HANLAN WALKS OVER.

The Sculling Race on Chautauqua Lake a Fizzle.

COURTNEY WITHOUT A BOAT

His Practice and Racing Shells Cut at Night.

Ugly Charges of Attempted Bribery.

HANLAN'S TIME, 33M. 56 1-4S.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE HERALD.]

MAYVILLE, N. Y., Oct. 16, 1879.

The Hanlan-Courtney race is over, Edward Hanlan having rowed over the course as a walk over, doing the whole five miles in 33m. 56¼s., the fastest time on record for that distance. The cause for Courtney's failure to appear on the course was that his practice and racing shells were sawed almost in two last night. The whole thing is a disgrace to professional sculling, and may be considered the end of Charles Courtney's racing career. The fact that Hanlan made such fast time settles the question of his superiority over his American opponent as an oarsman. Disappointment and chagrin is the universal feeling, and the few thousands who came here in hopes to see a good race go home feeling very sore at the suspicious work accomplished in Courtney's boathouse. Neither the Canadians nor the Americans feel satisfied; for Hanlan is made to feel some of the odium as well as Courtney. It was a most miserable end to what promised to be a notable race, and will do great harm to boat racing for some years to come. The best thing Courtney can do is to break all his boats at home, and hereafter stick to his carpenter shop, for sporting men cannot have much confidence in him or his intimates.

THE STORY OF THE BOAT CUTTING.

Meeting Mr. Blaikie, the referee, near his quarters at ten o'clock, he informed me that news had just come from Courtney, to the effect that his boats had been sawed in two. Jumping into the HERALD cab we drove up to the house and found Burt Johnson and Robert Larmon on the lawn, talking to Captain Hubbell, one of the judges selected for the finish. Mr. Blaikie called all three toward the barn and began an examination.

"What is all this about the boats?" said he.

"Let Bob Larmon tell you the story," remarked Captain Hubbell.

"Well," said Larmon, at a nod from the referee, "we locked up the boathouse at six o'clock to go to supper. There was Charley, 'Frenchy,' Burt here and me. Charley took a hammer and drove a nail over the hook on the door next the water, and we locked the other door with a padlock. After supper I said to the boys, 'Let's go down and buy a pool,' and we all walked down, leaving Charley at the house with the family. We came back about half-past eight and found Charley playing euchre with some of the folks. Burt and me then started for the boathouse to stay all night. We found the door all right, unfastened the padlock and went in. Burt went in first, and noticing that the water gate was partly open, went down to fix it. As he passed the practice boat he exclaimed, 'Holy ——! this boat's cut.' I jumped to where he was standing and saw the boat had been nearly cut in two. Running over on the other side of the well, I found that the racing shell had also been sawed, but not so much. We found that the iron nail that Charley had driven over the hook had been broken off. There was room between the doors when shut to let an oar pass through. We looked around and found the saw we had in the boathouse ever since coming here lying in the water and left it there. Burt and I then sat and talked the matter over. Looking at 'Frenchy's' boat, which was hanging up overhead out of the way, we saw it had not been touched, so concluded that after all Charley could row in that boat, and as Charley was then, no doubt, asleep, we decided to stay where we were until daylight and let him rest. At half-past five we went up to the house, and, waking Charley, told him all about it." I omit the questions of the referee during this inquiry, as they are sufficiently indicated by Larmon's statement.

THE MUTILATED SHELLS EXAMINED.

Mr. Blaikie then asked for the key of the boathouse, as he wished to examine the boats, when he was surprised at the confession of Larmon that he did not know where the key was. He remembered relocking the door, but had forgotten what had been done with the key, nor could Burt Johnson tell. They also stated that nobody belonging to the Courtney party had been near the boathouse since five o'clock, so that there was no telling what condition the boats were in. On reaching the boathouse, accompanied by Mr. Brister, Mr. Blaikie examined both boats. The practice shell was lying on two stools, bottom up, on the right hand side, and six feet four inches from the stern it had been cut through with a saw, from the silk covering on the right side of the boat right through to within an inch of the left gunwale. The racer was cut on the keel line to a depth of three inches. The practice boat was cut almost at right angles with the line of the keel, while the other had been sawed so hurriedly that the cut was at an oblique of nearly three inches from end to end. There were scratches on the hull, showing that the saw had been used by a nervous hand before the tool had gone into the paper machine. The saw was fished out of the water and found to fit the rude gashes in the boats. Mr. Blaikie then examined "Frenchy" Johnson's boat and found it intact, but the braces of the outriggers were not like Courtney's boats, nor as wide in the reach; neither was the slide as long as the mutilated shells. Shaking his head the referee left the boathouse to the inspection of the public. On reaching Courtney's quarters we had an interview with Charley. He seemed much cut up and said that he could not row in Johnson's shell, never having been in it but once and then only for half an hour; that he was quite anxious to row Hanlan, and hoped the race might be postponed for ten days that he might get a new boat, that was all he wanted and all he would then say. A private conference between the referee, Courtney and Brister then ensued.

