



KING RENÉ.

AMONG THE BLUE-GRASS TROTTERS.

“WE Kentuckians are never in a hurry.”

“But your horses are, for you, and they make ample amends,” said I.

“Why, yes, they do not seem to waste a great deal of time, that is true.”

These words were spoken, as the stories are fond of beginning, apropos of some slight delay, at the railway station at Lexington, in the heart of the blue-grass country, and my interlocutor was a courteous ex-Confederate general who was waiting to take me to see one of the great breeding-farms on which the American trotter has been brought to his highest grade of perfection.

The blue-grass country is reached by traversing central Virginia and Kentucky along the line of the picturesque Chesapeake and Ohio Railway, unless, indeed, one prefers the swift and solid Pennsylvania route to Cincinnati, and drops down to it from the north. On this particular journey, at any rate, it was reached past the battle-fields and springs of Virginia, and up and down the long slopes of the Blue Ridge and gorges of the Greenbrier and Kanawha, in the wilder Alleghanies.

It is found to be a little cluster of peculiarly favored counties in the centre of the State. Marked out on the map, it is like the kernel, of which Kentucky is the nut; or like one of those “pockets” of precious metals happened upon by miners in their researches. The soil is of a rich fertility, the surface charmingly undulating. Poverty seems abolished. On every hand are evidences of thrift corresponding with the genial bounty of nature. A leading crop in times past has been hemp, and land that will grow hemp will grow anything. This is being more and more withdrawn in favor of stock-raising exclusively, but the tall stacks of hemp, in shape like Zulu wigwams, still plentifully dot the landscape.

Lexington is its capital. It is a place of some eighteen thousand people, and has five important railroad connections. It is comfortably built of red brick. Its hotel, which has occasion to entertain not a few distinguished people, is on quite a large scale, and unexpectedly well kept. On a prominent knoll is the rusty-looking building of the Kentucky University, *alma mater* of Jefferson Davis. The old

court-house, in the centre of the town, which is about to be pulled down—the more is the pity—has echoed to the eloquence of Clay, Marshall, Crittenden, and Breckinridge. On “court days,” in the first of each month, the plaza about it, called Cheapside, is the scene of a bustling market sale of horses, cattle, mules, and sheep. A dozen mounted auctioneers are heard shouting at once. The whole area is a confusion of tossing horns, kicking legs, and blatant noises, among which the negro custodians keep such order as they can. These court days are held at other places in turn, and the stock is to be met with on the roads trooping from one to the other.

It must not be supposed that our blooded horses are thus disposed of. The very best must be sought on the stock-farms individually; at the same time, on court day, perhaps there may be found a choice of a hundred or more good saddle and harness horses on sale in a quieter way. Here is a long clean stable, for instance, almost as long as a rope-walk, next to the Phoenix Hotel, which is a typical establishment, and where they can be found. The owners gather them in from the breeders, and have themselves also a training and breeding establishment in the suburbs.

Ashland, once the home of Henry Clay, is to be seen, and again the cemetery, in which a tall column, somewhat resembling that in the Place Bastille at Paris, with his statue in a Senatorial attitude on the top of it, has been raised to his memory. Harry of the West, in earlier days the humble Mill Boy of the Slashes, came in time to have the prevailing taste for fast horses, and it is not likely that he was injured by this in the eyes of his peculiar class of constituents. He owned Yorkshire and a number of imported mares, which he left to his only surviving son, John M. Clay. The Ashland place is in the suburbs. It has a charming location and view, but the residence itself is disfigured, in a rebuilding of late years, by tawdry modern cast-iron work, “sanded” to represent stone. There are vestiges of a track behind it, where another son, James B. Clay, first brought out the capabilities of the great Mambrino Chief, a trotting stallion notable in the annals of horse-flesh. It is gratifying to know that, after a long sequestration, the place has again passed into the hands of the family, in the

person of a granddaughter, the wife of Major Henry C. McDowell. This gentleman will remove there a fine stud of trotting stock, at the head of which is the beautiful Hambletonian stallion King René, and the name of the place will no doubt again be frequently heard through its connection with a leading industry of Kentucky.

At one side of the town is the track of the Lexington Jockey Club, the oldest active association of the kind in the United States, founded in 1795, only a year after Mad Anthony Wayne had broken the power of the Indian tribes on the Maumee. On the other are the track and much finer grounds and buildings of the quite modern Kentucky Trotting-horse Breeders' Association. The running track, formerly used for trotting as well, has naturally seen some notable achievements in its long existence. The immortal Lexington, bred by Dr. Elisha Warfield at The Meadows, within a stone's-throw of the town, Ten Broeck, Longfellow, King Alfonso, Kentucky, and Asteroid may be mentioned among the runners that have sped around its circuit. Lexington, whose influence is more potent than any other in the present American breed of runners, begot in his time no less than 236 winners of races, with aggregate winnings of \$1,160,000. Of trotters it saw in early times of the movement such stallions as George Wilkes, Sentinel, Strathmore, Dictator, Banker, New York, Happy Medium, Administrator, Aberdeen, and Alexander's Abdallah, all sons of Rysdyk's Hambletonian, and brought out from the East to become progenitors of the stock which has since added millions of wealth to the State. It has historic memories from the late war. Ridden over by Morgan's men—Morgan himself having been a Lexingtonian, and originally commander of the Lexington Rifles—and bivouacked upon by both armies in turn, not a stick of value was left standing. Nowhere is there less trace of war or a more good-humored way of speaking about it than in this section, but its retarding effect upon the horse industry, through the scattering and loss of so many fine animals, was very great.

The Kentucky Trotting-horse Breeders' Association offer at their annual meeting in the fall only colt stakes and purses, the limit being at four years of age. They have also established of late a Trotting

Register of their own, to which the terms of admission are much more severe than to that of the National Association at New York. The amphitheatre on their track is a gay turreted edifice following the bend of the course, and accommodating 10,000 people. Here Aldine, one of William H. Vanderbilt's fast pair, made a great exhibition of staying power. She lost three heats, "tied" the fourth, and finally won the fifth, sixth, and seventh, "distancing," or leaving eighty yards behind, the horse which was at first in the van. Monroe Chief here made the best four-mile record, in the fall of 1882, and what is the more remarkable, each mile in exactly the same time, 2 minutes 23 seconds.

There are some regulations in force here which might well serve as a model throughout the country. The association has by its charter absolute control of its grounds, and allows upon them neither gambling, drinking, nor side-shows. Freed thus from all obnoxious elements, the racing on this track is patronized without fear by people of the best standing.

