

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLIV.

MAY, 1814.

No. CCLX.

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Embellished with,

I. An Engraving of SATAN AND CHESNUT-MARKED PONEY.

II. A DOE, an Etching.

SATAN AND CHESNUT-MARKED PONEY.

*An Engraving by Mr. SCOTT, from a
Painting of Mr. MARSHALL'S, in the
possession of Mr. ROGERS, of New-
market. A further illustration of the
subject will be found in the following
letter:*

*To the Editor of the Sporting
Magazine.*

SIR,

IT has been matter of much spe-
culation among naturalists, as
well as those who are not so inti-
mately acquainted with the subjects
of natural history, on the ques-
tion as to a preference which ought
to be given to the sagacity and af-
fection of animals; and although
the subject will admit of very able

discussion, I believe the choice has
been given to the elephant, on the
supposition that its mind approxi-
mates more to apparent rationality
than other beasts. The dog then
is said to be next in succession.
Numerous, however, are the in-
stances of the wonderful sagacity
of each of these brutes, and fre-
quent have their dispositions held
to man examples of virtue, which
he, with all his boasted knowledge
and philosophy, could be but an
humble imitator. The mind of
man is flighty, dispersed, and gen-
erally aiming at the interest of few
others than himself; these animals
appear to be desirous only that their
existence might be employed in the
service of their master; their only

G care

care is one general anxiety for the protection and the comfort of the human race, exemplary in their attachment, obedient in the extreme when any duty is imposed on them, and particularly grateful when any small share of praise is bestowed on them for their fidelity and zeal. Europeans are much less acquainted with the elephant than the dog. The wonderful structure of the former gives to the inhabitants of the western nations, a greater desire to the knowledge of his disposition and habits, than the constant companion of the chimney corner; and very probably the desire of being acquainted with animals so distant from us, makes us more eager to obtain their history, and partially fixes the decision of sagacity in the stranger, rather than to the one whose constant fidelity and care are forgotten by daily repetitions of kindness and attention.

The subjects from whence the present engraving is taken, are, Satan, a large Newfoundland dog, late my property, and a remarkably chesnut-marked poney, the property of Mr. Wedge, of Westley, near this town, for whom the dog entertained no ordinary regard. The picture is painted by Mr. Marshall, an artist, pre-eminent for portraying exact likeness in that department of the arts, and from whose pallet animation seems almost to exist on canvas.

Satan, a very large black Newfoundland dog, was originally from the breed of Lord Montrose, of Wheeling, near Brandon, in this county, and at the age of six months displayed an act of such heroism and courage, as for ever made him a favourite, particularly among jockey boys. In the early part of a summer's morn when the

horses were taking their gallop on the side-hill, the dog, in company with Mr. Kellermann and Mr. Marshall, discovered through the mist a horse of the name of Merry Andrew (which had then left a boy almost lifeless by worrying him) making furiously to them; Satan no sooner saw the intentions of the horse than he immediately seized him by the muzzle, and absolutely kept him at bay until those gentlemen had sufficient time to take the boy away, and carried him home. Had it not been for the kindness and sagacity of the dog, the boy no doubt would have fallen a sacrifice to the fury of the horse. Satan would likewise perform many singular acts of sagacity. He would, without tuition, knock at the door of any house he wished to gain admittance, and if one rap with the knocker was not sufficient to obtain admission, he would give a double and treble one, as correctly as any puppy of the biped species. I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

R. R.

Newmarket, March 10, 1814.

THE ROYAL HUNT.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

THE following observations relative to the new establishment of the King's hunt, arises from a letter I saw in your Magazine for last month, addressed from the huntsman of this hunt. The paragraph he alludes to I am able to assert also is false, and it has been injurious to the character of the whole establishment. I would as briefly as possible comment on the subject

subject of this hunt; and confine myself to plain facts; but if I do assert a little more than is observed by every eye, I speak as an old sportsman anxious to see the Prince Regent's wishes realized, and under authority that perhaps cannot be disputed. I wish to take a short view of the whole fresh arrangement, correct as well as brief.

The late hunt had been defective for a long term of years, but from an intricate maze of difficulties, it could not be benefited unless the whole was new modelled. The men, horses, and hounds, have dwindled by rapid degrees from splendour to decency, from decency to poverty, and from poverty to inability. The arrangement of the present hunt arose from one of the most fortunate events in the annals of sporting. As it was known that the Prince Regent was desirous to have the whole as perfect as possible, every eye watched the appointments with much interest and curiosity. The choice of huntsman gave earnest of what in time might be expected; and this man had orders to prepare those he would choose as assistants, to be ready to come to him at a short notice. In this interval the Duke of Richmond had determined to part with his excellent pack of fox hounds, and they were ordered to the hammer. The Prince Regent meeting his Grace in Sussex, in a conversation on sporting, his Royal Highness received an offer of the pack, which was accepted, and they were immediately sent to Windsor Forest, and the two whippers-in were to remain with them. This, so far, was as the most sanguine could wish. To get the hounds to run deer was no difficulty. Therefore we will see what has been done by others acting im-

mediately for his Royal Highness. The Master of the hounds, the Marquis Cornwallis, is a sportsman, and quite able to remedy any evil, had he the power or even a voice in the matter.

There are at present near or quite thirty couple of hounds in the old kennel, eating and going mad by degrees, and of no one use to the present owner. The present new pack consists of from thirty to forty couple, and such as are quite capable of catching, aye and killing deer too, without the humane aid, your correspondent asserts, of ham-stringing. The numberless evils and difficulties lie in the attention paid to the people and horses. Their comforts have not in any one point been thought of, and they are now divided thus: two whippers-in in one parish; the huntsman is in another; and the pack and one whipper-in in another; and no telegraphic communication between either party—we wonder that a military man should forget this. The horses are extremely fine and clever for Rotten-row; two in the eleven can take a fence, but the rest, poor creatures, are too old to learn. Thus if the good fencers are out the same day, but two men can ride them, and the other two might as well stay at home. These, Sir, are a few of the beauties attached to this hunt, which was to have been the first in the world; and until his Royal Highness will partake of the amusement, or condescend to see those able to inform his Royal Highness of what is necessary, there is no hope of amendment. I shall enter more into particulars in my next.

OLD NIMROD.

Windsor Forest, May 14, 1814.

ON THE PERFORMANCES OF
HIGHFLYER, &c.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.

SIR,

YOUR correspondent Z. B. in the last *Sporting Magazine*, observes we have no horse upon record since Highflyer that has never been beat, and produces as authorities, Mr. Taplin and T. L. B. to prove that Highflyer was never beat. This, as Z. B. himself says, is not the only instance in which Mr. Taplin is wrong, as in the case of Dungannon, who, though a capital horse, was beat by Saltram for the Derby Stakes, and though he then beat Phenomenon, he was easily beat afterwards by that horse. As to Z. B.'s other authority, T. L. B. he affirms both Bay Malton and Highflyer were never beaten, in both which assertions he is quite wrong. Bay Malton was often beat, but as to Highflyer, if he turns to the *Racing Calendar* of 1777, he will perceive that he was beat the first time he started, in the name of the Herod Colt: or if he turns to the 8th page of the 3d volume of the *Sporting Magazine*, he will find the same. Highflyer was undoubtedly the best horse of his day in England, and a most excellent racer; many better racers than Highflyer have often been beat, though he was but once, and paid but one forfeit, because he met with no competitor of celebrity, except Dorimant and Dragon, and did not run more than nine times; the last time he ran was at Litchfield, where, though lame and very much out of condition, he beat his opponents easily. He was a fine large boney well-bred horse, and won by racing and forfeits near nine thousand guineas,

though he left the turf at six years old. He was also a sure foal getter, and the sire of more winners than any other horse, except, perhaps, the celebrated Eclipse. Z. B. is also wrong when he says Sir Peter Teazle was beat but once. In the first October Meeting, 1788, the Duke of Queensbury's Dash, by Florizel, 6st. 7lb. beat Lord Derby's Sir Peter Teazle, by Highflyer, 9st. both four years old, Duke's Course, 5 to 1 on Sir Peter. He broke down when running against Cardock and Driver, in the October Meeting, the year after. Hambletonian may with more justice, I think, be ranked among those horses that never were beat, than either Highflyer or Sir Peter Teazle, for both those horses were beat fairly in racing; but Hambletonian lost the only race in which he was beat by bolting, and galloping off to his stable, by which he lost so much ground, that it was useless to bring him into the course again: he, however, two days after, beat the same horses easily, but on account of that misfortune he cannot be ranked with the four patriarchs, Childers, Sweetlips, Herod, and Eclipse, particularly so as Childers and Eclipse were never distanced or headed, and always beat easy their opponents, which was far from being the case with his famous match with Diamond. There has certainly been no horse always successful in running since the time of Eclipse, but it has often happened that many capital racers have been beat by inferior horses, which they had beat easily either before or after, as in the cases of Hambletonian, at York; Sir Peter Teazle, when he was beat by Dash; Benningbrough, by Brilliant; Gohanna, by Waxy; Stamford, by brown⁹

colt

colt by Fidget, &c. &c. particularly in the cases of two of the best horses of the present day. At Doncaster, Viscount beat easily Langold, and the next day was beat by him; and Smolensko, after beating the best three-year colts in the kingdom at Epsom, was beat easily by two very inferior horses at Newmarket. There are many instances of the same kind, too tedious to quote. I should be greatly obliged to any correspondent who could inform me whether the Duke of Rutland's Bonny Black, and Tregonwell Frampton's famous Dragon, (the story of which last horse is, I believe, mostly fabulous) were ever beaten, and by what horses. Begging you will give this a place in your next number, I remain in the common style, your humble servant,

OLD SUS.

P. S. In the last Magazine a portrait of Altisidora was given; in the exhibition there is a picture of a famous horse, painted by Sartorius, which if you could procure to get an engraving from to match with Altisidora, you would doubtless oblige the generality of your readers.

Birmingham, May, 1814.

SPORTING QUERIES.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.

SIR,

WISHING to have the following questions answered, I know of no better method than by requesting your insertion of them in your valuable publication, and I beg the attention of your numerous readers to them.—Remaining your's, &c.

T. C.

Market Harborough, May 9, 1814.

Does it require a qualification, as well as a licence, to shoot wood-

cocks, snipes, landrails, quails, and conies, which by a late act are designated as game?

Are the acts of James the First, and George the First, inflicting penalties on shooting hares, repealed?

POWIS'S PAMPHLET ON SHOEING.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.

SIR,

I Am no friend to controversy, much less would I be guilty of offending wilfully a gentleman, *sub nomine* "An old Sportsman," who writes on Mr. Powis's Pamphlet on Shoeing, in your Magazine for March last, and whose abilities as well as years, appear to entitle him to respect; my present letter being rather to acknowledge some errors which he has assisted to rectify.

But he should not be so very angry; he appears to have misunderstood me in a small degree, as well as I have misunderstood him, with regard to the "cock of the hat men," for by the latter I really thought he meant to designate certain gentlemen smiths, who have been *quondamly* in habits of wearing such articles, but who of late have obtruded certain new inventions on the public, and who, in matters relative to the economy of the horse, have professed themselves supremely conversant to the fascination of many, whose eyes, I believe, Mr. Powis's pamphlet may have contributed not a little to open.

With regard to his remarks on Osmer, I confess I did not know what premises he occupied; still,

however,

however, the information was gratuitous, though to many of your correspondents it might not be unwelcome, for Osmer was a man of an original and great mind, and it is pleasing to know even that spot that once witnessed the labours of departed genius.

With the "Shoeing Smiths' Guide" I was well acquainted, and even as far back as twenty years ago, so that I am not quite a Tyro; but if we compare that tract with Mr. Powis's, it will be found to bear no better analogy in point of spirited and clear information, than to compare great things with small, the historian of the reign of George the Third to Hume or Robertson.—If the report I have heard be true, as there is no reason to doubt, that one thousand of Mr. Powis's books have been disposed of since its first publication, and that another edition is in hourly demand, the author has but little reason to complain. That this pamphlet, although *not imbued with novelty*, will meet its full share of public circulation and encouragement I am confident, for every one will read it with pleasure, on account of the spirit and modesty of its style, and I believe not a very few will profit from its perspicuity of information.—I am, Sir, your constant reader, and very humble servant,

CRITO.

Cheltenham, April 27, 1814.

EPSOM MEETING, 1814.

THESE Races commenced on Wednesday, the 25th instant, but from their closing only two days previous to the coming out of our publication, we are unable to procure an account of the sport from our regular correspondent;

of course they will be given at length in next Number; in the meantime we are able to glean the following particulars, which we believe will be found tolerably accurate.

On Wednesday, the Woodcot Stakes of 30gs. each, h. ft. for two-years-old colts, 8st. 6lb. and fillies, 8st. 3lb. last mile and half, were won by Mr. T. H. Morland's filly, Hippodamia, by Eagle, beating Mr. Lake's b. c. by Granicus; Mr. Farrall's b. f. by Rubens; Mr. Ladbroke's h. c. by Gohanna; Mr. Lambton's ch. f. by Walton; Mr. Farrall's b. f. by Waxy; and Mr. Northey's filly, by Gamenut.—Six to 4 agst Mr. Lake's b. c. by Granicus, 3 to 1 agst Mr. Northey's filly, 4 and 5 to 1 agst the winner.—Mr. Prattle's b. b. Under Sheriff, 9st. 9lb. beat Mr. Purling's b. h. Pembroke, 10st. 9lb. two miles, 50gs.

On Thursday, the DERBY STAKES of 50gs. each, h. ft. colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 2lb.—The last mile and half.—The owner of the second horse to receive 100gs. out of the Stakes.—Fifty-one subscribers.

Lord Stawell colt, Blucher. . . 1
Mr. Glover's colt, by Haphazard 2

Fourteen started; the Judge placed but two.—Five to 2 agst Blucher, 7 to 2 agst Bourbon, 9 to 2 agst the Haphazard colt, 7 to 1 agst the Yorkshire filly, 10 to 1 agst Mr. Lake's colt, by Zodiac, and 10 to 1 agst the Brother to Hedley.

A Gold Cup, value 100gs. with 20gs. added from the Racing Fund, was won by Lord Lowther's Aquarius, 5 yrs old, beating Mr. Pigot's Mantidamun, aged.—Six started; the Judge placed but two.—Five and 6 to 4 agst Mantidamun, 2 to 1 agst Octavius, and 2 to 1 agst Aquarius.

The.

The race for the Derby excited great interest, the sporting world being more than usually divided in opinion with respect to the merits of the horses; Blucher and Bourbon were the decided favourites from their public running, although the Haphazard colt and Yorkshire filly had many backers; it is considered to have been the most true and severely contested race ever run for the Derby; the Haphazard colt took the lead at starting and made all the play, and was never headed until within a few strides of the ending, when, after a severe struggle, Blucher won by a neck, beating all the others several lengths. The race for the Gold Cup also afforded high gratification to the numerous spectators, being a remarkably fine race, and won only by a head.—The Course was numerously and fashionably attended.

On Friday, the OAKS STAKES, for fillies, 8st. 4lb.; the other conditions as for the Derby.—Forty-four subscribers.

Duke of Rutland's ch. f. by

Selim	1
Duke of Grafton's br. f. Vestal	2
Duke of Grafton's Sister to Whalebone	3
The Yorkshire filly	4

Nine started; the Judge placed but four.—Five to 2 agst sister to Whalebone, 5 to 2 agst Lord Grosvenor's Zadora, 6 to 1 agst the Yorkshire filly, 9 to 1 agst the Selim filly, 10 to 1 agst Vestal, 12 to 1 agst Mr. Lake's filly, by Zodiac, and 15 to 1 agst sister to Scorpion.

