ENGLISH FIELD SPORTS.

Coursing the Hare with Greyhounds in England.

Antiquity of the Sport—The Laws of Coursing—The Great Waterloo Cup—Third Victory of Master McGrath—Description of the Meeting at Altcar—History of the Victory.

LONDON, March 1, 1871.

The coursing of the hare with greyhounds, which always keep the animal in sight and capture and kill him by superior speed, is one of the very oldest of English sports. It was well known among the ancients, and were its history traced from the time when we first find it mentioned by the classics down to a few days since (February 17), when the Waterloo Cup—the greatest coursing prize in the world—was won by the Irish dog Master McGrath, a volume of rare interest would be the result. In remote times the hare was not the only animal chased in this way, for the stag, the wolf, the wild goat, the fox and other animals noted for their speed became the prey of the hounds, and doubtless were able to render a better account of themselves when brought to bay than poor "puss." The ancient British practice of coursing embraced the chase of deer and foxes, as well as hares; but there is reason to believe that the greyhounds employed were of a size and strength commensurate with the game they were to be entered to. The practice of modern coursing may be said to date from the time of Queen Elizabeth, under whose patronage it became a fashionable pursuit, as it has ever since continued. To further methodize and give stability to the sport a code of laws was framed by the Duke of Norfolk, a great lover of the leash, that became the stock on which the the rules observed at coursing meetings were engrafted. Of these meetings there are now a vast number, not only in all parts of England, but in Ireland and in Scotland, where even many of the "unco guid," who look upon racing as the broad road that leadeth to destruction, are not indifferent to the contests of the "long tails." These meetings are generally under the management of clubs, each member of which has a nomination to the various stakes; but of course he is not bound to run his own dog, but may name that of somebody else.

THE LAWS OF COURSING

have from time to time received many modifications, and in the present day they are not uniform; but there are many points in common, a brief description of which may convey to the foreigner who knows not the sport some idea of how it is pursued. In the first place, each hare is, in matches, pursued by only a couple of greyhounds, and the manoeuvring between the three is watched by an authorized judge, on horseback, who decides, according to the rules and his own observation, which dog has won. The hare is allowed four or five score yards "law," or start, before the greyhounds are loosed from the slips, if the nature of the ground will admit of it without danger of losing her. Of course there are many districts of country where such a "law" would be impossible, for two out of every three hares would get clear off, and the judge would not have an opportunity of determining the relative speed, gameness and honesty of the dogs. Honorable sportsmen will give poor "puss" every reasonable opportunity of escaping, and will not put the dogs under any guidance after they are loosed, but their own natural propensity to kill the game. The loosing is an operation of some difficulty, and is always entrusted to an experienced official named the "slipper," who manages a complicated tackle, in which the two greyhounds are confined until the word "go" is given, when he lets them out of the "slips" on as nearly equal terms as possible. The judges generally observe that they are fairly dispatched and that they both see the hare, and then gallops after them to watch their speed and skill. There is a "hare finder" who gives a loud "hallOo" when he discovers "puss," in order to warn all whom it may concern of the fact, and particularly the dogs, who naturally look in the direction from which the sound proceeds. A great many terms are employed in the sport—in the reckoning of points—which, even with the fullest explanation, must be unintelligible to the uninitiated, and of which it will be necessary to say only a few words. A "cote," which is reckoned two points, is when two dogs start even together and one outruns the other and gives the hare a turn or wrench; but if the hare takes a circuitous course, and the dog which runs the outer circle gives the turn, it is counted three points. When the hare strikes off at about a right angle from the line on which she has been running it is called a "wrench," but if she goes as if around it is a "turn," which is equal to two wrenches. The "kill," in which the dog catches the hare with his mouth in the back, is counted two points, if it is a kill of merit, a matter in which the judge is allowed a certain discretion. There are a great many other rules which are interesting only to the thorough courser, but the above may convey some idea of the manner in which the sport is pursued. Every movement of the hare and of the greyhounds is attentively watched, not only by the judge, but by hundreds, and at great meetings, thousands of adepts, and every curve, turn, angle, every variety of skill, every degree of speed, have their different values, and are carefully reckoned in awarding the decision.