One or other of these tracks, up to two years ago, had kept the highest one, two, three, and four year old records. When the two-year-old filly So-and-So made her mile here in 2.31 in 1877, it was openly scoffed at on the receipt of the telegrams in New York, and deemed incredible. Since then the prestige has momentarily departed. The great Californian colts have come up. As the record now stands, Governor Stanford heads the yearling list with his Huída Rose in 2.36½, and the two-year-olds with Wildflower in 2.21. Next comes the three-year-old Phil Thompson, a Kentucky-bred horse, however, in 2.21. The four-year-olds are led by a Kentucky horse also, Jay Eye See, in 2.19. It is said by some, however, that the Californians, raised in a climate which is favorable to precocious development, can not hold out to the maturer ages.

One drops into horse talk immediately on alighting from the train at Lexington, and does not emerge from it again till he takes his departure. It is the one subject always in order. Each successive proprietor, as he tucks you into his wagon, if you will go with him—and if you will go with him there is no limit to the courtesy he will show you—declares that now, after having seen animals more or less well in their way, he proposes to show you a HORSE. Fortunately there are many

kinds of perfection. He may have the best horse or colt of a certain age, the one which has made the best single heat, or fourth heat, or quarter of a mile, or average at all distances, or the best stallion, or brood-mare, or the one which has done some of these things at private if not public trials. Each one has, at any rate, the colt which is *going to be* the great horse of the world. This is an amiable vanity easily pardoned, and the enthusiasm is rather catching. A man's stock is greatly to his credit and standing in this section while he lives, and when he dies is printed prominently among the list of his virtues.

But meanwhile we keep waiting the courteous host with whose words the chapter is opened, and to whom, in recognized story fashion, we now return. He is a Confederate general, who commanded the artillery at Vicksburg. Before that he was a soldier in the Mexican war, and wounded at Buena Vista under Lieutenant-Colonel Clay, "Young Henry," who lost his life there. He is a college graduate, lawyer by profession, was ruined by the war, but recovered himself afterward, considers it an easy matter to make fortunes, and has made the best of all of them by his high-grade horse farm, conducted on enlightened principles. He has one hundred and twenty brood-mares, and two hundred and seventy-six blooded animals of all sorts and sizes set down in his catalogue.

The possession of a fast horse curiously gives a kind of vicarious merit to his proprietor. We are to esteem him too something of a high-stepper and flyer, and as likely to run his factory, his newspaper or railroad, or whatever it may be, a little better than other people. It is the best advertising medium known. An audacious patent-medicine firm is said to have offered \$25,000 for the bare privilege of changing the name of Vanderbilt's Maud S., when it would have made it, of course, that of the nostrum in question. Maud S., it will be remembered, is the fastest trotter in the world, having made a mile in 2.10½. Again, we have the story of the impecunious suitor who promised his prospective father-in-law that within forty-eight hours after getting control of his daughter and her fortune he should secure a greater reputation than Queen Victoria.

"How will you do it?" the affluent but stern parent inquired.

"I shall buy Maud S."

The proposition of genius is said to have been interrupted at this point by the wails and discomfiture of speedy ejection. If, however, such reverence is to be evoked by the owner of a single fast horse, what shall we say to one who has well nigh three hundred? But these questions pass away, and, hardened no doubt by familiarity, we soon find ourselves treating our entertainers quite on the terms of ordinary mortals.

General William T. Withers's "Fair-lawn" is just at the edge of Lexington. It is a comfortable modern stone house in the midst of fine shade trees of the natural woods of Kentucky. It is approached up an avenue through a patent self-acting gate. Around it are scattered numerous barns, stables, and other out-buildings. The land is divided into various paddocks and pastures, in which the reddish spots of feeding colts are scattered about, by stretches of excellent white fence. A fence here, according to a saying of the section, must be "mule-high, bull-strong, and pig-tight." This place has but two hundred and forty acres, but the brood-mares are kept on another farm, of five hundred acres, elsewhere. At one side of the grounds is a commodious training track, laid out like one of those mythical fairy circles on which the spinning of rapid feet weaves spells of enchantment and prosperity. It is visible from the library window, and the general may stand there, even with the curtains closed, and see the performances of his horses, and act as a check on any negligent practices of his grooms.

The host seats us in this comfortable library, and explains to us his theories and shows us his books of record. Every birth, every pedigree, is accurately entered. It is a business, as thus conducted, which calls for a high order of intelligence. Horse-breeding as at one time conducted was but an innocent form of gambling. The processes were hap-hazard and the result of ignorance. Again, much money was lost through the choice of inferior stock. Of late the theory prevails that the very best is not too expensive; a great deal of valuable certainty has been deduced from the collective wisdom of the past, and, as a rule, money is made instead of lost.

The library cases are lined with books on the horse; the walls, with those of the

house generally, and indeed of the blue-grass region throughout, are hung with his pictures. Over the door is the historic Rysdyk's Hambletonian, Roman-nosed, hollow-backed, and far from a model of good looks, upon a field of plain grass and sky. Opposite is a canvas showing Happy Medium in his stable. At the right is Cassius M. Clay, Jun., and at the left Almont, flying at the top of their speed, till their sulky wheels are but a ghostly blur. In the main hall are Almont and Clay again, standing; and in the hall above, on the way to my chamber—set apart also, it seems, in his time, for King Kalakaua, who has been a visitor and buyer of horseflesh here—are Almont and Hambletonian respectively in large landscapes of a purplish tinge and crude workmanship. Who are these horse artists? Well, they are specialists who have reduced the pose and rendering of the animal to a mechanical formula in obedience to the commands of their patrons, and though sometimes displaying not a little skill in color and modelling, would hardly be accepted in any recognized exhibition. More often they are irresponsible floaters, broken-down German noblemen, perhaps, according to their own story, who profess to ability in this direction, and produce daubs of the most hopeless kind. The pictures of an early artist, Edwin Troye, where extant among the blue-grass breeders, seem to be more esteemed than any others.

An amusing chapter might be devoted by itself to the caricatures on the subject, which have been profuse from the days of Cruikshank down. We might see the humors of the fancier with his sorry jade booted, blanketed, and weighted up to the nines, the shrewd bargainers endeavoring to overreach each other, the ambitious cockney setting out for a brush on Harlem Lane, beaten by an ash cart or beer wagon, and finally "hung up" in a tree with a buggy wheel around his neck; but these things are found mainly in the stables and hotel lobbies, and the breeders take quite a serious view of their case.