CARRYING THE NEWS TO HANLAN.

I then started to return to the depot, to note the public pulse, and on my way down called at Hanlan's quarters. I found Mr. Coulson at the door as I jumped out of the carriage, when he exclaimed, "Have you heard this rumor of Courtney's boats being cut or smashed? What stuff they do get up!" "It's no rumor, Coulson, but too true, for I have seen the boats," was my response.

Without uttering a word Mr. Coulson took your correspondent's arm with a sharp grip, and unceremoniously dragged him into the dining room.

"Ned, Mr. —— says its true about the boats," said Coulson, as we entered the apartment. Hanlan jumped up from the table, and Mr. Ward pushed back his chair in genuine astonishment.

"Are you really in earnest," said Hanlan to me, "or are you joking?"

"Its no joke, Hanlan the boats have been sawed nearly in two, and I have seen and examined them," was my reply.

"The confounded duffer, he's afraid to meet me. I now believe he always was afraid of me, and I don't care who knows it." Then looking at his hardened hands, "And so all that work was for nothing, after all."

"Not for nothing, Ned," remarked Mr. Davis, "for you have settled this big duffer for good."

"I tell you what it is," said David Ward, in his deliberate, heavy voice. "I tell you one thing, and perhaps it will surprise you, but the Courtney party will try to put the blame of this job on us. Upon my soul it's too bad! And so the boats were sawed and not smashed! Well, well! Who would have believed it! so you are going in. Well, all I can say is that unless you had seen the boats we would still have disbelieved the story."

Just then the referee drove up, and was followed soon after by Mr. Brister. A conference was then held between Messrs. Brister and Coulson, at the suggestion of Mr. Blaikie. Mr. Brister said Courtney could not row, his boat being disabled and leaking, and asked for a postponement of two weeks, until a new boat could be provided.

Mr. COULSON—Well, what guarantee have we that your man will row our's then?

Mr. BRISTER—What guarantee do you want?

Mr. COULSON—Oh, any reasonable one.

Mr. BRISTER—You can have any guarantee you like.

Here others joined in, and a proposition was finally made to row the race to-day for the $6,000 purse, and have a race for $500 some other time. This did not meet with any favor from Brister, who was anxious for a postponement. Finding that the two weeks could not be gained he suggested Saturday. Mr. Ward remarked that a postponement would, no doubt, bring bad weather, when Mr. Coulson said that if Courtney would row to-day he could have his pick of Hanlan's boats. To this Mr. Ward rejoined that the Hanlan boats would not suit Courtney, and he could not row in any of them. Finally, Mr. Coulson said that as there was no show for a race, he would claim the race to-day. Mr. Blaikie then said he would, in all probability, call the race at the hour named. This ended the conference.

PROFESSIONAL OARSMEN INTERVIEWED.

Finding Fred Plaisted, Evan Morris, John H. Kennedy and a few other oarsmen standing in a group near the depot, your correspondent joined them.

"Well, Mr. Morris," said I, "what do you think of this boat cutting and sawing?"

"Think of it? Why, what can you think of it? I agree with what a Hanlan man said just now—the Courtney crowd are afraid to row Hanlan and cut the boat themselves; that's what I think."

"What is your opinion, Mr. Kennedy?"

"Well, I am not disposed to say anything. I came here to see a race, and now I suppose we shall all be disappointed. I wish to express no opinion for the public."

"Mr. Plaisted," said I, turning around to Fred, "what have you to say?"

"Just this, sir, and I don't care who knows it. I believe Charley Courtney either cut his boats himself or knew of its going to be done. We all think so. He's afraid to row Hanlan."

"Have you heard that Dave Ward has offered Courtney the choice of Hanlan's three boats to row in to-day?"

"No; but that's all foolishness. Courtney can't row in any of Hanlan's boats. They are made differently, have a stationary foot rest and the outriggers are not at all like his own. Courtney's boats were, of course, built for him and so were Hanlan's."

All this was said in the open air, with a dozen people listening to the conversation, as if Plaisted did not care who heard him.

"Why don't they give other men a chance for this purse?" continued Fred, "why should Charley Courtney and Ned Hanlan be picked to row a race like this, a purse race? They are not the only men in America that have been champions. If the rest of us were to be in the race this cutting of a boat would have made no difference. Why, I'll go and row Hanlan myself to-day, if they'll let me; wouldn't you, Morris?"

"No," replied Morris, "and you wouldn't either; that's all foolishness."

"Yes, I would row him," exclaimed Plaisted.

"Why, they'd laugh at you," remarked Morris.

"Well, let them laugh," retorted Fred. "It would be a race, anyhow. Why, I've rowed races upon races and never dreamed of having my boats cut."

"Nor anybody else but Courtney," said Morris. "I never set a watch on my boats. I'd think it a reflection on the other party."

"So would I," exclaimed Plaisted. "We all think Charley Courtney cut his boats, and you can say so."