THE WATERLOO COURSING CUP

is a prize competed for by sixty-four nominators, who subscribe twenty-five sovereigns each, and of the total amount, £1,600, the winner receives £500; the owner of the second dog £200; the owners of the next two dogs £50 each; the owners of the next four £30 each; the owners of the next eight £20 each; the owners of the next sixteen £10 each; while included are the Waterloo Purse and Waterloo Plate, both taken from the Cup Stakes, the former of which is competed for by the thirty-two dogs beaten in the first round of the cup, and the latter by the sixteen dogs beaten in the firsties of the purse. As sixty-four dogs have to run and they must run in pairs, it is evident that they must be put against each other dog for dog; that the winners must then contend in the same way; that winner must meet winner in the third round in like manner, and so on until the contest is reduced to a match between the two best dogs in the whole stakes. The draw, which took place last Tuesday night at the Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool, is always a highly interesting ceremony. All the nominators to the cup, who include the greatest coursers in the kingdom, meet at dinner, after which they draw their dogs by lot against each other in pairs, and then bet on the probabilities. At one time the cup was altogether unknown as a medium of speculation, just as other coursing stakes are at the present day; but of late years it has taken a prominent place in the "market quotations;" for months is betted on by the London clubs, and is patronized to a vast extent, not only by owners of dogs, but by such of the public generally as incline to gambling. The "draw" has, of course, a considerable influence on the speculation; for, if fate decides that two great favorites have to meet each other, it is evident that one or other of them must be beaten, whereas if a great favorite is pitted against an "outsider" his chances must be considerably improved.

THE MEETING

took place, as usual, at Altcar, about eight miles from Liverpool, on the estate of a famous sportsman, Lord Sefton, and near the village of Waterloo, from which the cup takes its name. It is a bleak, bare spot, but being of vast extent is suited to a great crowd, and hares are to be found in thousands. The attendance on this occasion was enormous, far larger than it had been at any previous meeting, and the interest, especially as the contest was approaching its conclusion, intense. In the opening round the first favorite, Lord Haddington's Bendemeer had to meet Mr. Briggs' Bed of Stone, and ran three tremendous undecided heats with her, when it became necessary to withdraw one of them, and as Mr. Briggs was not present his lordship did not again run his dog. Lord Lurgan's dog, Master McGrath, who was also a great favorite, won his trial in a rather slovenly fashion; and Sea Cove, who carried off the cup last year, was beaten in the most hollow style. Another public favorite, Mr. Gibson's Smuggler, was likewise disposed of, and so were Mr. Forrester's Fritz, Mr. Blackstock's Macdonald, Sir Capel Molyneux's Michael, Dr. Richardson's Lauderdale, Mr. Leglis' Latest News, Lord Sefton's Soprano and Mr. Clark's Chivalry, all of whom had been backed for great sums of money. In the second round there were, of course, sixteen pairs of dogs to contend, but in this and subsequent heats there was no "draw;" the first winner being "slipped" with the second, the third with the fourth, the fifth with the sixth, and so on. Those that were successful in this round were Chameleon, Newton, Double or Quits, Black Knight, Premier, Lester T., Master McGrath, Rocketer, Buxom Lass, Pretender, Fancy, Bessie Bell, Liberty, Cataclysm, Deodora's Daughter and Waywarden. In the third round of light pairs Newton, Double or Quits, Premier, Rocketer, Buxom Lass, Fancy, Cataclysm and Waywarden were beaten. Consequently in the fourth round the pairs were Black Knight and Chameleon, Master McGrath and Lester T., Pretender and Bessie Bell, Deodora's Daughter and Liberty, and in each case the first named was successful. In the fifth round Master McGrath, with three to one on him, defeated Black Knight, and Pretender, with two to one on him, performed the same feat with Deodora's Daughter. The excitement as Master McGrath prepared to meet Pretender for the sixth and last round, for which odds of seven to four were laid on him, was tremendous. For about fifty yards they ran exactly level, and then, the hare bending slightly to the right, it appeared as though Pretender would win, but Master McGrath just drew himself clear and literally smothering a very weak-running hare, he picked her up as she bent slightly towards his opponent. The excitement that was now witnessed, especially among the Irish, was never surpassed even at Altcar. They flung their hats in the air, danced for joy, and shouted for Lord Lurgan, Master McGrath and ould Ireland till they were hoarse. Master McGrath must now be esteemed the

CANINE WONDER OF THE AGE,

for he won the Cup in 1868, again in 1869, was beaten in 1870, solely because he was totally unfit—some say poisoned—and now in his fourth season he has won it again. The feat is unparalleled and was a terrible blow to the "talent" and the "prophets," not one of whom ever anticipated it. The public are the winners by the result.

The Irish Canine Victor—His Parentage and Field Triumphs—Reception on the "Ould Sod."

From Ireland we have the following sketch of the famous canine field victor, Master McGrath, his parentage, performance and reception after his latest feat of triumph:—

Master McGrath—the dog *par excellence*—the greatest coursing wonder of the age, has made a name for Irish coursers before which the first kennels in England have paled. The winning of three Waterloo Cups, a feat unrivalled since the expansion of the entries from thirty-two to sixty-four dogs, has been by him alone achieved. Certo, when the stake was limited to thirty-two dogs, accomplished it; how much more ambitious is the conquest when the number of competitors is doubled is known alone to coursing men. No performance on the Downs has yet rivalled that of Master McGrath. For the three cups won by Certo ninety-six dogs competed; 192 dogs competed for the same number of cups won by Master McGrath. Never led to his hare, never slipped at a hare which was not killed or sewered; beaten but once in his unequalled coursing career, this Irish dog has established a reputation that has not yet been rivalled and that may never be excelled.

