IN NICARAGUA.

MEANDERING IN THE TROPICS AND THEIR ATTRACTIONS.

Some Interesting Items of the Region, and Concerning Mosquitia—A Negro "King."

[Special Correspondence of the RECORD-UNION.]

BLEWFIELDS (Mosquito Terr.), March 3, 1889.

Though only a few days' sail from New York, and fewer from New Orleans, and just now of especial interest to the United States because it borders upon the proposed ship-canal, this portion of Nicaragua is almost a complete terra incognita to the world at large—notwithstanding that England and Spain fought over two or three hundred years, varying the monotony of the contest by an occasional bout with the United States on the same subject. History is almost silent concerning it, telling us only that Columbus sighted the Mosquito coast in 1502, followed during the next hundred years by several other Spanish voyagers—every one of whom claimed to be the original discoverer.

In 1688 an old Dutch pirate named Esquemeline visited it, and two years later published a very queer book, detailing all the particulars of his "discovery," and in 1714 a French pirate, De Lussan, published his discovery of it. For more than a century it was the general rendezvous of English buccaneers and filibusters, all of whom were on intimate terms with the successive Governors of Jamaica, and shared with them their spoils. When the wars with Spain were brought to a close, so that it was no longer possible to connive at freebooting, these enterprising worthies determined to obtain possession of it in behalf of the British crown.

It would be tedious to enumerate the ludicrous series of events by which these English "agents"—many of them ex-buccaneers, but acting under orders—pressed their pretended rights to this Mosquito coast. Under the British protectorate, one negro after another was crowned "King," and upheld in his office until the farce ended by the death of three consecutive majesties, from over-indulgence in Jamaica rum. Sir Hans Sloan relates how one of these black "Kings" was taken to Jamaica for the purpose of educating him, and that his royal highness escaped the lessons by climbing to the top of a tree!

In the spring of 1825 a miserable creature was selected from among these savages, and invested by the English simultaneously with his first pair of breeches and the title of "King." Robert Charles Frederick I.—as this Sambo was respectfully addressed by the British agents—immediately after donning the imperial purple (or, rather, blue jeans), proceeded to make over the entire coast of Nicaragua, Belize and Honduras to a company of capitalists, receiving in pay for this princely grant several barrels of Jamaica rum and a bundle of cotton pantaloons. Those barrels of rum, fortunately, proved too much for the delicate constitution of Robert Charles Frederick I., and before giving up the ghost he again transferred his Kingdom to Colonel McDonald, Superintendent of Belize. His son, "George William Clarence," succeeded to the purple and was duly proclaimed King, while the Governors of Nicaragua and Honduras, on behalf of their distressed people, were making earnest but vain appeals to Great Britain for redress.

In 1848 two British war vessels steamed into the harbor of San Juan del Norte, tore down the Nicaraguan flag, and changed the old name to that of Graytown, which it now bears. They also seized Tigre island, in the bay of Fonsrea, on the western side of Nicaragua, with a view to securing both ends of the interoceanic route then proposed; but the latter scheme was in a measure thwarted by our energetic countryman, Hon. E. G. Squier, who was then Charge to Central America.

Had our Government reasserted and enforced the Monroe doctrine with its customary promptness, the vexed questions down here would long before have been settled; but that precious document, the Bulwer-Clayton treaty, bobbed up like Banquo's ghost at every fresh outrage on the part of Britain. Not until 1860 was a permanent and sensible arrangement made, giving the islands and their dependencies to the Republic of Honduras, and this Mosquitia coast to Nicaragua.

The grants made by Robert Charles Frederick I., the drunken negro King, to the New York company of speculators, were taken to Europe, and actually made the basis of two or three attempts at colonization, all of which, however, terminated with the death of the deluded emigrants from fever and other diseases of the *tirrra caliente*. Finally the grants found their way to New York, and into the hands of Mr. H. L. Kinney, who purchased them conditionally, and set on foot that short-lived enterprise known as the "Kinney Expedition." In the autumn of '55, this gentleman, accompanied by a number of eager adventurers, availed themselves of the grants and privileges thus purchased, proceeded to Graytown, and at once commenced the execution of their plans. Owing to difficulties then existing between officers of the "Accessory Transit Company" and the citizens of Graytown and vicinity, Mr. Kinney and his company met with unforseen difficulties and discouragements; and though their leader was soon afterward made Governor, most of the "Kinney Colony" one by one deserted, to join the forces of General Walker, the filibuster, who by this time was making great pretensions in Nicaragua, and at last Governor Kinney himself departed in haste, "between two days," with his name indorsed on another man's passport.

Mosquitia proper, beyond a narrow strip of swampy coast, is one of the loveliest countries under the sun—a regular ideal Acadia, with the bluest skies, the balmiest airs, the grandest mountains, and endless summer, without excessive heat. The latter fact is owing to its mountainous character, the western portion being traversed by a lofty chain striking across the country from north to south, furnishing the source of several important rivers, all of which flow into the Caribbean Sea. The largest of these are the Ronyan and Aguan rivers, the Quinto, Segovia and Escondida.