I repeat these remarks because they were not private and for the reason that, though professional jealousy may have prompted them, they show how the professionals stand on the question. Fully three out of five of the men I heard talking to-day expressed the belief that the cutting was not done by a stranger to the boathouse, while the others thought that the Courtney party were to blame in leaving the boathouse unguarded for nearly three hours, as they say they did. As your correspondent was bound to sift every statement to the bottom and view every sign impartially, he is constrained, as a faithful writer, to say that the circumstances surrounding the case look very bad for Courtney's fair fame, and though the verdict may be an unjust one I am satisfied that the word "guilty" will hereafter stand against the record of this race. The fact is that the job of cutting the boats was too clever, and the actions of Courtney's two friends in telling their story too dramatic. I am sorry to have to say this, but affairs at the Courtney cottage during the forenoon were not at all pleasant for the admirers of Courtney. There was too much mystery even to the representatives of the press, who only came to learn the real facts.

THE REFEREE'S DECISION.

Mr. Blaikie made his appearance at the depot immediately after the interviews, as above detailed, were over and informed your correspondent that he had consulted both sides; that Courtney held to the opinion that a postponement should be had, while, on the other hand, Mr. Ward, representing Hanlan's interests, had stated that his man was ready and willing to row and that they had nothing to do with the question of boats or no boats. Mr. Blaikie further said that, as referee, he had decided that his duty was simply to call the race; that, if only Hanlan appeared, he should, of course, start the Canadian and let him go over the course and take the purse. This news soon spread among the crowds, but the people had to be satisfied. A few hundred embarked on the train which was to run up and down the new shore line, but the remainder crowded the dock or gathered on the bank near the turning buoys. The referee's boat started up the course a few minutes after one o'clock, stopping at Courtney's boathouse. Mr. Blaikie sent Mr. Marvin to say that he hoped to see Courtney at the starting point prepared to row, whether he was beaten or not. Mr. Marvin returned in ten minutes with information that Courtney had plumply refused to come out. This settled the question, and he proceeded to start Hanlan as agreed, Mr. Charles M. Colvin, of the New York *Clipper*, being appointed judge for Courtney, as he had declined to send out his judge. The course being clear Hanlan was called out.

HANLAN'S EXTRAORDINARY WALK OVER.

The word "Go" was hardly uttered before Hanlan got his blades in with a solid grip and was off, not at any spurt of 38 or 40 or 44, as when he beat Elliott, but at a simple 34 stroke. Instead of heading up alongside the flags he veered off to the southwest, and opened the gap between him and the flag line wider and wider at every stroke, until by the first quarter he was actually all of 200 feet sidewise from the flags and still working out more and more. The 34 of the first minute had dropped to 31 by the third, the watch saying about 2m. 45s. as he passed the first half mile, nine seconds slower than when he won the British championship. Running up again to his 34 stroke, he rowed in better form than he has yet shown on this water, in that he held his head up much better and got its weight on all through. His tendency to slice the water with his blades showed itself constantly. But look! Why, there, he's stopped! Yes, indeed, stopped rowing and not at it again for several seconds, reminding one of the photographs so common of him, where he is sitting in his boat, calmly fanning himself, with poor Elliott tugging hopelessly on behind him. There, he is off again, and his first mile is covered in 5m. 58s.—fast time even on this dead, flat water—while he turns his head and keeps a sharp lookout for a man ahead in a skiff, who is yelled off the course at last from the referee's boat. Just see where he is! Why, he must be going ashore, for he is nearly five hundred feet inshore from the flags, and still working further away. Had Courtney been there beside him you would have seen steering that would have been something like. The distance Hanlan lost by this wondrously poor steering, for so good a sculler, was considerable, for, from this point on he began to work in on to the course again, and it must have hurt him all of half a minute; and all along here near the mile he keeps stopping, scarcely going two minutes without hauling up for a breath, and is there no philosophy in this? Well, what? Why, that these stops give him a good rest. Any rowing man who ever was on the inner side of a four or six or eight-oar in a turning race knows the keen relish with which he welcomes the rest which the few seconds of backing and holding water there gives him, if he's in good condition, so Hanlan, after these frequent easings up, is off again with new life and dash, and more than atones for all he has lost, and stays fresher for the rest of the work. Notice how he does his work. Is there any of this vicious grip at the beginning—the "catch" so familiar to all whoever reads the account of his English race? Not at all. Indeed, he hesitates about getting hold, rocks his boat not a little, and his stroke is well along before he seems to get his weight fully on. Look at him wherever you would and there he was pulling just the same measured stroke, nothing much at the beginning, heavy in the middle, then slackening noticeably, then finishing with something not unlike a jerk. His legs have none of Riley's dash and spring, but look rather as though they were doing hosts of solid, telling, pushing, all the way through the stroke, while his reach over his toes, even with sliding and all, seems remarkably long. Frequently he looks around to be sure of the way. He cannot be getting tired, certainly, this early in the work, and yet he looks so, and may be he is not in much shape after all, for there isn't a movement in his stroke which has any rush about it, save that he gets his hands off his body pretty sharply, yet not very, either.