Now for out-of-doors to see the place in detail. In the first place, the blue-grass! Perhaps one has expected to see vegetation of such colors as it often displays on china plates or in young women's worsted-work; but it is not blue at all. The general pulls up a tuft of it in the pasture. It grows in bunches, is fine and wiry, and has no other stalk than the



Aberdeen. Almont Lightning.
Ethan Allen, Jun. Happy Medium.

AT THE STABLES.

seed-stalk. It remains fresh all winter, thrives under the snow, and is not cut, since it keeps itself better than it can be kept as hay. It is "blue limestone grass" properly, though there is a popular belief that it really takes a bluish color in June, and it is from the peculiar rock stratum of the country on which it grows that it takes its name.

The best stock is said to follow the limestone rather than clay and sandstone formations, the world over. It forms a perpetual fertilizer for the land, and gives out a pasturage upon which is knit fine bone and firm muscular tissue. The Kentucky blue limestone too is a quarry for the turnpike-roads, which are of phenomenal excellence, and the even stone walls, used for fencing, with a park-like effect, everywhere throughout the section. It crops up in picturesque ledges in the landscapes, and forms bold and striking palisades along the rivers. Curious caverns are sometimes formed in it, in which the streams disappear, to come up as mysteriously elsewhere. I have seen such a stream come out of the ground like a

spring, but strong enough to turn a mill wheel at the start.

General Withers's principal stable is a kind of horse cathedral. This is by no means common. Many a fine animal, almost as much the pride and pet of its owner's family as if they were of Arab stock, is led out from but shabby quarters. The stables of the region are clean and wholesome, but do not incline to fantastic elegances of adornment such as are growing in favor among ourselves in the Northern cities. Here the light strikes down upon us through colored glass windows; the whole interior is faced up with hard woods; and the floor of the principal aisle, or nave, strewn with soft straw for exhibiting the paces of the animals upon, could not be neater if it were that of a drawing-room. The main dimension is 155 feet, and this is crossed by a transept of 100. The stalls are toward sixteen feet square. They have outer as well as inner doors for egress in case of fire, and these are never kept locked. Little or no fancy iron-work in the way of stable fittings is used, wooden racks and mangers being preferred. Wide

open spaces over the partitions andansom ventilators carry off all odors. The clean hay is piled in mows above, and the corn and oats slide down by traps into convenient bins. Then there is a place for sulkies and road-wagons, a harness room and harness-mending room, and a great collection of the mysterious-looking boots and weights used in breaking in the trotter.

These accommodations are for the benefit of the horses whose education is completed, so far as this is done at a breeding-farm, and which are for sale. There are, in fact, very few wholly mature horses of the best sort, except those reserved for stock purposes, to be found among the breeders. They are bought up at an early age, and taken away to professed trainers, or out of the State, to be prepared for their future triumphs. It is chiefly to a display of beautiful colts, with their sires and dams, that the visitor to the "horse-pasturing Argos" of Kentucky is invited.

An adjoining stable of an older fashion, though equally as neat, is devoted to the colts, taken up from those running at large in the fields, to be broken in. The stalls here are eight feet by ten for a single inmate, and ten by twelve for two. A narrow aisle runs through the centre, into which project from the stalls wooden troughs, by which food is expeditiously delivered. Next comes a long row of low brick buildings, containing the superintendent's house, and carpenter, paint, and blacksmith shops. The last is redolent of the peculiar smell of burning hoof, and merry with the clink of iron and gossip of the negro grooms, who will tell you wonderful stories all day long of the doings of their equine charges. Near by a little court-yard is reserved as a hospital, and in it stand a few animals awaiting dolefully the end of their woes.

"I am no great believer in veterinary doctors," says our host. "They kill more than they cure. I blanket my patients, protect them from sudden extremes of the weather, and give but little medicine. That is my system."

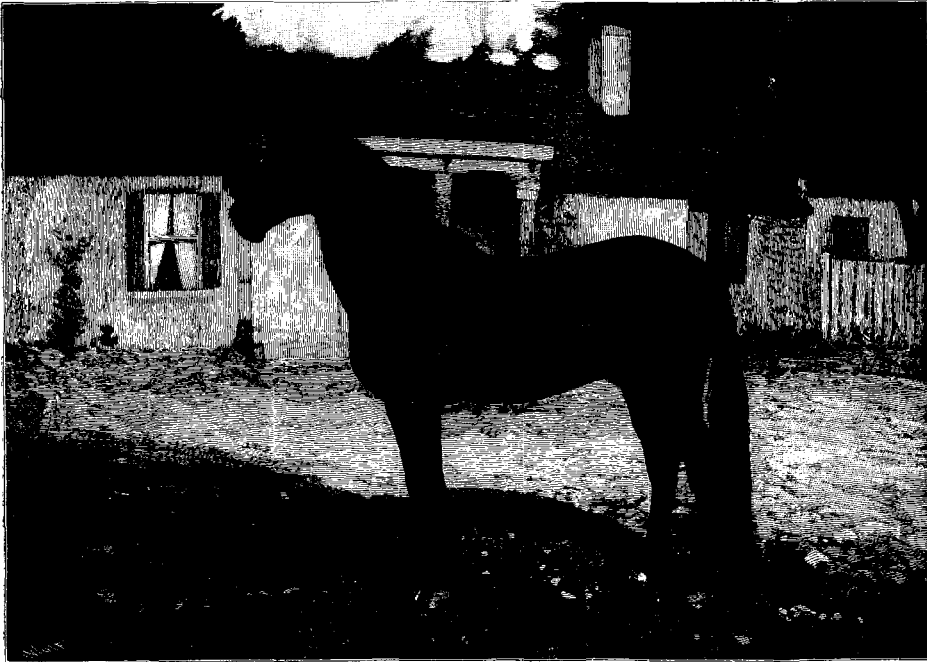
Visitors sit comfortably in chairs in the cathedral-like stable, and the horses are brought out before them. Representatives from this stable have gone to many climes. They have been sent to Canada and Prince Edward Island, to Oregon, to Australia and New Zealand, to Italy, and to the Russian province of Bessarabia, to

minge with the Orloff trotter, which is not greatly unlike our own.

Make way! make way! The spirited young stallion Almont Lightning, son of Almont, is led out into the straw-covered aisle. He is good nature itself, yet it would not be comfortable to be knocked by his heels into the middle of next week, even in play. What power and fire! He is sixteen hands high, dark bay, and has black points extending up to the knees and hocks. His groom, pressing one hand on the withers, and holding the halter in the other, runs with him up and down. It is like another representation of Alexander and Bucephalus.

