

# THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

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### Embellished with,

I. A COSTERMONGER'S STABLE, WITH ASS AND GOAT, *an Engraving.*

II. BIRDS, *an Etching.*

### A COSTERMONGER'S STABLE, WITH ASS AND GOAT.

*An Engraving by Mr. SCOTT.*

THE animated fancy of Mr. Cooper furnished the pleasing subject here given, of a Costermonger's Stable, with ass and goat. —The well-earned reputation of that artist renders it unnecessary for us to descant on the anatomical correctness with which the animals are delineated; we cannot, however, forbear remarking, how admirably the broken and empty rack, and remnant of a halter attached to the manger, convey the idea of wretchedness and starvation which are generally the lot of beasts in such employ.

### REPLY TO QUERIES ON THE GAME LAWS.

*To the Editor of the Sporting Ma-  
gazine.*

SIR,  
YOUR correspondent, T. C. in your last Number, requests to be informed if a qualification is necessary to shoot woodcocks, snipes, landrails, quails, and conies. According to the act he alludes to, 52d. Geo. 3d. c. 93. a qualification is certainly required, as no distinction is made between woodcocks, snipes, &c. and any other sort of game, the words being, "for the purpose of taking or killing any game whatever, or any woodcock, snipe, quail, or landrail, or any conies;"

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conies;" and afterwards, rule 9. sch. 1. enacts, "that the certificate shall not authorize or enable any person to act in the manner herein described, unless such person shall be duly qualified so to do." The contrary has been always understood, and I believe acted upon, that a person with a certificate may shoot woodcocks, snipes, &c. &c. though not qualified, and which I should conceive must have been the intention of the Legislature. It is certainly of some moment to the sporting world, who are under great obligations to T. C. for starting the subject.

In answer to the second query, the act 48. G. 3. c. 93. repeals the 2d. Jac. 1. as far as relates to the penalty of shooting at hares, and the 3d. G. 1. relating to game-keepers.—I am, Sir, your constant reader and humble servant,

J.

Berkeley, June 7, 1814.

## ON ECLIPSE AND YOUNG ECLIPSE,

WITH REMARKS ON THE CHARACTER OF THE LATE COL. O'KELLY.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.

SIR,

THE comparative speed of race horses, has much interested the attention of your readers of late, and particular enquiry has been made with respect to the speed of Eclipse, and whether he was ever tried against time. I have before observed, that I never had heard of any such trial, his proprietor being well content that he distanced in the first instance, his trial horse, over Epsom, (see *Lawrence on Horses*, article *Turf*), and

also repeatedly played the same game afterwards, with many of the best horses of the day, which he met in public. Private trial, in course, he never had after the first, a thing with him quite out of use and question.

But in my usual amusement of looking over your back volumes, (vol. xi. page 71.) I have lately found an article signed J. J. B. containing the following assertion:—"Eclipse once ran a mile in a minute, for a run of two miles: Young Eclipse was still faster than his sire, but for a three or four mile heat, there was no comparison. Young Eclipse was ill tempered, and what the jockies call rusty." It will be immediately observed, that the promulgator of the above assertion gives no kind of authority for it, neither person, time, nor place: to which may be added, his very obvious unacquaintedness with the subject of horse racing. No man at all acquainted with that subject, would have talked of a horse running at the rate of a mile in a minute for a continuance of two miles, and of Young Eclipse being speedier even than that! It stands merely on the authority of tradition among men of the turf, that Flying Childers ran over a mile of ground in one minute. No other horse, mare, or gelding, upon the face of the earth, a figure, indeed, I need not use, since English racers exclusively are endowed with such wonderful powers of progression, has ever equalled the traditional performance of Childers. The mile, however, has been repeatedly run in a certain number of seconds over the minute, and as I have in a former letter observed, it is probable the well-known race of Firetail and Pumpkin, is most to be depended

pendent upon with respect to accuracy of timing.

I have also before stated the improbability that Eclipse's speed was ever timed by the watch, since had that been the case, it must have been publicly known, and then certainly could not have escaped my notice, who saw him so frequently at Epsom, and made all possible enquiries respecting him, especially of his old attending groom. That man it was, who told me that Eclipse's dam was put to both Shakespear and Marske, and that he was supposed to be the son of Marske, merely from the circumstance of coming to that horse's time, which indeed is a very uncertain rule, mares being so irregular with respect to time. I know it has since been positively affirmed at Newmarket, and the late Dr. Sandiver repeated it to me, that Eclipse's dam was never at all put to Shakespear, and that she was covered by Marske alone; but how then came the report so general, and at the time of which I speak (1779) to be totally contradicted; and what interest could O'Kelly's groom, who probably was an eye witness, have, in assuring me, that the mare was actually covered by Shakespear, if that had not been the fact?

