

NEW YORK HORSES.

Craze of the Horse Fanatics—Rich New Yorkers Given Over to Driving, Racing, and Hunting.

The Horse Show a Great Attraction—Horse Men and Women—It Costs to Keep a Four-in-Hand.

Stables Which Cost \$50,000 to Build and \$15,000 a Year to Maintain—The Public Indignation Over Bogus Cheap Cabs—How Strangers May Avoid Imposition.

New York, June 5, 1884.—For a fortnight past the metropolis has given itself up largely to racing, hunting, coaching, and the horse show, apparently oblivious of the recent panic, and almost forgetful of the prevailing political excitement. While racing is universal, and hunting has grown quite general in this region, coaching and horse shows are peculiar features of New York city life, unfamiliar to many in other cities and unknown to the great multitude in other parts of the country. They have some unique and interesting features, which it may please some readers as do not know of them from observation to hear of them in this form. I ought to premise by saying that these peculiarities are largely the result of the Anglo mania from which our rich youth are suffering just now; but they are the more commendable of the many English imitations in which they indulge, and while costing a great deal of money, are also useful in developing physical strength in the men and women engaging in them, and improving the standard of American horses. The vanity of riches doubtless impels many to this indulgence, but that many may be forgiven in view of the good indirectly done by circulating in a passion which prompts this peculiar extravagance than the shallow vanity I have indicated.

THE HORSE SHOW.

The horse show just concluded is the second annual exhibition of the kind in this city or country; and though financially a failure, it has been otherwise a great success. The association which provides the exhibition does not care to make money. If by chance it should, it would give the profits away in extra prizes. This year, owing to the rivalry of out-of-door sports, such as racing, hunting, riding and fishing, the occurrence of Decoration day during the exhibition, the depression following the panic, the absence of all racing animals from the contest, and the early departure of so many people for Europe, the losses will be probably \$20,000. The members will "chip in" and cancel all debts so as to begin again next year. This show is not unlike that which was held in the country fairs years ago; and yet very unlike, because on a much bigger scale and with great variety of attractions. The amphitheatre in which it is given is the largest ever devoted to such a purpose, and the seating capacity of the building is several thousand. Ten thousand persons could readily look on at one time at a display in a rink large enough to accommodate twenty-four in a frivolous way in the parade with plenty of space to drive safely at any gait. Most of the exhibitors are residents of this city and vicinity, but among the exhibits this year are a few from Kentucky and Virginia breeding-farms, and many from foreign stables. The magnificent Norman stallion, Mercurio, whose picture is herewith given, though owned here, was bred at

THE COACHING CLUB.

Coaching is comparatively new to New York, though the recent parade was our fifth annual exhibition of the kind. Of course, four-in-hand coaches are to be seen every day in the summer in the parks, and on many of the city streets, but the occasion of five or six on the district road to Jewett Park or Sheepshead Bay; but once each year, at the opening of summer, the owners who belong to what is known as the Coaching club unite in a parade which is practically a public exhibition of their teams, their turnouts, their fair acquaintances and themselves. This year there were sixteen such draught horses, and the four best horses of its stable of many animals, the finest, cleanest, brightest harness; each driven by its owner, and each filled inside and covered on top by beautiful women in the newest and slowest of vestibles. The top of each coach was a veritable flower-bed, so numerous and large were the bouquets; the top of the coaches looked like a garden of flowers, and the ladies seated among them appeared the stately roses which blossomed in gay hats and ribbons above the dead level of their sister plants. The ladies wore on such occasions absolutely new costumes, for those reasons good and sufficient and dear to the female heart, viz.: to spite their own sex, please their eyes, and to have them described in next day's papers. The class of men and women who habitually appear in these parades are the same as the class I have noted as figuring at the horse show—a little parvenuish, somewhat horsey and very much afflicted with the mania for anything English. They mount the leaders to the top of the coaches and descend them with great dramatic looks on passing forward against the wheels of the coaches, and with the slightest touch of bushes, though they know that their handsome boots are being fully revealed to the profane gaze of the common sort of people. They seem to enjoy the trip in spite of its publicity, however, and also the dinner which follows the trip, usually given at the Hotel Brunswick, though it is better to take place at the magnificent dining hall of the Hoffman house—a banqueting hall, by the way, unequalled for magnificence in any palace of Europe. The furniture for this room, I may remark in passing, is to be put on exhibition at Cincinnati this fall, and will certainly astonish by its beauty and elaborate carving. The table of the Coaching club always sets in the form of a horseshoe, and the pieces of confectionery, ices, etc., which grace the table, represent coaches, horses, harness, jockeys, etc., and are very elaborate. One English rule is violated at dinner. The ladies remain for the "wants of the wine," from all accounts, do not let the latter go to waste. The maintenance of a coach and four-in-hand team means a great deal more than appears at first thought. Such a coach as August Belmont's drive and which is fully indicated in the cut.