The Town Plate of 50l. two-mile heats: the winner to be sold for 500gs. if demanded, &c.

Mr. Scott's Sweet Will 1 1

Mr. Pearce's Billy 2 2

Five and 6 to 4 on Billy; after the heat, 6 to 4 on Sweet Will.

The race for the Oaks Stakes excited much interest, as large sums were depending on the double events of Blucher winning the Derby, and Sister to Whalebone and Zadora the Oaks; a very fine race took place from Tattonham's corner between the Selim filly, Vestal, and Sister to Whalebone; it was won by a head, the last of the three being beat only a neck.

S. Barnard rode the winner of the Oaks, and W. Arnold the winner of the Derby.

The Duchess of Oldenburgh was at Epsom on Friday to see the running for the Oaks.

GLEANINGS OF AFRICAN NATURAL HISTORY.

[FROM LICHTENSTEIN'S TRAVELS]

Cape Horses, and the surprising Dexterity of their Drivers.

“PEOPLE who have studied these matters, assert that an African horse is a third weaker in drawing than an European one, but the former have very much the advantage of the latter in climbing mountains and steep places. The Africans, besides, owing to their being accustomed from their youth to seek their nourishment upon dry mountains, are easily satisfied, and grow so hard in their boots, that there is no occasion to shoe them. They do not bear very severe or long continued exertion, so that oxen are universally employed to draw heavy waggons destined to go any considerable distance from the Cape Town. Most of them go a sort of short gallop, very agreeable to the rider as well as to the horse, and they will hold it out for a long time, if not unreasonably pressed forwards.

“ All

"All the address of our European waggon-drivers vanishes entirely before the very superior dexterity in this way shewn by the Africans. In a very brisk trot, or even in a gallop, they are perfect masters of eight horses, and if the road be indifferent they avoid with the utmost skill every hole and every stone. With horses, as with oxen, the long whip serves not only to regulate the pace of the animals, but to keep them all in a strait line; if any one inclines ever so little from it, a touch from the whip puts him immediately into his place again. One of our drivers gave us a singular proof of his dexterity in using the whip, for while we were in full trot he saw at a little distance from the road on a ploughed land a bird which had alighted upon the ground, when, giving the whip a flourish, he struck the bird instantly, and killed it upon the spot."

Fascination of the Snake.

"As, according to my custom, I took a ramble into the fields in the afternoon, I saw at the brink of a ditch a large snake in pursuit of a field-mouse. The poor animal was just at its hole, when it seemed in a moment to stop, as if unable to proceed, and, without being touched by the snake, to be palsied with terror. The snake had raised its head over him, opened its mouth, and seemed to fix its eyes stedfast upon him. Both remained still a while, but as soon as the mouse made a motion, as if he would fly, the head of the snake followed the movement immediately, as if he would stop his way. This sport lasted four or five minutes, till my approach put an end to it: the snake then snapped up

his prey hastily, and glided away with it into a neighbouring bush, where I endeavoured in vain to get at him and kill him."

Ostriches.

"The uniformity of our route was agreeably interrupted by several flocks of Ostriches which appeared on both sides of us, and which we came tolerably near before they perceived us. They then fled in haste, crowding close together, and running against the wind: an eye unaccustomed to such a sight might easily mistake them at a little distance for a squadron of horsemen. To the right we remarked some single ones which had strayed too far from the main body, and were now easily cut off from joining them by our horsemen. We resolved on taking a method of getting as near a sight as possible of one of these cavalier-like figures, and encircled him with our horses, drawing so close to him on all sides, that no way remained for him to escape, but by running directly through the midst of us. Two of our dragoons endeavoured to stop his way, presenting themselves directly before him, and even ventured to strike at him with their drawn sabres. By this manœuvre we got a complete sight of his gigantic figure, for, raising his head as high as he could stretch it above the rider, he pushed forward, and evading the stroke of the sabre, ran away. This rashness was much condemned by the Africans, as they assured us, that if the bird in its flight had given them a flap with its powerful wing, and this might easily have happened, an arm or thigh would probably have been broken. The number of ostriches we saw in this place could scarcely be less than three hundred.

CRUELTY.

CRUELTY TO THE BRUTE
CREATION.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

EVERY man endowed with the least spark of humanity, and alive to those feelings of compassion which characterise a Briton, must be alarmed at the daily accounts of cruelty committed on that harmless but useful animal, the horse. This noble animal, one of the most useful that God has created, one would imagine, from the many barbarities inflicted upon it, and upon innumerable other animals, were the greatest curses that ever were sent into the world. In fact, cruelty has appeared in so many shapes, and invented such diabolical engines of torture, as almost to outstretch the bounds of credibility.

• Whipping of pigs to death—roasting lobsters alive—mutilating an animal of his ears and tail, merely to heighten his beauty—depriving the feathered songster of his eyes—slaying eels alive—dislocating the leg of a deer—impaling a cockchafer on a corking pin—driving a horse till he expires—beating a patient ass till he drops under the pain—and, as a last course to this dish of cruelty, appears that instrument of barbarity, called a dog spear. Proteus like, it has assumed so many forms, that I once thought the ingenuity of man was almost exhausted to devise another; but I am deceived, for invention, like infinity, mocks the power of man to reduce it within a fixed standard. In fact, it is similar to the monster described by Ariosto, who is no sooner killed, than, like the fabled bird of Arabia,

he takes a shape still more terrible than the first, and so on till he is annihilated by a device of the poet; but this fiend-like monster, the disgrace of every civilized nation, requires another Hercules or Hoggarth to root him from the earth, and free the sons of men from his unfeeling ravages. The first high Priest of all the Nine, has stigmatized its "hateful arts" in four admirably pathetic lines,

O, cruelty..... thy *hateful arts*,
Tinge with malignant gall the gentlest
 hearts;
Nature, with bounteous hand, to all as-
 sign'd
Pity's soft balm, the milk of human
 kind.

The exquisite torments a horse endures under the merciless lash of a jockey, is a source from which the greater part of the company at a race-course derive their principal amusement, and the criterion by which they judge of the goodness of a race; if it is well contested and won with extreme difficulty, without even a moderate use of the whip or spur, they think, strange to say, but very slightly of it; but if it is a hard contest and the horses are whipped clean from the distance post to the goal, so that the strokes resound from one side to the other, then it is pronounced to be a capital race, and feel highly gratified. This is a very melancholy reflection, and insinuates a love of cruelty inherent in the human heart; for he that takes delight in the sufferings of the brute creation, and even feels a pleasure when those torments are inflicted, must have an innate love of cruelty. If this is admitted, we are but one degree removed from the savage, surrounded by ignorance and superstition, and whose knowledge extends no farther than the grati-

fication of his will, and the enjoyment of his grosser sensations. A disquisition on this point comes properly within the province of the Divine, to trace out the hidden cause in the human mind, and lash the hydra with all the warmth of sober reason. Gracious Heaven! our very blood runs cold at the bare idea of one of the noblest animals of the creation, compelled, whipped, and all to gratify the caprice of an individual, or for a pecuniary consideration to reach the place of destination within a stated hour or two, and when the generous animal has accomplished it, perhaps from excess of fatigue he drops down and instantly expires. If there really exists such a person, who compelled the exertions of this generous animal, and ever peruses the Scriptures, I would advise him to imprint this beautiful passage in his breast—*"A merciful man is merciful to his beast;"* and if he then feels no compunction for the poor beast whom he has so cruelly treated, he must have a heart callous to every tie which beautify and embellish life. We are almost tempted with such examples before us to cry out with the poet—

"No fiend's so cruel as a reasoning brute."

The following instance excites our sympathy in the warmest degree:

"A poney about twelve hands and a half high was started the latter end of last year to do *eighteen miles within the hour*. It did the first nine miles in twenty-seven minutes; the rider then slackened his pace for half a mile, when he again made play, and with violent exertion he brought the poor animal in three minutes within the given time." It was very finely

observed, what a pity the exertions of so generous an animal, should be compelled so much beyond its natural powers. The divine Herbert very frequently said, that a man who regards himself should be merciful to his beast—this precept ought to be diligently inculcated in the minds of the rising generation, to teach their young ideas to recoil at those barbarities, which the present generation regard with apathy, and even with delight.

May this be known to the honour of human nature, that the traditionary barbarity committed by Tregonwell Frampton on his famous horse Dragon, so pathetically described by Dr. Hawkesworth, as even to draw the tear from Pluto's iron cheek, has excited the universal execration of mankind, and has not its parallel in this or any other nation. In reality, no animal has experienced greater cruelties from man; nay, some go so far as to say "that of all creatures upon the face of the earth, none endure the excessive labours, the miseries, and torments of the horse," and at the same time is of such general utility. It is to be hoped that Parliament will adopt Lord Erskine's Bill, or quickly pass some efficient law to put a stop to these practices, for it is a great pity that poor defenceless animals should find so little protection with the legislature, when man, supreme of all, is so well acquainted with their great services; in fact without their assistance, man could perform but little, for upon them depend the pleasures, the enjoyments, and the support of life; nay, they have become of such vast convenience, that our very existence is entwined with theirs, and deprived of them,

all

all would be desolate and inanimate; and let this be recorded to the honour of Sir Charles Bunbury and other distinguished personages, who have done to the utmost of their power, by advice and example, to prevent the ill treatment of horses, both on the turf and in the stud, that they have forbid the use of the whip, and allow only in a hard contest a moderate use of the spur; convinced by practical experience that the cruel method of lacerating his sides, only retards instead of exciting him to greater exertion; and when so sorely pressed under the merciless lash, they have been known to turn upon the oppressor and even to inflict a serious injury. Any man who presumes these remarks convey even the slightest censure upon racing, has formed a conclusion in direct contradiction to my former assertions, and totally distant from the truth; for no man has taken more pains to inform himself of the race horse's astonishing powers, to see and know their wonderful performances, and procure such information upon racing in general. In fine, what can be more delightful than to see three or four of the most beautiful animals of the creation struggling for superiority, stretching every muscle and sinew to obtain the prize and reach the goal? This is animating; without that excessive use of the whip or spur, and distressing the noble animal, by goring his sides for a mere pecuniary purpose. I am convinced that by an excessive use of it, the proprietor is considerably minus in the long run; some horses I am well aware, will not bring their powers into action, until compelled by the whip or spur: but this, though right in some cases, does not hold true with

more than one horse in twenty. In my humble opinion, there is no need of the whip whatever, except in a very severe contest, and the race cannot be won without it; if so, then I affirm it ought to be used in moderation.

Who could ever imagine in this enlightened age, the age of literature, that feudal instrument called a dog spear would be revived again? This base practice must originate with the understrappers who stick at nothing, however inhuman, to accomplish their unfeeling purposes. I have not that mean opinion of our country gentlemen, to imagine even for a moment they are so blinded, so infatuated, and absorbed in the preservation of their game, as to have recourse to such tenacious means to preserve it. The severe reprehension it received from the Judge, will, I am convinced, have the desired effect to stifle the practice in embryo, before it attains a formidable appearance, and bids defiance to the powers of man.

An article lately appeared in one of the morning papers, purporting to be an account of the Royal Hunt, and which contained such an act of refined cruelty, as can admit of few parallels. At a time when we are shaking off the shackles of ignorance, and emerging from the Gothic darkness which surrounded us, appears this account, the disgrace of every hunting establishment, and which it behoves them, as men possessed of the common feelings of humanity, to abolish from their system. Those persons who were privy to this transaction, and afterwards participated in the pleasures of the chase, have equally involved themselves with the contrivers and perpetrators of this refined barbarity.

Gracious God! what pleasure can a man feel in this noble diversion, when the poor defenceless animal is running from his pursuers under the excruciating torment of a broken limb; and in this agonising condition, proceeds the account, "he ran an hour and three quarters before he was taken!" and this, I suppose, to afford more diversion in order to give the dogs and men a greater chance to overtake the object of their pursuit. Oh! what an act of cowardice to pursue an animal who was deprived of the very means of escaping from them. Besides, this most noble and exhilarating sport could afford no pleasure when it is debased by an act of cruelty, which would disgrace the feudal times of Rufus. If it is really the case this practice has been in use some years, and will continue notwithstanding the humane reflections which exhibit the practice in its true colours, posterity will justly entitle us a generation of refined barbarians; in fact, a few energising strictures on the existing barbarities, must operate as a powerful repellent to their entire eradication, for many a man has been deterred from the commission of an act of cruelty, dreading to have his name bandied in the public prints; and since the establishment of your Magazine, no one has been a more ardent advocate in the cause of humanity, and held up the actions of cruelty in such glowing colours to the contempt and detestation of future generations. Let every man lay this to his heart, that he is a very worthy member of society, who strives, as far as in him lies, to do away with these cruel practices, which the gothic ignorance of our forefathers must excuse, but in this present enlight-

ened era, when knowledge is bountifully scattered over the land, refined our feelings, and taught us to ameliorate the condition of animated nature, no palliation but an excess of passion will ever attempt to gloss over such very unfeeling actions. To conclude, every soul possessed of the tender feelings of commiseration, must cordially unite with your excellent correspondents, A BIT OF A JOCKEY, and HUMANITAS ALTER, in condemning these practices, and endeavour to arouse those advocates who have been an honour to the cause from that Lethan sleep, which, like another Sampson, they have sunk in the silken bands of a Dalilah. —I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
Z. B.

MANNERS OF FRENCH POSTILLIONS.

AS DESCRIBED BY A LATE TRA-
VELLER.

IN journeying from Samer to Montrenil, I had frequent opportunities of observing with what perfect composure and *non-chalance* every thing is taken in this country. We gave the postillions ten sous per post extra, to stimulate them to speed; and after they had contrived to get the leg with its gigantic boot over to the right side of the horse, they certainly lost little time. What short stoppages did take place, however, were certainly of a rare kind to an English postilion. *Ez gr.* to drink a glass of brandy; to light a pipe; to say a few words, in the way of compliment, to the driver of another voiture, *en passant*; or to hold a short conversation with a person of the

same

same description behind; in fine, to do any thing that occurs to him to be proper, exactly as if travelling for his own pleasure. One of our fellows cracked off his whip: he immediately applied for a remedy to the driver of a cabriolet in front, who lent him a thong, and both stopped very leisurely together till the instrument was properly mended. At another time our postillion drove up along side of another, and both carriages were stopt till he obtained tobacco, and filled and lighted his pipe.

Travellers, indeed, he amuses in another way: A few staves of a *chanson*—an air always gay and happy, together with the singular and felicitous varieties of cracking the whip.

I have by no means been able to ascertain upon what principle this exercise of the whip is conducted—there is, generally, no apparent cause for it beyond the mere will and pleasure of the party; except, indeed, in entering and passing through towns, when the dexterity displayed and the clatter may beggar description. The ablest of our Four-in-hand Club would cut but a poor figure in a contest of this sort. He will first treat you with half a dozen of sound cracks on his right side; then with an equal number upon his left: again, you have them straight forward over the head of the horses, (and the horses pay not the slightest regard to the lash touching their ears in this diversion); next in rear; and, lastly, perhaps to finish the whole, a grand display of ingenuity, in which, while making one circle round about him, Mr. Postillion contrives to introduce two cracks instead of one: in conclusion, he always looks behind him, with a

grin of self-satisfaction, to ascertain from your countenance if his exploit is sufficiently admired.

COL. HANGER TURNED RAT-CATCHER!