FREQUENTLY STOPS.

The steamer had kept out of the way well thus far, though he seemed to think it must be about; for around goes his head often and oftener, and the oftener he stops. His judge (Davis) says that he never saw him row a race in which he did not stop. He evidently uses his legs so hard that he has to let up often to give them a rest. He slips by the mile and a half in 9m. 30s., a slight breeze puffing the water into the faintest ripple, his course steadily improving and his work not varying one whit from the start. He is not averaging over 30 to the minute, and gives many the impression that he is not pulling at all; but see him there, wiping his face with his handkerchief. Well, if that isn't the coolest way of rowing a boat race. Why he ought to have a fan and a chatelaine, and a glass of soda water. You don't mean to say he's rowing fast! Well, let us see. What is he doing, anyway? See that all red flag there? Well, that is the two-mile station, and as he passes it what says the score? Thirteen minutes and two seconds. Well, is that fast? Will some one point out when and where in this country it was ever beaten? Yes, by himself, at Barrie, when he beat Riley, his two-mile time being 12m. 25s., but nobody else approached it. Such work as this is in two miles for Courtney at Silver Lake took 13m. 25s., Riley driving him, in fact leading him all the way. All up toward the turning buoys, two miles and a half, from the start Hanlan edged in so far that he made a neat, though long turn, taking thirty-two seconds to it, his time for the two miles and a half being 16m. 32½s., and his stroke having never gone above thirty-four to the minute, or twenty, the latter, of course, being at such times as he stopped rowing. Scarcely had he straightened down till the fleet of steamers of many sizes and descriptions, which had been held in check above the turn ready to chase him down the homestretch, got under way and sped swiftly down the course after him, using all their steam, too, to keep up with this tireless, wonderful little man. As he shot by the three-mile flag, the watches marked 20m. 27½s. Not so good as Courtney did two years ago at Saratoga by thirteen seconds. "Go in, Ed!" shouted some one on one of the steamers. The rower looked around, smiled, slackening up a bit, and then was at it again, his arms always crooking too early and humping him forward a little, especially at the end of each stroke. He had worked west too far on the down stretch, just as well as on the up, so relieving his tired left, and, never varying one or two from his thirty-two strokes, began to draw toward home. But here is a mile stake, the fourth, so it must be time for him to stop again. Sure enough, then he is at again. Stopping this time almost the longest of all, and the score saying 27m. 14s., which is twenty-three and a half seconds better than Courtney's best four mile record, but twelve poorer than Hanlan's own at Barrie. The home mile ran like the rest, fast and steady, with plenty of stops, the man looking wet and tired, and at times rather streaked and used up, for his friends had announced freely before the start that he would make the fastest time on record. He did it, and by a good margin at that. He finished in 33m. 56¼s., or 1m. 13s. faster than the best recorded public time—that made by Josh Ward. Now, look a moment at his time each mile, and it will be seen that his fastest mile was his first, his next fastest his last and the middle one, of course, the slowest, because it included the turn. The time by the miles run thus:—First mile, 5m. 58s.; second mile, 7m. 4s.; third mile, 7m. 25½s.; fourth mile, 6m. 46½s.; fifth mile, 6m. 41½s. The following will show the number of strokes per minute which he rowed throughout:—First minute, 34; second minute, 33; third minute, 31; fourth minute, 34; fifth minute, 38; sixth minute, 30; seventh minute, 31; eighth minute, 29; ninth minute, 31; tenth minute, 32; eleventh minute, 30; twelfth minute, 28; thirteenth minute, 31; fourteenth minute, 34; fifteenth minute, 20, sixteenth minute, 31; seventeenth minute, 31; eighteenth minute, 20; nineteenth minute, —; twentieth minute, 20; twenty-first minute, —; twenty-second minute, 29; twenty-third minute, 28; twenty-fourth minute, 32; twenty-fifth minute, 30; twenty-sixth minute, 26; twenty-seventh minute, —; twenty-eighth minute, 30; twenty-ninth minute, 25; thirtieth minute, 25; thirty-first minute, —; thirty-second minute, 37; thirty-third minute, 35; last minute, 30. The minutes where the figures are omitted were those owing to the referee's boat swinging round and the timer not being able to see the rower.

LEAVING MAYVILLE.

Darkness soon came to hide the scene and a general rush was made for the trains, two of which started for Brocton and one to Dunkirk and Buffalo, but there are a few hundred who could not get on the cars, though nearly all managed to leave dusty little Mayville by ten o'clock. I venture to say a more disgusted crowd never dispersed on this continent.

A REWARD OFFERED.

Mr. Soule offers a reward of $1,000 for the detection, arrest and conviction of the party or parties who sawed the Courtney boats.

THE POOLS DECLARED OFF.

The pools have been declared off and the money refunded, and so ends a miserable farce, if not a swindle of the most barefaced character.

CHARGES AND COUNTER CHARGES—UGLY STATEMENTS BY BOTH SIDES.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE HERALD.]