Young Eclipse, a large and honey, but long and loose horse, very *cholicky*, and not a bit too honest, had, indeed, great speed, but most assuredly, in no degree of comparison with his sire. O'Kelly on the first training this horse for the Derby, which he won, was certainly deceived, having flattered himself that fortune had favoured him with another Eclipse! Vain expectation, that two such phenomena should appear together in the world! Between Flying Childers

and Eclipse, there was an interval of between forty and fifty years, and we shall be in high luck, indeed, if we can produce a third to those—what a trio!—within fifty years of the latter. Nothing of late, or at present, upon the turf, will serve to warrant such an expectation. O'Kelly said to us at Medley's repeatedly, a few weeks before Young Eclipse ran for the Derby—"Gentlemen, this horse is a racer if ever there was one." He was probably the speediest horse of his day, and he so far out-footed and out-strided most of them, that he won many times over the course of four miles, although speed was his play. He was beaten at five years old, two miles, over Epsom, by Laburnum, a horse rather remarked for stoutness or game, than speed, and after Laburnum had far past his prime. He was also beaten over the course by Girandola, a racer of very moderate qualifications: it is true, these may be held very uncertain tests, since race-horses, more particularly in such hands as those of Dennis O'Kelly, are extremely apt to run according to the immediate pecuniary interests of their proprietors, rather than from the true impulse of their own racing powers. Nevertheless, a number of public trials never fail to let us into the secret of a horse's qualifications, and that almost infallible rule has guided us to the ascertainment of the real character of Young Eclipse, beyond all doubt, far below that of his matchless sire, as well with respect to speed as continuance.

Very near, in your old volumes, to the above article respecting the two Eclipses, I found some account of that most extraordinary personage their proprietor, Dennis



O'Kelly, Esq. afterwards Colonel O'Kelly. It gives that eminent sportsman high credit, for the extent and splendour of his turf establishment, and for great liberality, more particularly to his servants and dependents, and to all in any wise connected with him. Now, this ought to be received with some grains of allowance, were it only on the score of that irregularity of character, to which even the best of men are subject. It is well known, that O'Kelly at the time he must have been in the receipt of immense sums from his turf and play concerns, was mean enough to keep even jockies of the poorer class out of their money, season after season, to be pursued for it through the law courts, and even personally dunned upon the race-course stand, where, on such a disgraceful occasion, poor old Cammell "d—d him, for a mean, low-lived, waiter-bred son of a b—." Nevertheless, the Colonel gave good dinners and excellent wines at Epsom, and his dry and truly Irish facetiousness afforded the highest zest to those entertainments.—Many may yet recollect the tone in which he used to say, "John, bring the apples," meaning the pines: and the drollery of phiz, with which he said to the servant on a certain occasion, "By Jesus, and if you can't get any fish bring herrings." He was a gentlemanly and even graceful man in behaviour, a strong contrast to his bearlike figure, dark and saturnine visage, with the accompaniment of his rough striped coat and old round hat. Totally unlike his countryman, England, in one respect, he was quite a peaceable man; and although a true-bred Milesian, he never had the smallest appetite for fighting at any weapon

whatever. He was ambitious of honour and distinction, a proof of which is his successful pretension to military rank; but in the darling object of his pursuit, capricious fortune left this *faber fortunæ* in the lurch; the Jockey Club, in this instance, much to the honour of their aristocratic reserve, steadily refused to admit among them, a *parvenue*, not perhaps of equivocal character. This, O'Kelly, so much of a philosopher in other things, did not possess philosophy enough to forgive, but in revenge, never failed to characterize that right honourable and honourable body who refused him a participation in their honour, by the very hardest professional names, which his wit and his bitterness could devise.—I am, Sir, &c. &c.

A BIT OF A JOCKEY.

#### SALE OF MR. CHAWORTH'S STUD.

THE stud of hunters of John Chaworth, Esq. of Ansley, Notts, were sold at Tattersall's on Monday, the 6th instant. Annexed are the prices they fetched, with their names as given in the catalogue. Mr. Chaworth sold his hounds in the spring to T. A. Smith, jun. Esq. of Quorndon, who has had such sport with them and his own hounds in forest hunting, as never was equalled in the annals of hunting.