THIS celebrated character, the presumptive heir to an Earldom, determined to amuse the town by his eccentricities, has written a book, dedicated to all sportsmen, "and particularly to farmers and gamekeepers, in which he professes to give a medley of valuable information on horses, dogs, game,—how to train and discipline a corps—and how to catch rats!—The following is the bill of fare set forth in the Colonel's advertisement:—

"Colonel George Hanger, to all sportsmen, and particularly to farmers and gamekeepers.

"Above thirty years practice in horses and dogs; how to feed and take care of them, and also to cure them of all common disorders.—Effectually to allure and catch all vermin.—*The rat-catching secret*; to catch every rat on the premises alive, without using poison.—To breed and feed pheasants, and cure their disorders.—On fowling pieces, rifle-guns, and muskets:—On boring barrels, and the construction of breech-pins:—Remarks on rifle shooting, recommended to the attention of all riflemen, and particularly to officers who have seen active service in a rifle corps.—On the race of pointers and setters.—How to keep all arms loaded for two or three years, so as to fire more sure, than if fresh loaded.—Method of preventing partridges being taken at night by drag-nets, when the gamekeepers are asleep. To prevent pheasants being destroyed

stroyed by night-shooters or poachers by day:—To catch whole flocks of wood-pigeons in hard weather, and *all* water-fowl in any weather.—To approach a red deer within thirty or forty yards.—Of running horses—training, and breeding young colts.—Cure for bullocks and cows swelled from eating clover.—Cure for the scurvy.—To shoot wild-fowl, pewits, golden plover, wild geese, and bustards, by night.—Remarks on the rifle-bench which gunmakers use; their secrecy and folly in that respect truly laughable.—To save the life of a dog, when it has taken poison.—Observations on that scandalous custom (used by persons calling themselves gentlemen) of laying poison for dogs, in woods, close to the high roads.—*With several valuable family receipts.*

“To which is added, a *plan for training and disciplining a corps*, such as never yet has appeared in any army in Europe, armed with a *peculiar and superior gun*, which will shoot with the precision of a rifle, one *third further* than any rifle hitherto used on service; and can also be loaded with cartridges, and fired, as quick as a common musket.

“Colonel Hanger, pledges himself to the public, that *every particular* specified in this advertisement is *proved* in the work, and can *readily be understood and practised* by all sportsmen.—The rat-catching secret is invaluable to all farmers, millers, maltsters, &c. as it is imagined that four rats will destroy as much provision in one day, as will support a man. Colonel Hanger caught, in one night, near three hundred rats, and in three nights destroyed *every one* on the premises.

“The method of approaching, to a *certainty*, the red deer, in the

Highlands of Scotland, within thirty or forty yards, by means of *fire-hunting them*, (which is a well-known custom in the Southern Provinces of America, and in constant practice), is invaluable to all sportsmen.—The method of preventing partridges being taken by nets at night, when the gamekeepers are in bed, is also most useful and hitherto novel, it never having been practised.”

We have not seen the Colonel's book, and therefore cannot say how far it comes up to this curious sample.

FAIR GAME, THE BEARS, &c. IN THE PYRENEES.

THIS, in the strictest sense of the word, has lately been started in that quarter, though under circumstances rather revolting than otherwise. A female entirely naked, according to the *Journal de l'Empire* of the 17th of January last, was discovered by some hunters on the high mountains of the Canton of Viedessos, where a scanty vegetation, a dark and silent valley, and numerous waterfalls, mark those regions which nature seems to have consigned to eternal sterility.

Some intrepid hunters having extended their search even into this formidable enclosure, were seized with astonishment on seeing on an opposite cliff, a female figure entirely naked. This female appeared tall, her complexion was dark; a long head of hair, her only covering, was scattered over her shoulders; she stood erect on a jetting rock, which seemed suspended on precipices. The hunters ran towards her, but seeing them she took flight, setting up the most frightful cries, and, hurrying

ing down the declivity of the mountain, soon escaped their pursuit. The news of this wonderful discovery was soon carried to the hamlet of Sue, and on the next day a great number of shepherds advanced to the mountain, and concealing themselves behind the rocks, waited for the woman, whom at length they saw, and coming upon her by surprise, seized her person; clothes were immediately presented to her, which she rejected, and even tore with the greatest violence. Being conducted to the hamlet, her fury still continued; here the Curé, who is a clergyman much beloved, sweet and persuasive, presented himself to her, at once offering her the words of peace and consolation. At once, by one of those quick transitions so common in disorders of the mind, the sinking of melancholy succeeded the explosion of frenzy. After a long reverie, only one involuntary exclamation escaped her, and in this, the words Good God! and My husband! were distinctly understood. Lodged at the house of the Curé, it was observed she spoke in the French language alone, and that she did not belong to the common class of people; her figure, though lank and livid, appeared to have been once handsome. But though the necessary precautions were taken to prevent her escape from the chamber in which she was placed for the night, they were insufficient: on the morrow she had disappeared; the clothes last put on her were found not far from the place, torn to tatters.

She re-appeared some days after on the summit of a rock, hitherto supposed inaccessible, except to eagles and to the Chamois; attempts to take her again were mul-

tiplied, but they were to no purpose. It was generally believed, and some expressions that escaped her, strengthened the opinion, that she had married a Frenchman, whom revolutionary events had driven into Spain, and that she in endeavouring to follow him met with robbers, who murdered him and plundered them both, even of their garments. This catastrophe deprived her in a great measure of her senses. After the lapse of the whole winter of 1813, through the care of M. Vornies Juge de Paix, she was again caught, and after being frequently asked how it was that the bears did not devour her—"The bears," she replied, "they are my best friends, they kept me warm."

The bears of the Pyrennees are terrible only to those who provoke them; they retire at the approach of winter into their caverns, and pass some months in a lethargic slumber. It was supposed possible that this woman, impelled by cold to enter into that frightful habitation, had kept herself warm during the winter by participating in the beds of the bears, which she to all appearance never quitted, but for the purpose of catching fish in the torrents, or gathering the fruit of the pine-tree in the neighbouring forests.

It seems strange, that as the cries of this unhappy woman were extremely troublesome to those that heard them at Foix, to which place she had been last conducted, that she was not again left at liberty to indulge her love of rude retirement. Instead of this, it appears, that after the surrounding inhabitants had indulged their curiosity in learning what they could of her, she was transferred from that place to an old castle, where
the

the keeper also, to get rid of her noise, as he termed it, confined her to an apartment of the fosse, humid and dark, where, partly from neglect and partly from the change of air and diet, she was soon after found a lifeless corpse. "Let us," says the French Journalist, "deplore her mournful catastrophe, and honour, at least with a tear, the memory of this singular victim of conjugal affection."

SPORTING SUBJECTS, ANIMALS, &c.

In the Exhibition of the Royal Academy of Paintings at Somerset House, in the year 1814, being the forty-sixth year of the Institution.

4. **PORTRAIT** of a Hertfordshire sheep, the property of Mr. J. Clark, of Littley park; allowed by judges to be the largest ever seen.—D. Wolstenholme.

11. The stable.—R. B. Davis.

12. A scene near Gungavapetta, in the Dindigul district, with wild animals: Peninsula of India.—T. Daniell, R. A.

20. Portrait of a mare, the property of J. Anderson, Esq.—G. Stevens.

24. Woodcock-shooting in Chatsworth-park.—R. R. Reinagle.

28. Landscape: Ploughing scene in Suffolk.—J. Constable.

32. Rose, a famous terrier, the property of Lady Graham.—H. B. Chalon.

49. Rural sports.—G. Stevens.

51. A wandering stag.—P. Reinagle, R. A.

66. Portrait of a well-known hunter bred near Worcester, the property of S. Shepherd, Esq.—R. H. Gerrard, jun.

67. Portrait of a horse.—J. Bangerer.

76. Portraits of an Indian bull and cow of the Zebu kind, the property of H. Meux, Esq.—A. Cooper.

87. Monkey tricks.—P. Reinagle, R. A.

91. Horses greeting a stranger.—E. A. Spilsbury.

95. The cheat detected.—E. Bird, A.

105. Horses.—H. Kinch.

106. Portrait of Smolensko.—J. N. Sartorius.

117. Portrait of a favourite greyhound, the property of T. F. Heathcote, Esq.—J. Ward, R. A.

132. Portrait of a Shetland poney, the property of the Hon. J. Coventry.—J. Ward, R. A.

142. Shooting poney, and Rolla, the property of G. Wilson, Esq.—J. N. Sartorius.

144. Portrait of Hackney, a grey horse, the property of J. Fane, Esq.—W. H. Davis.

162. Portrait of a Merino ram belonging to J. Fane, Esq.—W. H. Davis.

170. Portraits of Mr. Kew and horse.—A. Cooper.

171. Diana reposing after the chase.—S. Woodford, R. A.

178. Portraits of Fanny, a charger, and Muff, a poodle.—A. Cooper.

187. Portrait of Charley, a black horse, the property of Mr. Cox.—W. H. Davis.

205. Rural sports.—G. Stevens.

220. Snipe shooting.—A. Fraser.

226. Portraits of Mrs. J. E. Eardley Wilmot and daughter.—G. Dawe, R. A. Elect.

228. Portraits of Leopard, a dray-horse, and Will Craddock, a servant, belonging to Messrs. Barclay, Perkins, and Co.—A. Cooper.

229. Bird-

229. Bird-catchers: Morning.
—W. Collins.

232. Erichth, by Sorcerer, a racing mare, the property of J. P. Kellermann, Esq.—J. Cawse.

262. Landscape and cattle.—W. Daniell, A.

275. Boys fishing.—W. Mulready.

286. Landscape and cattle.—G. Warren.

290. Cattle: Afternoon.—E. Childe.

301. Dead game.—Howitt.

304. Fancy, a favourite spaniel, the property of E. Poore, Esq.—H. B. Chalon.

314. Ploughman returning from labour.—J. Harris.

317. Portraits of a groom and hunter, belonging to Lady Augusta Vane.—H. B. Chalon.

324. Malcolm, an Arabian, the property of His R. H. the Prince Regent.—C. H. Schwanfelder.

328. A hare.—E. Coleman.

329. Hen and chickens alarmed by a hawk.—J. Sillett.

330. Portraits of two famous hunters and harriers going out in the morning, the property of Sir B. Graham, Bart.—H. B. Chalon.

333. Stedmore, a famous blood horse, the property of Sir B. Graham, Bart.—H. B. Chalon.

346. Fish.—J. Harper.

350. Fish.—J. Harper.

361. The ploughman returning home.—J. Burnet.

370. The young archer.—Mrs. Briane.

480. Girl and puppy, in enamel, after Gainsborough.—H. Bone, R. A.

484. Portrait of a hunter, the property of Lord Middleton.—R. Lawrence.

489. The straw-yard: A sketch.—J. Ward, R. A.

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491. Park scene in Kent.—J. C. D. H.

499. Portrait of a hunter, the property of Lord Middleton.—R. Lawrence.

509. Scene in Stockgill, Ambleside, with cattle.—R. Hills.

510. Bridge and cattle.—G. Ainslie, H.

513. An eagle.—E. A. Spilsbury.

515. Fish.—G. Roth.

524. Fishermen.—J. A. Atkinson.

540. Unkennelling hounds, with a portrait of a hunter.—S. Edwards.

541. Pheasants, from nature.—J. Barenger.

546. Portraits of Rose and Crib, two celebrated bull-dogs, the property of a gentleman.—A. Cooper.

562. Portrait of a celebrated hunter, the property of Lord Viscount Deerhurst.—A. Cooper.

577. Dace and minnow, from nature.—J. Greener.

600. Portraits of General Skinner's fourth son, and dog.—R. Saunders.

610. The cheat detected: A gaming-house scene, in which are the portraits of three notorious swindlers.—E. V. Rippingille.

613. Portrait of J. Ward, Esq. R. A.—J. Jackson.

656. A bittern.—J. Ward, R. A.

661. The gamekeeper.—L. Clenel.

663. A heron.—J. Ward, R. A.

665. Fish.—Miss G. Roberts, H.

671. Birds and fruit, from nature.—Mrs. Groves.

757. Boxer's: taken from a point of time in a late celebrated combat between the Champion and the Black.—G. Garrard, A.

797. A favourite dog, in bronze.—Mrs. T. Dickens, H.

OBSERVATIONS

On the Sporting Subjects in the Exhibition of the Royal Academy at Somerset House, for the Year 1814.

4. Placed too high to judge of the merit of the performance.

12. DANIELL, R. A.—Long, and pleasingly still, has the eye been furnished with beautiful Indian sceneries from the skilful hand and unsophisticated pallet of this worthy academician, and long may he continue to delight us with the successful result of his lively conceptions and steady labours. Although the *wild animals*, which animate this landscape, are not familiar to our eyes, yet they have been stamped, by the genius of the pourtrayer of nature, with a genuine character. They stare and seem alive. The back ground, interwoven with wild trees, such as the Hindoos cultivate and worship, is uncommonly picturesque, and assumes an air of nearly antediluvian majesty. The two animals on the margin of a running stream, that seems to fret and purl among the pebbles, are of the deer kind; and it would be an acquisition to this and other European countries, if this species were *inmatriculated* in our parks, where, excepting the severity of the weather and the difference of latitude, they would find peace, comfort, and food. But who will make the experiment, and bring it, by perseverance and patience, to real advantage? Some of our wealthy agriculturists, however, may bear this hint and turn it in their mind, and some fifty years hence the addition of a new species to our stock, may be traced to a painting of Mr. Daniell, and to a phrase in the *Sporting Magazine*.

24. *Woodcock - shooting in*

Chatsworth-park. By R. R. REINAGLE.—This is really a good picture; Mr. Reinagle has chosen for the scene of action a romantic glen of the most picturesque kind. In the center a rivulet rolls rapidly along and hastes away through broken pieces of rocks, before a handsome screen of stately woods, rising on a bold eminence on the back ground of the picture. It would be ridiculous to expatiate much longer upon a performance, which, if seen, speaks eloquently to the eyes in its own behalf; if not seen, cannot be properly and adequately described. The best we can say, and we are not afraid to say too much, is, that the sportsman finds himself at home here, and thinks he sees himself among the actors of the game.

28. *Landscape; ploughing scene in Suffolk.* By J. CONSTABLE.—There is something so very pleasing in this picture, that we cannot help calling the attention of the visitors to it. But, perhaps, the idle loungeur will despise to stoop for it, or the proud connoisseur may turn up his nose. This observation of ours must be applied to many humble efforts of the pencil, which only want encouragement, and yet must not be too eager after praise. The hand of the gardener must often cut, distort, and water the plant, ere it blows and astonish with its flowers, or repay the labour with its fruit.

32. *Rose, a famous terrier, the property of Lady Graham.* By H. B. CHALON.—This very clever artist and zoographer, has exhibited several pieces this year, all and every one of which do him much honour.

66, 67. Deserve the attention of the lovers of the turf.

76, 170, 208, 546, 562. *Portraits, &c.* by A. COOPER.—It would, indeed, be a pleasing task for us, to take notice of every one of the very interesting performances which this young artist has exhibited this year; but the whole of our strictures upon each, and all together, would coincide in this, in an axiom particularly adapted to Mr. Cooper: that whatever in nature a man, endowed with imitative power, and warmed with the never-ceasing spark of genius, attempts to personify, he must bring to its own identity. Phidias made horses, so did Myron—Praxiteles sculptured portraits of them.—Mr. Ward, on the steps of the ancient masters, paints animals, so does Mr. Cooper, and so do many others; but some paint portraits of animals.