Bred by that most thorough sportsman, Mr. Galwey, whose knowledge of the science of breeding and training is so widely known, and whose judgment of pace and condition is now a matter of such acknowledged authority that if it be possible to see another McGrath we look forward to his coming from his kennel.

When the intelligence of the dog's success was known at Colligan Lodge, where Mr. Galwey resides, and at Kilmacthomas, where is a large portion of the property of the Earl of Dartrey, over which Mr. Galwey is such an efficient and popular agent, large bonfires blazed in honor of the occasion, barrels of stout and ale were broached, and the healths of Lord Lurgan, the Earl of Dartrey—whose qualities as a good landlord are so widely known—Mr. Galwey and of Master McGrath were enthusiastically drunk; and the farmers who joined these assemblies having, since the first Waterloo victory of McGrath, become well read up in coursing matters, seemed not a little proud that Waterford county has alone in Ireland produced not only a Waterloo winner, but a thrice winner of that great coursing prize.

Master McGrath, by Dervock, out of Lady Sarah, was bred by Mr. Galwey, at his residence at Colligan Lodge, in the county of Waterford. He was pupped in February, 1866, and was five years old the day he won his last Waterloo Cup. His first appearance was at Lurgan in 1867, when he won the Visitors' Cup of thirty-two dogs; and directly afterward, at Creagh, he divided the Moneygass Purse with his kennel companion, Master Nathaniel. He then won the Waterloo Cup in 1868, beating Cock Robin in the final course. Later in the year he came out for the second time at Lurgan, and divided the Browslow Cup with Sir William. He next appeared at Altcar, where for the second time he secured the Waterloo Cup, beating Lobelia (winner of the cup in 1867) and the celebrated greyhound Bab-at-the-Bowster in his last two courses. His next effort, and only failure, was at the Waterloo Meeting in 1870, when, being quite amiss, he was easily beaten in the first round by Lady Lyons, and was so weak that he was with difficulty saved from drowning in a drain into which he had fallen at the close of his course. He was immediately drawn for the Waterloo Purse, his condition rendering it quite impossible that he could compete. Lord Lurgan, after this defeat of his famous dog, changed his trainer, and Spooner, his lordship's present trainer, took charge of his kennel; but it having been determined by his lordship that McGrath should not run again, he was actually sent to the stud. Induced, however, by the persuasions of Spooner, Lord Lurgan allowed the dog to be again brought out for the Browslow Cup, which in October last he won for the second time, and in the present month he won his third Waterloo Cup, beating the favorite, Pretender, in the final course.

On Saturday last Master McGrath and young Spooner, his trainer, left Liverpool for Belfast, in the screw steamer Magnetic. An immense number of people were present to see the dog away. The Master, having now won the Blue Ribbon of the Waterloo Coursing Match three times, will not run again, as Lord Lurgan has at present a dog in store which will, it is said, be a splendid successor to Master McGrath, and one that is likely to take the Lurgan colors from Waterloo next year. A sea risk of £6,000 was effected upon the dog before sailing.

The *Sporting Gazette* states, on the authority of Lord Lurgan, that he knows nothing whatever about the reported policy of insurance on Master McGrath, while his reputed winnings do not exceed £2,000.

On Friday afternoon his lordship received a message from Sir T. Biddulph, informing him that "the Queen would much like to see Master McGrath"—a graceful compliment to the coursing community.

Master McGrath will arrive in London at the beginning of the week and visit Queen Victoria at Windsor. He will afterwards hold one or two private levees before returning to Ireland, as he will never run again in public.

BROOKLYN NAVY YARD.

Slocum's Little Game—What the Brooklynites Think of It—What the Officials Say—The National Profit and Loss.

A walk through the dirty streets of the Fifth ward, Brooklyn, is the sort of recreation which few would indulge in. As a matter of public duty a HERALD reporter promenaded through that famous district, the terror of revenue officials and the

ARCADIA OF ILLICIT SPIRITS.

Slouchy looking men hung gloomily about the corner groceries and liquor stores; slatternly women, barcheaded or with a coarse shawl over the cranium, passed lazily to and fro; dirty but jolly little children flitted in and out of blind alleys, heaped with ashes and other garbage, or clambered over the horseless carts and wagons beside the pavement.

"No, we don't want the Yard removed. The people round here are against it being stirred. The property holders don't want it sold.

NOBODY BUT SLOCUM,

that ever I could hear of, thinks it a nuisance. It aint a nuisance to the grocery people, nor to the boarding house keepers, nor it aint a nuisance to me."

