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terruption.

THE AMERICAN BOAT RACE.

LONDON, June 10, 1872.

The Atlanta, American boat crew,

which had been defeated by the London

crew in the Thames, were now to

win the race, in the contest with

the London Rowing Club crew on the

Thames to-day.

The course which was laid out for the

race from Putney to Mortlake, was up

stream, but there was another stipula-

tion in the agreement to change the

course if the wind was contrary.

Consequently the wind was changed at

the last moment, and the crews rowed

from Mortlake to Putney.

Mr. W. W. Webster, Vice President

of the Atlanta Boat Club, who arrived

in the city recently, was chosen umpire

on the part of the Americans, and Mr.

Playford on behalf of the London

crew.

Mr. R. Leslie, of the Oxford Rowing

Club, was chosen referee.

The English crew rowed bare-headed,

in a uniform of white Jersey flannel.

The American rowing crew were

clad in crimson jerseys, caps, and

trousers, with every other possible

and almost impossible footgear, on their

feet, and were equipped to the very

utmost limit of their accommodation by

the time the position of the course was

declared changed.

The circumstances under which the

Atlanta crew entered the race were

most unfavorable. At first it was

thought the match would have to be

postponed, owing to the stormy

weather. At the last moment, however,

it was decided that the race should be rowed,

although the water was rough and

lumpy, and the tide running very

strong. Further delay was caused by

the change in the direction of the race,

which was made at the last moment.

This having been agreed to, both crews

went on board a steamer, and, with

their arms, were placed on the other

end of the course at Mortlake. On

arriving there further time was taken for

across the stream sailing between the

boats.

The Atlanta crew started several times,

but with no effect for their better for-

time. They kept forty-two strokes

per minute, London forty and a half,

and then fell away to a distance of

About eight minutes before the ter-

mination of the race a wherry fouled

the Atlanta and lost them a few sec-

onds of time in consequence.

The race was finished with the Lon-

don crew 150 yards ahead.

The time of the winners was twenty-

one minutes and six seconds, with the

Atlanta forty-two seconds behind and

their whole time good. The extra ad-

ditions of the London journals published

this evening put the time of the win-

ners at twenty-one minutes sixteen

seconds, over a course of four miles and

two furlongs.

The English crew took the water

brilliantly. In the first two hundred

yards they got a length ahead, and

eluding to the Surrey side, took the At-

lantas' water. At Barnes' bridge, just

around the curve, the Londoners had

increased the gap to a length and a

half. From this point the Atlanta crew

made a series of desperate sprints, and

slightly improved their position, draw-

ing up to the London boat; but the

tremendous efforts took on the men, and

they soon began to show signs of ex-

haustion. On reaching the Chelsea

Works, opposite Chiswick Mall, their

distress was evident and their pull re-

laxed. The race was hopeless.

The Englishmen gained rapidly

while going through Chiswick Reach, and

shot under Hammer Smith bridge

twenty lengths ahead. They continued

to row on steadily with increasing

distance at every stroke.

The Americans kept on with great

pluck, but signs of increasing exhaus-

tion were plain.

Up to Hammer Smith bridge the

course had been perfectly clear, but be-

yond that point rowing boats hampered

the Atlanta crew, hitting their shells

hard, and compelling the crew to come

to a complete stop. But these accidents

had nothing to do with the result of the

race, which was a foregone conclusion

from the start.

Coming around Craven Point, and

heading direct for the Aqueduct bridge,

at Putney, the Londoners walked away

from their opponents, and arrived at

the bridge, crossing the line at half-past

six o'clock.

The cheering of the people along the

whole course was indescribable at the

close. The dense masses of spectators

on the bridge and river sides cheered

and screamed with excitement, as the

Londoners came in sight, and sent up

a great roar when they reached the

end of the course. The Atlanta crew

in spite of accidents and stops pulled

to the bitter end; and were heartily

cheered as they stepped out of their boat,

greatly exhausted.

There was a great turnout of Ameri-

cans in a steamer decorated with the

national colors of the republic. Num-

bers of other steamers, heavily freighted

with passengers, were at Putney and

Hammer Smith. The American

steamer, the one which had on board

the friends of the Atlanta crew, was

decorated with flags and had on board

the band of the Coldstream Guards.

This vessel accompanied the contest-

ants.

personalities had borne fruit. Nobody,

except he has tried it, knows what it is

to be an editor. It is easy to scribble

local rubbish, with the facts all before

you; it is easy to clip selections from

other papers; it is easy to string out a

correspondence from any locality; but

it is an unenviable hardship to write

editorials. Subjects are the trouble-

some dreary lack of them, I mean.

Every day, it is drag, drag, drag-

think and worry and suffer—all the

world is a dull, dull, dull, dull, dull

editorial columns must be filled. Only

give the editor a subject, and his work

is done. It is no trouble to write it up;

but fancy how you would feel if you

had to pump your brains dry every day

in the week, fifty-two weeks in the

year. It makes one low-spirited at-

tempt to think of it. The matter that

every editor of a daily paper in America

writes in the course of a year would fill

from four to eight bulky volumes like

this book. Fancy what a library an

editor's work would make, after

twenty or thirty years' service. Yet

people often marvel that "Dickens

Scott, Bulwer, Dumas, etc., have been

able to produce so many books. If

these authors had months at their vol-

untarily as newspaper editors do, the

result would be something to marvel at.

Indeed, how editors can continue this

tremendous labor, this exhausting

consumption of brain-fibre (for their

work is creative and not a mere

mechanical laying up of facts, like re-

porting), day after day and year after

year, is incomprehensible. Freshers

take two months' holiday in midsum-

mer, for they find that to produce two

sermons a week is wearing in the long

run. In truth it must be so, and is so

of the editor's life. The editor's work

from ten to twenty texts and build

upon them a great mass of material, and

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