In a house of his own, on another part of the place, is his sire, Almont, and near the latter the stallions Aberdeen, Happy Medium, and Ethan Allen, Jun., who all together constitute the strength of the estate. Almont, though a little rounder in the barrel and lower, and eighteen years of age, is full of exuberant life, and hardly to be distinguished from his son, who is six. He is spoken of as now the best in the State, Mr. A. J. Alexander's Harold, sire of Maud S., probably coming next. He is the best son of Alexander's Abdallah, as Abdallah was the best son of Rysdyk's Hambletonian. He is the sire of Aldine and Early Rose, who have trotted together in 2.16½, and of Piedmont, who made 2.17 in a fourth heat, and he has to his credit twenty sons and daughters with records of from 2.30 down, three of these being below 2.20. A great breeding sire may or may not be a flyer himself. It is said that the famous Hambletonian could not go inside of three minutes. It is his progeny that rise up and call him blessed. The prize most valued by the breeder of all that are offered at the exhibitions is for "the best stallion with the best three of his get."

If the pedigree of Almont, in the male line, were succinctly stated after Scriptural fashion, it would be somewhat as follows: The Darley Arabian, imported into England in the year 1709, begot Flying Childers, and Flying Childers begot Blaze, and Blaze begot Sampson, and Sampson begot Engineer, and Engineer begot English Mambrino, and English Mambrino begot Messenger (imported into the United States), and Messenger begot Abdallah, and Abdallah begot Rysdyk's Hambletonian, and Rysdyk's Hambletonian begot Alexander's Abdallah, and Alexander's



ALMONT.

Abdallah begot Almont. The pedigree in the breeder's catalogue, however, follows back his dam and grauddam in the same way, the first tracing through the divergent stream of Mambrino Paymaster to the Darley Arabian also, and the second through Alexander's Pilot, Jun., and imported Diomed to the Godolphin Arabian. It traces also each male factor to his first, second, and third dam, and sets down his famous progeny and his time, so that the whole occupies two closely printed duodecimo pages.

The stallion Aberdeen is a son of Rysdyk's Hambletonian by the Star mare Widow Machree. The Widow was one of the gamest mares that ever lived. She would go in any condition of health, and in her greatest race had to be helped to her feet, and "could scarcely put one foot before the other" when she first came on the track. Happy Medium is another son of Rysdyk's Hambletonian, by Princess, the great rival of Flora Temple. Ethan Allen, Jun., represents the hardy Morgan family. Cassius M. Clay, Jun., lately dead, introduced into the Fairlawn stud the blood of the Clay family, descended

from imported Grand Bashaw, a barb presented by the Bey of Tunis to President Jefferson. It is a strain rather weak and faint-hearted by itself, apt to give out before the mile is over, but of great value in combination with others. The varieties mentioned sum up most of the favorite strains known to the breeder's art.

All these names, periods, families, and records, together with the other paraphernalia with which the professed horseman delights to surround himself, are something of a chaos at first to the beginner. By a little pains, however, the mystery may be dispelled, and at the same time the theory of breeding upon which the leading blue-grass residents are mainly agreed in their practice may be arrived at.

A horse must have made a mile in 2 minutes and 40 seconds to find admission to that Burke's Peerage of the race, the American Trotting Register. The Kentucky breeders have reduced this in their register to 2.30. Certain blood-relatives of these favored ones are also ennobled by their performances, and find a place.

There are no more than ninety-nine

horses in the world which have records of or below 2.20, though perhaps some fifteen hundred of or below 2.30. This simplifies the number of those important enough to be specially looked after, and it will be seen that all descend from a few leading sources. Where names are reduplicated the name of the owner of each is attached—as Rysdyk's Hambletonian, Bishop's Hambletonian, Vermont Hambletonian—to prevent confusion.

About all the trotting stock extant traces to some five families, based originally on the English thorough-bred, or running, stock. They are not at all of equal size; some are of a very minor sort; and by far the most prominent is that outlined in the descent of Almont, through imported Messenger. The Darley Arabian, the Godolphin Arabian—whom Eugène Sue has celebrated in his romance as “the King of the Winds”—and one or two others were brought over from Arabia in the early eighteenth century to improve the common stock of England. From them chiefly has been developed the whole English race of thorough-breds. The product is larger, stronger, swifter, and in most respects an improvement on his ancestry; but in the process he has lost the gentleness, the almost human intelligence, of the Arabian, and become overbearing and surly in temper. As original aristocracy derives from the Arabians, it would seem to be an easy matter to keep up the importations, and thus maintain the standard of form and temper at any pitch required. This has in fact been tried, and hundreds more of the horses of the East imported into the country since those times, but hardly ever with success. The belief went out, therefore, that the Arabians had degenerated, which was strengthened by the fact of English horses having beaten some of those of the Khedive in Egypt; but a Mr. Keene Richards, who imported Arabians into Kentucky, and whose story is an interesting one, maintained that the failure was due to not having secured horses of the best sort; and he adduced reasons to show the excessive difficulty of doing it, even with the best intentions.

However that may be, the English thorough-bred Messenger was brought to America before 1790. Though a runner by nature, he proved to be exceptionally strong in the trotting action, and to have the power to transmit it to his descend-

ants as well. He was the progenitor of the most remarkable family of trotters the world has ever seen. To descend from Messenger, for a horse, is a good deal like having come over with the Conqueror, or landed with the Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock. But with animals as with men, great powers are transmitted only along certain lines and to a limited few. Although he left after him more than a thousand children, and these a myriad of others, but a very small number continued his dynasty and became centres of power themselves. His son Bush Messenger propagated his blood in Maine; his grandson Hambletonian, in Vermont; his son Mambrino, two best grandsons, Rysdyk's Hambletonian and Mambrino Chief, and some few others in New York and the Central States, and later in Kentucky and the South.