No.	Gs.
1. Screveton, knocked down at .....	250
2. Brutus .....	115
3. Oatstealer .....	250
4. Hyacinthus .....	92
5. Lord Grey .....	50
6. Chestert .....	95
7. Asparagus .....	205
8. Old England .....	130
9. Rose	



No.	Gs.
9. Rose .....	150
10. Stamford .....	195
11. Sophia .....	160
12. Beelzebub .....	105
13. Moorcock .....	230
14. Dexter, a hack .....	49

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### THE DARLEY ARABIAN.

MR. WHEEL, SIR,

I Was, some years ago, permitted by Henry Darley, Esq. to take a copy of the original Letter sent by Thomas Darley, Esq. previous to his exporting that valuable and highly-esteemed Arabian, afterwards distinguished by the name of "The Darley Arabian," to England, and under the idea, that the same never appeared before the public, have no doubt but it will be highly gratifying to your sporting readers.—I am, Sir, your's, &c.

W. PICK.

"The colt, bought about a year and a half ago, with a design to send to my father the first opportunity; he comes four the latter end of March, or beginning of April next. His colour is bay, and his near foot before, with his hind feet, has white upon them. He has a blaze down his face, something of the largest. He is about fifteen hands high—of the most esteemed race amongst the Arabs, both by sire and dam, and the name is called Mannicka.—Shall send him by a good intimate friend of mine, the Hon. and Rev. Henry Brydges, son to Lord Chandos, who embarks in the Ipswich, Capt W. Waklin. Hope he will not be much disliked, for he is esteemed here, where I could have sold him at a considerable price, if I had not designed him for England. I have desired Mr.

Brydges to deliver him to my brother John, or cousin Charles Waite, who he can find, and they are to follow my father's orders in sending him into the country.

(Signed) "THOS. DARLEY."

"Dated Aleppo, Dec. 21, 1703."

"Freight, one hundred pounds and upwards."

ON entering the Hall at Aldby Park, there is a painting of the Darley Arabian, about four feet in length, answering the above description, and which is allowed to be a very valuable one.—In a room, on the same floor, is a painting of *Aleppo* (foaled in 1711), taken when a colt; and another, when in training with his rider, Stephen Jefferson; also a large painting of that once celebrated mare, *Mother Neesham*, with a striking likeness of that esteemed and particularly favourite rider, Stephen Jefferson, in conversation with a gentleman, when going up to start.—The late Mr. Darley refused a very considerable sum for the above paintings.

York, June 19, 1814.

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### WINNERS AT NEWCASTLE AND BIBURY MEETINGS.

#### NEWCASTLE.

MONDAY, June 20.—Mr. Mawe's b. c. Bosville, late Aycliffe, by Ormond, beat Mr. Walker's Fanny Fancy, 100gs. two miles.—Sweepstakes of 25gs. each, five subscribers, was won by Mr. Riddell's Don Carlos, by Sir Charles.—Northumberland Stakes of 25gs. each, six subscribers, by Lord Scarborough's Catton, by Golumpus.—Produce Stakes of 50gs. each, thirteen subscribers, by Mr. Wetherall's grey colt, by Sir Harry Dimsdale.—Fifty Pounds for all ages, by Lord Queensbury's Epperston,

Epperston, by Delpini.—Sweepstakes of 40gs. each, five subscribers, by Mr. Dawson's b. c. Biddick, by Dick Andrews.

Tuesday, the Tyro Stakes of 20gs. each, six subscribers, walked over for, by Sir W. Maxwell's b. c. Tileho de Puta, by Haphazard.—Sweepstakes of 30gs. each, seven subscribers, by Mr. Dawson's b. c. Biddick, by Dick Andrews.—King's Purse of 100gs. by Mr. Riddell's Don Carlos, by Sir Charles.—Fifty Pounds for maiden horses, by Mr. Mawe's b. c. Bosville, by Orville.

Wednesday, the Welter Stakes of 25gs. each, twelve subscribers, by Mr. Meynell's b. c. Kutusoff, by Brown Bread.—Silver Cup, value 60gs. added to a Sweepstakes of 5gs. each, fifteen subscribers, by Mr. Kirby's b. c. Fairville, by Orville.