GENUINE CHEAP CABS.

With double sets of harness, not less than \$8,000. His four roadsters will cost him \$2,500 more; but in order to have four good horses always at command he must keep at least a dozen in his stable or be able to call on Ryerson & Brown—the great liver men of this city, and probably the richest and largest private livery firm in the world—for a team equal to his own. Relays are necessary when a long drive is to be taken, and these are very frequent, the owners of the four-in-hand often driving large parties to their distant summer residences to spend the Sabbath. Twelve such horses means a capital of \$7,500, and heaven only knows what fabulous sums are paid for their maintenance. Two grooms are absolutely necessary to every four animals, and as many as six grooms are in the constant pay of some coach owners. Stables to match the animals and coaches have also to be kept. There are stables in this city—and not those of Vanderbilt either—which cost \$50,000 to build. I should say that to keep a four-in-hand team in New York City requires an investment of \$50,000 and an annual expenditure of about \$15,000 more. There are very few things to have, four-in-hands; so is the money, and altogether I prefer the cheap cabs.

THE STEAMER DAN BRUNSON.

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THE PENN WRIGHT DELIVERED A LARGE RAFT OF LOGS AT MUSCATINE.

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THE STILLWATER BASE BALL ASSOCIATION CLUB.

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The Woman's Industrial Association of the Presbyterian church will hold their next meeting at the residence of Dr. Carroll.

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The first case called in the police court was that of Joseph Gilbertson, who was charged with obstructing the sidewalk.

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TALK.

"Genius," said Anthony Trollope to Dr. McLeod one day, "is but another name for the length of time a man can sit."

The popular notion is among the majority unfamiliar with the methods, the exertions, and the downright labor of writing for a living, that the whole process is one of trifling and easy and almost instantaneous inspiration.

Nothing seems easier and the career of an established author, and a successful journalist. In the records of such fortunate persons furnished by their own experiences, or by the observations of others we learn a great deal that is now and somewhat disappointing to us.

For instance what can be more brilliant, brilliant, simple and off-hand than a chapter of Macaulay. Surely the novice thinks there never was easier, or apparently more effortless writing. The mind can read page after page without fatigue, and with an interest transcending that of any novel.

The inference is that Macaulay was a born historian, and his gift was almost as free as drawing his breath. He may have had to be taken, and to achieve his fame, since his power and his style were inherent, and scarcely modified by training and circumstances, to the extent at least of affecting remarkable originality in diction.

This is what we think, and the belief in the reader, and most unobstructed facility in the current opinion.

Now in his journal Macaulay writes of this very history, whose enchanting simplicity of style seems to us so easy.

"When the materials are ready, and the history mapped out in my mind, I ought easily to write, on an average, two of my pages daily. In two years from the time I began writing I shall have finished my second part. Then I reckon on my pen for polishing, retouching and printing."

This does not look like very spontaneous work. Eighteen months for preparation and a year for polishing, retouching and printing, besides taking a day for two pages of about a thousand words. We see "inspiration" worked by mechanism and system, and we begin to understand the difference between our fancy and the harsh fact.

Perhaps you will be half convinced and believe that, while effort may be true of historical authorship, surely in fiction and poetry the great magnetic instances of success have not been so laborious.

