WINTER SPORTS IN RUSSIA.

Odd and Novel Pastimes in the Land of the White Czar.

FINE SKATING ON THE RIVER NEVA.

An Evening at the Yusoupoff Gardens—Daring Russian Coasters—A Camp of Samoyedes—The Time of Butter—A Troyka Party—A Russian Uncle Tom—A Bear Hunt.

ST. PETERSBURG, March 10, 1894.

"Izvozchik!"

The word is scarcely out of my mouth when there is a rush, a whirr of grinding snow, and the sidewalk is besieged by a score of sleigh-drawers with tarbox visages, enormous fur caps and bulky garments.

"Yusoupoff Sad! Skolko?"

I address this remark to the gathering to indicate my destination, and to invite bids for transport. Instantly a clamor arises, like the sounds of Hester street market on Friday night. Each one wants the job and treble the proper fare. The distance to the Yusoupoff Gardens is about three miles, for which the customary fee is 50 kopecks (25 cents). But it always takes a while to bargain before an izvoschik, or for the matter of that any Russian, will agree to a fair transaction. So in the present instance, the cohort demands fancy prices. I walk on as if disgusted. The twenty-five odd sleighs follow, and the further I walk the lower goes the price. Within the distance of a block they have reduced the fare more than half. I select the jehu with the best horse and trappings. The man turns round to adjust the warm robe, and then stuffing his felt boots and fur petticoats into the little box in front of the sleigh, he gives the reins a twitch and smacks his lips. That is Russian for "get-up!" In another moment the keen air is stinging one's face with the rapid gait of the insignificant horse. Our road lies down the Horse Guards Boulevard, past the palace of the Grand Duke Nicholas fronting the barracks; then around St. Isaac's Square, with the monument of Peter the Great fronting the frozen expanse of the Neva, and the glorious cathedral of white marble and gilded dome in its centre. On every side there seemed to be nothing else but palaces, churches, monuments and lordly departments of state. Hundreds and hundreds of little sleighs are dashing past, while every now and then a grand noble or officer of state will sweep past like a whirlwind behind two fast trotters, or a dandy of the guard will take pleasure in overhauling every other sleigh. I give my izvoschik an extra ten kopecks (5 cents "na chay" dor tea. The tip appears to him enormous. "Spasiby, Barin," (thanks, sir,) he says, and goes off to the nearest vodka saloon.

The Yusoupoff Gardens are not very extensive. In the summer they serve as the recreation ground for the important people who are obliged to remain in the city; in the winter

A TROYKA PARTY.

the fashionables go there to skate. The park is in the centre of the busy portion of the city, on the Bolshaia Sadowaia. There is only a small pond in the middle of its converging alleys, but that does not restrict the skating area. Every little path and level spot is converted into ice as smooth as human ingenuity can make it. This is done by means of a thick coating of water and snow rolled perfectly smooth and then left to freeze. The result is quite a revelation to those who have not skated on such ice before. A large and comfortable club-house belonging to the St. Petersburg Yacht Club supplies warmth and refreshments to the numerous students who gather daily. But the day of days is Tuesday, for that evening there is a weekly ice-carnival and ball. The wide expanse of ice fronting the club-house is brilliantly illuminated with electric lights. A military band plays enchanting airs. The beauty and fashion of the city are present with chaperones.

Those poor chaperones! They sit outside on the terrace, bundled up in furs, but freezing for want of motion. The cold is not felt by the young couples as they glide through the mazes of the dance, and afterwards skate slowly through the shaded paths where little arbors appear invitingly in the dim corners.

Here is a circle formed on the ice. It is young Dragomiroff of the Life Guards Red, who is trying to outdo young Farquhar of the British Embassy, at figure skating. The circle applauds whenever one of the rivals cuts an unusually elaborate figure or a higher pirouette than the other. The Russian comes off winner. He has had the advantage of long years of practice which no amount of natural aptitude can replace.

Just eight weeks ago was our Christmas—for in Russia they still observe the old style, which is twelve days behind the rest of the world. On that occasion the garden was the scene of a wonderful festival. An enormous fir-tree, sparkling with electric lamps and ornaments was placed in the middle of the ice-square. Colored lamps adorned the avenues. Hundreds of fair skaters circled round the tree and passed through alleyways composed of their partners. At the wind-up, a grand cotillion and general distribution of bon-bons and flowers to the ladies.

The air is filled with all sorts of sounds. The strains of the band beat rhythmically to the swish of steel-shod feet; laughter and scraps of conversation in all languages—Russian, French, English, German—make themselves heard; but rising above all is the chronic roar of the coasters on the ice-hills close by.

Adjoining the skating-rink are two huge scaffoldings, about 300 yards apart, overlaid with ice. Down these a constant stream of tobogganers glide back and forth. The descent from each tower is almost an inward curve, making the light steel cutters dash over the ice-tracks at lightning speed. I saw several venturous skaters go down these hills. They literally shot through the air on leaving the steep slope and landed on the ice-track some yards away safe and sound. Accidents are numerous. A little turn of the heel at the critical moment and the skater is dashed against the frozen track, or worse still is flung against its sides, in either case with the result of a broken limb or worse.