This was the speech of a business man of the Fifth ward in reply to a query of the reporter.

"It's bread and butter to many a one round here; but of course if it is a public nuisance the government won't consider that; why should they?" said another.

REPORTER—"General Slocum is your Congressman; and if it is against the wish of his constituents why don't they take some action in the matter?"

"The fact of it is, sir, nobody believes there is anything serious in it. I'm a democrat and so is Slocum. His party is in a minority, and if he didn't have something like that to blow about nobody would listen to him."

REPORTER—"The question was mooted at the time of his election, and if it was a test question the district is pronounced in its favor."

"It was and it wasn't a test question. A good many democrats voted for Webster, the republican candidate; but he didn't have a show. His own party run another man and beat him."

REPORTER—"And that whiskey raid just before election?"

"That helped to squash him too. People got mad like, and they'd vote on nothing but democrat or republican."

REPORTER—"General Slocum says the city of Brooklyn wants the water front and the valuable land which is occupied by the Navy Yard."

"About the ground, I don't hear people talk so much; but if they're

IN A SWEAT FOR WATER FRONT

why don't they use all that along Williamsburg and Brooklyn that's lying idle?"

REPORTER—"It is said General Slocum objected to it on democratic grounds, as being a nursery for ranical votes."

"Ha, ha! that's green. Why there ain't one tenth of the men in the Yard live permanently in Brooklyn; and who can keep track of a man when he's outside. It's almost enough for them to know you're a Fifth warder to have you refused employment; but that's mostly on account of the whiskey business."

At this point of the conversation a man somewhat under the malign influence approached and announced they had "sacked" (discharged) him. He didn't care, not he, and if it was any satisfaction to the Yard authorities he could tell them that he always was and always would be a democrat.

The reporter moved on and left the business man to the mercies of the maudlin democrat. He now bent his steps toward the Navy Yard gate, which stands, with two bas-relief anchors on its portals, at the end of York street. The blue overcoated marine, with a shining rifle at his shoulder, who sentinelled the entrance, placed no bar to the reporter's progress. After a walk of about one hundred yards he arrived at a building on the left hand side, before which another

HARMLESS LOOKING MARINE STRUTTED,

and in front of which stood a number of brass guns captured by the United States Navy in California, together with mementoes of the late unpleasantness in the shape of the ponderous ram of the rebel ironclad Mississippi, the rebel torpedo boat Midge, with its curious lipcat shape and long bowsprit, bearing the torpedo at its point; several rebel solid shot and a piece of rebel iron plating, with a huge ragged hole in its centre, through which a loyal round shot tore its unceremonious way.

"The executive officer is down at the water's edge, looking after one of the vessels. Can't say how long he'll be."

This piece of information induced the reporter to seek Captain Woolsey rather, like Mohammed, than await the coming of the official mountain. After stumbling over planks, making detours to avoid mechanics redolent of paint and pitch, who were engaged in hauling boats from the sheds to the ships, getting out of the way of laborers rolling barrels of mess beef from barges to wharves, trusting to treacherous drawbridges and surmounting many other dangers to the uninitiated, the executive officer was found. He is a tall, spare man, of lean face, curly hair, grizzled mustache and mild manners. He wore a naval captain's uniform, and was pleased to see the HERALD reporter. There was none of the blustering "sea dog" about him, which greatly relieved the reporter's mind, who was

POLISHING UP NAUTICAL PHRASES

in anticipation of a shiver-my-timbers interview.

"The HERALD," said he, "has taken what I believe to be a patriotic stand in this matter of Navy Yard removal. There may be different opinions, but I believe for a thousand reasons in its retention by the government."

REPORTER—"Do you think, Captain, that the administration really entertains the project of the proposed sale?"

Captain WOOLSEY—"I hope not. The prime mover in the matter is a political opponent of theirs. They are in a minority, and if it should be carried there must be a leak somewhere."

REPORTER—"What reason do you advance for its retention by the government?"

Captain WOOLSEY—"In the first place the difficulty of replacing it in the port of New York; in the second place the enormous amount which it has cost in the erection of stores, houses and shops, the building of docks and the reclamation of hundreds of acres of swamp land and which would have to be re-expended on a new one. In the third place because we have the means right here

TO BREAK ANY BLOCKADE

of the port which any power could establish."

REPORTER—"You think, then, that it would be a disastrous policy to leave New York without such a means of defence?"

Captain WOOLSEY—"Decidedly. It is said that an army could march across Long Island and burn it, but any navy yard would be subject to such a visitation if there was no fleet, no forts and no army to intercept it. That is rather a foolish reason."

REPORTER—"You think, then, that it is not a patriotic desire, but rather a political reason which is at the bottom of the matter?"