Hear what Alphonse Daudet, the eminent French fictionist, replies to an American admirer and enthusiast, who says: "What a wonderful power you possess in writing now there is something of the same feeling against the old hackmen who, having been forced down in prices by the establishment of the cheap cab company, are endeavoring to harass it and deceive the public by painting their old and most dilapidated cabs in imitation of the new and clean vehicles of the cab company. Of course the indignation is not so general, because they are not so interested in the overcharges of cabs as they were in that of street cars; but there is much feeling over the imposition, and it is not uncommon to find people leaving a bogus cab on discovering the fact and refusing to pay overcharges on the ground of deception. If the coachman becomes obstreperous, the kind customer gives his number and demands that he go to the mayor's office, and that he settles the hackman, for he knows that his customer is not to be trifled with, and that he understands his rights and knows where to enforce them. The hackmen, therefore, like the banknote forgers, play their arts chiefly on strangers. I think I am doing the latter part of the

copy is so paramount and peremptory? What a relief to see the beautiful summer brightness and greenness of doors, and to put one's mind on the streets and screw it out "too much too regularly," as journalists must do if they would touch shoulders with expectation.

Even newspaper management has a perception once in a while that quality, even if it be fitful is more to be regarded than quantity of drain and ill description.

It is said George Peck, the author of the \$10,000 a year from the London Illustrated News for a page a week. He contributes an occasional column editorial for the Daily Telegraph, and gets another \$10,000 for that. So with his other miscellaneous work in Magazines, etc., he has extraordinary remuneration for a man of letters not crowded about copy except at his own will and pleasure.

Salutary it may be added the education of the culture and fitness, and the ability as a "member of the press" to make himself felt before the readers of the papers he is with. As a guarantee of qualification Salva can as a dominant perception of his own capacity so that he can make his terms rather than have them fixed for him.

Perhaps the most brilliant sketches for the Paris newspapers at the very beginning of his career.

A certain publisher seeing them knew what would charm the public, and determined to find Balzac for their mutual advantage. He thought he would offer him three thousand francs for a serial novel. When the author inquired in his own paper, the paper writer led him into a poor dingy street in an obscure part of the city, he said to himself two thousand francs will be enough. As he was mounting the steps of the high unclean old house, his offer had shrunk to fifteen hundred francs, and when on the fourth step he saw a figure was a thousand francs—not a word more.

As he entered the shabby room and found the brilliant young man dipping a penny roll in a glass of water his offer was three hundred francs. Yet for this trifling sum—a tenth of his first mental proffer, he obtained the manuscript of what is Balzac's masterpiece. The roll and water regimen continued throughout his career, as to simplicity, it is not to be named. When he was engaged on his novels he sent the outlines of the story to the printers with spaces for the insertion of conversations, descriptions, etc., and on receiving the printed sheets he shut himself in his room and drank nothing but water, and ate only fruit and bread until the blanks were filled, when his work was done.

Perhaps in the unoccupied intervals of Balzac's life he allowed himself luxuries beyond his generally frugal working menu. One of his most touching illustrations of the force of early habit gives us in his story of Eugene Grandet, the miser's daughter.

Notwithstanding her income of eleven hundred thousand francs she still lived as the Eugene Grandet of her youth lived; she never lit a fire in her parlor till the first day of November, and always extinguished it on the thirty-first day of March—which had been hard misery regulation of her father from the beginning of his householding.

Writing at first may be easy; the flow of charming thought and language may be quick, and the tale of the Coaching club, and afterwards, when the thing is done, working off so many yards a day, the number of hours a man can sit at it may be genius, as Anthony Trollope said, but it is genius which is very apt to "die in harness."

Very elaborate alphans are made for dolla's carriages, of satin with painted designs and mottoes, or of plush with embroidery.

STILLWATER NEWS.

THE GLOBE AT STILLWATER.

The Globe has established a permanent office in the city of Stillwater, in charge of Mr. Peter Begg, who takes the management of the business interests of the paper, its city circulation, correspondence, Communications of local news, and all matter for publication may be left at the Stillwater Globe office, 110 Main street, Excelsior block, up stairs, or may be addressed to Peter Begg, P. O. box 1084, and will receive prompt attention.

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A dispatch from Daytona, Florida, announces that Gen. Orville E. Babcock, of the Fifth Lighthouse district, Mr. Levy P. Lucky, his chief clerk, Mr. Benjamin P. Suter, of Washington, a sister of Mr. Lucky, and a seaman, were drowned June 2nd, while trying to cross Mosquito Inlet Bar in a small boat during a high wind. The body of Gen. Babcock was the only one recovered.

Gen. Babcock and his party left Baltimore on May 19th on the Lighthouse tender Pharos, a two-masted schooner, bound for Mosquito Inlet ninety miles below the mouth of St. John's river, on the Florida coast, where the government is building a lighthouse. Mr. J. D. Franzoni and Mr. F. W. Royce, of Washington, friends of Gen. Babcock, were present by business from accompanying the party.

