

SHERMAN BLACK HAWK,

KNOWN ALSO AS THE
MYRICK OR NORTH HORSE.



The above cut is designed to show the figure of the trotting stallion, Sherman Black Hawk, as he appeared at the United States Agricultural Society's Fair, held at West Philadelphia, Oct. 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th, 1856. He was winner of the First Premium of \$200, competing with horses from all parts of the United States. He is acknowledged by all who know him, to be the sire of more good Trotting Horses and Roadsters than any other horse now living.

Sherman Black Hawk was foaled May 30th, 1845, sired by Black Hawk, g sire Sherman, gg sire Justin Morgan, dam by Young Hamiltonian, dam of Young Hamiltonian, by Leonidas, g dam by Bellfounder, g dam of Sherman Black Hawk by Imported Matchem, 15 1-2 hands high, weighs 1080 lbs., color jet black, with small star in his forehead.

This celebrated Horse will stand to improve the breed of horses, at the Stable of William H. Warren, two miles west of the village of Bridport, Addison County, Vermont. Good keeping will be provided for Mares from a distance, and all accidents, escapes, and thefts, will be at the risk of their owners.

N. B.— Terms for the use of said Horse will be \$50.00 for the season, cash or satisfactory note. All mares not proving with foal will be entitled to the use of said horse the next season, free of charge.

WILLIAM H. WARREN,
BRIDPORT, VT., April 1st, 1861.

DURA WARREN, Owner,
BOSTON, MASS.

PLEASE POST THIS UP.

Bridport, April 21st 1861.

Cousin Lewis I thought I would answer your letter to day, say you did not come home the folks are all well and right except Charles Kincaid he looks white and peaked he has sunk in his rubber boots so you cant hardly see him over the tops one them he aint haint half enough for her she is a Grining all the time your in there they give them a pretty good one the boys drove them out of the Bed behind the cupboard in the corner of the Chamber and give them a tin Pann in the window for them to use they blowed about an hour and went home I will tell you the rest when I see you it is such hard times nothing will sell but Pigs we had 12 six died Henry got 9 had 10 there is seven men to one Pig your butter haint Painted yet G. Cahley has sold out to G. Cook and has gone to Colton to get another place I suppose and has not come back yet