

furnished the entertaining serials published by Mr. Bonner.

BANCROFT AND MR. EVERETT.

On the death of Mr. Everett, Mr. Bonner enclosed a check to Mr. Bancroft, with a note requesting him to prepare a suitable article for the Ledger in commemoration of the distinguished statesman. The article was prepared and sent to Mr. Bonner. It contained no allusion to Mr. Everett's connection with the Ledger. The article was sent back, and the omission pointed out. A sharp correspondence followed, in which Mr. Bancroft attempted to establish the propriety of the omission. Mr. Bonner refused to receive the article, and he finally carried his point, and Mr. Everett's connection with the Ledger had a marked place in the eulogistic article.

MR. BEECHER AND THE LEDGER.

For a long time Mr. Beecher has been a contributor to the Ledger. One evening Mr. Bonner and his wife went over to Plymouth Church to hear the pastor. The sermon was on success in life, and was given in Mr. Beecher's most vigorous strain. He showed that smartness, cuteness, and adroitness would not lead to success unless they were combined with energy, a knowledge of business, an indomitable perseverance, and an integrity which would enable a man to dare to do right. If Mr. Beecher had intended to hit Mr. Bonner's character and success, he could not have come nearer to the mark. Mr. Bonner had lacked not one of the elements Mr. Beecher had described, and every one knew his success. This sermon affected Mr. Bon-

ner in various ways. He was in search of a novelty that should captivate and profit the public. Why should not Mr. Beecher talk to a million of people through the Ledger, as well as to speak to a single congregation within the walls of his house? His acquaintance with men had been large. His wit and fancy were exuberant, and if he would write a story for the Ledger he might preach in it as much as he pleased, put money in his purse, and benefit the youth of the country.

While Mr. Beecher was attending a council in his own church, a letter was put into his hands. He had had no conversation with Mr. Bonner about writing a story. The letter contained a proposal that Mr. Beecher should write a serial for the Ledger, and named the price which would be paid for it, which was perfectly astounding. "Miracles will never cease," said Mr. Beecher, in his note replying to the proposal. Norwood appeared, and the increased circulation of the Ledger immediately reimbursed Mr. Bonner for his extraordinary outlay. The story was longer than was expected, and an addition was made to the price agreed upon. In this way the editor of the Ledger treats all his first-class writers. He is generous in his proposals, and does more than he agrees.

BONNER'S HORSES.

When a printing boy, Bonner's rule was to be the first boy in the office. When he was a printer, he allowed no one to excel him in the swiftness with which he set type, and in his ability as a workman. When he purchased the Ledger he intended to make

it the foremost paper in the country. He resolved to own the most celebrated and fastest horses in the world. And his stud, which are kept in his stables on Twenty-seventh Street, are without rivals. His horses are seven in number. "Lantern" is a bay, fifteen and a half hands high, with long tail, mild, clear eye, white hind feet, and white streak on his face. He is very fleet, having made a mile in 2.20. "Peerless" is a gray mare, about fifteen and a half hands high, with a long white tail, clean limbed, and gentle. She has made the fastest time on record to a wagon, trotting her mile in 2.23½. She is so gentle that she is used in the country by the ladies of Mr. Bonner's family. "Flatbush Mare" is a double teamster, and with "Lady Palmer," in double harness, has made the fastest time ever trotted in a two mile heat to a road wagon, — 5.01½. She is fifteen and a half hands high. The other is a chestnut sorrel, about the same size. She has a fine head, and is very symmetrical. Besides her famous time with "Flatbush Mare," she has trotted two miles, to a three hundred and sixteen pound wagon and driver, in 4.59, — the greatest feat of the kind ever performed. "Pocahontas" is the handsomest trotter and the most perfectly formed horse in the world. She stands about fifteen hands, is a dark, rich bay, has a very fine head, proudly-arched nostrils, and a tail sweeping the ground for four inches, on which she frequently treads while standing. When six years old this splendid animal trotted in 2.23, and has made better time since she came into Mr. Bonner's hands. The "Auburn Horse" is sorrel, and of enormous size, being sixteen and a half hands, with four white feet and white face, pronounced by Hiram

Woodruff to be the fastest horse he ever drove. The champion of the turf is "Dexter," with sinewy form, and joints like a greyhound, compactly built, dark brown in color, with four white feet, and a white nose and streak, a bright clear eye, and a flowing tail. He has made a mile in 2.17½ in harness, and 2.18 to saddle. The turf annals of the world present no parallel to this. Mr. Bonner buys his horses for his own pleasure. He drives them himself, and is one of the best horsemen in the country. He will not allow his horses to be used for show or for gain. He races with nobody, and bets with nobody. If any team can make faster time than his, driven by the owner, ten thousand dollars are deposited, and that owner may apply that sum to any benevolent cause that he pleases. Millionnaires gnash their teeth as Bonner drives by them. There are horsemen in New York who would give twenty-five thousand dollars for a pair of horses that would make Bonner take their dust. If Bonner's team is beaten, the owner must do as he does, drive it himself. Of the speed of his horses he is his own judge. He will buy anything that will beat the world. When a horse is presented to him for trial, he appears in full riding costume, with gloves, whip, and watch in hand. He does not allow the owner to handle the ribbons.