Thursday, the Gold Cup, value 100gs. by sixteen subscribers of 10gs. each, by Mr. Riddell's X. Y. Z. by Haphazard.—The Macaroni Stakes of 20gs. each, five subscribers, by Mr. T. Sykes's ch. g. by Hyacinthus.—Fifty Pounds for all ages, by Mr. Gorwood's b. f. by Sancho.

#### BIBURY.

(Over Burford Course).—WEDNESDAY, June 22.—Sweepstakes of 5gs. each, with 100gs. added by the Club, was won by Mr. Whitmore's Charles Surface, named by Mr. Douglas.—Sherborne Stakes of 50gs. each, with 50gs. added by the Club, by Mr. Benson's Uncle Toby, named by Mr. Douglas.

Thursday.—Mr. Dutton's Zuleika, beat Mr. Goddard's Brian, 25gs.—Plate of 100gs. for all ages, by Mr. Hornyhold's Malek Adhel.

—Handicap Plate of 50l. by Mr. Rawlinson's Topsy Turvy.

Friday.—Handicap Plate of 50l. by Mr. Pigot's Mantidamum.—Mr. Hornyhold's Malek Adhel, received 10gs. from Mr. Udney's Punic.

The Meeting was thinly attended, several of the members being detained in London on account of the fete given to the Foreign Sovereigns.—A Gold Cup is to be given next year, free for any horse, *bona fide* the property of members of the Club.

#### BETTINGS.

BETTINGS at Tattersall's on Monday, June 27.

##### ST. LEGER.

7 to 2 agst Belville.  
4 to 1 agst Mandane filly.  
12 to 1 agst William.  
14 to 1 agst Tooce colt.  
14 to 1 agst Biddick.  
15 to 1 agst Hampden.  
20 to 1 agst Crown Prince.  
20 to 1 agst Norton.  
20 to 1 agst Desdemona.  
20 to 1 agst Cossack.  
20 to 1 agst Orville f. (Peirse's).  
25 to 1 agst Dick Andrews filly, (Peirse's).

Many even bets made between Belville and Mandane filly.

##### JULY MEETING.

2 to 1 agst Lord Stawell.  
7 to 2 agst Duke of Rutland.  
6 to 5 field agst the two.  
Even betting between Pericles and Woeful.

#### RACES APPOINTED IN 1814.

PRESTON ..... July 5  
Peterborough ..... 5  
Knighton ..... 5  
Ipswich



Ipswich.....	July 5
Bridgenorth.....	7
Salisbury.....	8
Newmarket.....	11
Stockbridge.....	18
Cardiff.....	20
Goodwood.....	20
Beccles.....	21
Knutsford.....	26
Derby.....	26
Totness.....	27
Brighton.....	29
Oxford.....	August 2
Huntingdon.....	2
Swansea.....	4
Broxash.....	5
Newcastle, Staffordshire.....	9
Worcester.....	9
Abingdon.....	9
Nottingham.....	9
Chelmsford.....	9
Egham.....	23
Warwick.....	Sept. 6
Newbury.....	6
Bedford.....	7
Lichfield.....	13
Kingscote.....	20
Lincoln.....	21
Chippenham.....	26
Newmarket.....	Oct. 3

### PICTURE OF NAPLES.

NAPLES, in its interior, has no parallel on earth. The crowd of London is uniform and intelligible; it is a double line in quick motion; it is the crowd of business. The crowd of Naples consists in a general tide rolling up and down, and in the middle of this tide a hundred eddies of men. Here you are swept on by the current, there you are wheeled round by the vortex. A diversity of trades dispute with you the streets. You are stopped by a carpenter's bench, you are lost among shoemakers' stools, you dash among the pots of

a maccaroni-stall, and you escape behind a *lazarone's* night-basket. In this region of caricature every bargain sounds like a battle; the popular exhibitions are full of the grotesque; some of their church processions would frighten a war-horse.

The mole seems on holidays an epitome of the town, and exhibits most of its humours. Here stands a methodistical friar preaching to one row of *lazaroni*; there, Punch, the representative of the nation, holds forth to a crowd. Yonder, another orator recounts the miracles which he has performed with a sacred wax-work on which he rubs his *agnuses* and sells them, thus impregnated with grace, for a *grano* a-piece. Beyond him are quacks in hussar uniform, exalting their drugs and brandishing their sabres, as if not content with one mode of killing. The next *professore* is a dog of knowledge, great in his own little circle of admirers. Opposite to him stand two jocund old men, in the centre of an oval group, singing alternately to their crazy guitars. Further on is a motley audience seated on planks, and listening to a tragi-comic *filosofo*, who reads, sings, and gesticulates old Gothic tales of Orlando and his paladins.