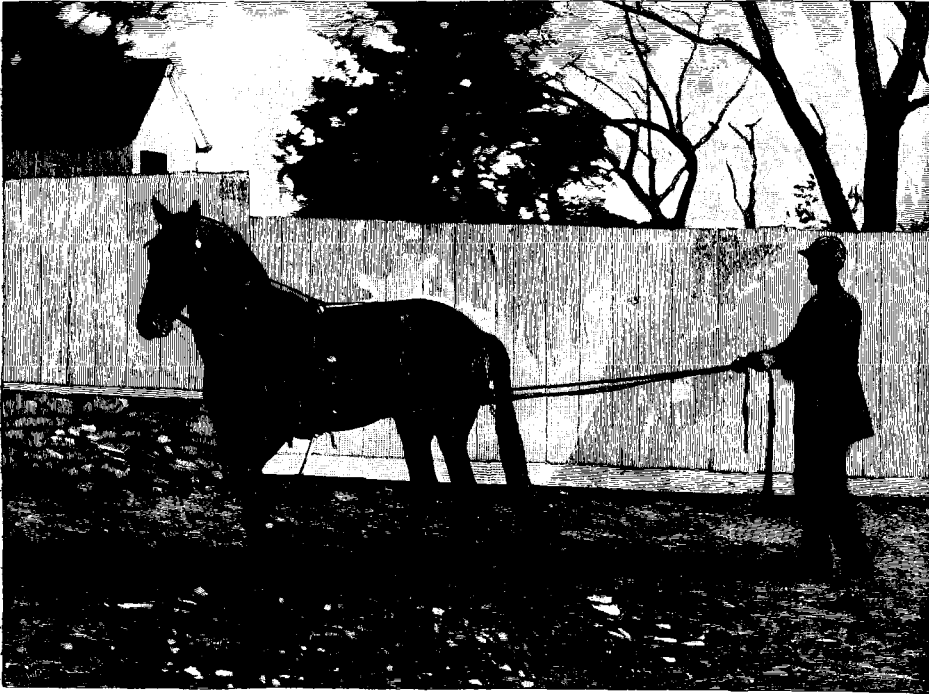
Trotting, it is well known, is of recent date as compared with the running gait. The thorough-bred running horse has almost innumerable crosses to his coat of arms, while the highest-bred trotter can not possibly at present show more than six. Some few enthusiasts all along, from the time of Messenger down, we may suppose, met together and celebrated this amusement. Hiram Woodruff, the veteran trainer, who was a large part of what he describes, has given us a book of memoirs, full of the rattle of hoofs and genial horse talk, which make it interesting reading. The period it covers, up to about 1860, may be called the last part of the dark age of the art. The trotters were ridden under saddle when he began. The participants in the sport were rather looked askance at, but perhaps enjoyed it only the more for their partial proscription. Now a vast interest has grown up, and while the runner still remains an exotic, the trotter is recognized as so essentially American a product that he might almost be engraved on the national shield. A national association has been formed, with headquarters at Hartford, Connecticut, which holds congresses and courts of arbitration, and has supervision of some one hundred and eighty tracks throughout the country, and these represent property to the value of \$200,000,000. The latest phase of the subject is the withdrawing of the best horses from the racing arena entirely by gentlemen of means, who reserve them for their own driving.

The general situation being as described,

grows on one, and ends by having a strong fascination. Perhaps it is its very artificiality. The trotter has been trained to make the distance, not the most quickly—for the runner surpasses him half a minute in time—but in a certain way. He is not to “break” under any circumstances, and his self-control when forced is intelli-

some of his best achievements, like those of Piedmont and Aldine referred to, have been made at the middle and close of such ordeals. It appears from these that while it is not so rapid, it is the best gait for endurance.

The growth into favor of the trotting gait in the last thirty years may be some-



“WHOA!”

gence of a high order. The difference in the rhythm of the hoof beats tells the story. The runner passes like a whirlwind, the double stroke upon the ground of his wild leaps almost merging into one. But on comes the trotter with his tap, tap, tap, tap, steady and accurate though making twenty feet to the stride. He marks off his paces like the ticking of an exquisite clock.

The tests demanded of him are much more severe than those demanded of the runner, now that the system of short dashes, after the English practice, for the latter, has succeeded the four-mile races formerly in vogue. The trotter is often called upon to go eight and nine heats of a mile each, and, what is most remarkable,

what connected with the improvement of the roads of the country. Whereas travelling in the saddle was formerly a necessity, wheeling is now everywhere easy. Driving as a diversion is more easily learned and carried on than riding; and while a thorough-bred must be almost necessarily devoted to racing, so that if he is not a good one, he is good for little or nothing at all, a trotter, though he may not be among those who win laurels on the track, can still be both serviceable and ornamental on the road. We have a business-like way, too, of concentrating on the main point. The trotter with his outfit is like a piece of our light and elegant machinery. The point at issue being the motion of the horse, no side interest in the



WOODLAKE.

way of a rider with gallant and statuesque poses is brought in to interfere with it. It may be connected, too, with some slight deficiency in the artistic sense. The director of the trotter crouched behind him in the sulky has but slight relations with the sublime and beautiful. Even General Grant, driving out behind Dexter with Mr. Bonner, though he might be lithographed perfectly well for every horse-fancier's wall in the country, could never be utilized thus for his monument.

The nine or ten small counties belonging to the blue-grass region are liberally sprinkled over with places bearing titles of their own, such as "Blue-Grass Park," the former seat of Mr. Keene Richards, "Castleton," "Walnut Heights," "Woodland Hall." In riding through the country the life upon these is found to be a good deal after the English fashion. The proprietors live upon them all the year round, and are rather country gentlemen than ordinary farmers. The houses upon them are generally large and comfortable, with tall porticoes in the old-fashioned classic style. The only difference to be noted as compared with their aspect in slave times is that the negro cabins, which formerly clustered near them, have been

swept away, and the occupants have largely moved to town. The negro no longer submits with grace to be called "uncle" and "auntie" as of yore, nor wears the becoming bright-colored bandana and large golden ear-rings. The juniors tend to shiftlessness and vice, and often aspire to play the piano, and such like elegances, rather than the serious business of life. Still, after all that is necessary has been said about their idle habits, they are preferred to any other labor, and you hear from many mouths the opinion that "it is the whites and not the blacks who have been most emancipated." Not a few of them are seen making excellent progress. They are found living in very good brick houses. I was told of one who had raised a \$1500 colt, and had others under way. They hold every year near Lexington a display on fair grounds of their own. The judges are barbers and hotel waiters, and are inclined to make the awards according to the neatness of the grooming, and the blue ribbons with which the aspirants for favor are tied up; and yet in this region everybody is more or less a judge of a horse.