The remarkably fertile soil produces the most luxuriant tropic vegetation, including all the staples of the West Indies, immense quantities of mahogany and other valuable timber, dye woods, drugs, etc. Along the sea the hot and humid coast is unhealthy enough to kill even a Jamaica negro; but in the highlands it is about like New England May from year to year, and so salubrious that the natives find it difficult to die at the good old age of ninety years. In fact they don't seem to die here—they wither up and dry, like walking mummies. Though doubtless they have them somewhere, I have not yet seen a cemetery in Mosquitia; but I have seen people who are known to be more than one hundred years old, and met one man who looked to be seventy, who begged me to look up his grandfather, living near Blewfields.

Valuable minerals are said to abound in the interior of the territory, and all along the coasts great quantities of the finest tortoise shell are found. About the only inhabitants are the native Mosquitians—an active and daring race for Central Americans, tolerably expert in the use of firearms.

Land cannot now be bought within the Mosquitia reservation, but can be leased at the rate of three cents per acre, for a term not exceeding fifty years. This land is well adapted to the cultivation of fruits, the same as in Florida. John S. Augustine, United States Consul at Blewfields says that much profit might be easily derived from the cultivation of bananas alone, and that none need to fear to find an unhealthy country, for from Blewfields, to Lake Nicaragua sickness of any kind is almost unknown.

The coast line, with its innumerable bays and lagoons (among which are many good harbors), is particularly well adapted to the cultivation of rice. At present the swampy sections, covered with dense forests, in which are fortunes for the hardy in the shape of the most valuable dye woods and timber trees, are left entirely to the serpents, apes and alligators. Between the highlands and the sea is a narrow strip of the most beautiful country that the imagination can conceive, in which the thermometer never rises above 80° or falls below 70°, and where oranges and pineapples are grown, besides a little corn, manioc, cotton and sugarcane. Herds of half-wild horses, and long-horned cattle roam the savannas, which are covered with tall, rank grass. Deer abound and various other small game and birds of brilliant plumage (but generally songless as are most tropical birds), live perpetually in the sunny solitudes, undisturbed by change of season, and seem to be as entirely without fear as barnyard fowls, having never learned the ways of man.

Even Mosquitia has its export trade, consisting chiefly in cocoa, mahogany, ginger, sarsaparilla and tortoise-shell; but the entire commerce of the half-naked citizens does not amount to much. The greater portion of the inhabitants are aboriginal Indians, but among them are many undesirable neighbors who are a cross between the natives and runaway negroes. All told, they number not more than 15,000. Hunting, fishing and sleeping in the warm sun seems to comprise their business in life.

One thing I have noticed hereabouts that is especially worthy of mention, viz.: that those lazy people have discovered that the fiber of the banana, usually considered utterly worthless elsewhere, is as good for most purposes—even better for many—than the best pita or hemp. Extending the length of the body of the tree from ten to fifteen feet, each fiber may be divided into threads of silken fineness, and with no preparation, except drying, is used for lariats, ropes, shoe-strings, etc.

FANNIE B. WARD.

THE ANANIAS CLUB.

It is Entertained by Some Fairy Stories by Experts.

The Ananias Club had a pleasant meeting at the Police Station last night.

"It was on the blood-stained field of Gettysburg," said Sergeant Wheatley, "that I saw a most remarkable occurrence. A member of my company had his right leg taken off by a cannon ball. He was taken back to the hospital tents. The shattered member was nicely trimmed, and as an experiment the leg of another man was put on to that stump. Would you believe it, gentlemen, but that leg grew to the stump and that man to-day has two sound legs, save that his feet are not mates.

"During the famous strike of 1876, when it was impossible to take a train out of Indianapolis without police protection, I was running an engine for the Bee Line," remarked Captain Colbert, "and had a wonderful experience on one of my trips. We were going around the curves sixty-five miles an hour. Right ahead of us on the track was a big blue-racer snake. The varmint would throw his head up every few minutes and look back at me in such a tantalizing way that I got mad, and I made up my mind that I would catch that snake or make him leave the track. I told the fireman to throw in the coke, and then I 'pulled her wide open.' Gee-gosh, how we did run. I could hardly keep my seat, and the telegraph poles looked like a fine-tooth comb. The snake saw that I was bound to catch him, and near Fortville the snake jumped the track. He ran into a pool of water and blew into a thousand pieces. He was so hot that when he struck the water it caused the explosion.

"In the spring of 1850 I shipped as an ordinary seaman on board the New Bedford whaler None Such for a three years' cruise," remarked Sergeant Andy Sowers. "We had been out about four months, meeting with poor success, when one day a storm came up. We had been expecting it, and consequently were prepared, but our preparations were all for naught, for it was a storm of the most terrific kind. Billows mountain high dashed upon us, and our craft was tossed into the trough of the sea like a cork in an eddy. The rudder was torn away, one of the masts fell, the water roared in torrents through the scuppers, and then, all of a sudden, the ship settled on her beam ends, lunged forward, and settled in a hundred fathoms of water, every soul on board going down with her."

"How did you escape?" breathlessly inquired Sergeant Bruce.

"Didn't escape. I was drowned with the rest of the crew," sighed Andy.

Then the club arose as one man and presented Sergeant Sowers with a wreath of sour dock.—*Indianapolis News.*

A Mean Trick.

"There's only one way to get even with that rare article, a growling drummer on the road," said a Detroiter who travels much and meets all sorts of people.

"How's that?"