This is a theatre where any stranger may study for nothing the manners of the people. At the theatre of San Carlo, the mind as well as the man is parted off from its fellows in an elbow-chair.—There all is regulation and silence: no applause, no censure, no object worthy of attention except the court and the fiddle. There the drama—but what is a drama in Naples without a Punch? or what is Punch out of Naples? Here, in his native tongue, and among his

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own countrymen, Punch is a person of real power; he dresses up and retails all the drolleries of the day; he is the channel and sometimes the source of the passing opinions; he can inflict ridicule, he could gain a mob, or keep the whole kingdom in good humour. —Such was De Fiori, the Aristophanes of his nation, immortal in buffoonery."

### THE POACHER DETECTED.

*From Lascelles' Letters on Sporting.*

I Recollect a trick that was practised upon a terrible poacher once, in the north of England, which, though not perfectly justifiable at the time, nevertheless, in the end, proved of serious advantage to all parties. There was a country-fellow, who had long been suspected of committing sad depredations in this way; and though the most notorious character, could never absolutely be caught in the fact. It happened that, at a justice-meeting in the neighbourhood where he lived, he was present upon some parish business, and, after getting it settled, his dissolute manner of living was severely reprobated by his superiors in office, when he utterly denied all knowledge of what was so rigidly laid to his charge. At this, one of the quorum, more sharp than his brethren, or indeed than that learned body generally are, slipped out unobserved, and soon returned with a partridge, which, by some means, he contrived to put into the fellow's coat pocket, and then, *himself* taking up the matter, and more strictly charging him with mal-practices, boldly asserted, that he had been seen shooting that morning, and begged he might be searched! Imagination can best

paint the scene that followed—the man, on this evidence, was absolutely convicted; and only on the most solemn assurances of contrition and amendment, excused spending his Christmas within the walls of York Castle: from that time he became a good subject, and to this hour firmly believes it was the work of some supernatural being, to turn him from his evil ways!

### DOMESTIC HABITS of the STORK.

*From Travels in the North of Germany.*

"AT a short distance from Ham-  
burgh," says the relator, "I was much struck with the appearance of a farm house, and I perceived that the storks had built their nests on the roof of one of the buildings. These birds are every where on terms of peace with man, but they meet with particular marks of respect in the North of Germany and Holland, to which countries they render important services in delivering them from a great number of unpleasant reptiles which are engendered by the humidity of the soil. In the cities, as well as the country, their dwelling is respected, and it is preserved for a number of years on the same tower, or on the same roof. The bird returns annually, after having completed its residence in more southern countries. He is a traveller, who, for a certain time, has forsaken his household gods, with an assurance of meeting with them again on his return. Relying on finding an asylum, and enjoying all the rights of hospitality, the storks repair to their labour with an entire security, and often they associate with man himself, placing themselves by his side in the fields and in the gardens.



## 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.*

(Continued from page 78.)

## TOUCH-HOLE.

“**NOTHING** contributes more to filling the bag, than the disposal of this apparently trifling concern; insomuch, that an old musket, with a touch-hole put in by a clever mechanic, would beat a gun, with all the new improvements, if this important part of it were left to the job of a bungler.

Touch-holes of platina are considered the best, as those of steel are apt to collect rust, and one of gold is more liable to blow out, and, therefore, will not admit of being made so thin; consequently, from requiring to be thick, does not shoot so sharp.

The touch-hole should be countersunk; and to get at it, for this purpose, the solid breechings have a screw directly opposite, which (although in those of Mr. Manton scarcely visible) is easily taken out and in.

**LOCK.**—Any comment on the perfection to which this part of a gun is now brought, would be quite redundant. Notwithstanding, however, that almost every country fellow can turn out a tolerably well-filed lock, yet few, even in town, have the knack of making the springs to go so pleasant to the touch, and (if I may use the expression) feel so oily, as those made by the two Mr. Mantons, Mr. Egg, Mr. Nock, and some few others. I mean, that many, even

of the best-finished locks, have an unpleasant harshness, which is not only disagreeable to feel; but, by reason, not so ready to action.