I tried this method of obtaining a sensation. The swift journey through the keen air is something like a trial trip on the expected flying-machine when a blizzard is around—it exhausts all the air in one's lungs. The after effects to the novice are, however, much worse, for it requires the impervious breathing apparatus of a Russian, hardened by alternations of steam-baths and freezing cold to ward off an attack of pneumonia.

These bold descents effectually dispel the notion that Russians have not as much sporting blood in them as other nations. When I saw ladies of the same nationality doing the same thing as the skaters at the Yusoupoff Gardens, but not on quite so steep an ice-hill, it was also a revelation. For some reason or other people abroad imagine that all women in Russia lead a langorous existence, reclining on luxurious divans and eating bonbons. On the contrary, the *beau sexe* here does not seem to have lost its vivacity in the least, in spite of the centuries of masculine predominance, not to call it by a harsher name.

What a gay scene it is when the troops of rosy-cheeked skaters enter the club-house at the end of the evening. Having divested themselves of their broad, curved steels, which as a general rule are screwed to high laced boots, the crowd assembles in the long room where refreshments are dispensed. Everybody seems to know everybody else, for this is a fashionable gathering. The queens of the ballroom hold court in dainty skating attire. Our friends of the Guards appear gorgeous in their uniforms, with clanking sabres and spurs. Heavy furs are

A CRACK SKATER.

produced, into which the fair skaters are coyly hidden and quickly whirled away to other scenes of gayety.

Returning from the festive skating scene I had to cross the Neva between the Winter Palace and the Stock Exchange. The Bridge of Boats which spans the river at this point is removed before the ice appears. But when the river is frozen hard, roads traverse the smooth surface in every direction. In fact the river is a common highway with lamps—oil lamps it is true—and snowy sidewalks.

It was one of the most enchanting scenes I have ever witnessed—this drive across the Neva on a frosty starlit night. Imagine Venice with the lagoons ice blocked. There is the same mysterious silence. The sleighs as they whirl across the smooth track make no more noise than the silent gondola. Stretching away for miles on this, the Grand Canal of the Northern Venice, are the lordly palaces rimed with pearly dots that mark the gaslit embankments. The gilded cupola of St. Isaac's lifts itself solemnly into the heavens; and on the other side of the river is the tall straight spire of the fortress church of St. Peter and Paul, beneath which the Czars have their last rest. Over all is the glory of the northern sky.

On the way we pass a clean swept ice path banked by high walls of snow. These paths are kept clear for a curious reason. The boatmen, who in summer will row you from place to place for a few kopecks, have devised a scheme for continuing their work when the water is all hard frozen. They keep an ice road across the river, over which they will convey you on a rough chair on runners for five kopecks, (2 1-2 cents.) Of course these men use skates. You can find such crossings at regular intervals along the embankment.

In the middle of the frozen river we drove by a scene that brought back memories of Fenimore Cooper. Three conical masses, with poles sticking out at the apex whence a thin line of smoke ascended, proclaimed the typical wigwam. But this was not an encampment of Sioux. The occupants of the skin tents are Samoyedes. A number of them come here with their reindeer and dogs every winter. It is quite a treat for the St. Petersburgh youngster to indulge in a ride on one of the comical reindeer sleighs. The other attractions of the camp are mostly in the eating line, that is watching the "Sams" at their repast. It is a disgusting sight. In the absence of blubber these heathens eat raw fish. But they are particularly delighted if a visitor buys them a live fish from the neighboring vendor. The whole family, men, women and children fight for the prize like a lot of sea gulls. The one who can get the fish into his mouth swallows it whole. Only then is he sure of having it.

"Maslianitza" is the Russian word for carnival; literally it means the "Time of Butter." It must be remembered that during Lent butter is tabooed, only vegetable oil being allowed. Even margarine is placed under the ecclesiastical ban. Maslianitza then is the Russian's opportunity for having a good time as far as eating goes, and also in other ways. They have a huge fair on the Champ de Mars, whose glories might arouse envy in the hearts of managers of the Midway Plaisance. The people turn out in thousands to take part in the fun, while the aristocrats drive grandly round, occasionally condescending to look in at the shows.

The gentlemen who hold forth on every side of each booth are apt to crack personal jokes at any well-dressed person who goes by, much to the amusement of the crowd. This is the only time in the year that the masses can get back at the classes in Russia, and they don't miss any opportunities. The funny man at the fair is always dressed in one particular way. He wears an uncouth

A DANDY OF THE GUARD.

wig and flowing beard of coarse flax, a dark brown kaftan with variegated patches, and birch-bark moccasins. Over his neck is slung a thick brass chain attached to a tin box with a key. Before he lets off a joke he always winds the box up as if it were a watch. The funny man, in short, is a Russianized caricature of our friend Farmer Hayseed in New York.