"They get the best seats in the cars, the best rooms at the hotels, and the best of everything everywhere," he continued, "and you may kick and growl and they won't be disturbed over it. I thought over it a good while before I got the idea."

"But what is it?"

"Well, when I enter a car and find a drummer occupying two seats and his nose in a novel, I slip up to him and inquire:

"'Are you from the house of Blank & Blank, Chicago?'

"'No, sir; I represent the house of Git, Up & Git, of St. Louis.'

"'No?'

"'You bet I do.'

"'Sorry for you, old fellow, but I suppose you've heard of it before this?'

"'What?'

"'Your house has failed—gone to pot—complete wreck.'

"'Great Scots!'

"And then he gathers up his grips, counts his money, asks for a telegraph blank and at the next station he drops off, a crushed and humbled man. Some folks call it a mean trick."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Mustn't Call Him "Bill."

'Hello, Bill."

"Please call me mister."

The speakers were Bernhamer and Representative Eli Heiney, who addressed him familiarly on seeing him for the first time since Bernhamer left the prison.

"Why, Bill Bernhamer, I have known you since we were boys together, and I used always call you 'Bill.'"

"Well, we are men, now, and I am 'Mister.'"

"I am older than you, and friends call me 'Eli,' and I take no offense."

"That may be, but you are a farmer and I am a lawyer."

"Oh!"

"Yes, sir; I want to tell you that before I went to prison a Cincinnati lady employed me. I went over to the Courthouse with my client. Some fellow saw me there, and bawled out, 'Hello, Bill, how's yer feet?' My rich client dropped me in a minute, and I lost a $500 fee."

"Oh! well, all right. Good day, Mr. Bernhamer," said the Representative with a bow.

"People in this town are too familiar. It isn't this way every place in the country, and I don't propose to be 'Bill-ed' any more. Good day."—*Indianapolis News.*

Knowledge of Washington.

"What do any of you know about Washington, children?" asked a teacher in the Soho school Thursday.

One bright-faced youngster put up his hand.

"Well, Willie, what do you know about Washington?"

"He was the first President of the United States," answered the boy.

There was silence then for quite a minute. This seemed to have exhausted the stock of information, until at length a triumphant smile about a little girl's mouth broke out on the general area of perplexed faces, like a splash of sunshine on a muddy pool. A little hand went up.

"Well, Annie, what can you tell us about Washington?" said the teacher, with an encouraging smile.

"Please, ma'am, he's dead," answered the little one.

Washington seems to be somewhat of a stranger out in the Fourteenth Ward. Another child in one of the primary rooms, when asked who he was, ventured the opinion that he was God.—*Pittsburg Times.*

PROFIT IN BREEDING.

TROTTING BLOOD THAT PRODUCED BELL BOY AND STAMBOUL.

Stanford and Rose Breeding From Similar Lines—Two Young Stallions Bring $101,000.

[N. Y. Spirit of the Times.]

There is evidently a strife among wealthy breeders to neglect nothing in the way of breeding and individual merit that money will command. On the same day that one breeder was found willing to pay $51,000 for Bell Boy (2:19½ at three years) another was found willing to pay $50,000 for Stamboul (2:14½), the reason why these horses were sought at such prices mainly consisting in that abiding faith of the breeding fraternity that the great horse in a great family is of all others the best reliance upon which to depend for transmitting speed in the future. This theory has always led to the greatest success and it is expected that it always will. As a rule it holds good, but it is not infallible, because sometimes a scion of a great family, though great himself, fails to transmit as the theory implies that he will. Again, a horse that is seemingly an outsider may beat in the stud one that is in accord with the theory, but this does not necessarily clash with the theory, for the apparent outsider may be really a case in support of it. If he stands isolated as an exceptionally good horse in his family it may be that his family never had a chance, and that if they had had a chance he would be surrounded by near relatives equally as great as himself. These exceptions are, therefore, nothing against the validity of the theory.

Take an instance in point: When it was supposed that Colonel H. S. Russell had bought Ansel, 2:20, by Electioneer, out of thoroughbred Annette, by Lexington, the anti-thoroughbred people all declared that he was outside of any immediate family of trotters, and therefore not likely to be a successful sire. But it now turns out that his dam was a full sister of Waxy, by Lexington, that, being bred to General Benton, produced a fast mare that, being bred to Electioneer, the sire of Ansel, produced Sunol, 2:18, the fastest two-year-old to date. This shows a family likeness in merit and a tendency of Electioneer to hit with these sisters by Lexington. Now, if Ansel proves a successful sire he will be instanced as proving the theory of family prepotency and the tendency of especial blood lines to nick favorably, but had the pedigree of Waxy, granddam of Sunol, not been discovered, Ansel, if successful, would have been cited as a case against the theory. But it turned out that Ansel did not fill the requirements of the terms of purchase, and the sale fell through. Colonel Russell bought the great three-year old of last season, Edgemark, 2:11, at the reported price of $16,000. While this horse has no such immediate family as Bell Boy, he has, all things considered, proved himself as good an individual, since he has won ten races without a miss and took his record of 2:21 early in November, as against Bell Boy's 2:19½ the last of December. Edgemark is full of trotting blood, and it is possible that, under favorable circumstances and opportunity, he might have had as great an array of good brothers and sisters as Bell Boy. Hence, his success or failure will be nothing against the soundness of the theory that the great horse of a great family is the one to breed to. At all events, this has swayed the breeding interest in running stock for the past two centuries, and is likely to follow in running and trotting stock as long as they are bred.