"Woodlake," in Franklin County, near Frankfort, the State capital, may be called

a fair example of residences of a more modern style. It is the home of the Major McDowell before mentioned as the late purchaser of Ashland, and within it are some of the best portraits of Henry Clay, together with one of "Young Henry," over which hangs the sword he carried to the field of Buena Vista. The Gothic house, of blue limestone, with rustic gates of approach and bridges, might easily pass for one of our villas up the Hudson. The ground hereabouts is boldly undulating. It is well scattered with groves of fine forest trees, and one of these on the place has a great oak which might rival the famous redwoods of California. We come to a point where the mansion, on its knoll, is reflected in a pond. The farther slope is spotted with grazing South-downs, the hither one with a herd of Alderney cattle, upon whose leader tinkles a bell which might have a place in a collection of bric-à-brac, while between them pasture the beautiful high-bred colts. The lines of life under such circumstances as these certainly seem cast in pleasant places. The flocks and herds are all of the most costly and gentle sorts, and might become such a dainty pastoral life as that shown in the canvases of Boucher and Watteau.

On another part of the estate, a centre for unstudied groupings of the colts, which wander thither from the vicinity of the stables and track near by, is an old house

ous would still prefer it, with the proper repairs, to those of the newer style.

But of all the old dwellings which yet survive to typify the ideal of an "old Kentucky home," such as may have been that of the Shelbys of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, the most curious is probably that on the Alexander estate of "Woodburn," in Woodford County. This great estate is well known as the home, and one of the earliest breeding-places, of some of the very best American running stock. Of late it is becoming equally famous for trotting stock, into which, like others of the breeding establishments, it inclines to merge its activity in preference to the first. King Alfonso (sire of Foxhall), Glen Athol, Pat Molloy, Falsetto, Powhatan (brother of Parole), and Asteroid, and their progeny, of the one breed, are to be seen about the place, with Harold (sire of Maud S.), Miss Russell (her dam), Lord Russell (her brother), Belmont, and Annapolis, and their progeny, of the other. Lexington was very early purchased by the Alexanders for \$15,000. The price was deemed exorbitant at the time, till one son of Kentucky was sold for \$40,000, and \$50,000 was refused for another, Asteroid.

The house is not now occupied by the family, who have taken the Buford house, in the neighborhood, instead. It was built originally by a younger brother of a Scotch baronet, whose wandering fancy



OLD ALEXANDER HOUSE, WOODBURN, KENTUCKY.

known as Llangollen. It has gone to decay now, and is occupied by a familiar figure in local horse circles, the trainer, "Old Buck"; but it has been in its time the residence of a family of ministers, the Lewises, who brought race-horses hither from Virginia, and later it was a boarding-school. Many amateurs of the curi-

led him to settle and marry here in the Western wilderness. He refused to leave the spot even when his brother died and he became a baronet in his turn. He drew the revenues, however, and expended them in improving the large tract he had purchased till it had become, as it now is, quite a princely domain. He contem-

plated a new mansion, with the rest, but this was never carried out, and so he contented himself with additions to the old one. It is low and rambling, part brick, part wood, which is silvery gray with the weather, and has its chimneys outside, and a dilapidated modern veranda in front. It is like some quaint foreign grange, and makes an excellent subject for the water-color artist.

A son of the original Alexander, a brother of the present resident owner, was living in this house during the war, when guerrillas came down upon him twice, and carried off the most valuable of his animals. On the first of these raids the great trotting sire Abdallah, heretofore spoken of, and Bay Chief were taken. The superintendent endeavored to throw the robbers off the track by substituting inferior animals, till brought to a sense of the error of his ways with a rope around his neck. It is remarkable to say, as showing the completeness with which the issues of the civil war are over, that the only one of the guerrillas wounded in this foray, after having first been condemned to be hanged, then, as a commutation, to imprisonment for life, and finally set free altogether, was this last year employed as a harvest laborer on the Alexander place.

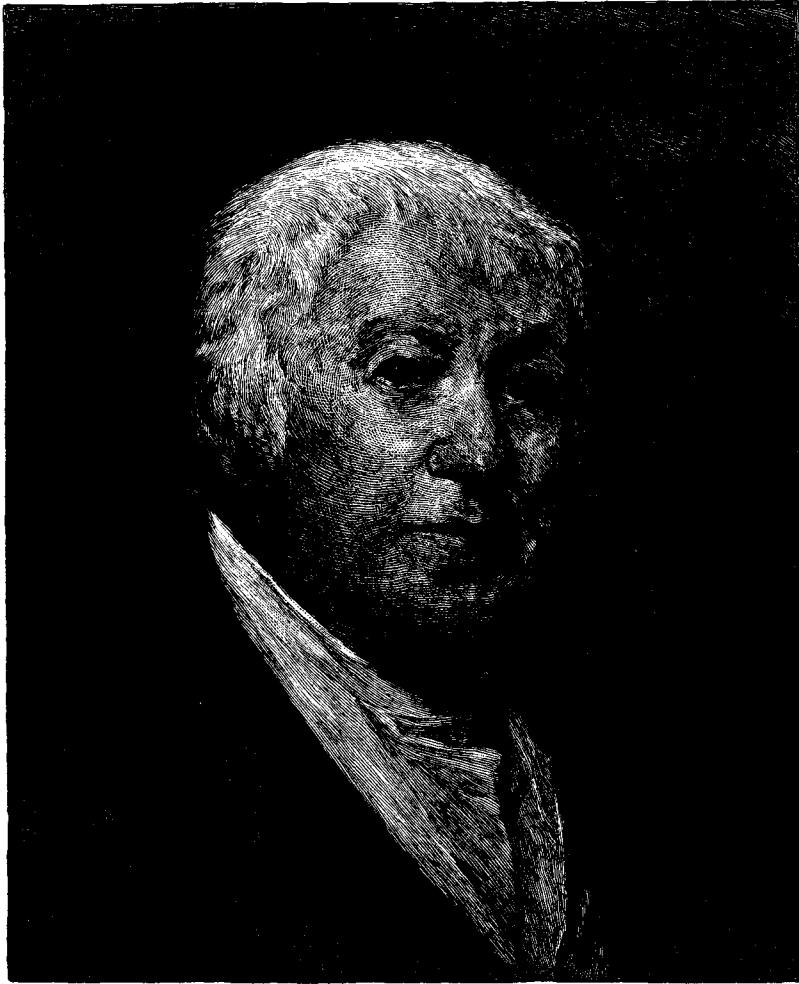
On the next occasion it was the thorough-bred Asteroid that was run off. The artist Troye was engaged in painting his portrait at the time, and his principal rage was at the interruption of his work. This portrait, in which the trainer, "Old Ansel," and the jockey, "Brown Dick," are introduced, though on a reduced scale, with a quaint idea of not detracting from the importance of the horse, was completed on the subsequent recovery of Asteroid, and hangs in the dining-room of Mr. L. Brodhead, the general manager of the estate; and Asteroid himself, long past his usefulness, now browses out a comfortable existence on the place, till he be overtaken by the usual lot of men and horses.

