

OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

From Our Own Correspondent.

NEW YORK, MAY 22, 1882.

Anything almost will do for an excuse for an official junketing party. The latest fun has been in searching (or not searching) incoming steamships for the assassins of Lord Cavendish and Mr. Burke in Ireland. A swarm of marshals, detectives and useful friends started in revenue cutters for the mouth of the harbor and cruised there till the Scythia, a Cunard steamer, arrived, and the Cunarders, which do not brag much of speed, have never been known to appear before they are due. From all accounts the officers had a jolly time, perhaps just a little too jolly, and when they met the Scythia boarded her and held no less than three examinations of man, woman and child, in order to detect the red-handed Fenians and share in the enormous rewards offered. Meantime, the Guion steamer Wisconsin came along, and when she got to her pier, a mysterious passenger, who came aboard at Queestown without a cent or a shirt collar, jumped ashore and disappeared. Now there is a crazy hunt after him, while it is clumsily given out that owing to the unlikelihood of the assassins trying to escape in steamers to America, no further searches of them will be made. The futile officials are much chagrined. The French police have a reputation for superior smartness. They are shrewd enough to keep their stupidity out of the papers.

When Uncle Rufus Hatch gets his rapid transit Atlantic steamers under weigh he'll probably have to improve on steam as a motor. Just in the nick of time, as it were, comes a sample of those wonderful Faure Electric Accumulators we have heard so much about, which would appear to make it possible to collect the force of Niagara for twenty-four hours and stow it away in a satchel, the very thing to send a ship humming across the billows, as well as lighting it on its way. Also, of course, an American inventor, or company of inventors, controlling the Brush light, suddenly put a spoke in the Frenchman's wheel by declaring that they have a claim for a patent now pending and will fight the intruder to the last spark. Hurrah for pork and beans! Down with the Kickshaws! I happen to know of something destined to effect a complete revolution in naval architecture, of more moment than even the substitution of electric for steam power in the propulsion of great vessels. It is not patented yet, so I can't say anything further about it for a while.

Talking of Frenchmen, the heirs of Dr. Caro, a late distinguished physician, who was well known in his declining years for the bitter war he waged against the Elevated Railroad, which calmly ran its tracks in front of his handsome residence, have succeeded in getting an injunction, which, unless there is some honeyfugling, which so far doesn't appear, will cause a cessation of traffic on the west-side Branch of the Harlem line, possibly for ever, probably till the line talks turkey. It has been a hard fight, and bravely fought by an individual and his representatives against colossal money power. So far there seems no reason that the Court of Appeals, to which the matter now goes, will do anything to mar the victory.

Talking of railroads, a new track has been laid in the City of Churches which has raised a grand rumpus. It is only a horse-car affair, but the residents or a majority of them didn't want it. While they were muddling away in the mazes of the law, the chief cook and bottler of the concern, Deacon and ex-Alderman and Board of Education Member William Richardson, Brooklyn's pet specimen of a truly good man, a Baptist of renown and a great gun in the Sunday schools, who differs from his Cincinnati brother in not having any wicked partners, but instead of them occasional visits from the—well, never mind—put up a job on the patient taxpayers, hired a lot of pagans of various sorts, and when the congregation were at church started a chorus of cheerful hammers. When the people came out of church, the tracks were laid, and the Deacon slid smiling home. Now the pious are going for his scalp.

The young lawyers and doctors have been cracking their shells at

various commencements in all directions, and office rents are going up. Of course, the first thing a successful schoolboy does is to hire an office and wait for business. In a country of 50,000,000 inhabitants, there must surely be scope for a few hundred extra lawyers every few months. Perhaps there is, but it is remarkable what a lot of talent is lying around loose, for small cash equivalents these times. The smartest of students can't keep up their studies properly without practice, whether of their own or obtained in the offices of more successful men, and so we find ambitious lawyers in the second or third year after graduation filling very subordinate positions under their more successful seniors for the merest pittance. Others disdain laborious days and plunge at once, or with little delay, into systerism, while still others give law the go by altogether and drift into journalism, or peanut peddling. All of which goes to show that we have too many lawyers.