While there is no apparent connection between the great prices obtained for Stamboul and Bell Boy, yet underneath the surface there is a coincidence regarding their breeding that goes to uphold the theory of the value of family and the nicking of strains. Stamboul and Bell Boy are the result of uniting almost exactly the same blood elements in almost the same proportions. They were bred by different owners, who were in a sense rivals. The development of one was entirely disconnected with the development of the other. Each arose to the height of popularity that commands his great price, entirely independent of any intentional assistance from the other. Both "got there" by right of inherited power and skillful development. When we analyze the inheritance we find that Bell Boy is a grandson of Rysdyk's Hambletonian, through his son Electioneer, that in some respects is the greatest of his great array of sons. Stamboul is also a grandson of Rysdyk's Hambletonian, through his daughter Fleetwing, that as a producer was the greatest of his daughters, considering the merits of the only three foals she lived to produce. Bell Boy got the Clay blood through the dam of Electioneer, and Stamboul got it through the dam of Fleetwing. Bell Boy is a grandson of that remarkable sire, The Moor, through his greatest producing daughter, Beautiful Bells, 2:29½. Stamboul is a grandson of The Moor through his greatest son, Sultan, 2:24, who, as a sire, has a larger representation in the 2:30 list than any sire ever accomplished at like age. There is one other great element in Bell Boy that is a mine of power, and that is Minnehaha, the dam of Beautiful Bells. She produced four extra good trotters. She united the blood of Mambrino Chief and Cassius M. Clay. Now, singularly enough, Stamboul gets an equal amount of Mambrino Chief through the dam of Sultan, and the only deviation here is that he has a remote line of Hambletonian in place of the additional Clay strain in Bell Boy. Thus it appears that the blood elements that created the two great horses that sold for such high prices were almost exactly the same, and though their order in the two pedigrees is reversed, the proportion of any given strain is almost exactly the same in both. Each horse in his way stands out conspicuously as an individual. Bell Boy was bred by Senator Stanford and the other by L. J. Rose, both of California. Mr. Rose should also have credit to a certain extent in the production of Bell Boy, for he bred his dam, Beautiful Bells, and gave her her record, and he now has at the head of his stud almost her counterpart in blood in Alcazar (2:20½ at five years), that is his beau ideal of all the horses he ever had. He is by Sultan, out of Minnehaha, the dam of Beautiful Bells.

THE AUSTRALIAN BALLOT SYSTEM.

How it Operates as Described by a Resident of that Country.

An Australian, who is stopping at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, J. S. Morrison, consented to-day to give a reporter some points about what is known as the Australian ballot system. The Australian law is the basis of the Saxton reform bill, and has been copied in Massachusetts, where it is to have a practical test. The charges of corruption during the recent campaign have been so prominent that attention has been turned promptly to possible remedies. Mr. Morrison was asked if it was not possible to issue a ballot similar to that provided by the State, but already marked, so that the voter could be controlled within party lines by the knowledge of how he was voting. He replied:

"There has been no such attempt made with us, so I cannot say, except that it is my judgment that it could not be done. If the make-up of the ticket and the color of the paper should get out an automatic registering machine numbering each ballot as given out would prevent the successful issue of forged ballots. You Americans are very ingenious about such machinery, and should have no difficulty in making fraud of the kind you suggest an absolute impossibility. Our nominations are made by announcement and petition. Any man may announce himself as a candidate. Then if he gets sufficient number of voters to sign his petition, his name is placed on the official ballot without expense to him or his friends. Party caucuses are thus done away with. The nominees of party are selected by the signers of petitions, the weaker candidates retiring. There is no encouragement of candidates whose petitions show that they have little chance of election. The men who have signed, on finding themselves outnumbered, go over to the man of the party belief who has the larger showing. The contests usually narrow down to two candidates representing distinct and different principles. There is, besides, a provision against redundancy of candidates. No man's name can be placed on the list without his consent. If it is on the ticket and he fails to receive one-fifth of the total vote cast he is fined for his presumption. The amount of fines varies with the importance of the office. It is usually £50, and it goes into the election expense fund. No matter how many signers of the petition a man gets he must get 20 per cent. of the total vote or be fined.

"Is there no work done at the polls?"

"There is absolutely no chance for any. As the voter passes into the poll-room he is handed a ballot. It contains all the names of all the candidates. Pencils are at hand for his use. He proceeds to indicate his choice by marking the list. When it is prepared he drops it in the box. No one but election officers and persons about to vote, who are preparing their ballots, are allowed in the room, or within a specified distance of the polls. You can't get in any work there at all. The campaigns outside are conducted much as you conduct them here, with speeches, parades, pamphlets and flyers."

"Do you regard the system as having a salutary effect upon your elections?"

"We have used it so long that I can't tell whether it has created such an effect or not. We like the system, and that is all I can say. It works well, and is so satisfactory that it is a permanent institution of the country."—*N. Y. Graphic.*

Modern Royal Road to Fame.

