some of them retire in disgust at their failure. Others conclude that even if they have paid dearly for their experience they can yet profit by it, and by judicious "calling out" sales dispose of their worthless stock and replace it with good, and eventually succeed.

We do not mean to insinuate that Mr. Haggin is overloaded with trash, but we do think that he made some injudicious purchases at the outset of his career. That Mr. Haggin thinks so himself his recent course as compared with that he formerly pursued would rather indicate. At the outset of his career, he bought right and left, just as Mr. Lorillard and Mr. Scott did. He seemed to regard quantity more than quality. But recently his purchases have been guided by the most exquisite judgment. Nothing could have exceeded the masterly judgment displayed by his agent at the Lorillard sale. He purchased nearly every mare worth buying, and some at half the prices paid by other buyers for inferior mares. There was the greatest temptation for indiscriminate buying in the fame of the stud, its glamor, and the celebrity of some of the lots offered. But the Haggin agent was never dazzled by the false and meretricious, and skimmed the real cream of the sale. The purchase of Maude Hampton was another master stroke of policy. She was young, and had thrown Ban Fox and King Fox. Then the purchase of the Dwyer mares in September. All these showed that Mr. Haggin's policy was, in future, to have only the best instead of experimenting, as some breeders have done.

We believe it was that witty clown, Touchstone, in "As You Like It," who defined the business of stock raising as "making one's living by the copulation of cattle." But, despite Shakespeare's sneer conveyed in the above quotation, the business has grown, and now forms the industry of many to whom the immortal bard would be glad to dedicate a play where he alive. Mr. Haggin has embarked in it. Most people are asking, "What will he do with all the colts he breeds? He cannot train them." We are in a position to state that Mr. Haggin is about to enter the list of public breeders. He may hold his first sale of yearlings next season. He thinks of holding the sale in Kentucky during the week of the other great sales in May. But this is not settled. He would prefer selling them in New York only that to do so would necessitate their being offered a month later, when, he fears, the buyers would be filled up with all the yearlings they would care to buy. Even the sale itself is not determined upon, as he may prefer to wait until 1888, when he will have a larger number to offer.

It must not be inferred from this that Mr. Haggin contemplates a retirement from the active career of a turfman. He is too fond of racing for that, and considers that the celebrity of his stud would be better maintained by maintaining a racing stable. He will probably keep ten or a dozen in training, and it is not unlikely he may try another English invasion, while it is well known he would like to race a little in Australia if it were not for the fact that there horses date age from Aug. 1, instead of Jan. 1, as here. But nearly all he breeds he intends offering to the public. "You must not think," said Mr. Haggin to us some time since, "that we are going to corral all the stakes or to get up 'a corner' in race-horses, as I find some imagine. We are going to breed for the public." Mr. Haggin is a firm believer in the superiority of California as a stock-racing country, and believes the public will soon perceive the necessity of buying California-bred colts with their superior maturity, now that two-year-old racing is so popular.

Alluding to St. Gatien's retirement a writer in *The Court Journal* says that "Mr. Hammond, St. Gatien's owner, indeed declares that, judged by the forward position of his stable companion (Eurasian), St. Gatien ought to have won the recent Cesarewitch in a canter; but though it is possible there may be some grounds for believing that the horse ought to have shown more prominently, we make a rule for ignoring all excuses for defeat. This, however, is the only instance of this game racer sustaining defeat in a long-distance contest, and owing to the early breakdown of his contemporary, St. Simon, St. Gatien has been the acknowledged cup horse of his time. These two famous Saints never met over any course, and it is useless speculating over their respective merits; though St. Gatien has been able to sustain the wear and tear of training for a much longer period than the other. Mr. Hammond's horse quits the post for the paddock as sound in wind and limb as when he won the Cesarewitch. He will commence his stud life next season, being advertised to stand at Heath Farm, Newmarket, at a fee of fifty guineas; and if there is anything in the transmission of hereditary qualities, St. Gatien should sire many a stout racer, though he may never have the luck to boast a son or daughter quite as good as himself."