87. *Monkey tricks.* By P. REINAGLE, R. A.—If any thing can be called *sport*, surely this must be admitted in the *Sporting Magazine*, for it is *sport* with a vengeance; *sports* of monkeys are but imitations of *sports* of men; and we do not see why the deep and eccentric philosophers might not find out and say, that men in their actions are merely *aping monkeys*. In the scriptural pedigree of nature, monkeys were before men, therefore they have a right to claim originality. However, Mr. Reinagle, who is surely well acquainted with the famous performances of TENIERS on this subject, and others in this sort of *sport*, has not got the better of his rivals; we love to see the fellows play, but yet we want to admire the skill of the painter in brightness of tints and high finishing, which is not the case here.

91. *Horses greeting a stranger.*

By E. A. SPILSBURY.—It would be unfair to entertain any idea against this being a good picture, since it is out of the reach of close inspection; and as it is well known that one of the principal parts of zoography is to depict the beauty of the skin as well as to delineate the outlines of the animal, such a piece seen at a great distance, loses its interest.

95. *The cheat detected.* By E. BIRD, A.—This is *sport* indeed—a wife with her child cleanly thrown over tables and chairs on the ground; blackguards dealing blows at an uncommon rate; accomplices sculking away, &c. This broken scene makes a good picture, but Mr. Bird's pencil will see better days. His landing of Louis XVIII. in France, as well as the sailing from Dover, will declare at once the real strength of Mr. Bird's genius, and we have no doubt that if he dares to come forward *by day light*, (for all his performances are stamped with twilight), he will amply succeed.

117. *Portrait of a greyhound, &c.* By J. WARD, R. A.

Say, has the kren, sagacious, chase-
hound kind,
That snuffs the plain, interrogates the
wind,
And frets, and pants, and bustles thro'
the brake,
The glen, the busy woods, all for your
sake,
Has he the conscience of the cruel
sport?

It would be difficult to answer even in humble prose the question of the poet; but it is easy, because it is right and true, to say, that whatever Mr. Ward touches becomes animated under the talismanic influence of his pencil.

132. *Portrait of a Shetland poney, &c.* BY THE SAME.—Much

has been said upon the etymology of this word, and indeed upon the spelling of it. Dr. Johnson will have it *pony*, although he gives no reason for his spelling it so. But we are positively of opinion that he is right in this case, as the word comes from the Latin *ponè*, an adverb which means "after, behind." This inferior tribe of horses being much smaller than the other breeds, and not being able to follow them *passibus æquis*, "at equal pace," were consequently called *ponies*, "horses that come in the rear and behind the others."—This small piece is delicately touched, and the scenery behind most romantic.

177. *Dido and Æneas going to the chase.* By J. M. W. TURNER, R. A.

Meanwhile Aurora gilds the Sapphire
skies,
And floods of light in fervid splendour
rise:

The Trojan youth, impatient of delay,
Burst from the city gates and now display

Their nets, their toils, their iron-headed
spears.

On rush Massylian huntsmen, and the
ears

Ring with the barkings of sagacious
hounds,

Eager to bolt and scour the verdant
grounds.

At her rich toilet ling'ring still, the
Queen

Appears not yet—Her courtiers on the
green,

Before the palace wait—her noble steed
In Tyrian scarlet, stiff with gold, array'd,
Foams on the curb, and burns to shew
his wonted speed.

VIRG. ÆN. IV.

This beautiful performance, in which Mr. Turner has embodied the thoughts of the Roman Poet, is, besides the grandeur of the subject, a great effort of genius. Here you see the whole of the rising city of Carthage, down to

the margin of the sea, towards which the eye is gently and pleasingly carried by a noble and limpid stream, the transparency of which bids defiance to any paintings we ever have admired. The sportsmen on the fore-ground preparing for the chase, the asiatic splendour of their dresses, contrast most happily the vast expanse of half enlightened skies, in which a few gold-fringed clouds seem to retire respectfully and melt into air before the broad disk of the god of day. This is one of the most beautiful scenes in nature, one of the best productions of the artist, and one of the most admired in the great room of the academy.

187. *Portrait of Charley, &c.* By W. H. DAVIS.—This artist is exceedingly clever, and the different pictures he has exhibited this year evince great improvement in the line he has adopted.

226. *Portrait of Mrs. J. E. Wilmot.* By G. DAWE, R. A.—Here is a sort of sport which is the most innocent of all; the sport of a child with flowers; unless, with Dr. Darwin, we are inclined to think that the rose shrinks from the rosy finger of the pretty girl who plucks it, and that it feels the pangs of death when it withers upon the tree. This picture is much admired, and truly deserves it.

228. By A. COOPER.—See what we have said of this excellent artist, under his picture at No. 76.

229. *Bird-catchers, &c.* By W. COLLINS.—It is to be deplored, that the infancy of man in its sports should partake of the cruelty of wild animals. However, a long lapse of years must be spent in moralizing, animadverting, and preaching, before we are able to convince a boy

a boy that it is against the law of nature that he should deprive a bird of its young ; but we will leave this serious and useless strain to pay our most sincere tribute of praise to the artist, who has given us here a most beautiful simile of one of the pleasantest scenes in nature, the rise of the sun.

333. An excellent portrait of an admirable horse; it does great honour to the painter.

346. Painted with care and delicacy.

439. *The straw-yard: a sketch.* By J. WARD, R. A.—We are tempted to call this not a sketch, but a high finished miniature. We never saw any thing from the hand of this excellent artist, that ever pleased us more than this bit; it is a jewel; it bears the closest inspection, and would be sufficient to denote a painter of genius—*ex pede Herculem*.

ANECDOTES OF CRUELTY, AND FONDNESS FOR BRUTES.

"I Remember," says a late writer, "in my childhood, to have taken the young birds from a nest in the neighbourhood of my father's house. The parent bird having been witness to the robbery, and perceiving where her young were carried, continued for some time to flutter near the house, in hope of regaining them. Many a moving and helpless intreaty she made for their release, and when they were carried out of her sight, she sat mourning by herself on a bush. At last having taken it into my head to bring out one of the young birds to give it the air, the old one came almost close to me and shewed such signs of the most

pungent distress, that my heart was almost entirely overcome. The desire I had, however, of having a living bird, was so strong that it overcame the natural compassion of my temper, and instead of releasing the young one, I discharged a stone at the old one. She avoided the stroke, but retreated only to a small distance, so that being equally unable to get rid of her importunity, or to resist the feelings of my own heart, I returned to the house, where I had no sooner set the bird down, than it was carried away by a cat. The whole of this transaction made such an impression upon my mind, that from that time to this, I never robbed a bird's nest since, nor think of the story without regretting that I did not return the young one to its mother."

A lady of quality lately travelling in Scotland, with her husband in their carriage, the horses took fright on passing a bridge, and went on with such velocity, that two servants behind were left at such a distance, that the lady seeing no relief at hand, and having rather more courage or less prudence than her husband, jumped out of the carriage, when meeting an old woman, though not of the most polished manners, and addressing her thus—"Oh, good woman, for heaven's sake come and help me to save my two *angels*," the good woman instantly assented, thinking of course that the lady had *two children* in the coach; but how great was her surprise when it was stopped, on finding that the two *angels* had degenerated into two *lap dogs*, for whom all the anxiety had been expressed by this lady, whilst her husband had been left to his fate, without the least concern! Under this dis-

disappointment, the old woman, swearing a great oath, dashed one of the *angels* against the stones, and threw the other *angel* over the bridge.

BOXING.

RICHMOND AND DAVIS.

THE first general meeting of the amateurs of the fist took place on Tuesday, the 3d of May, at Coombe Warren, near Kingston, Surrey, where first-rate science has often before been exhibited. On this occasion more than ordinary interest was excited. The battles were for purses, given by an association of Gentlemen, from a regular fund for the support of gymnastic exercises, and a better day's play has not been often witnessed. The professors, who were selected for the honourable distinction of contending at the national game of boxing, were Painter and Oliver, but that combat, on which so much was pending, having been postponed until the 17th by consent, the combatants on this occasion for a purse of fifty guineas, were Richmond, the black, who has before signalized himself in the field of combat, and gained the reputation of a man of first-rate science, and Davis, a navigator, who, besides having been distinguished by provincial notoriety, has beat two men in a ring of London amateurs.

On this event a square of twenty-five feet was formed with three rounds of rope, the stakes of which were tastefully painted with the letters P. C. At half-past twelve the *caterer* for milling sports shewed himself, and the combatants followed shortly after, each

apparently panting for the honour of the day. Soon after one o'clock the men set to. Betting was at first 11 to 8 and 5 to 4 on Davis, but from general appearances it got to even, and Richmond for choice before setting to. The weight of Richmond was about 12st. 2lb. and that of Davis 12st. 8 or 9lb.—Belcher and Gibbons seconded Richmond, and Joe Ward and Whele, Davis.

Round 1. Davis made play with the left hand, which Richmond stopped, and returned slightly right and left, seeming rather out of distance. Davis pressed onward, and planted a good blow with the right hand on Richmond's temple, which brought him down. Betting 7 to 4 on Davis.

2. Both went in and rallied, and some smart fighting took place. Davis bled freely during the rally, but Richmond was again knocked down, although he availed himself of superior science against more weight and strength.—Two to 1 on Davis.

3. Richmond pinked his adversary smartly with his left hand on the head, but Davis went in boxing, and closed, and threw him.

4. A smart rallying round commenced by Richmond with a left-handed teaser. Davis returned angrily, and Richmond went down with a slight hit on the mouth. Davis still bled freely.

5. In this round the Black shewed much daring and science. He first met a rally, which he broke away from, and in retreating nobbed his adversary, who bit, or rather chopped loosely. Richmond, in retreating, at length made a stand, and put in a terrific blow on the mouth, which floored or grassed him.—Even betting on Richmond.

6. Rich-

6. Richmond followed up his successes, and availed himself of his superior science, and again dropped his man.

7. Davis shewed weakness and symptoms of losing. He followed his adversary in hurried temper, and Richmond, by a rattling blow on the jaw, put the head of the former into chancery, and Davis seemed to hit wide, over-handed, and out of distance.

8. Davis rallied, and with some success. He planted a hit on his adversary's mouth, but without punishing effect.—Richmond returned on the retreating system with much effect, but in closing he was thrown.

9. Richmond planted a good hit under his adversary's ear, and retreated. Davis went down.

10. Both closed, and Richmond down.

11. Richmond made a good stop, when a close took place, and he received a severe throw.

12. Davis had continued to bleed from the second round, and he followed his adversary, hitting over, or rather chopping all round the ring. Richmond excelled De Hayes even in figurative step, in retreating, but he at length made a stand, and put in a blow again on the mouth with the right hand, which separated the upper lip of his antagonist from the nose, and with which he went down beat. Any odds.

13. Davis made his last effort, but it was of no avail; he was again knocked down, and the combat ended. Richmond leaped over the ropes, nearly five feet, with no other hits than one near the temple in the first round, and a slight one on the mouth, of the slightest consequence. The battle lasted twenty

minutes. The loser was dreadfully hit.

REMARKS.

In this battle there was a specimen of what a man of fifty and upwards, of first-rate science, could do against a fresh man of under thirty, and of superior length and strength. Richmond found at the commencement of the fight, that his adversary was not to be *pinked* away by left-handed *jobbing*, and a few *rattlers* with his demolishing right hand soon set the event at rest. He judged his distance with admirable skill, and never hit without his blows telling. By the retreating system in the last round but one, his blows told with double effect, by gathering himself for a hit when his adversary was boring upon him. Of Davis we can say but little: he is a good fighter amongst novices, but such a man as the Black can beat all such of any weight, even at his advanced age.

A second battle was fought of the most courageous description, between Smith, of Hammersmith, and Hares, the conqueror of Ballard, two of the gamest little men ever pitted, for twenty-five guineas. It is impossible to do justice to the courage and perseverance of these heroes. They fought with reciprocal advantage for a length of time; but Smith was the heaviest man and a right-handed punisher, while his antagonist gave with the left. Smith won dearly, and both were unable to walk alone from severe punishment. This battle lasted fifty minutes.

PAINTER AND OLIVER.

The battle between Oliver the gardener, and Painter, which had excited

excited more interest than any that has occurred, for some years, took place on Tuesday, the 24th of May, 1814, at Shepperton, Middlesex; thousands were pending on the event. The stake for which the men contended was fifty pounds of the Gymnastic club. At one o'clock a twenty-four feet square was formed, encompassed by about 10,000 spectators. The men entered at one o'clock, each full of confidence. Betting in the ring was estimated at 11 to 8 current on Oliver. The seconds were, for Painter, his friend and patron, Gregson, and one of the old school; and for Oliver, the champion Crib officiated, with J. Clark, his bottle-holder.

THE SET-TO.

Round 1. Oliver made play with his left hand at harmless distance, and Painter returned, but without effect. A sort of rally took place, in which Painter shewed first blood. They got to a close, by Painter making miss with the right hand, and Oliver got at the *fibbing* system. Painter was ultimately thrown. No betting.

2. Oliver hit his man in the front of the face with his left hand, and Painter returned awkwardly with the right. A smart rally followed, when Painter got punished about the head with his adversary's left hand. He planted one good body hit on Oliver. There was some daring resolute fighting in the rally, but Oliver was at length knocked down by a clean hit on the head.—Betting averaged at even.

3. This round exceeded in bravery, perhaps, any thing on record. Painter, encouraged by success at the end of the last round, made play, but he hit short, and got another left-handed facer. A

most determined rally followed, with reciprocal advantage, which lasted two minutes: both fought chiefly at the head, hit for hit until they were covered with blood. Oliver retreated from the rally, and nabbed his adversary with the left hand; but Painter at length got to in-fighting again, and this second rally was even more heroic than the first. Painter seemed to have the best of the rally, but in the middle of it he received a body hit on the heart, with which he was near going down. Painter at length fell from weakness, and both were at this time *piping*.

4. Oliver got at shy safe fighting, and was very successful in planting his left-handed hits on Painter's head. Painter followed his adversary retreating, but was unable to return upon his hits. He was evidently distressed, and threw away many right-handed blows, one of which would have been unlucky for Oliver had it told. Painter placed a good right-handed hit on his adversary's eye, and seemed to be getting second wind. Another smart and courageous rally took place to the ropes, and Painter fell weak. Two to 1 on Oliver.

5. Oliver continued his safe fighting by hitting with the left hand and breaking away. Painter fell on his face in pursuing him.

6. There was no difference between this and the former round, excepting that Painter, in a sort of rally, planted hits left and right, and fell weak.

7. Oliver had his antagonist so much under, that he hit him at pleasure. Painter was too much beat and distressed to make a hit, and he fell on one knee.

8. Oliver went to work and finished the fight by some terrible hits, and he knocked him down with

with the right hand, and Painter was unable again to appear in time. Painter was quite blind, and dreadfully punished, and Oliver suffered much about the head and body; his left eye was nearly closed.

REMARKS.

Two men more brave never stripped for combat; but with nearly equal weight Oliver out-fought his man. Painter never could return upon the left hand on his head, and was only partially successful in rallies. He was beat in the third round by the body blow described. Oliver too, by the superiority of training, was in the finest imaginable condition, and was never much out of wind in the determined rallies.

Cooper beat Jay without a scratched face, in eight minutes, by dexterous fighting. This was for a purse of twenty-five guineas.

Another fight, of an inferior nature, closed the day's diversion.