MAYVILLE, N. Y., Oct. 16, 1879.

On Friday night last Mr. Courtney called at my room and stated that he wanted to make a statement to me. He said he would make it in writing the next morning, and it is as follows:—

MAYVILLE, Chautauqua county, N. Y.

Charles E. Courtney says that on the 12th day of September, 1879, at about nine P. M., at the Brackett House, Rochester, N. Y., in room 14, he thinks, Edward Hanlan and David Ward, of Toronto, were present with him, it being his room and they having called there to see him. Ward did about all the talking, but Hanlan remained present and heard it all. Ward said "this fellow," meaning Hanlan, as no one else was present, "won't go there," meaning to the proposed race at Chautauqua, between Hanlan and me, for which we had signed articles that day. Ward continued and said that it was a nice bit of money, &c.; too bad to not get it, and you and he can cut the purse in two. He also said something about his (Hanlan's) being pig-headed; I didn't say a word, but let him (Ward) do all the talking. I was suffering terribly that night from a boil, and had just had it lanced before I left home by Dr. Fordyce, of Union Springs. It seemed as though he pushed the lance in handle and all. All I said was "I suffered enough last fall when I was innocent, without again going through the same thing, knowing myself not to be guilty," or words to that effect. They didn't stay three minutes and left on a train for Toronto shortly after.

OTHER VISITS FROM HANLAN.

I did not see either of them again until I came up here to the lake some two weeks ago. Hanlan came on from Canada a day or two after I got here. He got to Mayville in the night, and the next day he and Coulson and, I think, Jack Adair came in the boat house. Hanlan hung around in such a way that I saw he wanted to edge me off alone, but I wouldn't let him. "Frenchy" Johnson came up to me just then and said that Hanlan acted as if he wanted to say something to me. I told "Frenchy" I wasn't going to give him a chance to talk to me. He looked suspicious for Hanlan and me to be talking together, and I wanted some one to be there and hear what was said. Some days after, Hanlan and Coulson, a friend of his, came to my boat house again. Coulson stayed outside and Hanlan came in. "Frenchy" was in there with me; no one else that I remember. I was in my dressing room and Hanlan came into the dressing room. He was in there five or ten minutes till I got dressed. Then I went out and sat on a log with Coulson. Hanlan went up to "Frenchy" and said something. As soon as they were off I asked "Frenchy" what Hanlan said. "By gorry," he says, "he acts like as if he wanted to say something to me and dassn't."

I think Hanlan came again, but I wouldn't want to say positively.

MORE TEMPTATION.

Day before yesterday, or possibly the day before that, I am not sure which, James H. Brister, who is here with me, brought me word that Dave Ward, told him that he would be at my boat house at two o'clock and wanted to see me. Just at two o'clock, while Brister and I were there, Dave Ward came rowing up alone in a skiff, and landed. We got there almost together. I had previously awakened "Frenchy" and my nephew, Bob Larmen, who were asleep after dinner, and told them:—Says I, "I am going down to see Dave Ward, and I know that he's come here, and wants me to let Hanlan win this race. "Frenchy" said, "By ——, don't you do it. I'd beg first." I told him I wasn't going there with any such intentions. I waited to find out what the meaning of this was and what the Hanlan people had to say. After some time Ward said, "Since I've been here one day, Ned says he's almost willing to row for the whole purse, he's coming up so fast." Ward had not come here till a week after Hanlan got here. Ward said the best thing he could do was to cut the purse in two between us. I told him, "No, sir. I'd rather row for the whole purse and win it or not have a cent." Brister spoke up at once, "It's all right, Charlie; I'll stand by you, and I'm willing to bet my money in a square race you can beat him any time, and all I want is for you to tell me you're going in and going to do your best to win, and I'll bet my money on you against Hanlan or anybody else, I don't care who it is." Ward heard him say this. I told Ward, "I can row it as fast as Hanlan claims he can do it." "How fast did he say he could do it?" Ward asked. I told him thirty-three minutes, and says I, "I've rowed the course in thirty-three minutes and three seconds myself, and I'll bet a thousand dollars I can go out to-night and do it." He looked up at me; then his eyes dropped. Then says I, "I'll row him any time to convince you that I can beat Hanlan in five miles, and that I can do it in that time," says I. "I'll go out any time and row him before the race for $500 or $1,000, then you can tell how to bet your money and there'll be no selling out, no fraud, no anything." He says, "Yes, that's fair enough; but," he says, "if you go out there and show him you can beat him you couldn't draw him out there with a log chain." Several times in that conversation he said that the best way to do was to divide that purse, and I told him over and over I'd never consent to Hanlan's winning the race unless he could outrow me. This talk was in the boathouse, only Brister, Ward and I being present "Frenchy" told me afterward that he was listening close outside and heard some of it. Then he took my boat and went out rowing. We had been in that boathouse from two o'clock till five. Ward talked many times about cutting the purse; he said Hanlan would not go into the race at all unless I let him win; that they were willing to divide the purse with me, Hanlan and I taking each $3,000, provided I let him win. I told him, says I, "All right; let him sit on the bank." Only last night Dave Ward sent me word by Brister:—"If Charley wants to do any business to have nothing to do with Quimby, because we can do better with him than Quimby." When I started last night to go down to your hotel Dave Ward told Brister, as the latter told me afterward:—"You had better follow Charley down the street; Quimby is gone with him; we can do better by him than Quimby." I told Brister it was an infernal lie; that I hadn't seen Quimby at all. When I left home I told my wife I was going to beat him if it lay in my power, and that I mean now to do and believe I can.