Let it be remembered that there are three component parts in a dramatic exhibition; the author who writes, the actors who represent, and the public that receives and appreciates. Of these three the public is, in the estimation of the artists, the most important. And, indeed, it was so, when it exercised freely its powers of appreciation, and thus brought forward the great dramatists and the great actors, whose lives were ended when the press undertook to judge for the masses. In fact, it exercises no such universal sway, but the players believe it does; the dramatists reluctantly are led to believe so, too, for managers are misled by its praise or its censure to encourage or neglect according to its directions or its supposed influence. As a matter of fact, it has never been able to kill a good play, or to injure irremediably a good actor, because its chief power is exerted only during a very brief period, while the play or actors send forth a bulk of the spectators, night after night, to testify as to their merit. So the temporary impression of the press is overcome; but it does exercise such an influence that a poor entertainment is advertised into a success, and the career of a young artist, who may have some merit, is destroyed by reckless censure or ribald abuse. When the artist discovered that there was a royal road to fame, and that success might be obtained by cultivating notoriety in type, he said to himself: "Nineteen men out of twenty are fools. I have no use for the twentieth man. The nineteen help themselves to brains out of the newspapers, which are served fresh every morning. They shall serve me interleaved with the newspapers. Advertisement is fame; advertisement is fortune. The best advertisement is on the editorial page; instead of paying a dollar a line, let me capture the critic, for his name is 'Boom.'" This state of affairs has demoralized the branch of art with which I am humbly connected, and I am informed that it has in a similar manner demoralized other branches of art, in which even great men aspire to succeed by and through press notices rather than by public appreciation and favor; or, to speak more correctly, they seek to obtain such public appreciation by favor of the press.—*Dion Boucicault.*

John Brown.

That which was to make of him a figure in the world's history lay unnoticed and mostly unknown in the quiet depths of his soul. The deed of his life sprang from a spirit as guileless, as pure, as true, and as unselfish as that of a child; but it was performed by a man whose every fiber had been steeled by the stern discipline of life, and whose inner being was so absolutely ruled by the categorical imperative that his will could neither be broken nor bent. Tender and soft as a girl who nestles in her mother's lap, and yet every inch a man; as ignorant of the power of actual facts as a hermit in the desert, and at the same time wonderfully fitted by nature and training to seize the best chance at first sight under the most difficult circumstances, and to accomplish the most with the smallest means; illogical as a child, and yet following his own path as steadily as the sun; with a horror of fighting, and yet offering up himself and his family in an insane war against the whole nation; so tender-hearted that he stakes and loses his own life and the life of his followers, of his sons-in-law and sons, merely to save a few strangers from their anxiety lest the train with their relatives should not arrive at the right time, and at the same time so terribly stern that he unconditionally approves a horrible five-fold murder; never excited to revenge even by the worst injustice exercised towards himself and toward those dearest to him, but goaded on to such a rage by the wrong done to the negro slaves, that he recklessly transgresses all positive law and only recognizes as binding what he considers to be God's command—such is the portrait of the first man who died by the hand of the executioner for a political crime in the United States.—*Dr. Hermann Von Holst.*

Banker Morgan's Horses.

Edwin D. Morgan, the young millionaire banker, who has a large stock farm a mile from Hempstead, L. I., is in a peck of trouble. He has lately become something of a sport, and early last week he gave orders to his head hostler to have the tails of thirty of his blooded horses "docked" or "banged" in the most approved dude style. Mr. Morgan has claimed dictinction hitherto as a rabbit courser and a chaser of the elusive anise-seed bag. He has also essayed the task of riding polo ponies at the Cedarhurst Jockey Club Track. He is a member of the club.

The docking of the thirty horses tails is what is likely to cause him trouble from Mr. Bergh's agents. The horses were nearly all thoroughbreds, and were placed in a frame vise near the stables and each in turn had its tail cut off short. The animals were screwed up in the vise so that they could not make a movement. Any motion was impossible. Then the knife was applied, and after the greater part of the tail had been chopped off a red hot iron was applied to the bleeding wound to cauterize it. The poor animals screamed one after the other as they were lead up to the vise. The poor brutes seemed to realize what was in store for them, and each in turn endeavored to escape before being placed in the machine. All the horses are now laid up, their wounds being still unhealed.

Henry Bergh, the President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to animals, when he was informed of the case last night, promised that it should have the immediate attention of his society.—*New York Press.*

Monsieur Joly, of Paris, has recently published a pamphlet in which he describes a famous black Hamburg grapevine which grows on the estate of the Marquis of Breadelbane, in England, and is believed to have been planted in 1832. Its stem, at one foot from the ground, measures two feet in circumference, while its branches cover an area of some 4.275 feet, and during the year 1888 yielded about 3,000 bunches of grapes.

A great live eagle has been seen on the ice on the North river, near One Hundred and Eighth street, in New York, for the last two or three days, and many hunting parties have been formed to capture it. As yet they have been unsuccessful.

In Lowell, Mass., where Hood's Sarsaparilla is made, there is more of this medicine sold than of all other blood purifiers. This is certainly a valuable home indorsement.

TURF TOPICS.

DAGWORTH INSPECTS THE CHIEF RACING STABLES.

Horses at the Sacramento Track—Grand Youngsters that Are to Go East—Etc.

[Corr. LosAngeles Tribune, March 4th.]