INSTRUCTIONS TO YOUNG SPORTSMEN,

With Directions for the Choice, Care, and Management of Guns; Hints for the Preservation of Game; and Instructions for shooting Wildfowl. To which is added, a concise Abridgment of the principal Game Laws. Price 5s.

THE Author of this little book has comprised more valuable information in one hundred and fifty small pages, than is often to be found in a volume of thrice its dimensions; and notwithstanding the modest pretensions set forth in the preface, of its being written "for the amusement and instruction of the inexperienced sportsman, to whom alone so humble a production is offered," we may with confidence assert that the

experienced, as well as the inexperienced, will find much practical information and original remark, concisely yet perspicuously expressed, in the different subjects which are treated of in the work. With these few prefatory observations we shall leave the author to speak for himself, by extracting for the judgment of our readers, a portion of what is said on the subject of "Guns."

"GUNS of a common size are now brought to such perfection, that a person who is content with being tolerably well served, can hardly go amiss, in choosing his gunmaker; and there is scarcely any one in the business but, from the accidental circumstance of having served some of his customers with good barrels, is extolled, by them, as "the best maker in England."

"The real sportsman, however, will turn the deaf ear to such recommendations, and continue going to the heads of the trade, which, he may rest assured, for one who wishes to be really well served, is the most certain, the most satisfactory, and, in the end, the cheapest method he can adopt.

"In answer to those, who deprecate the idea of giving Mr. Manton fifty, or Mr. Joseph Manton sixty guineas for a gun, let me only observe, that the workmen employed by these and the other good makers, require wages and indulgence, in proportion to the knowledge of their respective branches of the business; and it thereby becomes necessary to charge for the guns accordingly.

"Should this expence be incompatible with the spirit or finances of the shooter, he has only to pay a visit to Mr. Wilson, the pawnbroker, in Vigo-lane, where

he will get, at reduced prices, the guns of almost every mechanic in London, and some of them entirely new, with every article, as it came packed from the gunmaker to the gentleman, who raised the wind on it!

"This is cheaper, and far better, than going to a second-rate shop; as, instead of waiting six months for a gun, which, after all, you might not be pleased with, you may here, at once, suit yourself, and, sometimes, full as well as if you had spared no expence.

"All the makers have, more or less, their respective merits; and I should say, that Mr. Joseph Manton's *chef d'œuvre* is a double gun; his brother's, a single gun; and Mr. Egg's, a duck gun, or any thing out of the common way.

"By dwelling only on their names, I do not mean to cast any reflection on the rest of the trade; as it must be allowed, that Messrs. Nock, Beckwith, Clark, Gulley, and many others, both in town and country, can turn out very good guns: and I am induced to mention one of the country makers, as an encouragement for others to follow his example—Mr. Parsons, of Salisbury, who has his barrels from the same man (Mr. Fullard, No. 57, Compton-street, Clerkenwell), and closely imitates Mr. Manton; by which he has given much satisfaction in the west of England.

"Many *wisecracks* abuse all the heads of the trade, and swear, that they can always insure having the best of guns, at a quarter the price, from Birmingham! This may be, provided a person has such interest there, as to get picked workmen for the whole process of his order; but, in general, the immense business carried on here is

for the wholesale line, and only requires to be in the rough, from which circumstance, the workmen are not so much in the habit of finishing, as those employed daily for that purpose.

"But, as far as the judgment of some people goes, it would certainly be a wanton extravagance, to give more than fifteen pounds for a double, or eight for a single gun. I allude to those, who, on being shown a superior one, would view it like a fossil or a picture, and, on being requested to "feel how fine the lock is," thrust their forefingers, as far as they can, into the guard, sticking up their thumbs as if going to be dressed for a wound, and usually complete their inspection, by breaking one of your locks, and abusing the man who made them!

"I shall now proceed to the particulars of what a gun should be, and begin with the

"BARRELS.—The usual method of trying a barrel is to fire at a single sheet of paper, and pronounce, at once, that the one which puts in the most shot is the best, without considering any other circumstance.

"Such a mistake is excusable in those, who merely take up a gun for exercise, or at times, when they *cannot hunt*; but, that a person, who *wishes to excel in shooting*, and even a London gunmaker, should fall into the same error, argues as much against the judgment of the one, as the qualification for his business of the other. For example: How is a gun made to shoot very close? By a contraction in the caliber; which, in compressing the shot, completely checks its velocity, and thereby makes the gun shoot so slow, that the sportsman often fires behind his game,

and

nd of course, *so weak*, though well directed, that, instead of his birds *dying in the air*, they are brought down in a slovenly manner, and half of them escape being bagged, although their *skins may be filled with shot* enough to make a *brilliant display at a newspaper*. Judged, the effect of this mode of boring might be equally well produced, by loading with scarcely any powder, and elevating so as for nearly all the shot to drop into the mark (a common trick, when an *old soldier* wishes to sell a gun to a *Cockney*).—But enough of imperfections; and now for what a barrel ought to be—

“Except being the *least possible* relieved towards the muzzle, it should be bored a cylinder, with which caliber it will shoot stronger and sharper, than with one where-in there is any contraction, and thereby drive the shot with such force, that one peller will do more execution, than four or five from a barrel otherwise bored; and it will go off so instantaneously, that the pull of the trigger and death of the game will be all in one motion, (provided the breeching, lock, and touchhole, of which I shall make mention hereafter, be properly constructed.)

“A barrel bored a perfect cylinder will not shoot quite so close as the other; but, taking every thing into consideration, it has the tenfold advantage of doing justice to a good shot, and even assisting a bad one, by the irresistible force given, not only to the body of the charge, but also to the pellets, which fly wide of the mark: let the sportsman, therefore, rest assured, that a gun, which will shoot sufficiently close a surface to insure two or three shot (of No. 7, at forty yards) taking a bird, and, at

the same time, distribute them in a regular manner, is better even, than a very close shooting cylinder. It was formerly the custom to make barrels, although so small as fourteen, eighteen, and less, in the gauge, of three or four feet in length; and now, since it has been ascertained, that two feet six inches will shoot equally well, many gunmakers have gone too much to the other extreme, and cut them to two feet four inches, and less. The disadvantage of this is, that even the best shots are more liable to miss; as, although we allow, that a short gun will kill as well as a long one, yet the latter gives you a more accurate aim, and considerably lessens the recoil, by which you shoot to a greater nicety, and with more steadiness. To avoid all extremes, I should recommend barrels, not less than two feet eight, nor more than two feet ten inches in length.

“As a gun, which is top heavy, is inimical to quick shooting, the usual plan, unless the barrels are very short, is to make them “light forward;” that is, thin towards the muzzle. This I conceive to be bad; as a barrel, which is every where tolerably stout, is not so liable to expansion, and, consequently, will shoot much stronger, and last many more years, than one which is rendered so by being in any part too thin. A gun thus substantial can always be made to mount well, by being properly balanced with lead under the heel-plate, which will be far more convenient and neat in appearance, than a huge piece of wood for the but, and will thus admit of the stock being made light and elegant.

“ELEVATION of a single gun is readily obtained, by the additional

thickness at the breeching, by placing which in a line with the muzzle, the caliber is, of course, so much elevated, as to bring the centre of it full up to the line of the aim, which, were the barrels of the same size at each end, would of course be completely under the mark.

"With the elevation of double guns, we have, till lately, been rather in ignorance. The groove between the barrels was considered, by many, as an easier sight, than that of a single gun: this may be for a sitting shot, or a bird flying straight from you; but, for a cross shot, I consider it a disadvantage: as, when this sunk groove is levelled before the object, it becomes so far obscured by the barrel next to it, that, if a moment is lost in firing, we are ignorant how far we are pointing before what we shoot at.

"In order to prevent shooting under, it became necessary to what was called 'set up' barrels, that is, to bend them upwards, at the end of every season, which, to say the least of it, contributed so much to their wear and tear, as to make them, in a few years, somewhat doubtful as to safety.

"Now, however, all these objections are admirably remedied, by Mr. Joseph Manton's elevation, which, although abused by other gunmakers, has been so systematically copied by the greater part of them, more or less, that some even infringed on the patent, and the rest have brought out bungling imitations of it, "because the gentlemen will have their guns in the fashion," at the same time well aware of the necessity of an elevation; and those, who are above copying, tell you that a straight stock will answer the same

purpose: but let me ask them, whether it will give so clear and good a sight? and will an elevation, by this means, bring your line of aim on so true a level?

"Although the elevation was before used for rifles, and seen on a very old single gun of the late Duke of Richmond; yet it must be allowed, that, even if attempted, it never was brought to such perfection, in double guns, as to be worthy of being generally imitated, till adopted by Mr. Manton.

"THE SIGHT is little used, except for beginners, and slow, poking shots, who dandle their guns after a bird, for ten or fifteen yards; and, therefore, the less it is the better: one scarcely bigger than a pin's head will be more out of the way, if not wanted; and for those who require it, the smaller it is, the more readily it will help them to the centre.

"THE RAMROD, which has a worm on the same principle as the solid corkscrew, is the best to take hold of all kinds of wadding, and admits of a brass cap, as well as any. Those made like a screw, after a little wear, are of scarcely any more use than the end of a stick, and the common worm is apt to flatten and become troublesome.

"DIRECTIONS FOR TRYING BARRELS.—A man may be taken in with a horse, or even a dog, but never in a gun, after being simply told how to try it.

"Having taken out the breeching, and ascertained that the barrel is free from flaws, or unsound places, let him fire about a dozen or twenty shots at a quire of paper, by which he will know, to a certainty, both the strength and closeness with which the shot is driven; and he should remember, that the strongest and most regular shoot.

shooting gun is the best, provided it does not throw the shot so thin, as for a bird to escape between them.

"The same quire of paper might do for all, if one fresh sheet is put in front of, and another behind it, every time the gun is fired.

"Stock, to be neat in appearance, should be cut away, as close as strength and safety will admit of, and well tapered off at the locks. The butt may be rather full, but a cheekpiece is not only as frightful as its usual companion the scrollguard, but is sometimes apt to give the very blow it is intended to save.

"The length, bend, and casting off of a stock, must of course, be fitted to the shooter, who should have his measure for them as carefully entered on a gunmaker's books, as that for a suit of clothes on those of his tailor. He has then only to direct, that his guns may be well balanced; to do which the maker will put lead, in proportion to their weight; so that, on holding each of them flat on the left hand, with the end of the featherspring about half an inch from the little finger, he will find a sufficient equilibrium, to make the gun rest perfectly steady on the hand.

"I have proved that this degree of balance answers best, as a but too much loaded is apt to hang on the right hand in bringing it up, and *vice versa*, on the left, with a gun which is top heavy.

"For those who take a pride in the appearance of their stocks, and select handsome pieces of wood, I know of nothing better to keep them polished, than a *little* linseed oil, and *plenty* of, what is vulgarly called, *elbow-grease*.

"BREECHING.—The breeching

of a gun, till of late years, was simply a plug, screwed into the end of the barrel, so as to reach to the touch-hole.

"The first improvement was to bore a hole down the centre of this plug, and bring the touch-hole to it in a right angle, thereby having the communication directly through both the male and female screws. How far this may be safe, I leave to the more experienced to judge; but it certainly shoots so well, that I never could find any solid breeching to beat it, until Mr. Joseph Manton brought out his, which, like the rest of his work, has been abused and imitated by most of his *filial fraternity*!

"To treat on the various kinds of solid breechings that have been made since the original invention of Mr. Nock, would be wasting time, and consuming a volume, when we can at once warrant, that there are none superior to the one above mentioned.

"For example, a breeching on Mr. Manton's construction, places the touch-hole literally to the chamber, and thereby not only cuts off all superfluous angles, which impede quick firing, and collect dirt, but the narrowness of this chamber admits of the outside metal being filed away, with the most perfect safety, and lets in the lock so far, that the pan is brought close to the charge of powder, and makes the discharge of the gun as instantaneous as possible. All this, however, may be more clearly demonstrated, by a reference to the sections of gun breechings, of which there are now published so many engravings, and in which the other decided advantages of this improvement are fully manifested.

"Should it be suggested, that the

the narrowness of this tube renders it difficult to be cleaned, let it be remembered, that the rod, when it goes to the bottom of the breech, forces the air through the centre tube, with such violence, that neither oil nor damp can be left behind; and, in the event of any dirt falling in, there is a probe, which you screw on the ramrod; and this little appendage is, or should be, attached to your flintcase.

[To be concluded in our next.]

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.

SIR,

A Letter has appeared in your last Number, from Mr. G. Sharpe, huntsman to the Prince Regent's stag-hounds, dated from Ascot Heath, in which he complains of being accused in a paragraph a month or two since, of having "maimed an animal in the most barbarous and cruel manner possible, for the purpose of giving blood to the hounds." At the same time Mr. Sharpe desires the assertion to be contradicted.

Now, Sir, although I have stirred in this matter, probably beyond any other man, the present is the first time that have I heard Mr. Sharpe accused of the atrocious fact. No name was published, so far as my information reaches, although the matter was sufficiently and explicitly canvassed in private. The fact itself, however, was attested by numerous abhorrent witnesses, either on their own knowledge, or that of their servants and other persons; and a man of high quality expressed a strong desire that it should be

made universally public; and that it should be submitted to the consideration of his Royal Highness, how ill such old barbarities agreed with the humanity and refinement of the present enlightened times. *There is no doubt but that such a representation was made.* In the mean time, it can escape no reader's observation, that Mr. Sharpe simply requests it to be contradicted that he purposely maimed the animal, of which no one has accused him; but he does not deny that the animal was purposely maimed, which will doubtless be looked upon as a confirmation of the fact. I wish most fervently he had been able to deny it, and call upon him to do so, if it be really in his power.

For the satisfaction of those, who interest themselves in the sacred cause of humanity to poor defenceless brutes, and for the correction of the abominable and selfish passions of delinquents in this way, I have authority to state, that every gross and unmanly act of cruelty will be blazoned through the three kingdoms, that a subject so interesting to humanity may be kept alive in the hearts and minds of the people, and undergo a constant discussion, and that the perpetrators may not fail of the correction of public infamy and contempt. Your Magazine, Sir, popular, amusing, instructive, elegant—alike the favourite amusement of the court, the universities, the city, and the country, has, from its original institution, enjoyed the high and estimable character of being devoted to the cause of discriminating humanity, in the case of field and all other sports, a character it has well maintained on the late most pressing occasion. There can be no doubt

doubt of your perseverance, nor of the success of your meritorious exertions, through the numerous channels of your most extensive circulation. May you and others, engaged in this truly moral, just, and patriotic cause, prove a stimulating and successful example to all your contemporaries.—I have the honour to remain, Sir, with the best wishes, &c. &c.

A BIT OF A JOCKEY.

May 17.

ON THE COMPARATIVE SPEED
OF RACE HORSES OF THE PRE-
SENT AND FORMER DAYS.

To the Editor of the Sporting
Magazine.

SIR,

A Few words more with your zealous correspondent, Z. B. on this subject, in the handling of which he seems to have more sail than ballast; more zeal and attachment, than practical acquaintance; from defect of which last, to use a turf phrase, he *beats himself*, and is caught, as poor old Tom Cammell used to say, *coming over choke-jade, without a pull to spare*. He is, however, right generally, in what he means to maintain, although he mistakes facts, introduces laughable authorities, and makes erroneous and whimsical applications.