A radical difference is found in the education of the runner and the trotter, corresponding somewhat to the demands put upon them. The rule for the thorough-bred may be called "a short life and a merry one." He is brought on on the forcing system, expected to do his best on the turf at two and three years of age, and shortly after is good for little or nothing. The trotter, on the other hand, is developed much more slowly, and lasts for far

more than a corresponding time. Of some of the greatest that may be mentioned, for instance, Dexter did not begin a racing career till the age of six, Lady Thorne till eight, Goldsmith Maid till nine; and the last mentioned made her great time of a mile in 2.14 at the age of seventeen.

Each blue-grass breeder of prominence has his regularly printed catalogue of stock, revised yearly, generally with a wood-cut of his best stallion on the cover. Some, as General Withers, insert the selling prices, from which "no deviation" is advertised. In looking over such a catalogue, from \$400 up to \$2000 are found to be demanded for the younger animals, with proportionately more for older ones that could be at once made useful. But when a horse has really entered the ranks of the great "flyers," there is hardly any limit to his value. One with a record of 2.30 may be estimated in a general way worth \$10,000. From 2.30 down to 2.20, \$1000 may be added for each successive second. When we come into the teens, and near the head of the record, juggling with gold and diamonds is a coarse occupation in comparison. Mr. Bonner is said to have paid \$33,000 for Dexter, and \$36,000 for Rarus, and Mr. Vanderbilt \$20,000 for Maud S. But this last was before she had made her great time; now that she has made it, you are told confidentially that a person stands ready to draw his check willingly for \$75,000 whenever he can get a horse that will lead her, and give him the distinction of having the fastest trotter in the world. But how does it *pay*? Well, it pays first in stock-raising; it pays next in the opportunity to take purses and stakes afforded by the great system of racing circuits; and no doubt even those gentlemen who withdraw from racing, and do their driving in private life, find it pay in a pleasure and improved health from this kind of recreation, extravagant as it is, which they might not be able to procure so well from the expenditure of equal sums in any other direction.

The blue-grass proprietors are, on the whole, of a sober-minded, even religious cast. Whoever has expected to find them of the Swashbuckler, rioting sort will be much mistaken. There are exceptions, it is true, but as a rule there is little drinking, or even going to races, grace is said before meat, and the family conveyance is regularly got out on Sunday mornings for driving to church in the next town.



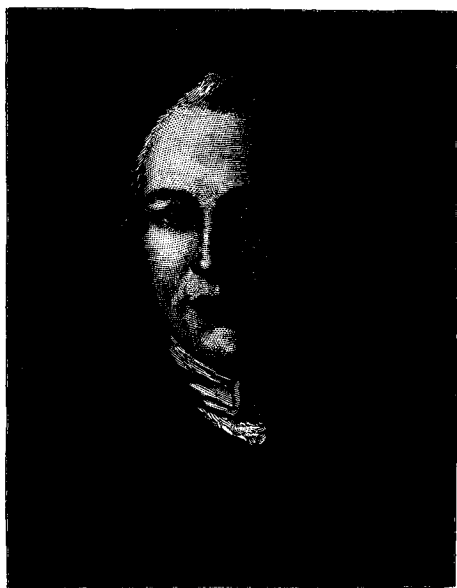
PAUL REVERE.

THE DAWNING OF INDEPENDENCE.

WHEN France, in 1763, surrendered Canada to England, it suddenly opened men's eyes to a very astonishing fact. They discovered that British America had at once become a country so large as to make England seem ridiculously small. Even the cool-headed Dr. Franklin, writing that same year to Mary Stevenson in London, spoke of England as "that petty island which, compared to America, is but a stepping-stone in a brook, scarce enough of it above-water to keep one's shoes dry." The far-seeing French statesmen of the period looked at the matter in the same way. Choiseul, the Prime

Minister who ceded Canada, claimed afterward that he had done it in order to destroy the British nation by creating for it a rival. This assertion was not made till ten years later, and may very likely have been an after-thought, but it was destined to be confirmed by the facts.

We have now to deal with the outbreak of a contest which was, according to the greatest of the English statesmen of the period, "a most accursed, wicked, barbarous, cruel, unnatural, unjust, and diabolical war." No American writer ever employed to describe it a combination of adjectives so vigorous as those here brought to-



DR. JOSEPH WARREN.

gether by the elder Pitt, afterward Lord Chatham. The rights for which Americans fought seemed to them to be the common rights of Englishmen, and many Englishmen thought the same. On the other hand, we are now able to do justice to the position of those American loyalists who honestly believed that the attempt at independence was a mad one, and who sacrificed all they had rather than rebel against their King. "The annals of the world," wrote the ablest Tory pamphleteer in America, Massachusetts, "have not been deformed with a single instance of so unnatural, so causeless, so wanton, so wicked a rebellion." When we compare this string of epithets employed upon the one side with those of Pitt upon the other, we see that the war at the outset was not so much a contest of nations as of political principles. Some of the ablest men in England defended the American cause; some of the ablest in the colonies took the loyal side.

Boston in the winter of 1774-5 was a town of some 17,000 inhabitants, garrisoned by some 3000 British troops. It was the only place in the Massachusetts colony where the royal Governor exercised any real authority, and where the laws of Parliament had any force. The result was that its life was paralyzed, its people

gloomy, and its commerce dead. The other colonies were still hoping to obtain their rights by policy or by legislation, by refusing to import or to consume, and they watched with constant solicitude for some riotous demonstration in Boston. On the other hand, the popular leaders in that town were taking the greatest pains that there should be no outbreak. There was risk of one whenever soldiers were sent on any expedition into the country. One might have taken place at Marshfield in January, one almost happened at Salem in February, yet still it was postponed. No publicity was given to the patriotic military organizations in Boston; as little as possible was said about the arms and stores that were gathered in the country. Not a life had been lost in any popular excitement since the Boston Massacre in 1770. The responsibility of the first shot, they were determined, must rest upon the royal troops. So far was this carried that it was honestly attributed by the British soldiers to cowardice alone.

