

MR. HOUGHTON ON THE TURE

THE NEW-HAVEN MINISTER'S LOVE FOR FAST HORSES.

CONVINCING HIS CONGREGATION OF THE
RIGHTEOUSNESS OF A SPEEDY HORSE,
HE WINS A RACE WITH BORAX.

NEW-HAVEN, Conn., Oct. 16.—The Rev. M. H. Houghton, the minister who recently denounced from his pulpit William Lewis as the murderer of Rose Clark Ambler, to-day appeared in an even more distinctively characteristic rôle than that of reverend detective. Ever since Mr. Houghton came to New-Haven he has been noted for his fondness for fast horses. He never drove a horse that could not make a mile in less than three minutes, and when his purse became sufficiently plethoric to allow of his purchase of a horse for himself he bought a handsome and spirited black, whose grace and speed rendered his owner the envied of all the dealers in the city. Mr. Houghton speeded his horse almost daily on the wide avenues of the city. One day, about a year ago, his horse entered into a brush with a passing stopper with so much zest that Mr. Houghton could not stop him when he wished to, and when he sawed on the bit the horse dashed to the curb and threw the divine into the street. The animal was caught many blocks away. The story of the runaway got into the papers, and some of the more straight-laced of his congregation remonstrated with Mr. Houghton on the scandal likely to arise from his driving of fast horses. Mr. Houghton paid no heed to the protest, but some Sundays later delivered one of his inimitable sermons on the righteousness of driving a good horse, if any. He held that speed was given to horses as sugar to pears—for man's use. He sustained his position by scriptural quotation, and described in such glowing terms the pleasure of holding the lines over a fast trotter that his congregation was charmed, and no more complaints were heard on that score. He continued to drive, and to drive fast, so fast that it was understood he had the fastest trotter in this city.

About three months ago Arthur Baldwin, a local horse-dealer, bought in New-York a Kentucky thorough-bred sorrel trotter, named Borax, for which \$5,000 had once been offered and which had made a private record of 2:27½. This horse had not been speeded on the avenue the second time before the Rev. Mr. Houghton perceived that his horse was not so fast as Borax. He determined to own Borax. Mr. Houghton is rich, or rather his wife is, and Mr. Houghton was soon in possession of the coveted sorrel. There was no horse in the city that could compare with his in speed. There was no glory to be gained here. He was anxious to try Borax's mettle in a race, so when the towns under the National Trotting Association began to advertise their Fall trotting meetings, Mr. Houghton pretended to hand his horse over to a recently graduated dentist named J. F. Brothers, who has opened an office on Chappel-street. The understanding was that Brothers was to enter Borax in some of the country races under an assumed name. The first essay of this kind was at the Danbury races, at the beginning of this month. The minister's horse was called Allen, and was entered by J. F. Brothers. Secretary Vail, of the National Association, in some way discovered that Allen was not the proper name of the horse, and so informed the Danbury judges before the race began. Just before the positions were assigned in the 2:45 race Mr. Brothers was told that he was fined \$50 for entering the horse under a false name and he must pay the fine or his horse could not enter. Mr. Brothers did not have the money, consequently Mr. Houghton's horse gained no laurels at Danbury. To-day was the first day of the Fall races of the New-Haven Trotting Association. It attracted a large crowd to Hamilton Park, many of whom were old horsemen, and they were perplexed as to the speed and ownership of Borax, entered on the posters by F. J. Brothers for the 2:45 race. When the 11 horses in this race appeared before the judges' stand the driver of Borax was told that he could not race unless he paid the \$50 due for the Danbury fine and another \$50 for changing the horse's name to Borax. It was in vain that Mr. Brothers protested that Borax was the real name of the horse. The judges were inexorable, and Brothers was called one side by the Rev. Mr. Houghton, and paid the \$100. Brothers passed the money over to the judges. Borax won the race in three straight heats, in 2:56¾, 2:58, and 2:55½. Mr. Houghton gained by the race \$100, for the premium to the first was only \$200. Moreover, since the race he is said to be anxious that his parishioners should not learn the facts of his connection with the race.

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