Some of the theatres are very large frame structures. I was present at a performance of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The play was in the latest style of melodrama, and drew thunderous applause from an audience whose sympathies were of course very keen. Probably one-half of the house had been born in serfdom. But the Russian Uncle Tom was very comical to any one who has seen and heard a real negro.

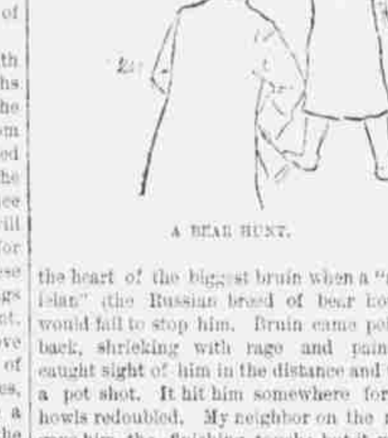
If you ask any one in St. Petersburg what their preference is in regard to winter sports and pastimes, the reply will be unanimous—a troyka party, or "picnic," as they call it. This picnic means a drive in a troyka sleigh some miles out of town to a restaurant for supper, followed by dancing, and a drive home in the small hours of the morning. The formality of the salon is out of place in a comfortable and roomy sleigh.

Eight people find ample room in a sleigh, with all the thickness of bear-skin furs and robes. The seats are as low as possible, and the front of the sleigh has wide leather wings to give protection from the wind and the snow. The drives are in all directions around St. Petersburg. Sometimes they go as far as Tsarkoe Sielo and Pavlovsk, a distance of thirty miles. Most of the journey is over an open expanse where the winds blow free and keen. The dances are puzzling to an American. They have not the variety that prevail at home, but in common with the rest of Europe the Russians whirl themselves off their feet without thoughts of reversing.

A few days ago a friend invited me to join a party of gentlemen at his country place for the excitement of a bear-hunt. This form of sport is in such great demand in St. Petersburg, that an invitation is eagerly accepted. The peasant who discovers a "bierloga," or the lair where bruin is hibernating, guards his secret as though it were a gold mine. The greatest gentlemen of the land often take advantage of a landowner's invitation to come down with their imperial suites to exterminate the shaggy-coated treasure.

The following night, therefore, I found myself in the station of the Warsaw railroad armed with a Winchester, a heavy bear-skin overcoat and felt boots. My friend's team and sleigh were awaiting me at the depot. My friend's house is built like the majority of country houses, of logs covered with nearly dovetailed boards, painted a brownish yellow. Day had just begun to break. The court-yard was a scene of great animation. About 200 peasants with sticks and guns awaited impatiently the signal to start. A servant was serving out liberal doses of vodka. Indoors the huntsmen were already at breakfast. By six o'clock we started for the place where bruin lay. Ivan, the peasant who had discovered the bear allotted positions in a semi-circle to the huntsmen, of whom there were nine.

The excitement now began. At a given signal the beaters closed in upon the other side of the semi-circle, firing guns and making all the noise possible. We were placed forty yards apart. The beaters could be heard approaching, but no signs of bruin. The suspense was becoming unpleasant. A few hares darting by gave one a start. Suddenly there was the crack of a rifle to my left. Then I knew that our bear had emerged from his hole and was trying to break through the lines. Cr-r-rack! cr-r-rack! went the rifles. He was running towards my station. The report of my neighbor's gun was followed by a wild howl like that of a stuck pig. Bruin had been hit and was running away in the direction of the beaters. The latter raised a perfect pandemonium of yells to scare him back, and loosed their dogs. These canines are small, shaggy-looking fellows who are trained to snap at the bear from behind. They will strike terror in



A BEAR HUNT.

the heart of the biggest bruin when a "laidlslan" (the Russian breed of bear hound) would fail to stop him. Bruin came pelting back, shrieking with rage and pain. I caught sight of him in the distance and took a pot shot. It hit him somewhere for his howls redoubled. My neighbor on the right gave him the finishing touch; but it was a narrow squeak. When the horn sounded to let the rest know that the game had been bagged, we found the fortunate huntsman leaning against a tree looking very pale. The bear, a very large female, almost black in color, was lying dead at his feet. The enraged animal had made a dash for him, and did not rise on its hind legs for the final grapple as they generally do. My friend had to fire his last shot, which luckily proved fatal, with the muzzle pointing almost straight down.

In the lair, which was formed in the snow-drift against an uprooted tree, we found three small cubs, which were distributed to the huntsmen.

Ice yatching is a sport which is very popular among the young athletes of the capital, but can seldom be enjoyed. The difficulty lies in the unevenness of the ice on the river, caused by early snow-falls and pack ice. The ice yachts are built on the pattern of those used in Long Island sound.

ROBERT A. WILTON.

Ought to be True.

Rousseau lived long on his fifth floor in Paris, forgotten by the world which he affected to despise, and from affectation really shunned, when an accident happened to him in one of his solitary walks. He was met in a narrow part of the street by M. de Fargeau, driving very fast in his carriage, and, in his attempt to get out of the way, was pushed down by a large Danish dog running before the horses. M. de Fargeau immediately stopped his coach, and hastened to assist the person whom his dog had thus knocked down; but when he saw it was the author he renewed his apologies and attentions.