A correspondent of the London *Sporting Life* gossips as follows on the death of Prince Charlie in Kentucky:

"So 'bonnie Prince Charlie' is dead! The brilliant miler has passed to the happy hunting grounds. A career of some vicissitudes was his. For all the brilliancy of his achievements he never quite accomplished what was expected of him. The son of Blair Athol and Eastern Princess was, unfortunately, 'touched in his wind,' and that being so his place in turf history is among the might-have-beens. I saw him twice when he had joined the stud, once at Tattersall's, and again, on a hot morning in July, at Newmarket. No horse we had known of recent years had, it seems to me, so much of the 'grand antique' about his shape and action as Prince Charlie. There was all the power of the horse of the Elgin frieze about him, and all the grace. He might have stood (one can scarcely say sat in this connection) to an artist for the war-horse in the Book of Job, or for the Shakespeare's horse in 'Venus and Adonis.' It has been pointed out in proof of his having been foaled under a baleful planet that the jockey who had ridden him in most of his races died of consumption, his trainer and part-owner passed away a few years afterwards, and his breeder committed suicide."

It is interesting to note that Kingcraft will make the twelfth Derby winner imported into the United States. Diomed, the first winner of the Derby (1780), came here in 1799. Saltram, who won in 1783, came here in 1800. John Bull, the winner of 1792, also came over, as did Spread Eagle, the winner of 1795, who was imported by Colonel Hoomes, and died in 1813. Sir Harry, the winner of 1798, came to Virginia in 1804. Archduke, who won in 1799, came to Virginia in 1805. Then there was quite an interval, as the war of 1812 caused an interregnum, but Lapdog, the winner of 1826, came to Alabama in 1833, and Priam, the winner of 1830, was purchased for $15,000, and came over in 1836. St. Giles, the winner of 1833, came to Alabama, but died soon after. Then came a long interval of fifty years, and it was not until 1880 that Mr. Keene imported Blue Gown, the winner of 1868, who died on the passage. St. Blaise, the winner of 1883, was imported by Mr. Belmont in 1885, and now Kingcraft comes to make up the list of twelve.

There has been a great deal of talk over the decision of Corporation Counsel Lacombe in regard to the betting case of Lovecraft, Barrette, and Rorke. The three gentlemen, on Election Day, at Jerome Park, in order to settle the question whether individuals were entitled to bet with each other, free from molestation, made a bet on Royal Arch, Barrette and Lovecraft being the bettors, while Rorke was made stakeholder. It was made a test case, and, according to the ruling of the Corporation Counsel, there is no law to forbid it. A great many are gleeful over the result, but while it in a measure proves there is no law to prevent individuals betting, it does not say that public betting, with the bets recorded, will be tolerated, and we fear has accomplished little in the direction needed.

Nine St. Leger winners have been imported into America, the first of which was the celebrated Phenomenon, by Herod, who won in 1783, he being imported in 1803, and died upon landing. Another good one was Spadille, the son of Highflyer, and winner in 1787, who was imported to Virginia. Barefoot was probably the best St. Leger winner that has come to America. He won in 1823, after a false start, and had to run the race over. His owner challenged the Derby winner of the year, Emilius, and it was declined. Barefoot was a great success here, and through his daughter, Motto, we get Sensation, Onondaga, Stratford, etc. Barefoot came to Massachusetts in 1828. Rowton, son of Oiseau, won in 1829, and was imported by the Merritts, of Virginia, in 1835. Margrave, by Muley, winner in 1832, was also imported by the Merritts, in 1835, and made a strong impression upon our stock, King Alfonso, Aristides, James A. Connolly, Tom Ochiltree, and others descending from him. Mango, son of Emilius, who won in 1837, was imported by the Bathgates, of New York. Knight of St. George, who won in 1854, was imported by Mr. Keene Richards, of Kentucky, and left a numerous progeny, Miss Woodford, Freeland, and King Fox being among his descendants. Rayon d'Or, the winner of 1879, was the last St. Leger winner which came to America, Mr. W. L. Scott importing him in 1882.