There promises to be a feast for the tribe, though, in the likely fight over the property of the late Miss Sarah Burr. This eccentric old lady left about \$3,500,000, some fifteen very distant relatives, and a will ignoring the latter and distributing the former in large donations among a number of religious and charitable institutions. The gallant fifteen "kicked" and if they establish their view of the case, the R. and C. I. are likely to come out of the little end of the horn in an exasperating manner. Better never to have been left any money than for some one else to walk in and walk out with it. The old lady lived and died in a kitchen where she ate frequent meals, forgetting her previous repasts, and conversed about with her sole attendants, an old woman and a young man whom she had persuaded to drop his profession as a vegetable peddler and abide with her. Her personal possessions were of trifling value, all her clothes together being probably worth 75c. to an enterprising ragman, and she used to mend broken plates with putty as an economical manifestation of domestic mechanical skill. Still she wasn't a miser, for she fed herself and her companions generously and gave quite liberally for charitable objects. But she forgot her relatives—an unpardonable sin, you see, only to be condoned by Cash—and they propose to twist aside her wishes in behalf of good objects that she did remember, because of her alleged defective memory. Perhaps her mind was abstracted in contemplation of higher things than dinners or greedy kinfolk. Some of the wisest men in this world have been very absent-minded in such small matters. Was Sir Isaac Newton insane, for instance? RADIX.

SIR CHARLES.
A Pedigree Unravelled and Corrected.
To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.
The subject of this article, familiarly known as old Charley, is owned by A. T. Ingalls, of Leslie, Ingham County, Mich., who purchased him about the year 1854, and has since kept him for breeding purposes. He has become a horse of much note in our State as the sire of a large number of valuable carriage and road horses; many of which have been sold for liberal prices for the eastern markets; His pedigree is given as follows: Sired by Ethan Allen, he by Hill's Black Hawk; dam by Abdallah. A combination of such blood is highly valued by breeders, and would be expected to produce some fast trotters. We have often been asked if we knew of any of old Charley's colts that were trotters, and could only answer no; and the fact of his failure in this direction has caused doubts of and a disbelief in the minds of many as to the genuineness of his pedigree. Having last fall purchased a mare whose dam is by old Charley (No. 10 of our catalogue), we became directly interested in his pedigree, and therefore set ourselves at work to establish it. It has taken us several months to accomplish it, and we now give it to the public direct from his breeder, as the following correspondence will show:

ST. CHARLES, MICH., March 7, '82.

MEASRS DEWEY & STEWART:—I received yours of Feb. 24th, asking some questions in regard to a horse supposed to be of my raising, which I suppose is true. You must have been misinformed as to his pedigree, as being from Ethan Allen. I give this

from memory, as I have no notes by me. Somewhere about 25 or 27 years ago, I raised two colts from a horse called the Perry horse. He was from old Black Hawk. The then noted Black Hawk. He and Ethan Allen are half brothers, both raised in the town of Shoreham, Vt., where I then lived. For choice I used the Perry horse. My colts I think at the age of three and four I sent to my brother at Parma, Mich., to be sold, the oldest, Johnny, a gray, the other, Charley, a bay. My brother sold them both as I learned. Since then I know but little about them. Some three years ago I was in Michigan and learned that my horse Charley was alive and had won great fame as a stock horse. The mother of them I raised. She had no notoriety, except as a very powerful mare. I kept her almost entirely for colts. The sire of Little Bay, I have forgotten what they called him, but I will call him the Hemingway horse, a good stock horse. I sold her with an Ethan Allen filly by her side for \$400, when I left there some 22 years ago. I was in Owosso nearly four years ago. I have connections there, a Mr. Manning; I have a brother at Diamond Dale, Mich., (I think he took one of the horses to Michigan) that knows more about them than I do, as he has had some of their stock.
Yours,
SPENCER ARMSTRONG.

ST. CHARLES, MICH., March 15, '82.

Yours of the 13th before me. I don't know as I can give you any better satisfaction as regards the horse Charley I raised. The dam I raised on my farm from a mare I had long owned. At the time no notice or record was kept of their pedigree. Young Bay or Little Bay, at four years old showed signs of speed and endurance; hence I decided to use her only for breeding. She never did a hard day's work while I owned her. I raised three colts from her. Having no more use for her, I sold her when I came west, 22 years ago. I think you can get all you want by writing to William Perry, Shoreham, Vt. Ask him what he knows about the Armstrong colts from his horse.
S. S. ARMSTRONG.

OWOSSO, March 20, '82.