The next day he sent to ask after Rousseau.

"Tell your master to chain up his dog" was the only answer.

Da Gama didn't die game a cent.

Fred Gebhard is at length married; this time we rejoice to say it is on the good old American plan.

Cremation does not seem to be making much progress in the United States. It is thirteen years since the first crematory was started in at Washington, Pa. Since then ten others have been built. During this time the total number of bodies incinerated has been 2,017, while the number of deaths in the whole country during this period has been about 10,800,000.

The refusal of Mayor Schieren to have the flag of Erin float from the Brooklyn City Hall on St. Patrick's Day has made him many enemies among the followers of St. Patrick, and they swear they will never vote for him. As the men of this class never have voted for him, his loss cannot be serious.

Canada has 36,000 enrolled militia, which cost her about $2,000,000 a year. Many of our neighbors, seeing that there is only one possible enemy, regard this as time wasted and money thrown away.

In 1790, about three and a half per cent. of the population of the United States lived in cities, in 1890, this had increased to over twenty-nine per cent., with the tide still increasing from the country to the towns.

It is generally believed that women are much more easily impressed, yet at religious revivals men are the quickest to catch the fervor and enthusiasm, and they manifest their new formed religious fervor with an energy of manner and a loudness of voice, compared with which the motion of the most excitable woman is tame indeed.

CARL SHURZ DROPS OUT.

No Longer Much of a Figure in the Hurly Burly of Life.

THE BOSS MUGWUMP IN RETIREMENT.

A Soldier of Fortune Who Has Had a Romantic Carrer on Two Continents—An Actor in Many Stages—His Powers as an Orator—His Plans for the Future.

About 5 feet 11 inches in height; stooping shoulders, greyish brown beard; wears spectacles; bright brown eyes; bushy eyebrows; hair now gray and somewhat long; wears rusty black derby hat; dresses plainly; clothing ill fitting and not of fashionable cut; walks with firm step and long swinging gait; usually carries his hands in his overcoat

CARL SCHURZ AT THE PRESENT DAY.

pockets; looks down as he walks along, and pays no attention to what other people are doing or saying.

Who is he?

Carl Schurz, soldier of fortune.

He is the one man in American politics who is almost always indefinable in a degree. Schurz for more than a score of years has kept political prophets and wiseacres guessing as to just where he would turn up next, and in what special camp.

Schurz is a figure in our politics who in some respects has no counterpart. Few men of national reputation won fame in the face of more obstacles and difficulties. An exile, a persecuted patriot of the struggle of the German and Austrian peasantry in 1848, for some degree of freedom and some share in the government of their countries, Schurz has in this country won a prominence that he might never attain in his native land, for he has won as high political honors as any foreign born citizen may. He has been a Senator of the United States and a Cabinet officer. In addition he has won a national reputation as an orator, as a scholar and as a writer.

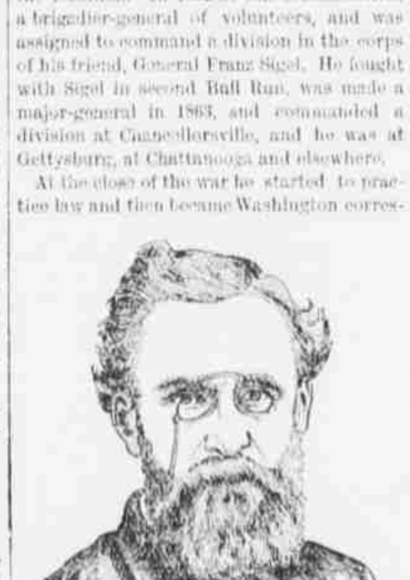
Taking all the facts and conditions into consideration it must be said that a man of this sort must be gifted with considerable more than ordinary qualities, mental and moral.

Not yet sixty-five years of age, he was born in March, 1829, near Cologne in Prussia. His life since he left the university at Bonn, in which he was a student, to plunge into the revolution of 1848 against King William along with Rudlich and Kinkel, who afterwards settled in New York and Franz Sigel, who won his general's commission in our own civil war. No carpet knight was young Schurz. When his friend Kinkel was captured and sentenced to inprisonment for life in a fortress in the river Havel. Young Schurz communicated with his friend and between the two a plan was concocted by means of which Kinkel escaped one dark night from the fortress through a sewer, and by the aid of Schurz, and by means of long marches by night, the two reached the North Sea and shipped to England.