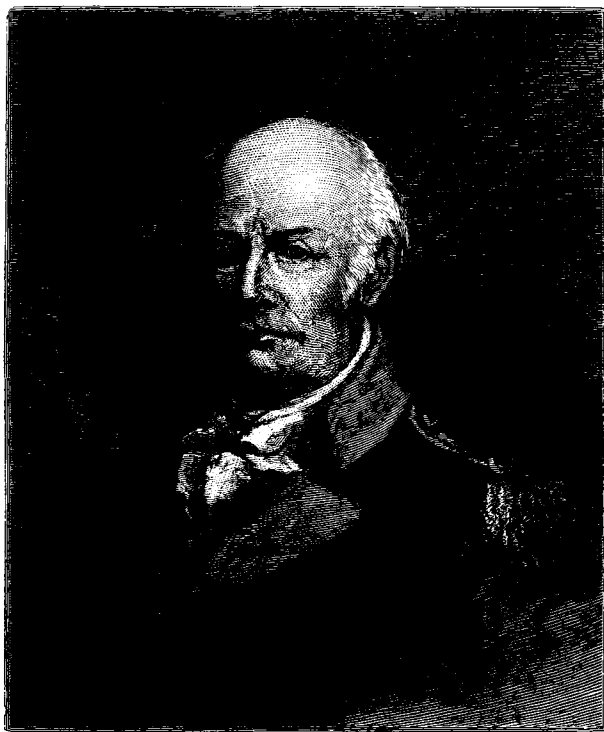
An officer, quoted by Frothingham, wrote home in November, 1774: "As to what you hear of their taking arms to resist the force of England, it is mere bullying, and will go no further than words; whenever it comes to blows, he that can run the fastest will think himself best off; believe me, any two regiments here ought to be decimated if they did not beat in the field the whole force of the Massachusetts province; for though they are numerous, they are but a mere mob, without order or discipline, and very awkward at handling their arms."

But whatever may have been the hope of carrying their point without fighting, the provincial authorities were steadily collecting provisions, arms, and ammunition. Unhappily these last essentials were hard to obtain. On April 19, 1775, committees of safety could only count up twelve field-pieces in Massachusetts; and there had been collected in that colony 21,549 fire-arms, 17,441 pounds of powder, 22,191 pounds of ball, 144,699 flints, 10,108 bayonets, 11,979 pouches, 15,000 canteens. There were also 17,000 pounds of salt fish, 35,000 pounds of rice, with large quantities of beef and pork, etc. Viewed as an evidence of the forethought of the colonists, these statistics are remarkable; but there was something heroic and indeed

almost pathetic in the project of going to war with the British government on the strength of twelve field-pieces and seventeen thousand pounds of salt fish.

Yet when, on the night of the 18th April, 1775, Paul Revere rode beneath the bright moonlight through Lexington to Concord, with Dawes and Prescott for comrades, he was carrying the signal for the independence of a nation. He had seen across the Charles River the two lights from the church steeple in Boston which were to

by some British officers who happened to be near Concord, Colonel Smith, the commander of the expedition, had already halted, ordered Pitcairn forward, and sent back prudently for re-enforcements. It was a night of terror to all the neighboring Middlesex towns, for no one knew what excesses the angry British troops might commit on their return march. The best picture we have of this alarm is in the narrative of a Cambridge woman, Mrs. Hannah Winthrop, describing "the



GENERAL WILLIAM HEATH.

show that a British force was going out to seize the patriotic supplies at Concord; he had warned Hancock and Adams at Rev. Jonas Clark's parsonage in Lexington, and had rejected Sergeant Monroe's caution against unnecessary noise, with the rejoinder, "You'll have noise enough here before long—the regulars are coming out." As he galloped on his way the regulars were advancing with steady step behind him, soon warned of their own danger by alarm-bells and signal-guns. By the time Revere was captured

by the horrors of that midnight cry," as she calls it. The women of that town were roused by the beat of drums and ringing of bells; they hastily gathered their children together and fled to the outlying farm-houses; seventy or eighty of them were at Fresh Pond, in hearing of the guns at Menotomy, now Arlington; the next day their husbands bade them flee to Andover, whither the college property had been sent, and thither they went, alternately walking and riding, over fields where the bodies of the slain lay unburied.



LEXINGTON GREEN—"IF THEY WANT A WAR, LET IT BEGIN HERE."

Before 5 A.M. on April 19, 1775, the British troops had reached Lexington Green, where thirty-eight men, under Captain Parker, stood up before 600 or 800 to be shot at, their captain saying, "Don't fire unless you are fired on; but if they want a war, let it begin here." It began there; they were fired upon; they fired rather ineffectually in return, while seven were killed and nine wounded. The rest, after retreating, re-formed and pursued the

British toward Concord, capturing seven stragglers—the first prisoners taken in the war. Then followed the fight at Concord, where 450 Americans, instead of 38, were rallied to meet the British. The fighting took place between two detachments at the North Bridge, where

"once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world."

There the American captain, Isaac Davis,

was killed at the first shot—he who had said, when his company was placed at the head of the little column, “I haven’t a man that is afraid to go.” He fell, and Major Buttrick gave the order, “Fire! for God’s sake, fire!” in return. The British

troops met the returning fugitives, and formed a hollow square, into which they ran and threw themselves on the ground exhausted. Then Percy in turn fell back. Militia still came pouring in from Dorchester, Milton, Dedham, as well as the nearer

Gentlemen
The barbarous Murders committed on
our innocent Brethren on Monday the 19th
instant, have made it absolutely necessary that we
~~we~~ immediately raise a sufficient Army
to defend ourselves our Wives and Children
and our Children from the butchering hands
of ~~the enemy~~ ^{murderers} who manifested at the
Obsequies they met with in their bloody
Pregress and enraged at ~~the~~ being repulsed
from the Field ~~have~~ ^{have} Naughtiness will without
the least Doubt take the first Opportunity
in their Power to ravage this devoted Country
with Fire and Sword, We conjure you
therefore by all that is dear by all that
is sacred that you give all your Power &
is for many an Army, Our All is at stake
Death & Ruination and the entire Oppression
of Delay every Moment is infinitely precious
and our last will be to leave your Country in Blood

FAC-SIMILE OF WARREN'S ADDRESS.

detachment retreated in disorder, but their main body was too strong to be attacked, so they disabled a few cannon, destroyed some barrels of flour, cut down the liberty-pole, set fire to the court-house, and then began their return march. It ended in a flight; they were exposed to a constant guerrilla fire; minute-men flocked behind every tree and house; and only the foresight of Colonel Smith in sending for reinforcements had averted a surrender. At 2 P.M., near Lexington, Percy with his

towns. A company from Danvers marched sixteen miles in four hours. The Americans lost 93 in killed, wounded, and missing that day; the British, 273. But the important result was that every American colony now recognized that war had begun.

How men's minds were affected may best be seen by a glimpse at a day in the life of one leading patriot. Early on the morning of the 19th of April, 1775, a messenger came hastily to the door of Dr.