The coming racing season of California will certainly eclipse anything ever known in the history of the turf in the far West. Not only will the entry lists throughout the circuit be larger than heretofore, but the quality of the race horses that will contend for the honors will on the whole be ahead of anything yet seen on our California tracks. Sacramento just now is the headquarters for the majority of the California youngsters who are expected to uphold the prestige of the Golden State for the season of 1889. As usual, the *Tribune* is the first paper on the coast to have a representative on the ground at the Capital city, and much of the following matter was gathered by the sporting editor of this paper not only for the benefit of the readers of the *Tribune*, but for the benefit of a dozen or more sporting reporters who rely upon the *Tribune* to furnish them with pabulum for their turf articles.

DAN DENNISON'S DAISIES.

Good-natured Dan Dennison starts for Los Angeles in a week or two with a select string for the meet of the Southern California Racing Association. Dave Douglass will be the star of the combination. He is entered for the Southern Pacific handicap, and will make it very interesting for any of the other thirteen entered if the handicapper does not over-weight Dan's favorite race horse. Dave Douglass is by Leinster, out of Lillie Simpson by Newry, and is now six years old. He is looking in good fettle, and will no doubt win a small sack for his owner in Los Angeles, barring accidents.

A racy looking two-year-old filly, which will be seen at Agricultural Park in April, is Rettie B. She is by Joe Hooker, out of Kate Carson. Rettie B. is a full sister to Blue Bonnett, who, it will be remembered, ran some great races in her day, and if my memory is not at fault, it was Lady Duffy who beat Blue Bonnet by a neck in a five-eighth-mile dash at San Francisco which was run in 1:01.

By the way, Mr. Dennison has erected a fine stable in close proximity to the race-track. Young Dan Dennison, one of the most level-headed jockeys in California, showed me through his father's stables. A likely looking two-year-old chestnut colt is Solitaire, by Prince of Norfolk, dam Sallie Devine by Wildidle. Dan has already refused $1,500 for the youngster. He has every indication of developing into a speedy race horse.

A candidate for the Rodman scramble is Mercedes by Powhattan out of Haidee by King Alphonso. Mercedes is a good looking brown filly, and has already showed her owner a fast trial. G. W. looks like he will prove a hot customer. He is a bay colt, three years old, by Kyrle Daly, dam Elizabeth by Thad Stevens, who is out of Electro, the dam of Hidalgo. G. W. was not raced as a two-year-old, being unwell at the time of his engagements. He is known to be fast though, and as he is a big and strong looking colt, should be heard from.

Mr. Dennison is looking after a bay mare, the property of George Dinsdale. She is four years old and is by Jim Douglass. Her dam is not known. She went three-eighths of a mile in 38½ seconds soon after being broke. In this stable is also a bay colt three years old. He is a great favorite of his owner, who delights in keeping the breeding of this particular youngster a secret.

"DAN M'CARTHY'S FLYERS."

The original Dan McCarthy has his string of horses at the Capital. J. R. Buchanan is in charge. The following is a complete list:

Sorento, 3, Joe Hooker—Rosie B.
Harry Mac, 3, Hyder Ali—Rowett.
Wagran, 4, Virgil—Crownlett.
Dennis Dougherty, 2, Soudan—Violet.
Pandora, 2, Imp. Rayon D'Or—Blue Grass Belle.
Pasadena, 2, Himyar—Corbina.

Sorento and Wagran are considered the stars of the stable. Sorento has not grown in hight, but has filled out wonderfully well. He is to start at Louisville and Latonia before the American derby is run. His brother, C. H. Todd, won the American derby in 1887 in 2:36½, and the stable is confident that the great event will be captured this year by the son of Joe Hooker. Says Buchanan: "The horse that beats Sorento will know that he has had a horse-race. He is the only two-year-old in the world who has run three-quarters of a mile twice in 1:15 with 115 pounds up.

Wagran is a fair-looking race-horse, and has already showed that he is possessed of considerable speed, and Dan showed his usual good judgment when he bought Wagran. Dennis Dougherty is quite a fair-looking colt. Harry Mac looks very narrow, but it is whispered that he is very speedy.

Pandora is a full sister to Modesty, who won the inaugural American derby in 1884. Pandora gives every promise of developing into a great race-mare. She has great bottom, and is said to be very level-headed. Pandora is a candidate for the great Futurity. I like Pandora much better than her stable companion, Pasadena, who is also entered for the great two-year-old race of the year. Pasadena is a bay mare by Himyar, out of Corbina, by imported Thunderstorm. She shows great speed, but is anything but level-headed.

C. H. Todd occupies a stall next door to Sorento. The Derby winner has been broken to a cart. The general opinion is that he will never race again, as his foot remains very much swollen. His owner expects that he will "round to" all right with a year's rest, but it must be said that he takes an optimistic view of the horse's ailment.

WINTERS' RECORD BREAKERS.

The portly and good-looking W. McCormick, who is training for Mr. Winters, arrived at the race track, Sacramento, on Thursday, with his string which is to make the Eastern campaign. The writer was one of the first to inspect the stable, which includes no less than three Derby candidates. The string is made up of the following race horses:

Don Jose, 3, Joe Hooker—Countess Zicka.
The Czar, 3, Norfolk—Marian.
Barham, 3, Norfolk, dam by Monday.
Haskell, 2, Norfolk—Addie O'Neil.
Barrett, 2, Joe Hooker—Countess Zicka.
Rascal, 2, Joe Hooker—Mattie Glen.
Joe Courtney, 3, Joe Hooker—Abbie W.
El Rio, 2, Norfolk—Marian.