DEWEY & STEWART:—I have known Spencer Armstrong, writer of the foregoing letters, for the past thirty years, and have always found him a man of truth and veracity, and believe his word good at all times.
Yours,
JOSEPH MANNING.

DIAMONDDALE, March 10, '82.

DEWEY & STEWART. Dear Sirs:—Yours of 8th inst. received yesterday, and I reply I am unable from memory to give you a satisfactory history of or pedigree of Sir Charles and his dam. Old Charley was sired by the Perry horse, owned on Cream Hill, one and a half miles from where I lived, town of Shoreham, County of Addison, Vt. I think the Perry horse was by Hill's Black Hawk, and was a black roan in color; and all that I remember of the dam of old Charley is that she was a small bay, being perfect in form and smart as a steel trap; could trot fast though never trained; fine gaited natural trotter; possessed of great life and endurance. I think she was well bred, but do not know her breeding. If I ever did have forgotten it. I took care of old Charley and his own brother, Sir John, when Charley was three years old. I have no printed matter or old bills. I brought old Charley's brother, Sir John, to Michigan the next season after the smoky fall; and the next year Ed. Thompson, Spencer Armstrong's son-in-law, brought old Charley. Spencer Armstrong raised Charley, and he is the only one that I know of who could give the breeding of old Charley and his dam, though I knew the sire and dam.
Yours truly,
E. O. ARMSTRONG.

SHOREHAM, Vt., April 8, '82.

DEWEY & STEWART. Gents:—Yours of 20th March in relation to the horse pedigree matter received. I will state as far as I know the reliable truth of the matter. My horse that you call the Perry horse, was sired by Hill's old Black Hawk, who lived four miles north of me. The dam of my horse was raised on Long Island out of an Abdallah mare, sired by Monmouth Eclipse, he by old Eclipse. I got the mare in the city of New York. Mr. Armstrong, when he lived here (our farms all but joined), raised a number of colts from my horse, and I think I remember of his sending some of them to his brother in Michigan. If this Sir Charles was one of the colts that Spencer Armstrong sent to his brother in Michigan, it is doubtless one of my horse's colts. My horse was half brother to Ethan Allen. I can't tell you anything about the blood of the mare or mares Armstrong bred to my horse. I can tell you that what he tells you, you may rely on. I can't tell you anything about Armstrong's raising any Ethan Allen colts. You may rely on what he says about it. My horse would weigh about 1,100 lbs.; color, a black roan, and the best styled horse, I will venture to say, you ever saw; as much ahead of Ethan Allen in style as Ethan was ahead of him in speed, although a great roadster, and the nicest tail you

ever saw put on to a horse; his color he got from his dam. I make these remarks so that perhaps you may see something of the kind in Sir Charles or some of his get.
Yours,
W. S. PERRY.

SHOREHAM, Vt., May 1, '82.

DEWEY & STEWART:—Yours of April 14 at hand. In regard to my horse he was foaled mine, and I kept him 20 years. When I sold him he went to New York, and then to New Jersey, which is the last I knew of him. He was foaled in 1848 or '49, I think in 1848. He was advertised as the Daniel Webster Black Hawk, but called the Perry horse at home. Now in relation to the Hemingway horse, Mr. Hemingway raised and owned him until he died. He was sired by old Black Hawk, and lived and died in the same town where Black Hawk died. He was a very good horse and a good stock horse; the pedigree of his dam I am unable to give you, as Mr. Hemingway and his son are both dead. Should I learn I will let you know.
Yours,
WM. S. PERRY.

Other parties have been corresponding with the Armstrongs' relative to old Charley's pedigree, and knowing of our correspondence and not being entirely satisfied with the version given, have given us their answers and agreed that we might submit all of the letters (which we now have in our possession), to J. H. Wallace, author of the Trotting Register, for his decision. We herewith give his reply:

NEW YORK, May 4, '82.

DEWEY & STEWART. Dear Sirs:—I have examined carefully the correspondence which is herewith returned to you, concerning the pedigree of the horse Sir Charles, and I have no hesitancy whatever in accepting the version given by Mr. Armstrong, that he was by the Perry horse. I have so entered him in the 4th vol. of the Register, and have made corrections in other pedigrees accordingly.
Yours truly,
J. H. WALLACE.