HIS STABLES.

Mr. Bonner's stables are located on Twenty-seventh Street. The building is a plain brick one, with everything for convenience and comfort, and nothing for show. The front part contains the carriage-house, har-

ness-room, wash-house, and the place where the feed is mixed. In the rear are the stables. Dexter and Peerless have box-stalls, and are never tied. The other horses are in ordinary stalls. Three persons are employed constantly to take care of the horses. Within the enclosure, but outside of the stables, is a track covered with tan bark, on which the horses are daily exercised, one hour in the morning and in the evening. The horses are fed four times a day, at six, nine, one, and nine at night. A small allowance of hay is given once a day. After eating they are muzzled, to prevent them from devouring their bedding, and they are kept muzzled all night. In the winter Mr. Bonner drives but one horse at a time, and usually the Auburn Horse. Dexter and the other fleet horses are seldom used in the winter, but are reserved for fast trotting in the spring. Great care is taken of the feet of the horses. To this Mr. Bonner gives personal attention. He has mastered the subject, as he has newspaper business. He has a theory of his own, which has proved eminently successful in the treatment of his own horses, and has enabled him to remove the lameness from the valuable horses of his neighbors and friends. The idea that the speed to which these horses are put is a damage to them is as fallacious as it is to assert that it hurts an eight-mile-an-hour horse to drive him at that speed. Some of these fast horses Mr. Bonner has owned many years. They are faster now than when he bought them. Lantern is nineteen years old, and is as sound and fleet as when he was ten. The men who have charge of these horses are as careful and tender of them as is a kind nurse of a child. In the stable

there is every convenience imaginable that a horse can require, — tools for fitting shoes, grooming the animals, making the wagons safe, with medicines, and all the appliances of a first-class stable. The horses are said to have cost Mr. Bonner over two hundred thousand dollars. They could not be bought for double that sum.

PERSONAL.

There is a frank, hearty manliness about Mr. Bonner which binds his friends to him. The eminent men who have written for his paper form attachments to him that death only severs. Mr. Everett conceived a warm and glowing regard for him that was foreign to his cold nature. His manuscript oration on Washington, elegantly bound, he sent as a token of his personal regard to the editor of the Ledger. Mr. Bonner's office is a curiosity. It is a workshop, plainly furnished. His table is loaded down with letters, manuscripts, and documents. What is confusion to others is order to him. The system with which he conducts his business is perfect. Any letter that he wants, or any number of the Ledger containing a given article, is produced at once. No man attends more closely to his business, or spends more hours in his office. Nothing goes into the Ledger without his supervision; and the sharp, crisp editorials, always compact, and often keen as a two-edged sword, are from his own pen. His office is adorned with likenesses of his prominent contributors and his celebrated horses. Horseshoes, and the paraphernalia of fast driving, lie around. He has made the horse his study for years, and has a better knowledge of a horse's foot than any surgeon in the world. Mr.

Bonner is in the prime of life. He is short, thick-set, and compactly built. His hair is sandy, his complexion florid, his forehead high and intellectual, his eye piercing, and his whole manner frank, genial, and buoyant. He does nothing for show. He lives comfortably, but without ostentation, in a plain brick house. His wagons are in the usual style, made substantially. His country seat, at Morrisania, is elegant and commodious, about which there is no tinsel nor dash. He is a fine specimen of what good principles, excellent physical culture, perseverance, and industry can do for a man. The position he now occupies he looked to when he was a printer's lad in the office of the old Courant. He attempted no eccentric things, sought for no short cross-paths to success. He mastered his trade as a printer patiently and perfectly. He earned every position before he assumed it, and earned his money before he spent it. In New York he was preferred because he did his work better than others. He was truthful, sober, honest, and industrious. If he took a job, he finished it at the time and in the manner agreed upon. He borrowed no money, incurred no debts, and suffered no embarrassments. In some of his great enterprises he put up every dollar that he had in the world. If he lost, he alone would suffer; and he knew he could go to work and earn his living. He has never allowed the Ledger to be so dependent on one man, or on one set of men, that it could not go on successfully if each should leave. The Ledger is now the most prominent and popular publication in the world. It is without a rival in the ability with which it is conducted, and in its circulation. To the list of old writers

new and attractive names are daily added. Mr. Bonner's great wealth, which he has honestly and fairly earned, enables him to command any attractive feature for his paper that he may select. Mr. Bonner is one of the most remarkable men of the age — the architect of his own fortune, a prompt, straightforward, and honest business man, with energy to push that business to success. A perfect master of his calling, and successful in everything he has undertaken, he is a worthy model for the young men of America.