This stable will leave for St. Louis on the 8th of May, and from there they will go to Chicago. Don Jose must be fully 16 hands high. He did not win his first race as a two-year-old, but that was not because he was not able. At the first day of the spring meeting of the San Francisco Turf Club, held April 21, 1888, he was coming in a sure winner in the California stakes for two-year-olds, leading a field which included Trade Mark, Faustine, So So, Shannon Rose, Lady Helen, Duke Spencer, Harry Mc, Beppo, Scat, Almont, Robin Hood, Tiburon and Jack Pot, when the great son of Joe Hooker, unfortunately for his maiden effort, jumped the fence 30 yards from the finish. He next won a three-fourth mile dash for two-year-olds at Oakland with 114 pounds up in 1:16¾. The following day he won the Golden Gate stakes, seven-eighths of a mile, in 1:30, with 116 pounds up. At Reno he was beaten by Almont in the Nevada stakes, three-quarters of a mile, in 1:18. A week later, at Sacramento, he captured a three-quarters of a mile sweepstake in 1:17, and a few days later was again defeated by Almont in the California annual stake for two-year-olds. The mile was run in the fast time of 1:42¾. His next venture was at the November meeting of the San Francisco Blood Horse Association, where he defeated such flyers as Sorento, Flood Tide, Almont and Lady Helen in the autumn stakes for two-year-olds. The mile was made in 1:47½. Don Jose looks all over a race horse, and is a derby candidate that will have a big following.

The Czar, a full brother to the phenomenal Emperor of Norfolk, shows up grandly. He has spread and has enough bone and muscle to please the most fastidious. The Czar won his maiden race at the State Fair held last September. He captured the Palo Alto Stakes, distance, one mile, from a big field in 1:44. On November 13th, at San Francisco, the Czar ran a dead heat with Wanderer in the Equity Stakes, three-quarters of a mile, in 1:15¼. Flood Tide, Jack Pot, Ganymede and Caliente also started in the race. In the run off the Czar won, in 1:15. The winner carried 115 pounds. These are the only two races in which Czar has contested, but it will be seen by the time made that he is hot property in any company, and should he go to the post in the St. Louis Derby the odds against him will not be very large.

I don't fancy Barham very much. He was picked up from the mountains about three weeks since, and of course could not be expected to look very well. A great many people claim that he resembles Volante a good deal, but I could not notice the resemblance.

El Rio is one of the California two-year-olds who will render a good account of himself. He is a stout and wonderfully big horse, and looks all over a race horse. El Rio is a full brother to the Czar, Emperor of Norfolk, Vera, King of Norfolk, Prince of Norfolk, Duchess of Norfolk, and Duke of Norfolk. All the Norfolk-Marian get have proved themselves race-horses. Stick a pin right here. Keep your eyes on El Rio. I think that he will be the grandest two-year-old of the season.

Barrett is a nicely-formed two-year-old, and is a full brother to Don Jose. He has not wintered as well as expected, but there is plenty of time yet for the horse to pick up. Haskell is another Futurity entry. He is a muscular-looking chestnut colt. Joe Courtney, a chestnut colt by Joe Hooker, is a candidate for the American Derby. He is very compact, and is likely to develop into a speedy horse. Casey Winchell will ride for this stable in the East. Last year Winchell rode 179 races, and came under the wire first no less than 32 times. Young Atchison will be the second jockey of the stable. Mr. McCormick told me that he never saw ten finer-looking yearlings than are now to be seen at Mr. Winters' ranch. There is a full brother to Emperor of Norfolk, Don Jose, and a sister to Bonanza. "They are the finest Mr. Winters has ever raised, without any doubt," said the trainer.

SHIPPEE'S RACE HORSES.

Mr. Shippee, the Stockton banker, is to make his initial bow in the racing world this season. He has gathered together a select string of fashionably-bred youngsters, and has placed them in charge of the veteran A. J. Stemler. Here follows a list of the string, with their breeding:

Picnic, 3, imp. Pickwick—imp. Countess.
Glencola, 3, imp. Glengary—Marcola.
Songstress, 3, Luke Blackburn—imp. Malaburn.
Major Ban, 2, King Ban—Heresay.
Fellow Charm, 2, Longfellow—Trinket.
Take Notice, 2, imp. Prince Charlie—Nota Bena.
Whisp Ban, 2, King Ban—Whisperine.
Elsie S., 2, Glenelg—Marida.
Falselero, 2, Falsetto—Salara.
Mabel, 2, Longfellow—Carrie Phillips.
Bonny Brook, 2, Ten Broeck—Bonny Kate.