In the first place, the far-famed Smolensko, we all know, is a winning horse, but Sir Charles Bunbury best knows his qualifications. Those as yet, are a secret. Z. B. proceeds, "We have no horse upon record since Highflyer, that has never been beat." Next page he says, "we have but five horses upon record, that have never been beat." And that, Goldsmith, of

all people, observes the breed of Childers to have been remarkably deficient. A remark perfectly suitable to a man who knew nothing of the matter. And Mr. Taplin and T. L. B. have affirmed that Highflyer never was beat. On such authority, Z. B. places his dependence. With respect to T. L. B. of his right to judge in the case, I can, in course, determine nothing. Of Mr. Taplin, I shall only remark, that had the subject been the operations of the pestle and mortar, or those of the pill and bolus manufacture, I should, in such case, have been far more disposed to listen to him. But this is a matter dependent on no man's opinion, or *ipse dixit*, but on a well-known and proved fact, as Z. B. may be convinced by referring to one of the first half dozen of the volumes of the *Sporting Magazine*. His labour in the search will be reduced to a trifle, by recourse to the index of each volume. The particulars are given, and it appears, that the name *Highflyer* was, indeed, never beat, but the horse, which subsequent to his first starting, bore that name, really was. I have reason to believe, Mr. Vauxhall Clarke was at the race alluded to, in which the nameless *Herod colt*, the property of Sir John Moore, subsequently, over a bottle, christened Highflyer, from a walnut so called in Suffolk, was beaten. Mr. Clarke is still living, and may be referred to. With respect to my own recollections, the dispute on this subject was well known to me, the second year of Highflyer's running, and Ned —, an acquaintance of mine, whose turf career lasted but that single season, won a bet by taking the side, that Highflyer had been beaten. This famous horse,

as I remarked in my last, was more endowed with stoutness or game, than speed, an opinion countenanced by the conduct of his proprietors, who never matched him to run short races, his engagements being all over the Beacon Course, I believe, one excepted, from the Ditch-in, October, 1777. If my memory does not fail me, it was in the great Colt and Filly Stakes at Newmarket, in April, 1777, B. C. fifty-six subscribers, at one hundred guineas each, in which Sir John Moore's bay colt, by Herod, afterwards named High-flyer, was beaten, being the nineteenth, or last horse which the judges could place. This famous race was won by probably the worst horse of all which started, at any rate known to be one of the worst, and to have no chance. On such ground, the riders of the capital horses, each afraid to make play, and waiting one upon the other, suffered the despised winner (a colt by Gimerack, out of Snap-dragon) to get so far a head, that the best of them, neither Dictator, Tremamondo, nor Potatoes, could afterwards overtake him! A rare and successful instance of discernment and boldness in a jockey, to make play upon such a horse over the course, and against such capital antagonists.

King Herod likewise, as your correspondent says, was undoubtedly a capital horse, but it is not true, that he beat every horse which could be brought against him, because it stands recorded, that he was in his turn beaten by Askam, Turf, and Bay Malton. Malton was, indeed, a capital horse, but to compare his performances with those of Eclipse, is a joke indeed! In the History of the Race Horse, the palm of speed

is conjecturally awarded to Childers, that of stoutness or continuance, to Eclipse; but the performances of Bonny Black are put, at least, upon a level with those of either of them. Neither Bonny Black nor Brockelsby Betty were ever beaten, although the latter was not trained until after she had bred. Beside these two, it is probable that Z. B. has not included in his list of conquerors, Goldfinder, which was never beaten or ever paid a forfeit. Goldfinder broke down in exercise, soon after his last race, or he would have entered against Eclipse for a King's Plate. No doubt but his lameness saved his reputation, although he was one of the best horses of his time. I never saw him but once, which was soon after he was out of training.

Shark, your correspondent will have it, was possessed of more speed than any other horse ever bred in this kingdom, next to Childers and Eclipse, which is said without book, and quite in the teeth of fact. He probably intended to say, that in point of general qualifications as a racer, Shark stood in such rank, which need not be disputed. Several horses had superior speed to Shark, beside those I before quoted, Rocket and Masquerade. In April, 1777, a Snap colt belonging to Lord March, called Kouli Khan, beat Shark at Newmarket, Across the Flat. Shark was a great favourite of mine, and I often visited him, taking a solemn leave of him, poor fellow, just before he set sail for Alexandria in Virginia, near to which he died about fifteen years since. Rockingham was certainly the best horse of his day, but his fame is subject to the drawback, that the capital horses with

in a few years and immediately preceding, had not left equal successors, and he had but middling competitors. When he beat O'Kelly's Soldier, an aged horse, at even weights, great puffing was made in the newspapers of the day, on such a pretended extraordinary feat. Soldier, however, was but a middling racer.

Near to his conclusion, says Z. B.—“Writers on this subject take but little pains to procure sufficient information;” and the next line, most unfortunately adds, “Childers, Regulus, Herod, Eclipse, and Highflyer, are the only instances upon record of uniform success! !”

SPORTING LAW CASES.

IN the *Court of King's Bench*, Westminster, Thursday, April 28, Mr. Park moved for a rule to shew cause why a new trial should not be granted in the cause, *SIR JOHN HONYWOOD v. STONE*.—It was an action on a special contract, tried at the last sittings at Guildhall, and a verdict was given for the plaintiff. The facts of the case were these:—Sir John Honeywood had purchased a valuable horse from the defendant, upon a contract that if he did not like the animal, and would return it on the 1st of October, with a brace of pheasants, in as good condition as when he bought it, the purchase-money should be returned. On the 1st of October he did return the horse, and on the evening of the same day sent a brace of pheasants by the Canterbury coach, addressed to the defendant in the Old Jewry. The pheasants were not delivered till the 2d of October, and hence it was contended, that the contract entered into by plaintiff had not been fulfilled—and upon this ground it was, that the learned Counsel now moved for a new trial. The Court, however, were of opinion, that delivering them to the carrier on the 1st of October was complying with the contract, and refused a new trial.

In the *Court of Common Pleas*, this month, Serjeant Blisset moved for a new trial in the case, *MORRIS v. HARVEY* (see *Sporting Magazine for March*, p. 281), for a sporting trespass of a singularly insulting nature, which a verdict of a Special Jury in Norfolk apportioned in damages to the amount of 500*l.* with costs.—The Court in this case also refused the motion prayed for.

In the *Court of Common Pleas*, on the 21st of May, in the *Dog-Spear* cause, *DEAN v. SIR WM. CLAYTON*, tried before Mr. Justice Dallas at Oxford (see *Sporting Magazine for March*, p. 168), when the Jury found a verdict for the plaintiff, with 16*l.* damages, subject to the question whether in point of law the plaintiff is entitled to recover—the Court advised the Counsel to bring this case on for argument in the shape of a special verdict.—The case, which involves a question of great interest to sportsmen, will be ably argued by Serjeants Best and Shepherd, as soon as certain irregularities pointed out by the Court in the declaration, can be reconciled.

L A CASE

A CASE OF HYDROPHOBIA.

ON Sunday, the 15th instant, died, of the hydrophobia, Henry Rix, a youth, son of George Rix, a waterman, of Southsea, near Portsmouth. He was bitten in the cheek and over the eye by a mad dog, on the 25th of March. He continued very well until Friday morning, the 13th of May, when he complained of being indisposed. His friends gave him a cordial, with the hope of relieving his pain, but he grew worse, and complained of great thirst. It was with difficulty he was prevailed on to take medicine. He complained exceedingly of violent pains in the chest and throat, and, on seeing water that was brought into the room, his agony greatly increased. He foamed at the mouth sufficiently to wet many cloths, and would frequently exclaim—"O, Father! is that from the dog?"—The medical gentleman who attended him, tried profuse bleeding, but without any good effect. His symptoms were very strong; he could not bear the sight or sound of water, and even the inconsiderable quantity produced by his mother's tears, who leaned over him and wept, created great distress.—He retained his senses until within a few hours of his death, when the effects of the disorder were extremely violent, but the paroxysms abated about an hour before he expired.

COMBAT BETWEEN A SHE-GOAT
AND A FOX, IN THE HIGH-
LANDS.

A Person having missed one of his goats when his flock was

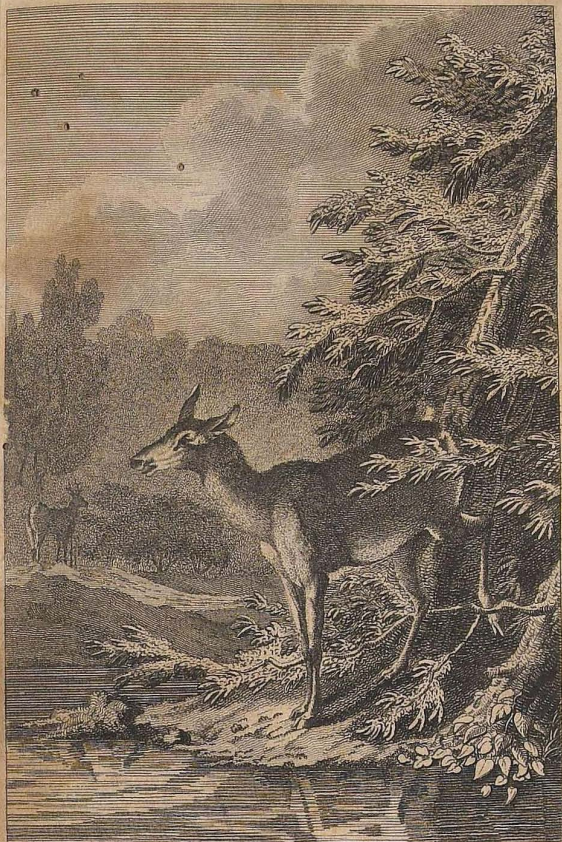
taken home at night, being afraid the wanderer would get among the young trees in his nursery, two boys wrapped in their plaids, were ordered to watch all night. The morning had but faintly dawned, when they sprung up the brow of a hill, in search of her. They could but just discern her on a pointed rock far off, and, hastening to the spot, perceived her standing with a newly-dropped kid, which she was defending from a fox. The enemy turned round and round, to lay hold of his prey, but the goat presented her horns in every direction. The youngest boy was dispatched to collect a *posse* to attack the fox, and the eldest, hallooing and throwing up stones, sought to intimidate him as he climbed to rescue his charge. The fox seemed well aware that the child could not execute his threats; he looked at him one instant, and then renewed the assault, till, quite impatient, he made a sudden effort to seize the kid. The whole three disappeared, and were found at the bottom of the precipice. The goat's horns were darted into the back of the fox; the kid lay stretched beside her. It is supposed the fox had fixed his teeth in the kid, for its neck was lacerated; but when the faithful mother inflicted a death-wound upon her mortal enemy, he probably staggered, and brought his victims with him over the rock.

A DOE;

An Etching, from a Design by REDINGER.
(TO FACE THIS PAGE.)

BEING No. 3. of the Series announced in a former Magazine.

FEAST



Redinger pinx.

A DOE.

Published May 31st 1817, by J. Whittle, 18, Warwick Square, London.

FEAST OF WIT.

WHEN Archbishop Fenelon was alraoner to Louis XIV. his Majesty was astonished one Sunday to find, instead of the usual crowded congregation, only himself and his attendants, the priest, and other officers of the Chapel. "What is the meaning of this?" said the King. The Prelate answered, "I caused it to be given out, that your Majesty did not attend Chapel to-day; in order that you might see who came here to worship God, and who to flatter the King."

AN insolvent tradesman having drowned himself in Hyde Park, the reason given for it was, that he could not keep his head above water.

CLASSICAL BULLS. Milton.
The deeds themselves, though mute,
spoke loud the doer.

Another. Ib.

"Who will tempt with wandering feet,
The dark, unbottom'd infinite abyss,
Or, through the palpable obscure, find out
His uncouth way!

Another. Shakespear.
I will strive with things impossible,
Yea, get the better of them.

Another. Dr. Johnson.
Turn from the glittering bribe your
scornful eye;
Nor sell for gold what gold can never buy.

Another. Ibid.
Nor yet perceiv'd the vital spirit fled,
But still fought on, nor knew that he
was dead.

Another. Ib.
Shakespear, has not only shewn
human nature as it is, but as it
would be found in situations to
which it cannot be exposed.

Another. Ib. Tour to the Hebrides.
These observations were made
by favor of a contrary wind.

Another. Ib.

The Scottish dialect is likely to
become, in half a century, provin-
cial even to themselves.

Another. Gibbon.

The apology of Tertullian con-
tains two very singular, but, at the
same time, very suspicious circum-
stances.

Another. Ib. Life of Pope.

Every monumental inscription
should be in latin; for that being
a dead language, it will always live.

Another. Dryden.
Obey'd as sov'reigns by thy subjects be,
But know that I alone am king of me.

Another. Dryden.
A horrid silence first invades the ear.

Another. Pope.
When first young Maro, in his noble
mind,
A work t'outlast immortal Rome design'd.

Another. Ib. On an Eagle and
her young.
Eight callow infants fill'd the mossy nest,
Herself the ninth.

Another. Thomson.
He saw her charming, but he saw not half
The charms her downcast modesty con-
ceal'd.

Another. Home.
The river, rushing o'er its pebbled bed,
Imposes silence with a stilly sound.

Another. Ib.
Beneath a mountain's brow, the most
remote
And inaccessible, by shepherds trod.

A NOBLEMAN making his will,
remembered all his domestics, ex-
cept his steward. "I shall leave
him

him nothing, (said his Lordship) because *he has served me these twenty years.*"

In a party of young fellows, the conversation turned on their learning and education, and one of the company having delivered his thoughts on the subject very respectably, his neighbour, neither extremely wise nor witty, said, "Well, Jack, you are certainly not the greatest fool living." "No, (answered he) nor shall I be while you live."

Now that peace is restored, and narratives of battles, sieges, and hair-breadth escapes can no longer be found to occupy the columns of newspapers, we may again expect in the *slip-slop* prints the usual selection of *important* incidents. The following are respectfully dedicated to the service of the M—P—, and M—H—.

"By our last advices from Knightsbridge, we hear that a horse was clapped into the pound on the 3d instant, and that he was not released when the letters came away.

"We are informed from Pan-cras, that a dozen weddings were lately celebrated in the mother church of that place; but are referred to their next letters for the names of the parties concerned.

"Letters from Brompton advise, that the widow Blight had received several visits from John Mildew, which affords great matter of speculation in those parts.

"By a fisherman who lately touched at Hammersmith, there is advice from Putney, that a certain person, well known in that place, is like to lose his election for churchwarden; but this being boat news, we cannot give entire credit to it.

"They advise from Fulham, that things remained there in the same state they were. They had intelligence, just as the letters came away, of a tub of excellent ale just set abroach at Parson Green's; but this wanted *confirmation*.

These specimens, it is evident, though very ingenious, are not quite so minute in point of information as the curiosity of the present day requires; and therefore, in what follows we venture upon a more close imitation of modern newspapers, especially in what they call *bon ton*, or fashionable intelligence.

"Yesterday, as his Majesty was coming to town, the hat of one of the postillions was blown off, at which three of the horse guards laughed most immoderately.

"It is with great concern we inform the public, that Mr. Si-meon Softly, an eminent cork-cutter, lies dangerously ill of the gout, at his country seat, near Grays-inn-lane.

"A battle was fought yesterday in Five-farthing Fields, between a chimney sweeper, and an old clothes-man of some distinction, which terminated in favour of the latter. There were several amateurs of the first rank present, as Lord —, Colonel —, the Hon. Mr. —.

"Friday last, as Mr. Humphrey Tripping, a grocer of considerable property, was riding along the High-street, Islington, his horse had the misfortune to lose one of his shoes.