THE FOUL PLAY.

We left the boathouse at six o'clock last night. At half-past eight Robert Larmond and Burb Brown discovered the boats were cut. Thinking that I might row in "Frenchy" Johnson's boat and fearing to keep me awake all night, they did not inform me of what had occurred until half-past five this morning. As soon as I learned that the boats had been cut I dressed myself and went to the boathouse. I found that the east door, fronting on the lake, had been forced open and the boats cut with a fine saw. I ordered the boys to lock the door and not touch a thing and leave the boats just as they found them. After breakfast word was sent to Mr. Blaikie, who came down at eleven o'clock and was followed shortly afterward by Mr. Soule. I will stake my life that none of my men did it.

A week ago last Saturday Dave Ward came to my boat house and said he wanted to make Hanlan the winner of the race, and offered the full amount of the prize and division of the pools if I would agree to it. I said "Not by a damn sight." Brister was present and "Frenchy" Johnson was concealed outside behind the boat house. Ward said, "If Hanlan did not think he could win he could not be pulled out of that boathouse with a log chain."

MORE OFFERS.

Since then I have been approached by two other men at two different times. They offered me $10,000 or one-half the proceeds of the pools. I replied there was not money enough in America to get me to lose the race if I could win. Brister brought me a proposal this morning that was written by John Davis. It was sent to me to write off and sign in my own handwriting. I never was in as good condition in my life as I am now. I heard of no proposition to use Hanlan's boats. I could not use them. I could not sit in them, and besides, the outriggers were different. Stevens, of the Northwestern Club, offered me his boat, which is modelled after one of mine, and said he could telegraph for it and have it here by Saturday. My paper boats cannot be fixed without being taken to the factory and put on the form. I am ready to row Hanlan as soon as I can get a boat. I think it unjust to give the purse to Hanlan, as I granted him ten days of a postponement. I have rowed the course in 33m. 3s. in practice. Hanlan is not as good this year as last. If he does not row that course in thirty minutes to-day I will bet $5,000 I can beat his time. As soon as Mr. Blaikie arrived I apprised him of the meeting at the boathouse and of Ward's proposal.

MR. BLAIKIE WARNED.

The next day Mr. Blaikie took all down in writing. He said it was a side issue, and in his official position as referee he had nothing to do with it. This race was the most villanous scheme ever concocted in any country. I can tell enough about it to fill a book as big as a dictionary, and, more than that, I am willing to swear to what I say. I have not seen Hanlan lately. He made no proposition to me nor I to him. It has always been our custom to leave our boathouses unguarded. We did wrong in this. Larmon and Brown were at the boathouse at eight o'clock and slept there. We are sorry we did not guard the boathouse, as it was a fatal mistake.

IN BLACK AND WHITE.

I expect to be able to prove that Ward wrote to New York that if he could fix the race he would telegraph, "I have bought a horse;" if not, "I have bought a colt." The Hanlan Club never did row a square race. I have done something to teach the Hanlan party since they have been here, but nothing dishonorable. You can copy this proposal drawn up by Davis, which reads as follows:—

"MAYVILLE, N. Y., Oct. 15, 1879.

"E. HANLAN, Esq.:—

"SIR—I hereby agree to hand over to you the sum of three thousand dollars ($3,000), being one-half of the Hop Bitters Company's prize, for which we are to compete to-morrow or first favorable day thereafter, should I be declared the winner of said prize.

"In presence of William Blaikie."

THE PRESS MEETINGS.

The reporters here have held two meetings, one this afternoon and one in the evening, for the purpose of investigating in a body the whole question of foul play. At the evening meeting, after the reading of Mr. Courtney's statement, statements from other parties connected with the match were received.

MR. DAVIS' STATEMENT.