The purchase of Binette by Mr. Claypole, will be welcome news to many of the friends of the latter in the East, as Claypole has been doing next to nothing since he retired from charge of the Haggin Stable last spring, and the last we heard of him was through Patsy Duffy, who told us, at Monmouth, that Claypole was at Sacramento with nothing to do. Claypole's advent at Jerome Park, in 1885, with Mr. Haggin's stable, made a profound impression at the time. Claypole was a revelation in trainers. He kept to himself, was distant even to coldness, but every detail of his stable was managed in a manner that won admiration on every hand. His stable lads were never seen lolling about with cigars in one corner of their mouth or playing cards. Claypole kept to his stable and so did his boys. There was a system and management which had been unknown. That Claypole could train, as well as manage, Tyrant's Withers and Belmont showed. There was some smart men at Jerome, but the wily trainer threw the dust in their eyes so completely that he was enabled to work his horse right under their nose, and they didn't know how good he was even then, and let him "run loose" in the Withers.

We noticed some time since that the Monmouth Park Association had acquired an additional tract of land adjoining the race-course, and that this meant an extension of the course itself. We are well aware that Mr. Withers has long cherished the idea of "a wet weather track," to use his own term. He has always held in the conversations we have had with him on the subject, that Monmouth was incomplete without a training track distinct from the race-course proper. Whether this be in the shape of a "tan gallop" like that at Newmarket or merely an earth track is not material. Mr. Withers says that in wet weather during the racing season, the horses cut the race-course to pieces during their morning gallops and in dry weather too, they dig it very deep from constant galloping. Besides, when there is a large number of horses on the ground in July and August their exercise extends so late in the morning that it is pretty difficult to get the track harrowed and in order on race days, and by compelling a suspension of exercise at a certain hour causes a great deal of hurry to the trainers. All this a tan gallop would obviate.

The building of a new T.Y.C. of three-quarters of a mile straightaway has also been one of the yearnings of Mr. Withers, Mr. Lorillard, Mr. Galway, Mr. Cassatt, Mr. Belmont, and all those who race two-year-olds to any extent. They have for the past four or five years seen that, with the large fields which come to the post for these races, and which are constantly growing, straightaway courses would be necessary. As it is now, the horse which is not ahead on the turns stands a very poor chance of ever getting in the front. He is shut out—pocketed—while many of those in the front rank are knocked down and often crippled. The consequence is that the running is untrue, and there is frequent complaint of "in and out" running, and that portion of the public who measure everybody by their own standard are apt to hint fraud. Almost every practical turfman admits that there is an urgent necessity for straightaway tracks for three-quarters of a mile and under. The Futurity of 1888, at Coney Island, will, in all probability, be run over one. As to Monmouth, the trouble has been that they could not get the land. About a year ago they talked of purchasing land to the northeast, toward Little Silver, and building an additional half-mile, which, joining the stretch, would give three-quarters of a mile straightaway. The only obstacle was the railway tracks, but even this was met by the project to depress the railway tracks and put a bridge over that portion of the new T.Y.C passing over the railroad.

A writer to the *Missouri Republican* says he recently "put his hands over Ed. Corrigan's Freeland for the first time for months, and is amply satisfied that there is no earthly chance of the horse training. The old gelding was shipped for Memphis by boat, but he might have just as well been left at home for all chances of racing. His near fore is full of heat all up the back sinew, and his off fore is not in very much better shape. If he trains the writer will eat him without salt. Freeland has ceased to be a factor on the American turf, and it will not be long before Ed. Corrigan turns him out to grass for the rest of his life."

The writer of the above paragraph may be a very able man, but he is certainly a very bold one, to use the most charitable term. We do not know the length of his experience, but, if long, he has not profited by it, otherwise he would never make so sweeping a statement. We have known trainers and veterinarians, to pronounce horses broken down, but they seldom have been correct. As to the writer's offer to eat Freeland without salt in the event of his training, he should be warned by the fate of Dr. Shorthouse, who had declared that no horse with the double cross of Blacklock could be first-class, and, if Galopin won the Derby, he would eat him. Of course, the colt won, and his owner, Prince Batthyany, meeting the doctor after the race, grimly asked him how he would have him, roasted, fried, or pickled.