From this time his career was checkered for a considerable period and varied always. In Paris he was a correspondent for German papers. In England, like other exiles, he gave lessons in his own language with some success. The year 1852 found him in the United States, and so good use did he make of his time that in 1857 he was Republican candidate for lieutenant-governor of Wisconsin. In the meantime he had learned English and earned a reputation as an orator, so that when in 1859 he made a lecture tour through New England, in which he denounced the policy of Stephen A. Douglass, he became in a certain sense a national character. He was an influential member of the Republican National Convention in 1860. President Lincoln made him Minister to Spain, but he resigned to enter the army at the opening of the rebellion. In 1862 he was commissioned a brigadier-general of volunteers, and was assigned to command a division in the corps of his friend, General Franz Sigel. He fought with Sigel in second Bull Run, was made a major-general in 1863, and commanded a division at Chancellorsville, and he was at Gettysburg, at Chattanooga and elsewhere.

At the close of the war he started to practice law and then became Washington correspondent of New York *Tribune*. In 1866 he was special commissioner under President Johnson to look into the condition of the Southern States. In 1868, he was an editor in St. Louis and in the same year was the temporary chairman of the National Convention that nominated Grant for whose election he worked hard. In the same year he entered the United States Senate from Missouri. It was in the Senate that he made plain his aptitude for kicking over the traces, for he opposed President Grant in many ways and the latter resented it. The year 1872 found him out of the Republican party and presiding over the convention of the Liberal party in Cincinnati which nominated Horace Greely for President, but 1876 found him back in the Republican party again and later he found himself in the cabinet. Since that time his career has been known to all men. The organization of the Mugwump party, if it may be called a party, gave Mr. Schurz another chance to show his independence. He joined the Mugwumps and supported Cleveland against Mr. Blaine. In the last presidential election he supported Mr. Cleveland against General Harrison.

Such, in outline, has been the career of this somewhat remarkable man. That it has been a busy and varied one no one will deny and just what the future may end it is a matter to speculate upon,



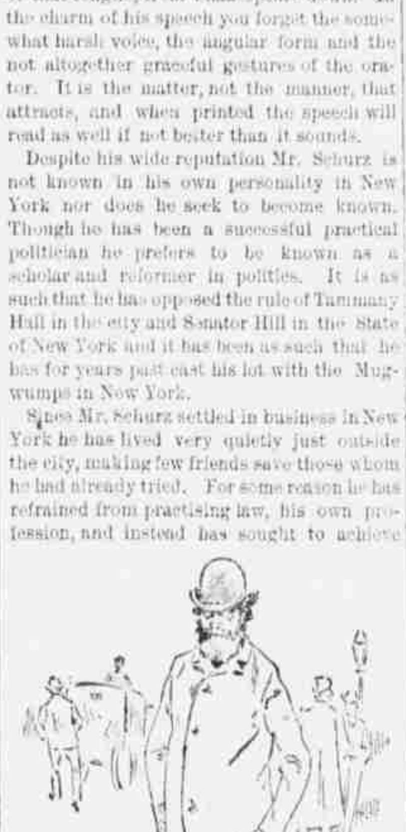
CARL SCHURZ IN 1876.

As has been before stated the position Mr. Schurz now occupies in politics is anomalous. He stands as it were in a little space alone and the old line party leaders look upon him as being of another kind and of no kin to them. Many of the men who have been watching the trend of things political for both profit and amusement have also been waiting to see if President Cleveland intends to do anything for Schurz. That the President owes him something more substantial than mere esteem is generally conceded even by those who have no liking for Mr. Schurz.

Mr. Schurz is not likely to seek any elective office in the near future, for, as has been said, he is not popular with the party leaders and has no special strength with the masses. The leaders by no means underrate the man. They are free enough to admit his ability. They are glad to employ his talents in behalf of their candidates, as the rulers of the past were willing to hire Dugald Dalgetties to do their fighting for them. But they are not willing to take him into their councils, and so the matter stands. Despite Schurz's lack of magnetism and of that popularity with the masses that men like Reed or McKinley or David B. Hill seem so easily to command, he is a force in affairs in New York and in the country that ought not to be underestimated. In any campaign the announcement that Carl Schurz is to speak in the New York Academy of Music on a purely political topic, is sure to crowd that house from top to bottom. What is more, the audience will be of a different order from those usually to be seen at political gatherings. They remind one of the great meetings that Roscoe Conkling on occasions made speeches before, when the academy used to be thronged with the most prominent men, and women, too, to hear the famous senator denounce the Democratic party in his characteristic way. The audiences that Mr. Schurz attracts are of much the same sort. He has not the grace of appearance and delivery that marked Conkling and Blaine, and marks Ingersoll and Depew. His eloquence, for he is eloquent, is more after the style of the late George William Curtis, than whom there have been few more accomplished orators of this generation. His English is the English of the great masters of that tongue, from Shakespeare down. In the charm of his speech you forget the somewhat harsh voice, the angular form and the not altogether graceful gestures of the orator. It is the matter, not the manner, that attracts, and when printed the speech will read as well if not better than it sounds.

Despite his wide reputation Mr. Schurz is not known in his own personality in New York nor does he seek to become known. Though he has been a successful practical politician he prefers to be known as a scholar and reformer in politics. It is as such that he has opposed the rule of Tammany Hall in the city and Senator Hill in the State of New York and it has been as such that he has for years past cast his lot with the Mugwumps in New York.