Captain WOOLSEY—"I will illustrate, for I do not like to attack persons; but if Congress would pass a law authorizing the sale of this yard to me I could go to New York and raise money enough in six hours. In any view it would be a sure fortune. It would be sold at a nominal price, for who can properly appraise land so cut up as this Navy Yard, and in its present state so unfitted for ordinary buildings? When it would eventually be bought in lots there is no saying what large profits there would be made upon it. This I believe to be the real motive for the movement; but there is another view, which I feel sure would prevail, and it is this: If one Congress sold the yard the next

WOULD WANT TO BUY IT BACK.

Then the item of profit would be equally great."

By this time the lyceum, as the official quarter is called, was reached and the reporter was invited in. All the officials who were not occupied had copies of the HERALD before them, from which they were diligently reading the progress of the St. Domingo Commission. The executive officer submitted a plan of the Navy Yard to the reporter, from which he gleaned the following statistics:—The area of the Navy Yard proper is 150 acres; cob dock, 41 reclaimed, 33 acres; the Navy Hospital ground, which is within the enclosure, 34 acres, and a water surface within the United States boundary line, comprising Wallabout channel and deep water, 83 acres, or

A TOTAL OF 300 ACRES,

with about a mile and a half of water front. Captain Braine, the bluff, hearty equipment officer, who was present, denounced the attempt to sell the yard in round terms.

REPORTER—"Captain Braine, can you give me any idea what the building and improvements in the Navy Yard have cost the government?"

Captain BRAINE—"You see when a piece of work is done for Uncle Sam it is not turning a honeycombed piece of timber with its best side out to hide the holes. Everything here is solid and thorough. And there, you see, is where an appraisement would fail to fix the cost. Look at those equipment stores across the way. Did you see that dry dock? (The reporter nodded affirmatively.) Well, then, you can support me in saying that they are built to last. At a sale they would never realize within fifty per cent of their value. You may put down the cost of the improvements

AT FORTY MILLION DOLLARS.

But they are worth that to the government alone." Captain Braine now bustled out to buy ship stores in New York, and the conversation with the executive officer was resumed.

REPORTER—"How many men, Captain, are at present employed in the yard?"

Captain WOOLSEY—"Sixteen hundred at present, but we call that short-handed. We are now only repairing vessels, construction being suspended."

REPORTER—"What do you consider a full complement?"

Captain WOOLSEY—"Three thousand; but in any emergency we have ample accommodation for six thousand."

REPORTER—"There are a good many complaints outside of the way in which the patronage of the Navy Yard is dispensed."

Captain WOOLSEY—"Yes: the politicians give us

NO END OF BOTHER.

They interfere with the appointments, and such intermeddling of course tends to impair the efficiency of the discipline. For instance, a man may have been employed twenty or twenty-five years off and on here, and by a reduction of force is thrown out. He comes to me and perhaps represents that, in addition to his long services here, he was in the navy during the war. I would naturally be inclined to look after such a man, and sometimes would secure a reappointment for him at the first opportunity. Mr. Politicus hears of this. He has a friend, or a friend's friend, for whom he wants a place, and the first thing we hear of is an order to set the friend to work in place of the valuable public servant, who is thereby

THROWN ON THE WORLD."

REPORTER—"Another complaint in Brooklyn is that New York gets nine-tenths of the patronage."

Captain WOOLSEY—"We have men from all parts of the State, and there is no reason why New York should not have a large share. The yard was here

BEFORE BROOKLYN AMOUNTED TO ANYTHING.

The uncertainty of the greater number of the jobs makes a great many men unwilling to leave their homes in New York to take up their residence in Brooklyn, and if they did so they would lose their hold upon the local political magnate who got them to work."

The reporter took his leave, and passed the inconvenient marines, who followed his retreating with an eye of veneration for the noble mission of which he was the humble instrument.

GENERAL HARRISON'S TOMB GOING TO DECAY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:—