"The accomplished Miss Amelia Wilhelmina Boggis, of Clerkenwell Close, set off yesterday for Brighton. The sea air has been recommended, which for some weeks has been very sensibly felt, on that coast.

"Yesterday,

"Yesterday, as Mr. George Conundrum, of Moorgate, was conversing with some friends in his usual way, he fell into a grievous mistake, and was extricated with great difficulty.

"Wednesday evening the following melancholy accident happened. As Mr. Thomas Belch, of Gun-dock, was returning home from the tavern, he was suddenly attacked by two bowls of arrack punch, which deprived him of his senses and recollection. He left a business and two apprentices to regret his loss.

"Mr. Grubble has given his brother George the use of his horse while he remains at Margate.

"Advice from Limehouse mentions that a violent quarrel broke out between Mr. and Mrs. Tarpaulin, which was not got under when the post came away.

"The overseer of St. Bartholomew's parish came to town last night. He immediately went to the Cat and Fiddle, and was waited upon by the landlord. We hope to be able to lay before our readers, in a few days, the real object of his journey to Isleworth.

"An intelligent correspondent informs us, that the clerk of St. John's has given orders for a new bible and prayer-book for the church, but in rough calf, and not in Morocco, as inserted in an evening paper.

"Mr. Simpkins is about to repair his house in Lant-street. The nightmen were there on Friday and Saturday.

"Mrs. Dingley and family are at Ramsgate; they return by the hoy. There is an evident design in keeping the public ignorant of the cause of this extraordinary measure.

"Mr. Sapsuccull and Mr. Henry

Blink are stewards for the next anniversary of the Odd Fellows.

"The hospitality and condescension of Mrs. Truby and her beautiful daughters, are much talked of in Bermondsey-street.

"Captain Stout, late of the City M——, has taken a snug box next the turnpike, Islington. It is that with the brown door, opposite the public-house.

"Mr. Grantley is come to his new house in Rosamond's Row. He has sold his share in the shop at Norton Falgate, which occasioned a good deal of speculation.

"George Wigley, Esq. we are sorry to find, leaves the snuff-shop in Barbican, the air not agreeing with his health."

ON HEARING A BARRISTER

Cry out to his adversary in a cause, not to lead the witness.

"Don't lead him," cries Snap, like a troublesome elf,
"I must," retorts Simkin, "or mislead myself."

A poet, lately charged with running away from his lodgings in Grub-street, pleaded poetic license, observing it was only one of his usual flights.

A GENTLEMAN observed to a lady, that since a recent illness, a mutual friend of theirs spoke very much like a puppy. "Likely enough," replied the lady; "for I hear that, by order of the Doctor, he has lately taken to bark."

An Irishman reading the unfortunate deaths in the late engagement before Toulouse, in which he found the name of a brother Officer, observed, "well, it is bad enough to be sure; but it is a great comfort to him, that is the last battle we shall be after fighting."

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

THE *Drummer* is sold and sent to India.—He was got by Waxy; his dam, Lydia, (own Sister to Eleanor) by Whiskey, out of Sorcerer's dam.

THE valuable brood-mare *Constantia*, in the stud of H. Peirse, Esq. of Bedale, Yorkshire, was found dead in the stable on Thursday morning, the 5th inst. after having foaled a colt, by Orville, the day before.—She was own Sister to Gamenut, by Walnut; her dam, Contessina, by Young Marsk, out of Tuberose, by Herod.—*Constantia* was the dam of Thorn, Bedalian, Bramble, Lisette, Albuera, &c.

Lately died at Black Hambleton, Yorkshire, Mr. Rob's bay colt, by Brainworm, out of Otterington's dam.

Mr. Yates's *Vittoria*, by Orville, out of Lady Cow, died lately of an inflammation of his lungs.

MARQUIS Queensberry has purchased *Epperston*, by Delpini, out of Legacy, by King Fergus, of Sir Mark Masterman Sykes, for 500 guineas.

Lord Darlington has purchased *Hampton*, by Orville, dam by Hyacinthus.—He is named in the St. Leger, &c.

Sir B. R. Graham has sold *Recorder*, by Remembrancer, dam by Ormond, Anvil, out of Queen Mab, to the Marquis of Queensberry.

Mr. T. Peirse has sold *Don Ro-*

drigo, by Windle, out of Lady Sarah, by Fidget, to Mr. Charlton.—He won a match against Spotless; and a 50l. Plate, beating nine others, on Thursday, the 12th inst.—See our *Racing Calendar*.

The Duke of Rutland has sold *Grimalkin* to the Emperor of Austria, for 1700gs.—He was got by the late Mr. Wentworth's Chance; his dam, Jemima, by Phenomenon, out of Eyebright, by Match'em. His Grace refused 2000gs. for Soothsayer.

Lord Sackville has purchased *Pointers*, by Giles, for 700gs.

Sir George Armytage has purchased a yearling colt, Brother to Richard, by Stamford.

We understand Mr. Trotter has purchased an uncommonly promising fine filly of Mr. Mowbray.—She is got by Benningbrough; her dam by Oberon, Phenomenon, out of Calliope, by Slouch.

Mr. Robert Barnard, groom and rider to Sir W. W. Wynne, Bart. has bought Mr. Billington's bay colt, by Newcastle, dam by King Fergus, out of Lavender, (Coriander's dam) by Herod, two years old, which is allowed to be the finest colt ever seen of his year.—He is fifteen hands three inches high, with great substance and power, fine shape and light action, which render him a promising race-horse. He showed great speed in running for the 'Two-year Olds' Stakes at Chester; owing to a bad start, having a great deal of ground

to

to get up in running only half a mile, he was beat, but only by half a length. He had been but a few weeks in training.

THE Union Fox-hounds (Essex) met on the 22d of April, at Elmstead Market. After drawing Fen-Wood Cockins, and Bullock-Wood, they unkennelled a fox in East-Wood. He instantly broke cover, and crossed the Harwich road between the Tower Windmill and Colchester. In his way to Churn-Wood, turned to the left for Bullock-Wood. Being headed on the Ipswich road, he again ran the same cover, on his way to Somes-Wood and East-Wood, through Mr. Posford's garden to the High-Woods; away by Mr. Ward's to Boxtead and Horkesley Heath, over which he made in most gallant style, producing some of the best hunting ever witnessed, to the complete gratification of a respectable field; turned to the left, by Braiswick, where he was viewed across the road. From this place the run became severe, having scarcely a check until killed.—Went down the meadows to Lexden River; turned to the right, by Mr. Grubb's Groves, to Mile-End Heath, near which he was seen but a small distance before the hounds, for some time. They ran in, and killed him in high stile, after an arduous struggle of two hours and a quarter, during which it is supposed he went over twenty miles of country, proving himself to be a most excellent fox. He had been hunted often by more than one pack of hounds, and as constantly beat them. On the whole this was considered as one of the best runs since the days of Sir William Rowley.

THE hounds of Mr. Lloyd, of Glanlevins, Wales, unkennelled a remarkably large greyhound fox in Albermarlais Park, on Thursday, April 28, and after an admirable chase of three hours, over a country extending forty miles, Reynard was killed in gallant style upon the mountainous part of Cardiganshire. The dogs ran during the whole of the chase breast high; and the fox measured, when taken, the extraordinary length of four feet nine inches.

ON Monday, April 25, a bag fox was turned out at Burgh Wood, before the hounds of Mr. Suepp, of Haremare, Sussex, and a numerous field of sportsmen, to whom reynard afforded excellent sport; he led them a chase, at full speed, in gallant style, of an hour and ten minutes, when he fell a victim to his pursuers, after running nearly twelve miles.

In a previous number we stated that an extraordinary litter of young foxes had been dug out at Hestercombe, Somerset. The number is eight, which were placed to a bitch belonging to Mr. Warre's pack of fox-hounds, her own whelps being removed. The step-mother at first manifested some aversion to her new charge, but soon became reconciled and has actually reared the litter.

CHESTER COCKING.—During the races, a main of cocks was fought between the gentlemen of Cheshire, (Gilliver, feeder) and the gentlemen of Staffordshire, (Gosling, feeder) for 10gs. a battle, and 100gs. the main, consisting of thirty-seven mains, and seven byes.

Gilliver.

	<i>Gilliver.</i>	M.	B.
Monday	4	0	
Tuesday	4	0	
Wednesday	2	1	
Thursday	6	1	
Friday	6	1	

 22 3

	<i>Gosling.</i>	M.	B.
Monday	3	2	
Tuesday	3	1	
Wednesday	5	0	
Thursday	2	0	
Friday	2	0	

 15 3

A GRAND Cocking - match, betwixt two private gentlemen of Middlesex and Oxfordshire, took place at the Midgham Pits, Bucks, on Wednesday, the 27th of April, for 100gs. and 50gs. the odd battle. Eleven battles took place, and were decided as follows:

Battle.	Won by
1	Middlesex.
2	Ditto.
3	Ditto.
4	Oxfordshire.
5	Middlesex.
6	Oxfordshire.
7	Ditto.
8	Ditto.
9	Ditto.
10	Middlesex.
11	Oxfordshire.

Even betting at setting-to.

SOBERTON RACES.—The best sport for several years past was afforded to a numerous assemblage of the surrounding country, on Soberton Down, Hants, on Thursday, the 12th inst. when the H. H. C. Sweepstakes, and Mr. Powlet's Silver Cup for farmers' horses, were run for.—Mr. Hayter's bl. m. Tot, in two well-contested heats, beat Mr. Gauntlett's b. m. Mishaps,

and Mr. Powlet's br. h. Kentishman, in both heats. Mr. Hayter's horse was a winner by only half a neck. The Sweepstakes are, however, contested by Mr. Gauntlett's mare, arising from some supposed irregularity with regard to entrance; and the question is reserved for the Jockey Club. For the Farmers' Cup, excellent sport was afforded; six horses started, and three heats were run; in the last Mr. Smith's horse beat Mr. Steel's horse by half a head only. A hack horse race for ten guineas, was won by Mr. Hoad's horse, and afforded much sport. The Members of the Hunt and a party of their friends afterwards dined together; and in the evening a select company joined in the festivities of a ball and supper, at the Red Lion Inn, Fareham, for which Mr. Harris received every commendation for the liberal and handsome manner in which he provided for the entertainment.

A PRIVATE horse race was run in the Long Walk, leading to the Park, Windsor, on Saturday, the 21st of May, between Captain Foyler, of the 5th, and Lieutenant Blake, of the 55th, which was won by the former. A great number of people were assembled, and unfortunately the second son of Mr. Rodgers, of Windsor, was rode against by an officer, by which accident his leg was broken, and he was otherwise bruised.

A SHORT time ago a gentleman arrived, in the evening, at the house of a very respectable farmer in the neighbourhood of Holbeach, Lincolnshire, who, though much indisposed, failed not to pay every attention to his visitor, and gave a strict charge to a servant boy to take

take particular care of his horse. Shortly, after, however, when eight or ten other horses came up from the plough, the boy, for the sake of convenience, put the stranger's horse into the same stall with the riding horse of his master, whilst those employed in husbandry received from two men servants their usual evening feed in adjoining standings, from which they were immediately turned into the straw-yard. After having given a feed to the riding horses also, the boy was called away, to go on an errand some miles from home. On his return, unmindful of his master's injunction, he entirely neglected the horses, and suffered them to remain all night in the same stall, each tied to a separate ring, by a halter to each. In the morning that which belonged to the host was found lying on its side, dead, having been strangled in the night by the halter, with which its head was bound quite fast upon its chest: that of the visitor was lying entangled in the halters, with one of its hinder legs bound twice round, unable to stir, wounded, lamed, and so much injured as to render its recovery doubtful. It is hoped that this unfortunate accident will prove a caution to those to whom the care of horses is entrusted, to beware of leaving two in one stall.

PEDESTRIANISM.—On Monday, the 9th instant, Rainer, the pedestrian, celebrated for his successful race against the noted groom of Captain Barclay, undertook to go from Hastings to Rye, and return in *two hours and three quarters*, a distance, at least, of twenty-one miles. He started from the market-house, at eight o'clock, ran the first three miles in twenty mi-

minutes, and reached Rye with apparent ease, in one hour and seventeen minutes. After a moment's refreshment, he again started for Hastings, when to the mortification of some, and the good fortune of others, Rainer "broke down," at Icclesham, where a warm bed and beefsteaks were soon prepared for his refreshment.—On Tuesday, the 17th instant, Rainer again attempted the same performance, and successfully. The actual wager was but for ten guineas, but numerous and considerable bye-bets were pending the issue of the race. Rainer started in good spirits, from the market-house of Hastings, at ten o'clock. He ran with amazing rapidity, though with apparent ease, to Rye, the market-house of which place he reached in *one hour and ten minutes!* Without a moment's delay, he again set off for Hastings, where, to the astonishment of several hundred spectators, he arrived about fifteen minutes and about fifty seconds before one o'clock, thus accomplishing the arduous undertaking, not quite a minute within the time. The performance of this feat was rendered still more difficult by the hills and extreme ascents of road, which Rainer had to encounter in the course of his race. It is needless to say, that his success was warmly greeted by the multitude.—Rainer, it is confidently said, has engaged, in a short time, to run one mile, against a certain sporting individual, in St. James's Park, for a wager of two hundred guineas.—Rainer is about five feet seven inches in height, well formed, healthy, strong, and athletic, and the son of a respectable farmer, residing at Lenham, in the county of Kent, who has also acquired considerable celebrity as a pedestrian.

AN extraordinary foot-race took place on Wednesday, the 11th instant, at Totton, Hants, for a considerable wager, between Mr. Aslett, of that place, a pedestrian of some celebrity, and one of the best runners in the county, and Mr. Rogers, miller, of Eling, a very active, athletic young man. The former was to run one hundred yards, while the latter carried a sack of wheat fifty. Considerable bets were depending, and the parties had been in training for the purpose. The muscular powers of Mr. R. were, however, too great for the agility of Mr. A. and he won the wager by two yards, in about fifteen seconds.

Mr. Thompson, a pedestrian, started from London on Monday, the 9th instant, to go sixty miles a day for five successive days, and finished his Herculean undertaking on the following Friday. A sporting correspondent, from Dytchley, in Nottinghamshire, where the pedestrian finished, has transmitted the following account of each day's performance:

Did the sixty miles in	
First day	14 hours.
Second do.	14½
Third do.	15¼
Fourth do.	16½
Fifth do.	18

Mr. Thompson was much distressed on Thursday evening, and, after going ten hours on the last day, his legs swelled, but he persevered and accomplished the task.

On Sunday, the 16th instant, a journeyman baker ran on the City Road nine miles in something less than fifty-four minutes. The bet was for 5l. to do the distance within an hour; and the ground chosen was from the Blue-Coat

Boy, Islington, to Moorgate, (one mile and a half) and in again three times. He started soon after nine, ran over the ground the first time in twenty minutes; but in the second he considerably increased his speed, and completed the distance nearly seven minutes under the given time, without much apparent fatigue.

ACTIVITY.—There is an Officer in the Foot Guards whose agility is spoken of in a manner that almost exceeds belief. It is said he can leap in and out of a coach-window without being perceived by the driver; and from the iron palisades in the street into a drawing-room window, and surprise the company by his sudden arrival amongst them.

A SINGULAR circumstance occurred in February last at St. Vincent. A gentleman named Whitlow, sailing in a boat at night from the leeward part of the island to Kingston, and sitting in the stern sheets, a large shark that had followed, made at length a spring at his intended victim, knocked off his hat; but, at the same time fell into the boat. The gentleman, with great presence of mind, immediately jumped up, and secured the voracious monster with a cloak and some bandages. It measured twelve feet, and was of enormous weight.