Having published in our catalogue Trophy Girl's dam by old Charley, and he by Ethan Allen; and through this correspondence having learned our error, and having a strong desire and determination to publish only correct pedigrees of our stock, we feel it a duty we owe our patrons and the public, to publish this correspondence in vindication of our error. We write this in a spirit of kindness, casting no reflections on any one for the false pedigree (as we believe), under which old Charley has so long stood.
Yours truly,
DEWEY & STEWART.
Owosso, Mich., May 10, '82.

Advice to Young Men.

My son, enjoy yourself. Have a good time; pleasure is eminently right and proper, but a good time isn't secured by a headache that lasts all the next day. The simplest pleasures are the most lasting. After you have spent two years in Europe you will come back and sit down by your own fireside and think of a picnic you went down to at the Cascade one afternoon in June, that cost you sixty-five cents. The "good times" that you don't take your wife to, my son, that you would lie about rather than have your sister know about them, the "goodness" of them never comes back to refresh you and gladden your hearts as does the memory of that sixty-five cent picnic, when you chattered nonsense with the girl you loved, and laughed just as the leaves rustled, because you couldn't help it. The "good time" that wakes in the morning and wonders where it was and who saw it and where all its money is gone; the good time that tails itself off with a headache, there's precious little fun in that. And it only takes a very little bitterness of that kind to poison the memories of your past. It doesn't take many such good times, my boy, to mingle tears with your bread and gall with your drink. The sting is the smallest part of the bee, but when you pick him up by it, though the rest of the bee were as long as an omnibus horse, yet would the sting outweigh all the good, sweet, harmless, honey-laden portion of the bee, and you would think about it often and longer.

The Dangers of Careless Surgery.

It is related that one distinguished surgeon lately left a sponge, and another pair of forceps, in the cavity after an abdominal operation. Yet another would have left a large seal ring in the same place but for a gentle reminder from a fellow-practitioner. It seems hard that surgeons should run the awful risk of losing jewelry and instruments by sewing them up in the vitals of their patients. It is due to them to say, however, that the rule is to carefully count the sponges and instruments during the progress of such operations. This is well. It would be a dreadful matter, for instance, if a man should have a couple of chairs or a horse and lot grafted into him while he was being treated for a gunshot wound.

Remarkable Coincidence.

It is a matter of journalistic record, that some years since, a schooner set sail from Baltimore, having on board a crew of thirteen men. By a most singular freak of nature the entire crew was attacked by a skin disease, which manifested itself in large ulcerated sores on the arms and hands, wholly incapacitating the men from duty. The result was that the vessel was towed back to the city where the men were placed in the hospital. Moral! Had Swayne's Ointment for skin diseases been used in the first place, the crew would have recovered in from 12 to 24 hours.

WOODWARD BROS.,
Manufacturers of Furniture,
OWOSSO, - - MICHIGAN.

The Spring of 1882 finds us better prepared to serve our customers than ever before. Our very large stock comprises the latest designs; and we wish to call special attention to the goods of our own manufacture, consisting of

- CHAMBER SUITS,
- MARBLE TOP CENTER TABLES,
- AND BOOK CASES,

Which have all been thoroughly modernized, and we have spared no pains or expense in making them the best in the market. We have taken great care in selecting a stock of rich and elegant Upholstered Goods, while our line of

- PARLOR BOOK CASES, SECRETARIES
- AND
- LADIES' DESKS,

Are admired by all. We have just received a large stock of Children's Carriages, including the Popular

WILLOW.

Our large sales have proved to us that our customers are well pleased with our goods and prices, and we hope to continue to merit the large trade in these goods that we have enjoyed in the past. Our

Undertaking Department

Is always well stocked with Coffins, Caskets and Rich Trimmings, and is under the supervision of Mr. North, who has become so popular as an Undertaker.

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To make room for
SPRING GOODS!
WARM GOODS

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Wishing to Reduce our Stock before the arrival of our Spring Purchases, we shall Sell for the next 60 Days many of our Goods at

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Thanking our patrons for past favors, we ask a continuance of the same, while yet there is room for your neighbors.

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Revolution and Renovation

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FISH FISH FISH.

Fresh and Salt Water, an immense Stock just received.

Canned Goods & Dried Fruits

In great variety.

200 CHESTS OF TEA SOLD LAST YEAR

"THE BRAND of the BLAZING STAR"

Now on Sale for 50c. per pound.

QUALITY TELLS! NO USE TALKING!

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