In your paper of yesterday morning I find a few lines regarding the tomb of General W. H. Harrison at North Bend, Ohio, and its decay. Last year, in the course of an extended journey West, I was in Cincinnati, and one bright September morning I went down the river bank some twenty miles by the Cincinnati and Indianapolis Railroad, which runs alongside the Ohio and Mississippi road until we reach North Bend, where they diverge, meeting again, and again separating a few miles further on, at Lawrenceburg, Ind. North Bend is a way station, with only two or three small houses and a coal elevator and water tank where the roads branch off, and the Harrison estate lies immediately along the river, reaching up to a low range of hills on the north, and just west of the station, upon rising ground, shaded by a few oak trees, rest the remains of General Harrison, the hero of Tippecanoe, and once President of the United States, in wanton neglect and decay. On reaching North Bend I found a middle aged man, who lives in an old house near by with his family, who formerly lived in the family of General Harrison, and from him I learned many facts and incidents of the old hero's life; and he being the only one who appeared to know or care much about the place, and holding the keys, at my request he went with me to visit the tomb. Scaling a few old fences we came into a field, and near its centre, on rising ground, overlooking the Ohio, we reached the vault, and, after unlocking an old padlock and lifting a trap door with one broken hinge, we descended a few steps into a space about ten feet square, built of brick, mostly underground, and now crumbling in ruin; and just on the east side were eight chambers, four in a row, and in the upper row, in three of them, are the remains of General Harrison, his wife and a daughter, and the mouths of the chambers are closed with brickwork, and there is no inscription of any kind anywhere to be found, and the archwork overhead in the vault looks just ready to fall, and would have fallen before this only my friend secured it, for the time, by running through iron rods and fastening the ends outside the walls, to hold it together, as well as he could. The walls upon the outside are, if possible, in worse state than within, and, unless something is done soon, must fall in, and everything is in a state of dilapidation and decay everywhere around North Bend. The old house where the General lived, built in sections and a part of it a log cabin, was burned a few years ago, and nothing remains but the ruins; and General Harrison's office, a low building some twenty feet square, built of brick, only remains, and that, like everything around, is ready to fall. Down the Ohio a few miles lives a son of General Harrison. I am informed the estate was sold at auction, and the descendants are not able to raise a monument or build a tomb to guard the dust of the great departed. Republics are ungrateful or unmindful of their great men after they are gone, or the United States government would not allow them to sleep in such wreck and ruin, and now either the United States or the State of Ohio should erect at least a decent tomb, and save the country the scandal of neglecting the remains of a President who, while living, raised the country to such a furor of political excitement in the great campaign of 1840. Now, as the HERALD is always open to uphold the right and vindicate a great public wrong, I look to you with confidence to call the attention of the country to the condition of the remains of her great men, and especially those of General Harrison, that have fallen under my notice; and if you will give this the advantage of your great circulation I am sure you will render a great public service, and that something will be done to guard the remains of the departed shades worthy of a great nation.

D. G. WALKER, 19 Hudson street, New York.

BULL PUP GROWL.

The Canadian Version of Puss-Cat Mew.

Review of the Situation—The Commission a Defeat to Canadian Toryism—Canadian Insolence Rebuked—Rage of the Loil—The Herald's Accuracy Verified—Annexationists Jubilant.

MONTREAL, March 13, 1871.

I have often adverted in this correspondence to the marked difference between the popular tone here and in England when matters American are under consideration. A political Landseer might draw the English bulldog and the Canadian bull pup as, respectively, dignity and impudence. Englishmen, since the great war of the rebellion, have discovered the United States to be a nation strong, civilized, and among the first and freest in the world. Hence the path recommended years ago by John Bright is now sought after by the statesmen of Britain, and the alliance and amity of the American commonwealth are courted as eagerly as were those of the English commonwealth under Cromwell by the European monarchies two hundred years ago. But in Canada we are as quarrelsome as the spiteful dwarf in the fable who insulted his more powerful neighbors with alacrity because he had a giant to

DO HIS FIGHTING

for him. Secure in our own insignificance and jealous of republican progress, we have belittled, abused and defied the United States, and I verily believe that we have thought that the Canadian volunteers, under Sir George E. Cartier and other heroes of bloodless rebellion, could march in triumph to Washington, levying contributions on New York and Boston, while adventurous ublaner, in beef boots, would terrify the burghers of Omaha, St. Paul and Galveston.

As frequently have I had to allude to the universal yell of execration with which any utterance of the NEW YORK HERALD on Canadian affairs is greeted, probably because that journal is the best exponent of American civilization, enterprise and power; and the more correct the anticipation the more intense the yell. Just now the name of Bennett is peculiarly accursed, because of the creation of the Joint High Commission and of the possibility that all our international disputes will be settled quietly and in favor of America, rather than of her cantankerous little neighbor. All this is bad enough and distasteful in the extreme to Canadian stomachs, but how much worse is it to know that the HERALD has been right and the "organs" wrong! Consequently from Toby Guzzle to Stinking river the cry has gone forth,

"D—N THE HERALD!

Let the minions of Ann street t-r-r-r-emble—marble won't save them."

The reference made by the Governor General in his speech to international questions, and the debates in the House, have disappointed all the loyalists, and the annexationists and independentists lift up their heads. In the first place, so long ago as August, 1869, the sympathizers here were urging on the imperial authorities the advisability of a Joint High Commission of the three countries, although it was proposed to contain more members and to discuss more especially the political future of the Continent rather than past complications of the two great Powers. A full account of the proposition made in England will be found in the HERALD of July 6, 1870, and the questions to be considered and the powers of the Commissioners accurately indicated. No earthly power can prevent the question of the independence or the annexation of Canada being brought up before the Commissioners, and this is what the Unionists here have striven for, to have the problem brought legitimately before the public and trust to the people to find a solution. I am enabled to state that every effort is being made to get Secretary Fish or Senator Williams to introduce the matter; and I am told that a definite pledge has been given that the subject will be mooted.