Since Mr. Schurz settled in business in New York he has lived very quietly just outside the city, making few friends save those whom he had already tried. For some reason he has refrained from practising law, his own profession, and instead has sought to achieve



CARL SCHURZ ON THE STREET.

some degree of fortune in other pursuits. He has been in the steamship and mercantile business in the main and has prospered and he keeps up his literary work for which there is a constant demand as there is for lectures by him on any and all sorts of topics. There is no lack of work for him to turn his hand to and he is no laggard. He seems, however, in the main to shrink from public notice save on those occasions when he appears on the platform as an orator. He is unlike other prominent orators in that he does not often appear at public dinners as a speaker. He is a member of a couple of clubs and of some German societies and there his connection with matters social ends. Nor is he any theatre goer. His business, his library, his literary work, these are his enjoyments. His family life is quiet and unpretentious. Save in the steamship district on lower Broadway Mr. Schurz is not usually recognized when he goes abroad though his appearance is striking enough.

Mr. Schurz has not much changed in personal appearance of late years. His tall, somewhat gaunt figure is still held erect save for a slight "scholarly" stoop at the shoulders. There is gray in his reddish beard and in his thick hair, but otherwise there is nothing to indicate that he is within a few years of the age allotted by the psalmist to man. Bright eyes flash behind his eye glasses and there is strength and vim marked in strong lines on his keen, strong face. He looks a man who is good for many a strong fight yet, and from the way political columns are splitting and forming in New York state he is likely to have abundant opportunities in the future to exercise his powers and his known pugnaciousness. Should the reformers who are now trying to reorganize the Republican party of New York succeed and bring new leaders to the front then Mr. Schurz might find it possible to go back to his old love again. There is not much chance for him in the Democracy, for while Mr. Schurz agrees with the Democrats on many points, he has no standing with its more powerful leaders, President Cleveland, of course, excepted.

Whatever Mr. Schurz's plans for the future may be he is keeping them to himself. It may be that he does not want office since there is none open to him higher than those he has already held. This, however, is not the opinion of his friends or of those who know him, and are not his friends. These say that Mr. Schurz still holds political ambitions, but whether this leads him to wish to again sit in the United States senate or in the cabinet of a president, they do not say and, perhaps, do not know. Meanwhile, Mr. Schurz is working hard and is putting money in his purse against the time when the country may again need his services.

Time works many and queer changes, and it has worked many in the more or less stormy and successful life of Carl Schurz. It may bring about many more. With health, strength, and position among the strong men of the day who are known and acknowledged, a man even at sixty-five years of age may look into the future with hopeful anticipation.

And that is what Carl Schurz is said to be doing.

FOSTER COATES.

It is estimated that there are 650,000,000 children of school age in the world, of this number 22,505,000 attend Sunday school.

An adult needs twenty-five barrels of pure air every night and about the same quantity in the day time. "The reason," says a Kentuckian, "that it isn't taxed with other necessities like whisky is that its so dog-goned hard to measure it."

GREAT BROOKLYN HANDICAP.

The First Big Race of the Turf Campaign of 1894.

THE COMPETITORS FOR THE RICH PRIZE.

Speedy Racers Who Have Carried Off the Prize in Former Years—The Entries for the Coming Race—The Chances of Don Alonzo and Sir Walter.

The first great race of the turf campaign of 1894, will be the Brooklyn Handicap, which has already become famous in racing annals. It will be a race over a mile and a quarter's distance, in which most of the noted horses in America, will compete for a rich prize. The race annually attracts national interest, and is witnessed by from 25,000 to 30,000 spectators. Talk of the English Derby and the Ascot Gold Cup, run annually in England, they are a poor second to the famous American event. Not only are the followers of the turf interested in this great race, but all classes, plebeian and patrician, show their interest by attending, or when they cannot, by eagerly buying all the reports of the races that they can procure. The entries are made January 15th, and the race forms the principal theme of conversation among sporting men, until May 15th, when the great race on the Jockey Club track at Gravesend, Long Island, takes place.

Throughout the whole country, in every sporting circle, the subject is discussed, South and West, as well as East and North.

ISAAC MURPHY.

Books are opened in various cities, and odds are laid on the English play or pay principle, that if the horse backed does not start, then the money is lost. Thousands of dollars are invested in this anti-race betting. In descanting on the theme of the Brooklyn Handicap, the pleasure is heightened by memories of glorious races, of high enthusiasm, of magnificent triumphs. It is the easy leader of every race in America, except the Suburban and the American Derby, and in popularity it leads even these. I doubt not that it will continue to do so, in the face of all opposition for many more years than most of us will see. Even though richer stakes are run for, the Brooklyn Handicap as the best test of full aged horses, will retain its excellence, and never lose its halo of romance, or its historic renown. It is not my purpose to enter into details of the Brooklyn Handicaps of the past, or soar into panegyrics over the great turf events of 1894. My purpose is to deal in the most direct manner, with the horses likely to play the most prominent part in the great race of the coming season. Perhaps we shall even be able to discover the name of the winner of this event for 1894.