The mare Telephone died at the Kinloch Stud recently from parasitical disease. She was the property of Mr. John Harding, of St. Louis, and was a chestnut, foaled in 1875, by Asteroid, dam Schottische, by imp. Albion, grandam Dance, by Glencoe. She was but an indifferent performer, but when Eph. Snedeker trained her he used to try and baffle the touts by letting her finish in front of Bramble in their gallops when the latter was being prepared for the Withers. Eph, however, asked the touts to swallow too much, for they simply laughed at him.

Garrison started this morning for Mobile, where he will join Capt. S. S. Brown's stable, which has been at that place for the past three weeks. At first it was not thought that his services would be necessary, as the stable will not do much racing until spring, but he will have the benefit of a genial climate, at all events, in which to pass his winter, and at the same time be able to do enough exercise riding to keep his hand in, as most jockeys, who abstain from riding at all during the winter, are laid up the first time they take a mount in the spring.

A very important sale of thoroughbred race-horses, broodmares and colts, will be held on the 15th, at the Commercial Hotel, Woodstock, Ont. They were the property of the late Mr. John Forbes, and are exceedingly well bred, and some of them good performers. The sale will be at auction, without reserve. Catalogues can be had on application to M. M. Nesbitt, George Forbes, or S. G. Burgess, auctioneer.

Mr. R. Porter Ashe, the popular young California turfman, being anxious to retire, for the present, from racing, sold his stable of horses in training at the Bay District course, San Francisco, Nov. 27. Six were offered, the highest price being obtained by the bay filly Queen, three years old, by Flood—Glendew, who was purchased by Mr. J. B. Haggin for $5,000, while the once noted mare Binette, by Billet—Mirah, was purchased by Mr. W. R. Claypole for $2,500. Four others brought $2,200.

Mr. W. B. Jennings, of Moberly, Mo., has purchased of Mr. A. B. Watts, of Farmingdale, Ill., the bay colt, full brother to Frank Ward, by Voltigeur, dam Stella, by Hunter's Lexington.

S. S. Shores, Orrville, Ala., has purchased from Clarence Crenshaw, Crenshaw's, Ala., the chestnut colt Independence, four years old, by Gorlitza, dam Southern Express, by Helmbold, and a weanling chestnut filly, by Typhoon, dam Sallie P., by Planeroid.

Mr. E. Corrigan, the Kansas City turfman, lost, recently, from inflammation of the bowels, the chestnut filly Mary Ban, foaled last May, by King Ban, dam Mary Howard (Pearl Jennings' dam), by imp. Hartington.

Walter Rollins, the trainer, has purchased a handsome residence at Fordham, located on Jerome Avenue, opposite Thompson's Hotel, half a mile below Jerome Park.

Mike Welsh, the well-known trainer, has arrived at New Orleans, from Memphis, with Hattie Carlisle and several two-year-olds.

Mr. D. A. Honig, of St. Louis, Mo., has purchased of Warren Bros. a bay colt, two years, by Milner, dam by Marion.

TONIC POWDERS FOR THE HORSE.—The late Prof. Going, who was for seven years Veterinary Editor of THE SPIRIT, prepared a tonic powder which was acknowledged by horsemen and the medical profession to be in every sense superior to any now in the market. This powder is the best known for improving the horse's condition, purifying the blood, and imparting to their coats a glossy, shining appearance. Price $1, by mail, by addressing Prof. J. A. Going, Box 938, New York City.

LOOK TO YOUR HORSE'S FEET.—Mr. Frank Work's appreciation of Dr. Roberge's patent hoof-expander is shown in the appended letter: "To DR. F. P. ROBERGE, 1,741 Broadway, New York City.—*Dear Sir*: I have found your hoof expander with much satisfaction, and regard it as valuable in cases of contraction of the hoof.—FRANK CEDARS.

Tanner, Albany, N. Y., has sold his two Shawmut, dam Mercedes, to Western parties, hands 16½ hands, and trotted a trial in 2:52.

HAMLET.—Mr. Russell Railey, Versailles, Ky., (Fritz), the bay saddle horse Hamlet, communication in THE SPIRIT for Nov. 20.

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