But what has completely killed the loyalists is the terrible shock administered by the imperial government. The Minister here had to select of an unpleasant dilemma—either England had consulted them or she had not. In the former case they must have deliberately deceived their most confidential supporters and organs, who, while the HERALD was insisting that the Commission was being formed and that England would settle the dispute without consulting Canadian prejudices, were loudly iterating that no negotiations were going on, and that Canada's position on the fisheries question would be maintained by England. Or else—humiliating admission!—England had deliberately gone back on us; had recognized that this "semi-independent and utterly irresponsible power" was actuated by blind passion and unrecking ill-nature in its conduct of international affairs, and had resolved to take the matter in her own hands and disavow our action. Sir John A. Macdonald has been forced to avow in the House that the HERALD was right and that the Canadian government was in utter ignorance of the negotiations. The concealed rage of the "organs" and the touching resignation of their tone when declaring that whatever is is best can only be compared to the presence of mind displayed by the horse-chaunter, who when he was kicked in the pit of his stomach by a horse he was exercising, with a view to sell the beast, smilingly said, "playful little creetur."

The cause of independence has thereby received an immense lift. The disadvantage of Canada's

AMPHIBIOUS NATIONAL POSITION

has been most strikingly exemplified. Canadians think that they should do as they would with the navigation of canals built by their own money, and that the product of their fisheries is as much theirs as that of their mines and forests. With an independent Canada such snubs would not be, as they now are, matters of unpleasant daily occurrence. England owes the United States a heavy bill for the depredations of the Alabama, and to pay for the damage inflicted by a steamer we never saw England calmly dispose of our fisheries and our canals. A plainer exposition of the inconveniences of British connection it would be hard to give, and these belly-loyalists have been touched in the tendrest spot. Hence the cry for independence is given a new direction and increased force.

But, again, annexation has benefited immensely. The masses of the people have been educated by their subservient journalists and demagogic politicians to accept as their Alpha and Omega the belief that the normal state of a loyal British subject was one of thorough antagonism to all

THINGS AMERICAN;

that such a spirit was inseparable from the maintenance of the British empire, and that to stand up for republicanism in any form was to declare one's self a traitor; and the masses have been told that England's statesmen aided and abetted in fostering such a spirit, pointing to the conduct of England during the civil war, to the Trent difficulty, and the like; that we should be rudely disabused of the error, and the great fact substituted in our creed that England courts America's friendship and discountenances the exhibition of unkindness, and that with it should come the horrid suspicion that England might not only insult but abandon us to the States as a sop to quiet them, has, as you readily imagine, shaken us to our foundation. Our Palmerston an idol has been shattered, never again to be made whole, and in the cataclysm all American sympathizers take new hope.

Another point to which I may refer while commenting on international matters is to the

WHINING TONE

of Sir John Young's speech when alluding to the negotiations. He claims that the course of Canada has been of the mildest description and that we have only acted in self-defence and with moderation and neighborly kindness. Of course Sir John Young speaks the words of his advisers, not his own, because it is on record that Sir Francis Hincks and Sir John A. MacDonald, when pressed in the House last session, declared exultingly that we excluded Americans from our fisheries and American flour, grain and coal from our markets as punishment for the abrogation of the Reciprocity treaty. In the face of this the same men now appeal to the purity and patriotism of their motives!

The Fenian raid question has also deeply excited the country. When, in 1864, we managed to let loose the St. Albans raiders on that unsuspecting town we had to

PAY THE BANKS

for the money stolen. Now the Fenian raids of February, 1866, June, 1866, and May, 1870, have cost us from $1,400,000 to $1,500,000, besides the natural injury inflicted on business. Still greater was the loss sustained by scaring away capitalists from investing in a country liable to perennial invasion. It was always a pet idea of ours that, whenever you handed in your little bill, we could offset it by the Fenian raid indemnities. Government made out a total of six and half millions of dollars. Last year the fact, often insisted upon in this correspondence, began to be established beyond cavil, that England would no longer pay our expenses and fight our battles, and there was terrible outcry raised by the tories that the mother country, since wheedling would no longer answer, must be bullied into tendering the teat to the overfed colonists. Hence the Fenian raid was hailed as a fine opportunity to kill no end of birds with a very plausible stone. People here were excited and liked the idea of having these raids stopped. And it would be easy to get the manipulation of a loan to build fortifications, to have troops stationed here to defend us, to obtain a reply which could be twisted into a condemnation of independence and a plea for the continuance of our present relations. At the same time we could administer to President Grant a severe slap in the face. Consequently we began to hold indignation meetings all over the country, and the government, losing its head, gave the people loose rein, and announced that one of its members, Mr. Postmaster General Campbell, would proceed to Windsor to

INTERVIEW THE BRITISH LION.