RIFLE SHOOTING.—The Duke of Cumberland's Sharpshooters, commanded by Lord Yarmouth, were inspected by Col. Harnage, on Thursday, the 19th inst. in Montpelier Gardens. After the marching evolutions, they proceeded to give a specimen of the proficiency to which they attained,

as marksmen. Out of one hundred and twenty-five shots that were fired at two hundred yards, by twelve men of the 1st and 2d class, as they happened to be on the ground, and not picked men, one hundred hit the target—twenty-three of which were Bulls' eyes. The shots were Captains Henderson and Forman, Adjutant Bell, and Messrs. Hedlam, Brooks, Porteus, Fenton, Cooper, Hewson, sen. Archer,^o Smith, and Dodd.

WORCESTER Races are fixed for the 9th, 10th, and 11th of August; when, from the rank and influence of the Steward, and the number of plates and sweepstakes, a respectable company is expected.

The Pugilistic Club.—This meeting of amateurs and patrons of the fist, who are known by the name of P. C. had their dinner on Saturday, the 21st instant, at the Thatched House, Sir Henry Smith in the Chair, with about forty-five attendant members and guests; and with professors Crib, Gulley, Oliver, and Jackson, amongst the rest.—After dinner, Lord Yarmouth made a speech of some length on the national utility of the pugilistic art, and at the close of it complimented Oliver on the humanity he shewed in his last battle with Painter, in not taking advantage of a situation in which Painter was much distressed.—A match was made for Oliver and Painter again to fight in a fifteen-foot ring, betwixt a Mr. Preston and Colonel Barclay, but as the odds rose immediately after to 2 to 1 on Oliver, it may be doubtful whether the match will stand for the 15th July or the forfeiture of ten guineas be paid.

PUGILISM.—It is universally allowed, amongst the amateurs of the fist, that the second battle betwixt Smith, of Hammersmith, and Hares, at Coombe Warren, (see page 71 of the present Number) was one of the finest exhibitions of national courage, skill, and game, ever witnessed. The men are both under ten stone, and not a single round was fought without exchanging tremendous hits, and in most instances one was knocked down. Each fought well with both hands, the one being best with the right, and Hares with the left.

In the report of the fight betwixt Richmond and Davis, there is an expression of "one blow put his head into Chancery." The phrase has puzzled many people; but the meaning we understand to be, "that going into Chancery soon deprives a man of his senses."

On Thursday morning, the 12th inst, two men having had some trifling dispute in Deptford, agreed to decide it by fighting, for which purpose, accompanied by their friends, they went to an adjoining field, where they stripped and set to. After fighting a few rounds, one of them named John Northmore, received a severe blow in the pit of the stomach, and fell speechless. In that state he was carried to the Black Horse Public-house, where shortly afterwards he expired. The unfortunate man has left a wife and two children.

A most desperate battle was fought on Friday, the 6th instant, at East Grinstead, Sussex, between Langridge, a gardener, and Pearce, a game-keeper, both of that place. Having had a dispute on some trifling subject the night preceding, they agreed to decide the matter *a-la-Crib* on the following day.—

The weight of each was about fourteen stone. Both were full of fire and courage, but neither possessed science. The fight commenced, and continued with an obstinacy scarcely ever equalled, for the space of one hour and forty-two minutes, during which time no less than one hundred and twelve rounds were fought, when Pearce was compelled, though most reluctantly, to give in.—Both combatants were dreadfully beaten.

SPARRING.—The amateurs of pugilism made a strong muster on Thursday, the 19th instant, at the Fives Court, in St. Martin's-lane, to patronize and welcome the return of Belcher from Ireland.—Some admirable sparring took place betwixt Crib, Belcher, Richmond, Harmer, Cropley, Bitton, &c. and the best specimens of science were exhibited. Belcher, who ranks first on the list of science, set-to with Richmond and with Bitton. The Champion Crib exhibited with Bitton, with much advantage. Oliver, the successful opponent of Painter, shewed himself, but did not spar.

FULLER, the pugilist, is matched to fight Molineux, the Black, in the neighbourhood of Glasgow, Scotland, on the 28th instant, for a purse of 100gs. subscribed by *Scotchmen*. The parties were rival sparrers in the North, where a jealousy took place which caused this match.—Joe Ward has left London with Cooper to second Fuller.

MANAGEMENT OF HORSES.—The following plan (the result of long experience) for the management of horses employed in the work of husbandry, has been communicated

by a correspondent:—“Horses being naturally lovers of liberty, most of the disorders to which they are subject, arise from the too great restraint they are kept in. Had they their liberty, at least a reasonable share of it, allowed them, they would much sooner recover their fatigue, and enjoy by far a greater share of health. This I know to be a fact, from my own experience. My horses seldom ail any thing, are not subject to coughs or colds, and last me more years than my neighbours. I have two fields, of ten acres each, near my house, and I have a stable, built so as to afford a ready entrance into each field. In these closes I let my horses range alternately, in each a year at a time; and I have always one of the fields either in wheat or barley, with both which crops I sow a small sprinkling of clover, and in this manner they pay me very well. Their general food is, in summer, green fodder mowed fresh and fresh, and laid for them in the rack; and this consists either of clover or good meadow grass; they have, besides, an allowance of corn proportioned to the work they do, and the condition they are in; and I do not confine them to oats alone, but allow beans, pease, tares, oats, barley, and even small wheat, and sometimes rye. I find by this management they eat their meal heartier, and with a better appetite, and their health is much better preserved. In winter I allow them a moderate quantity of good sweet hay; but the greatest part of the corn they eat in this season is given to them unthreshed, which saves hay, as they necessarily eat a great deal of the straw with it. Their stalls are constantly kept well littered, that the horses may

may lie down, either by night or by day, at their ease; and they generally prefer lying in these stalls to sleeping in the open air, in summer because of the flies, in winter because they find it warmer. By the practice of this method with my horses, none of them are ever troubled with greasy heels, which chiefly proceeds from their standing too long in the same posture, without exercise. Many have asserted that the haulm of pease and tares are unwholesome food for horses, but I never found them so. I know, however, they are not good in too large quantities, for horses that are kept confined in a stable; but let them have the use of their limbs, and the fodder will do them no injury."

THE want of horses is now so great in France, from the wanton destruction made of them by Bonaparte, that there scarcely remains a horse for a *remise*, or gentleman's carriage. The *fiacres*, or hackney coaches, have a few; but they are so miserable, that the Parisians themselves are ashamed of them. It is imagined they will make purchases of a number of our cast dragoon horses, for the purpose of carriage horses.

ON Friday, the 20th instant, William Crane, the driver of the hackney coach No. 782, was summoned before the Commissioners of Hackney Coaches, upon a charge of cruelty to his horses, and abuse to a gentleman who noticed his conduct on the evening of the 26th of last month, in Argyll-street. The circumstances detailed were so shocking as induced the Commissioners to observe they never heard a more atrocious case, and would have in-

flicted a pecuniary penalty, but as it must necessarily be paid by his father, they, much to their credit, gave him a suitable admonition on the brutality of his conduct, and ordered him to be suspended from driving any hackney coach for three months.

A SNAKE of the diamond species was lately killed at St. George's River: the reptile was seven feet long, but very small, except about the belly, the extraordinary size of which induced the man who killed it to open the part, when he found therein a kangaroo rat entire, the size of which was enormous for its species, being full twelve inches from the nose to the insertion of the tail, and not less than three pounds in weight. The rat had every appearance of being very recently swallowed, and when taken out, was at least thrice the bulk of the creature that had swallowed it. —(Sydney, New South Wales, Gazette.)

Curious Facts in Natural History.—There is at this time on the top of the North steeple of Beverley Minster a raven's nest; it is attached to a spout that projects, but this not forming a sufficient base for it to rest upon, two small stakes have been laid across by these ingenious artists, on which they have built it with dried twigs. —They have already a family of young ones, but from some cause, not well understood, they are all dead; it has been attributed to the inclemency of the weather; there having been much rain accompanied with cold. What renders this curious fact more interesting is, that for some months past workmen have been employed in repairing the adjoining steeples.

A mar-

A MARTIN last year fixed her nest directly over the window of the Inn at Rampside; in Low Farnes, Westmoreland. After her young were hatched she became a very troublesome visitant, by throwing the cleansings of her nest upon the window. The servant girl, with more attention to cleanliness than humanity, removed the inconvenience by destroying the nest with a broom. The young birds fell to the ground of course; in the mean time the parents collected a great number of their own species, who quickly built a second nest, sufficient for the reception of the distressed family, and the young were safely conveyed to their new lodgings by the parents and their assistants.

A FISH of an extraordinary kind has been exhibited at Chepstow, for the inspection of the curious. Although its length does not exceed four feet, its mouth, which is armed with several rows of sharp teeth, extends sufficiently wide to take in a body of more than three feet in circumference. Immediately below the head it has two very short legs, divided, not unlike the human hand. Its general features agree with that species, called by Dr. Goldsmith, the *Devil Fish*.

A CONSIDERABLE noise was heard a few days ago, in the chimney of a house in the New

Town, Edinburgh, which was shut up; a tradesman being called to examine the house, a beautiful cock pheasant was found alive in the chimney. It is supposed the firing and illuminations in the country had frightened it from its usual habitation. It is still living and doing well.

Carlisle Ascension-Day Sporting.
On the 19th inst. the Mayor, contrary to ancient custom, declined giving any prize, to run for at Kingmoor; by which, and the perambulation, the freemen keep alive their claim to the place. Tenacious of their ideal right, they provided the usual prizes, a saddle, bridle, spurs, &c, decorated with blue ribbons, with the motto, "May we never, like Esau, sell our birth-right for a mess of pottage." On Thursday morning, after partaking a sumptuous breakfast at Mr. Brown's, the Pack Horse, and electing the well-known Jacky Blaylock Mayor for the day, they set off in the procession, accompanied with music and the colours of the different guilds, the freemen and their apprentices decked out in blue ribbons with the patriotic motto, the mock Mayor, with wand of office, and senior Aldermen in chaises; after enjoying a day's excellent sport of racing, running, leaping and wrestling, they returned to their respective Guilds, and spent the day with the greatest hilarity and good humour.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AN account of that valuable and speedy Produce Stallion, "THE DARLEY ARABIAN," Sire of the Devonshire Childers, Bartlett's Childers, Hampton-Court Childers, &c. shall be given in our next Number.

POETRY.

P O E T R Y.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

ODE TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

WHEN earth rebuds with kindly
rain
And flower's their tribute bring,
Thy cheerful notes, we hail again,
Sweet caroller of Spring.

Say timid bird, when Winter reigns,
And frost benumbs the ground,
When snows descend and hide the plains
Where art thou to be found?

While Summer smiles we hear thy note,
Deep echoing thro' the grove,
Sad Philomela strains her throat,
And sings her hapless love.

But when the warmth of Spring is past,
And Summer's reign is o'er,
When oaks their shady foliage cast,
Thy note is heard no more.

Like a deceitful flattering friend
That bows in fortune's hour,
But quits his post, when storms descend,
And sickness, sorrow, low'r.

Still tuneful bird, we joy to hear,
Whilst nature sleeps around,
Thy notes deep sinking on the ear,
Which hills and vales rebound.

The weary traveller in his way,
Deserted and forlorn,
Forgets the labours of the day,
The sorrows that he's borne.

As rays of Sol the morn delight,
And make all nature bloom,
So Philomela robs the night,
Of half its darkest gloom.

TO VETERINA.

THE timid hare that treads the snow,
Will leave its footsteps to be traced;
But when the sky sends down the thaw,
The soft impression is defaced.

The carriage wheel may wound the
ground,
Before his honour's dwelling-place;
But the smooth stone goes rolling round,
And soon eradicates each trace.

The gallant bark that ploughs the main,
Will cut a passage thro' the flood;
But the split waves soon join again,
And leave the surface as it stood.

Your face was fair when in your prime,
Like the smooth paper from the
press;
But the rude lines wrote on by time,
No pounce or rubber can erase.

ON BONAPARTE LEAVING PARIS
FOR ELBA.

THE Tyrant pants, at last, for breath,
While harass'd by his foes;
Like Reynard at the point of death,
He draggles as he goes.

From Paris cover he at length
Breaks—tries to mend his pace;
But beaten, with declining strength,
He dodges in the chase.

Hark, forward! is the cheering sound,
From all the Allied Pack;
His brush! his brush! is echoed round;
We'll have it in a crack.

If

If he stands out, he's thorough game,
And shows his gallant birth;
But, dunghill-bred, he gains his aim,
And slips to Elba's earth.

AN OLD FOX-HUNTER.

THE PRETTY WALTZER'S REPLY,

To some Lines which appeared in the Magazine for December, 1813.

THE girl you adore was *not* closely
embrac'd,
The balm of her lips did *no* other man
taste;
She was *not* rudely press'd by another
man's knee,
Did *not* panting recline on another than
thee.
Twas *appearance*, not truth, the grape
holds her first blue,
From the rose is *not* shaken one drop of
sweet dew,
Unsoil'd she remains, and still faithful to
you.
But *appearance* offends, your complaints
may be true,
To avoid all suspicion, forbearance is due.

AN ADDRESS TO AN IRONMON-
GER, ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

OH, Lockman! may thy angel true
Thy chain of life extend,
And add a thousand links thereto;
So prays thy merry friend.

And may'st thou neither rust nor stain,
Nor canker ever feel;
With heart as soft as silken skein,
Thy ribs be ribs of steel.

Loud as a cannon through the land,
May thy good name resound;
And the strong hammer of thy hand
Thy enemies confound.

Aided by thee, my verses flow,
Their tinkle owe to thee:
As iron sharp'neth iron, so
Thy friendship sharp'neth me.

Keen be thy sense, like sword that's try'd,
Thy wit like point of prong,
Thy judgment, like a saw, divide
The right side from the wrong.

Firm as an anvil may'st thou bear
The strokes of ev'ry clime;
And, like a harden'd file, still wear
The teath of envious time.

Round in thyself, like polish'd ball
Shine always smooth and bright
When other ironmongers fall,
Mayst thou stand bold upright.

And when life's forge will work no more,
Fire gone, and metal cold,
Alchymist death, at touch, thy ore
Shall all transmute to gold.

While plough shall turn the *earth*
mould,
While needle seek the Pole,
While fetters, locks, and bars shall hold,
Thy love shall nail my soul.

ILL TEMPER AND GOOD NATURE.

THE CONTRAST.

GOOD nature puts each heart at ease,
And softens pain and sorrow;
E'en Ugliness itself, to please,
From *that* a charm can borrow.

While Beauty, like an April day,
Is clouded in a minute;
And, though ill-temper fades away,
Without one comfort in it;

Of all the curses known below,
The worst, and much too common,
Are those which from Ill-temper flow,
Especially in woman.

Ill-temper to Suspicion join'd,
Is mother of all evil,
And when an Angel man should find,
He meets the very Devil.

Ill-temper made poor ABEL fall
A victim to his Brother;
Ill-temper deadens nature's call,
And sours the fondest mother.

A woman's of the softest mould,
To smooth man's rugged nature;
But when she's jealous, loud, and bold,
No reason guides the creature.

The fiercest vixen, if she dare,
With man to cope or wrestle,
Should in remembrance always bear,
That she's the weaker vessel.

Then cease, ye fair, mankind to vex,
Or prove yourselves unruly;
And though their questions may per-
plex,
Be meek, and answer coolly.

NO JERRY SNEAK.