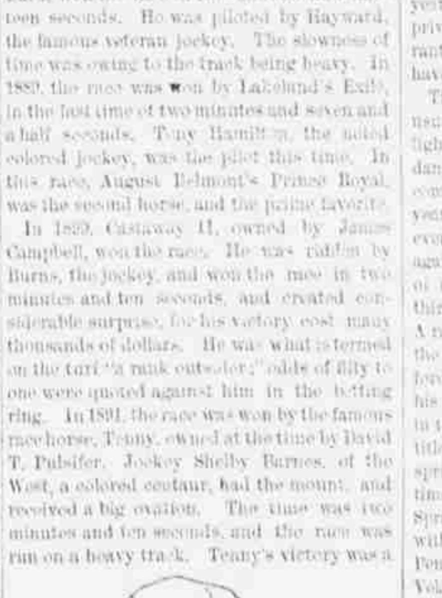
The horses entered in January, to start in the great race, include some of the most famous ones in America. The conditions are as follows:

The Brooklyn Handicap, for three-year-olds and upwards: $250 each, half forfeited, or $50 if declared. The club to add an amount necessary to make the value of the stake $25,000, of which the second horse shall receive $5,000, and the third horse $2,000. Weights to be announced Feb. 1, and declarations to be made by Feb. 20. One mile and a quarter.

The race in 1887, was won by Dry Monopole, who not only captured the rich prize, but ran the mile and a quarter in two minutes seven seconds, which at that time was the fastest on record. The finish in this race was the most remarkable ever witnessed in America, for Dry Monopole won by a nose from Blue Wing and Hidalgo. Andy McCarthy, the deceased jockey, piloted the winner.

In 1888, A. J. Cassatt's great race horse the Bard, won the race in two minutes and thirteen seconds. He was piloted by Hayward, the famous veteran jockey. The slowness of time was owing to the track being heavy. In 1889, the race was won by Lakeland's Exile, in the fast time of two minutes and seven and a half seconds. Tony Hamilton, the noted colored jockey, was the pilot this time. In this race, August Belmont's Prince Royal, was the second horse, and the prime favorite.

In 1890, Castaway II, owned by James Campbell, won the race. He was ridden by Burns, the jockey, and won the race in two minutes and ten seconds, and created considerable surprise, for his victory cost many thousands of dollars. He was what is termed on the turf "a rank outsider;" odds of fifty to one were quoted against him in the betting ring. In 1891, the race was won by the famous race horse, Tenny, owned at the time by David T. Pulsifer. Jockey Shelby Barnes, of the West, a colored centaur, had the mount, and received a big ovation. The time was two minutes and ten seconds, and the race was run on a heavy track. Tenny's victory was a



"SNAPPER" GARRISON.

popular one, for both the owner and the horse became great favorites, with the public.

In 1892, Judge Morrow, owned by Green B. Morris, one of the oldest turfmen in America, captured the race in two minutes and eight and three quarter seconds. I had the satisfaction of prophesying that Judge Morrow would win the race, months before it was run, and on the day of the race in the New York *Daily News*, I did the same. Andy Covington was the jockey that piloted Judge Morrow to victory. In 1893, as in 1890, the race was won by a rank outsider. Pierre Lorillard's Lamplighter, for which he paid the large sum of $30,000, was the favorite, and he had been backed heavily in every city in the United States. The race, however, was won by Diablo, owned by James Campbell, in two minutes and nine seconds. Fred. Taral, the famous jockey, won the race by skillful horsemanship. Nearly half a million dollars was lost on Lamplighter. Pierre Lorillard, his owner, it is said lost $15,000. Diablo was like Castaway II, a 50 to 1 shot, and his owner won over $59,000.

It seems strange, but nevertheless it is turf history, that no horse has twice won the Brooklyn Handicap, and no jockey has piloted two winners. The Brooklyn Handicap is now worth $25,000 to the winner, and in the future the race, as it increases in popularity, will be worth probably as much as the American Derby, which is worth $50,000 to the winning horse.

In the race to be run at the Brooklyn Jockey Club, in May, the following are the horses with ages and weight of mount:

Lamplighter, 5	125	Charade, 5	108
Clifford, 4	122	Leonawell, 5	108
Yo Tambien, 5	120	Picknicker, 6	108
Sir Walter, 4	120	Prince George, 4	108
Ajax, 4	118	Kinglet, 4	106
Don Alonzo, 4	118	Carlsbad, 5	106
Banquet, a	118	Little Billy, 5	105
St. Leonards, 4	116	Ebony, 4	105
Sport, 4	114	Dacar, 4	105
Diablo, a	114	Blitzen, 5	105
Dr. Rice, 4	112	Copyright, 5	102
Bassetlaw, 4	112	Wrangler, 6	102
G. W. Johnson, 4	112	Sadie Tuttle, 4	102
Helen Nichols, 4	112	St. Domingo, 4	100
Rainbow, 4	112	Long Beach, 5	100
Lowlander, 6	110	Hermitage, 4	100
Lustrado, a	110	Herald, 4	100
Maid Marian, 5	110	Nero, 6	100
Wildwood, 5	110	Emin Bey, 4	100
Comanche, 4	110	Gyfanor, 4	100
Rough and Ready, a	110	Marshall, 4	100
Pickpocket, 5	110	Henry of Navarre, 3	100
Domino, 3	109	Armitage, a	90