Mr. Davis, of Windsor, Ont., made a statement. He said that when he came last Monday evening he was surprised to hear from Mr. Ward that he feared that Courtney would not start in the race. Asked Ward, who said Mr. Brister had called on him several times, and was very anxious to arrange so that Courtney could win the race, to which Davis said he thought Courtney would give a good account of himself, and if he won he was welcome to it. Brister stated that if defeated it would end Courtney's career; if permitted to win the race he would still hold a place as a sculler. I told Mr. Ward that now, as always, we had only Courtney's interests in hand, and if he started it was to win, as in all other races, with this exception, that he would beat this man as far as he could, which would be half a mile or more, or he (Courtney) would tumble out. Mr. Ward told me at noon on Tuesday that Brister had again called upon him that morning and stated that if it was not fixed that Charlie should win the race that he would break his boats or play sick. I said to Ward, "It is too bad to sign articles as agreed and come to row a race and at almost the last minute resort to such means." Mr. Ward said he was firmly convinced that some one of the many tricks previously resorted to would be tried, and Courtney would never face the starter. Ward said that he was a duffer. Ward requested me to see Brister. I said I preferred not to see him. He urged the meeting as he (Ward) said he was sick and tired of this eternal pest—Brister. I asked him what he thought I had better do with the man. He said he did not think it mattered much, as he was satisfied Courtney would not start.

CHARGE AGAINST BRISTER.

I met Mr. Brister yesterday morning in the telegraph office down stairs, and had the only conversation with him I ever had on this or any other race. Mr. Brister at once asked me if I was prepared to meet their views; told him that I understood their views were that Courtney was to win the race, and would not start under any other conditions. He said they were prepared to give me half of the prize if Courtney were allowed to win and that Courtney would give Hanlan a letter to that effect, and he requested me to draft a letter, which I did, and wrote on a telegraph blank. Brister took it and met me again in an hour on the wharf and told me Courtney would not do it unless he had a similar document from Hanlan. I told him to go away, to get their man ready, to get him out when the referee called; that we would give them nothing. All we desired was to catch their man on the water at the start.

Q. If Courtney had signed the proposed document did you intend that Hanlan should win the race? A. By all means.

Q. What was your object in drawing up the document? A. As a last resort to induce Courtney to come out and take the word, "Go!" We intended to disregard the proposition as soon as made in the proposed agreement. Gave him the draft of the proposition to allow Courtney to win the race by paying Hanlan $3,000. I immediately went to the hotel, communicated to Mr. Ward and Mr. Coulson what I had done. Mr. Coulson and myself felt satisfied that this would have the effect to bring Courtney to the scratch. Mr. Ward did not think the letter would have the desired effect. He then told Hanlan to beat Courtney all he could. Mr. Ward, on further questioning, stated that no witness was present when Brister said that if Courtney was not permitted to win the race he would break the boats or play sick. Mr. Brister said, "I never made a proposition at any time to sell or purchase the race. I think Ward said that if Hanlan thought he could not win the race they could not get him (Hanlan) out without a log chain. On the eve of the same day this week, had conversation with Courtney, Davis and Dave Ward about the proposition to sell the race. I asked Davis what he had to say. He said they had concluded to have Hanlan come in second for half of the purse. I asked him to draft a letter to that effect, which he did. Courtney wanted a guarantee from Hanlan that he would allow him (Courtney) to come in first for half of the purse; got no such guarantee and no such letter was written. Mr. Ward proposed that the purse be divided, but insisted that Hanlan was to win the race, to which Courtney and I declined to agree. I know nothing of the cutting of Courtney's boats. I said to Ward that we could not agree in any way to have Courtney lose the race. I make a great denial of any attempt to buy or sell the race. Mr. Soule has offered $1,000 to any one that will discover who cut the boat. I first knew of it about eleven o'clock this morning.

"FRENCHY" JOHNSON'S STORY.

"Frenchy" Johnson made the following statement:—"I crawled around to the boathouse when I saw Ward and Courtney go in. I heard Dave Ward say, 'We must have Hanlan win the race.' He also said, 'If not, you can't pull Hanlan out with a log chain.' I asked Charley what it meant. He told me of the propositions made and submitted by Hanlan. Afterward two men called at the house. They said they wanted to make a sure thing of it—wanted Hanlan to win; that if he lost it Hanlan would not row Elliott in England. He corroborated the statement in full made by Courtney. I was told the first time this morning of the cutting of the boats. I never guarded a boat house home in my life. I deny having polished up the boats this morning. The statement is false.

NO PURSE FOR HANLAN.

Mr. Blaikie was then informed that Mr. Soule had stated, for the Hop Bitters Company, that the six-thousand dollar purse would not be paid over, as both men had not rowed. The referee replied that he had decided that Hanlan had won the race, and he proceeded to write an order for the money, which he handed over to Mr. Soule and Hanlan's representative. Mr. Soule being asked if he intended to allow the money to be paid, replied emphatically that he did not. The reply was greeted with a laugh.

AN EXTRAORDINARY STORY FROM BOSTON—HOW THE ATTEMPT WAS MADE TO BUY UP COURTNEY—THE OFFERS AND THE RESULT—WHAT "FRENCHY" JOHNSON HEARD AND SAW.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE HERALD.]

BOSTON, Mass., Oct. 16, 1879.

The Boston *Herald* in its last edition prints an extraordinary story, which purports to be the result of a long and careful investigation ending at Chautauqua Lake, and showing up in no very favorable light certain sporting men who have figured in the Hanlan-Courtney race, and which may aid in explaining the Mayville fiasco of to-day. The first statement made by the writer, who is a boating expert and a good friend of Courtney's, is as follows:—

AT FARMER CORNELL'S.