If this string shows up as well as Trainer Stemler expects, it is Mr. Shippee's intention to campaign them East, otherwise they will perform in California. Picnic is well entered in the East. She has grown quite a good deal since Mr. Shippee purchased her and is now a very trim-appearing animal. Picnic is entered for the American Derby. It is said that she is fast developing into a speedy race mare. Elsie S. is a half sister to Firenzi and Los Angeles. She resembles the latter horse somewhat and is very fair sized for a two-year-old. The boys at the track say that she is lightning on her feet. Whisp Ban is another two-year-old that looks like she might develop in a speedy race. She certainly has the appearance of being one of the best two-year-olds that I have seen this season.

Bonny Brook is very shapely and it is to be hoped that Mr. Shippee will send the Ten Broeck youngster to Los Angeles in April to battle for the Rodman scramble. If looks and breeding amount to anything then Songstress should certainly show up well. Major Ban looks superb, and is a big, muscular two-year-old. Mr. Stemler thinks that Fellow-Charm resembles The Bard. The Shippee horses will make a record for themselves.

W. M. MURRAY'S RECORD-BREAKERS.

Just near the race-track at the Capital city is located Mr. Murray's stable of runners. Very few people not employed by Mr. Murray get inside of that stable, and several reporters have fallen by the wayside in their attempt to get a peep at this stable, but a mutual friend fixed everything for the representative of this paper, and Dagworth had nothing but smooth sailing as usual. The first horse showed was Robin Hood. He is a half-brother to Grover Cleveland, whom almost everybody admired. His breeding is Flood—Robin Girl. Robin Hood is entered for the Kentucky Derby. He only started twice as a two-year-old. Robin Hood has spread and grown very much. His owner expects great things from him, and says that he looks very much like Emperor of Norfolk.

N. Y. M. is a three-year-old maiden who is well entered at St. Louis and Chicago. Shannon is the sire of N. Y. M.

Ackart is a nice appearing three-year-old by Flood out of Fanny Lewis. Kyro is a fine-looking two-year-old by Joe Hooker. Isabella, a three-year-old by Norfolk out of Maggie S. shows up well, and Leland, a two-year-old by Flood out of imported Camille, looks like a fast gelding.

"There is, in my estimation, the best inbred Lexington in the country," remarked Mr. Murray, when the reporter was shown a two-year-old by Norfolk, dam Irene Harden, by Lexington. The colt in question has plenty of substance, and looks all over a winner.

Peregrine has developed into a fine-looking race horse. If I am not mistaken, Peregrine performed very well as a three-year-old. He beat Lida Ferguson in a match race at Sacramento, five-eighths of a mile, in 1:01½, with 113 pounds up, and also won several three-quarter-mile dashes in good company. Evelyn is a racy bay mare by Flood, dam Lady Evangeline.

AUSTRALIAN HORSES.

J. R. Newton's importations from the antipodes are being trained by Joe Courtney, the well-known California trainer. They are a fine-looking string of race horses, and no mistake. As a preliminary, it might be well to state that horses in Australia take their age on the 1st of August, while in America it is January; consequently the Australian horse is handicapped about half a year when he races in America. The first one shown the reporter was Hearst, a grand-appearing chestnut colt. While he is virtually a two-year-old, he is a three-year-old in this country. He is by Fergus First, out of Romping Girl. Romping Girl is the dam of Masquerade and Faro, two noted performers on the Australian turf. "The more I work that horse the better he looks," remarked Joe Courtney to Holloway. If fine racy appearance goes for anything, well, Hearst should be a corker, and he looks like he could pack weight, too.

Silver Mine occupies the next stall. He is a half-brother to Hearst, being by Fergus I., out of Alsacles. He is a magnificent specimen of a race-horse. He stands sixteen hands, and has an immense amount of bone and muscle, and is wonderfully well matured for a three-year-old. Silver Mine is a race-horse, if there ever was one, and no one would wish to see a better looker. If he can't get over the ground with any amount of weight in fast time, then write me down a duffer.

The Duke is also a three-year-old. His sire is Maribynong, who is by the celebrated Fisherman. His dam is fair Duchess, whose sire is Blair Athol. The Duke is a well-rounded horse, and is quite as racy-looking as any of his stable companions.

Senator is a big, game-looking chestnut horse. His sire is Robinson Crusoe, the winner of the Australian Jockey Club Derby and a number of other big Australian events. Robinson Crusoe is the sire of Tridant, one of the grandest performers on the Australian turf. Senator's dam is Beatrice, who was also a winner in her day. He looks as if he were all of 17 hands high. Senator has been under the weather for a couple of weeks, but is rapidly getting to be himself again. Adventurer possesses plenty of bone and sinew, and looks all the world like a Bonny Scotland. He is by the imported Cheviot out of Scraps.

McGregor is a brown colt, three years old. He is fashionably bred, being by imported Epigram, the sire of Le Grand and Wheaton. His dam is Helen McGregor by Tarragon.

Altogether the Australian horses are a grand lot. Rumor has it that they can gallop in proportion to their looks, which if true, means that some unusually fast races can be confidently expected before the end of this year, for the California horses this year are showing up grandly. Several experts, however, claim the Australian horses are a trifle too long in the legs.

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5:10 P. M.	6:00 P. M.

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EDWIN K. ALSIP, Secretary. 1m2p

MONTE VISTA!

The auction sale having been postponed on account of rain, the property will continue to be sold at private sale at the old prices until further notice.

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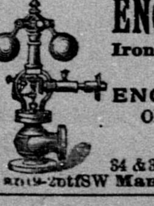

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