Domino has so many rich engagements in stakes that his owners will hardly risk him on so severe a test, but little Leonawell, regarding his bold bid last year, is a very hopeful horse. He is on the suspicious list, and neither his owner nor trainer can feel confident about his standing a preparation. The contest appears to be confined to Don Alonzo, Sir Walter, Ajax and Sport, all of which look tempting. They will be closely tracked by St. Leonards, Dr. Rice, Bassetlaw and G. W. Johnson. Bassetlaw improved so much last season, that the position he is now in would make him a coat of a different color and fit. Sport, for the reason that he was at his best in the spring, must be an important factor. His intellectual efforts at Monmouth made it plain that the big chestnut had trained right off. He was a formidable antagonist in the Gravesend and Morris Park meetings, and he is such a glutton for a short distance, that there is no denying his claim. St. Leonards relies more on a private reputation, than on anything he has done in a race. It is claimed that the American Derby knocked him to pieces. His racing in the East was not encouraging, as it gave the impression that his heart was not as big as it might be, which would be fatal in a race like the Brooklyn Handicap. He will, however, have the advantage of being prepared by a man who is a past master in the art of preparing a horse for a particular race. According to the scale which places the difference of five and four year olds at five pounds in May, Clifford has but a pound the better of Lamplighter. Just how good he is, it is difficult to gauge, but shrewd horsemen, who have seen him race out West, and swear by him believe his chances are good. He is a typical Bramble. He is by Bonnie Scotland's son, from Duchess, (Watterson's dam) by Kingfisher, short and stout of limb, the broad stamp indicating his sire's family. He can stay, possesses good sprinting qualities, and can carry any amount of weight.

Banquet, on his last year's form, seems to have gone all to pieces, while last year's Diablo and the successful Suburban candidate Lowlander, can never convince one that they are really speedy enough to again win the important events. Kinglet and Prince George have given no reason to favor them on an important event. Both en eders, have a nice

FRED TARAL.

turn of speed. Lamplighter holds the position of top weight, with 127 pounds, rather from lack of high class material. This is a confession of the poor quality of our older division. However great a horse, the five year old son of Spendthrift may have been in private, his career in public has never warranted his taking rank with animals who have previously held the same post of honor.

The four year old division will have an unusually good chance in the Handicap. Lamplighter, Yo Tambien and Domino are the most dangerous present outside factors. It has become almost an axiom, that a mare or a three year old cannot win either of the three spring events. As to Domino, the chances are all against his going to the post. On account of the moderate quality of the Handicap, third rates are not to be passed over lightly. A race-horse of high quality, if he remains in the Handicap, will be heavily backed. Clifford's only defeat of first-class horses was in his defeat of Lamplighter and Yo Tambien in the special sweepstakes, and yet he is entitled to the highest consideration. In the spring at Latonia he ran in 1.40 1-4—fast time for the track—and won the Latonia Spring Prize, a mile and a furlong, in 1.53 1-2, with 120 pounds, beating several fine horses—Pentus, Prince Deceiver, Aldebaran, Dare Vela and Semper Lex. Prince Deceiver forced the pace to the stretch, where Clifford passed him and won easily.

Clifford may be a dangerous horse, but I stand by Don Alonzo and Sir Walter to capture the big race. Don Alonzo proved he could stay over the Derby distance, one mile and a half, last year, and he also demonstrated he had a great turn of speed and could carry weight. He should improve on last year's form and prove in 1894 one of the best 4-year-olds on the turf. Sir Walter proved that he was a game first-class race-horse last season. While he did not run up to his 2-year-old form, he proved he could carry weight and nearly always finished strong in the best of company. Another great horse, whom few people will pay attention to, but who will run well in the Brooklyn Handicap, is Ajax, but I expect Don Alonzo or Sir Walter, if they start well, will be the real contestants, and I am confident, with Garrison, Taral, Hamilton or Lamley in the saddle, that two-thirds of the 30,000 who will witness the race, not speaking of the half million who bet on the event in every city in America, will play Don Alonzo.

W. E. HARDING.

The amount and value of the tobacco raised in Kentucky is about equal to that of all other states in the union.

An habitual drinker at the age of forty, has a life expectancy of eleven years; a sober man of the same age has a life expectancy of twenty-nine years.

At a recent seance over in Brooklyn, Noah Webster's spook through a writing medium, communicated this to a credulous world: "The times is mitey tite." As it was in the flesh, Noah's occiput is still emphatically level, but it pains us not a little to note that he has gone back on his dictionary and spelling book.