One day last week two handsomely dressed and silk hatted gentlemen drove up to the house of Farmer Cornell, on the banks of Chautauqua Lake, and alighting from the carriage entered and were immediately closeted with Courtney, then in training, and Mr. J. H. Brister, his principal "backer," for an hour or more. They remained there conversing in low tones at first, but finally, in their earnestness, forgetting the old proverb that "walls have ears," raised their voices until persons not in the room could hear much that was said. At last the voice of the oarsman was heard above the others:—

"By ——, Brister," it said, "I must win this race. I have fooled long enough."

Shortly thereafter the two visitors, apparently in a great rage, came out, banging the door behind them and muttering oaths. Jumping into the vehicle they drove rapidly away, without pausing even long enough to say "Good day." A long train of circumstances is then detailed to show that these two men were New York sporting men, although their names are not given.

PULLING THE WIRES.

The next scene in the drama is laid at the Chautauqua House, where the correspondent is approached by an old friend and adviser of Courtney, and asked to influence Boston readers, so that pools would be sold right. After a long colloquy on the prospects of betting and time the stranger said:—

"I'll tell you something; but don't put it in the paper now. These Canada people are all around already. They're anxious as they can be. They're afraid o' something. I know it, I see it. Hanlan says the race will be rowed better than 32m. 30s. Hanlan's people claim he can do it in that time. Perhaps he can, but not for five miles. What do you think? If Hanlan will row it in 32m. 30s. Courtney will do it in 32 minutes. You know what Charley can do."

"There's a little stir among the Canadians," he further said, looking around suspiciously. "They're extremely anxious, and Charley knows it. Now, here, don't put this in the paper just yet. I've my doubts that Hanlan will ever row this race. I'm afraid something will turn up and that he will not row it. I propose to prepare for such a contingency, and will make my bets so that if he should start and Charley rows over the stakes will be all right."

"I feel," he continued, "that Hanlan may not come to the line. If he does, he'll not row the race through. Don't say anything about it, but Charley feels so, too. Keep that quiet. It may benefit you. If he shouldn't row the race Charley will challenge him for the championship, the race will be rowed on Toronto Bay and Charley will beat him. He can beat him anywhere if the water is right. Look here, I'll see you again. I'm going up toward Hanlan's quarters. Will you go? No? Well, I'll see you again. Good night."

"FRENCHY" JOHNSON HAD RATHER NOT.

Feeling that there was something up the newspaper man sought out "Frenchy" Johnson, the colored oarsman, who is a friend of his, and the trainer of Courtney. After a desultory conversation "Frenchy" and the writer edged out of the hotel office and took positions in a dark passage way, leading to what was once a billiard room. The conversation turned on the coming race, and both parties declared their opinion that Courtney would win. At length "Frenchy" said, with warmth:—

"Charley Courtney is a gentleman, and I know it. He can beat this man if he is right and the water is right. He has suffered more than any one can tell. I know what I'm talking about, and if you knew what I know your hair would stand up. Mind what I tell you."

"Perhaps you can answer a very important question which I purpose asking you?" said his interlocutor.

"What's that? What's that?" asked Frenchy.

"Now this is on the square, boy, and I want you to tell me the truth."

"Well, I will if I can."

"Has Charley been approached to sell this race by two men within a week?"

"Now, see here," said "Frenchy," opening his eyes wider and looking very serious, "you go to Charley Courtney and ask him that question. He'll tell you the truth. He's a gentleman every inch of him. I know he's honest. I know everything that is being done about this race, and if there should be anything crooked on Courtney's part I will come to you and expose it. You go and ask him the question. He'll answer it, and he'll tell you the whole story."

"By that you mean to say that you would rather the information should come from Courtney himself?"

"Hold on! Hold on!" was the reply. "I don't mean that, but you go see Charley, he'll tell you things that will make the tears roll down your cheeks. Somebody's been talking to you that knows something."

COURTNEY SPEAKS.

The next move was to see Courtney himself, and this the investigator did next morning. The oarsman, accompanied by his trainer, came up from his quarters to the hotel, and, by invitation, called at the room of the reporter.

"I have only a minute to spare," he said, after the door was closed, "and I only want to say a word. 'Frenchy' tells me you have heard something about a proposition which was made to me. Your information, wherever you got it, is correct."

"I have heard a good deal more than I have mentioned to 'Frenchy,' and will tell you about it some time," was the rejoinder.

"Tell him all about it, Charley," said "Frenchy."

"There's a heap to it," said Courtney, "and I want more time than I can give now. But I know what these damned Canadians have been doing and saying about me. I know that Dave Ward told Quimby, a week ago, that I was fixed; that I had been bought, and that Hanlan would win the race, and they sent their agents out all over the country to get on this money. They called them all back to-day, and they are here to-night. I tell you that they are the greatest lot of rascals, but I've got them cornered now. The man who caused all the trouble a year ago is in a corner, and I propose to keep him