Encountering adverse winds the Pharos put into Charleston, where Mr. W. H. Bailey left the party and returned to Washington. The vessel left Charleston on the 25th, and on the following day a heavy northeast gale sprang up, during which the Pharos made St. Johns light and anchored off the bar with two cables out. A pilot was signalled for, although the sea was running half-mast high, one reached the schooner, and Gen. Babcock sent the following message to Dr. J. C. Lingle, of this city, proprietor of the steam towing tugs on the river:

Mr. J. S. Jones, via Pilot Town, May 30. The Pharos sails from here this morning. I have no objection to her going to Mosquito Inlet, but I have no objection to her going to Mosquito Inlet. Let her take the Pharos in tow if overladen.

Light-house engineer, The sea ran so high, however, that the tug could not get out, and had to go down this morning when the news of the sad catastrophe was received. The probability is that the Pharos anchored off the inlet, and the general and his party undertook to go ashore in a small boat, which was swamped in the breakers.

Gen. Babcock, major of the corps of United States Engineers, was born in Vermont in 1840 and entered West Point academy July 1, 1856, graduating in May, 1861, holding third place in his class, which comprised Gen. Adelbert Ames, Gen. Emory Upton, Gen. Judson Kilpatrick, Col. Franklin Harwood, Col. J. S. Poland, Col. Henry A. Durant and Capt. G. V. Henry. He entered the army as a second lieutenant of engineers, and during the war acted as a staff officer in the various campaigns in Virginia. For gallant and meritorious conduct he was promoted to the rank of brevet brigadier general, and in 1864 became lieutenant colonel and aide-de-camp on the staff of the general in chief. On July 25, 1866, he was promoted to colonel on the general's staff, and in February, 1872, transferred to the rank of major general, and in March, 1879, two years later, he was made major general, and at the time of his death was fourth in rank. He was appointed superintendent of public buildings with the rank of colonel on March 8, 1873, and held this position for four years. In November, 1875, he was indicted for complicity in the St. Louis whiskey ring frauds which had been started in 1872. There were five counts against him. He was arrested in St. Louis February 7, 1876, and seventeen days afterwards he was acquitted. He leaves a widow, who is in ill health, and three young children.

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It was fatal in Babcock's reputation and in the honor of the government. He was involved in all the schemes of that mad man, and the whiskey ring, the general order of the law, the safe burglary cases all brought suspicion to Babcock and shame to General Grant's first term. He asked and secured an inquiry and an acquittal following a similar verdict on a criminal indictment in St. Louis. But the public never pardoned him to his confidence and he has since been the subject of much criticism. He has done good service in his corps and recently reached the rank of lieutenant colonel by seniority. His sad end will no doubt bring out many mitigating circumstances, as it will also excite kindly recollections from his friends, of whom he had many.

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The inference is that Macaulay was a born historian, and his gift was almost as free as drawing his breath. He may have had to be taken, and to achieve his fame, since his power and his style were inherent, and scarcely modified by training and circumstances, to the extent at least of affecting remarkable originality in diction.

This is what we think, and the belief in the reader, and most unobstructed facility in the current opinion.

Now in his journal Macaulay writes of this very history, whose enchanting simplicity of style seems to us so easy.

"When the materials are ready, and the history mapped out in my mind, I ought easily to write, on an average, two of my pages daily. In two years from the time I began writing I shall have finished my second part. Then I reckon on my pen for polishing, retouching and printing."

This does not look like very spontaneous work. Eighteen months for preparation and a year for polishing, retouching and printing, besides taking a day for two pages of about a thousand words. We see "inspiration" worked by mechanism and system, and we begin to understand the difference between our fancy and the harsh fact.

Perhaps you will be half convinced and believe that, while effort may be true of historical authorship, surely in fiction and poetry the great magnetic instances of success have not been so laborious.

Hear what Alphonse Daudet, the eminent French fictionist, replies to an American admirer and enthusiast, who says: "What a wonderful power you possess in writing now there is something of the same feeling against the old hackmen who, having been forced down in prices by the establishment of the cheap cab company, are endeavoring to harass it and deceive the public by painting their old and most dilapidated cabs in imitation of the new and clean vehicles of the cab company. Of course the