It was a very plausible mission, because he could say that Canada had nothing to do with Fenianism, and that it was hard that we should suffer for the sins of a remote part of the empire. The famous cry of "indemnity for the past and protection for the future" was raised, and *La Minerve*, the organ of Sir George E. Cartier, declared that unless England continued her garrisons, bullied the States, paid us for blood spilled and hens stolen, we would secede, annex, become independent or rebel. Didn't the unionists rejoice with exceeding great joy to see the tories walking slap into the jaws of destruction? Von Moltke couldn't have felt better when he hemmed in the French at Sedan. In the HERALD of July and August, 1870, the history of the mission was given and its utter failure predicted, your correspondent stating that all Mr. Campbell would gain would be the bringing back of his family from Europe and a terrible smash. The Union League folks at Montreal set their friends in Europe at work at once to counteract the unhappy delegate's influence, and as the imperial authorities were already very favorably disposed towards America the task was an easy one. Mr. Campbell returned, and the government press was ominously silent. I was enabled to advise the HERALD that the mission had turned out a failure, that England had refused most plumply to guarantee any more loans, to send out any more troops and to demand any indemnity from the States for damages caused by the

BOULD SOJER BOYS,

led by O'Neill. On the matter of Independence Earl Granville failed to display any of the anticipated indignation, and when it came to the fisheries Mr. Campbell was informed that England would see about that, and was very well satisfied with America's conduct. The HERALD statement was met by general vaporing and individual abuse. On the opening of the present session Mr. Galt abuded to the recital of Secretary Fish to admit those Fenian claims to arbitration, and the government replied that, when the papers came down, all would be well. Three days after the papers came down, and the NEW YORK HERALD's accuracy was completely vindicated.

On every point whatsoever the aspirations of the loyalists have been defeated, and their followers, between rage and amazement, are as completely bewildered as bats at noonday. It is a regular Sedan. By indirect but forcible methods England is pushing us out of the nest, and we must pay our own bills and fight our own foes. But at the same time that we are experiencing all the

INCONVENIENCES OF INDEPENDENCE

we are made to feel all the disadvantages of our colonial position. Engl nd asserts her imperial authority over us, and takes fisheries, canals, territory, everything, and disposes of them without consulting us and in the face of our protests. Poor Canucks! We may rejoice that Canada is represented in the Commission, and claim it as the brightest triumph of British diplomacy. But it is a victory after the manner of Artemus Ward, who held down his enemy "with my nose, which I inserted between his teeth for the purpose."

Reviewing the situation, we find that we are no nearer reciprocity than before. All of our plans have recoiled upon us. We taxed American products out of spite, and we are compelled to repeal the tax because it hurts ourselves. We were unneighborly in the fisheries question, and we have had to back down. We tried to threaten England by talking of independence, and it turns out that she wants us to become independent. We have been harried by Fenians in a cause which doesn't concern us and have to foot our own bills. We are snubbed and you are thanked. We have betrayed arrogance, presumption and hatred. Alas! that at the same time we have manifested impotence as complete. Our dagger of lath has been broken, our loud vaunts laughed at for drivel, all of our purposes have miscarried, and, seeking to injure America, we have hastened her triumph. For Banquo's issue we have filed our souls. No wonder, then, that the

BULL PUP GROWLS MOURNFULLY.

The curtain has fallen on the first act. Under the administration of Sir John Young England has manoeuvred to get rid of Canada as consummately and as secretly as when he was Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Isles and managed to dispose of that other troublesome dependency. The Canadian conservatives have made a precious mess out of it, and I shall look to see 1849 repeated.

The circumstances are exactly similar. The Canadian rebellion was over, and the obnoxious Rebellion Losses bill had just been passed, whereby the loyal residents had to pay the rebels for the damages inflicted on these latter. In their rage and astonishment the ever-violent tories swung clear over to annexation, and we had such names as Workman, Galt, Rose, Holton, Moffatt and the like, appended to annexation pronunciamentos. As the NEW YORK HERALD chronicled that movement it will have to chronicle the movement of 1871 for annexation, or for independence, which is the same thing. Brother Jonathan holds both powers and the ace, and, if he doesn't throw away his game, the splendid stakes are in his grasp. Go on, gentlemen, with your political side show. The HERALD will write your history, and give the fullest and most faithful account of the holding of the Stars and Stripes over the citadel of Quebec.

The Troy *Press* announces that there is a grand hunt in contemplation. For a long time the people of Waterford and Lansingburg have been in the habit of leaving their surplus cats on the island opposite that village. These have multiplied, and, from living in the woods, have become fierce—so much so that it is necessary to organize a force for their extermination.

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