Many attempts are now in vogue for making the locks water-proof, and all of them equally frightful and ridiculous. That they may avert a few drops from an immediate entrance to the pan, there can be no doubt, and they may keep the powder dry somewhat longer than locks with the hammers on the common construction; but, that they can so completely resist the effect of a damp atmosphere on the nitre, as to keep their priming dry throughout a rainy day, I deny.

If, however, a man is so destitute of resources within himself, as to be miserable unless he is shooting, he has only to provide himself with one of Mr. Forsyth's fulminating locks, which certainly will defy the weather longer than any others; though, perhaps, from the strong acid produced by the powder, they may not be proof against a continual pour of rain.—The invention is certainly of infinite merit, and I shall quote its advantages under the head of wild-fowl shooting.

“An insurance from accidents, with a double gun, is completely effected by Mr. Joseph Manton's gravitating stops, which act of themselves, to remedy the serious danger of loading with a barrel cocked: and, with these stops, you may, by holding the gun downwards, carry both barrels cocked, through a hedgerow, with little or no danger, if any circumstance could justify such determined preparation.

“The gravitating stops, I should not omit to mention, require to be kept very clean, as, with rust or dirt under them, they will not fall

so readily, and thereby prevent the gun from going off. This I name as a caution to a slovenly shooter, and not as an imperfection in the plan.

"SPRINGS.—If the mainspring be too strong, in proportion to that of the hammer, the cock is often broken, for want of resistance; and if the hammer, or feather-spring, be too stiff, or should shut down with too much force, it becomes difficult to throw it, even with a strong mainspring. Here, till very lately, most of the gun-makers were in the dark; and nothing was more admired in a lock, than the hammer shutting down with great velocity; this is not only, for the reason already mentioned, a sad fault, but the hammer, by thus coming down, escapes, in a certain degree, from the influence of the spring, and, consequently, loses its pressure on the pan; by which the priming is not so closely covered, and the hammer is apt to react, instead of obey the mainspring: in a word, let your hammer shut down dull, and fly back smart. The mainspring should be rather strong than otherwise; and, if the sportsman has no objection to its clumsy appearance, I should be inclined to recommend the solid cock, which it is almost impossible to break; and which is patronized by Mr. John Manton, Mr. Egg, and some other superior makers.

"HAMMER.—There are two ways of putting a hammer in motion; one with a wheel in the feather-spring, and the other with a bridge there, over which a wheel in the hammer is made to run. We may give to both of these trivial concerns their separate merits; the former that of being the neatest, and the latter the least likely to

react, and leave the choice of them to the gunmaker. A hammer, with a plain surface pressing on the prime, is apt to create damp and corrode the pan; and it therefore becomes advisable, that a groove should be cut across the bottom of the hammer, so as to admit some air, and keep the powder dry, particularly near the touchhole.—Mr. J. Manton and Mr. Egg have both their patents for good preventives of this evil.

"If a hammer is too hard, the flint will make scarcely any impression on it, and if too soft, it soon becomes dented like lead; but when in good temper, the impression is moderate, and the sparks pause in the pan, before they are extinguished, and are accompanied by a whizzing noise.

"You will seldom get a London maker to temper, or even face a hammer, if he can persuade you to have a new one; and it is as common a trick to construct hammers so, that the flints may soon cut them to pieces, as it is to set a fellow to work with unmerciful relays of scouring paper, to help wear out the barrels, under the old plea, that '*the trade must live.*'

THE TRIGGER.—Let the triggers of all your guns be made to go nearly alike; for if one requires too hard a pull, it is a sad check to shooting: and if it goes too easy, you are liable to the accident of firing the gun, before it is fairly brought to the shoulder. Any tolerable mechanic may rectify these extremes, by filing, more or less, the part where the cere catches the tumbler.

"The triggers are now kept well in their places, by the constant pressure of little springs, and you must therefore push them back



back before you can let in your locks.

" N. B. In cleaning locks, the best places to put a little oil are—

" 1st. (In front of the pan) immediately under the neck of the hammer, from whence the oil will find its way through to the wheel and spring.

" 2d. On the pivot nail, or centre of the tumbler, on which the whole of the works move.

" 3d. On the lockplate, under the works, where a feather may be inserted.

" 4th. Where the cere catches the tumbler.

" *Directions for Cleaning Guns, and Precautions against their hanging Fire.*—Let your barrels be first washed perfectly clean with cold, and then fill each of them with hot water; which, by the time it has nearly run out at the touchholes, will accelerate their being wiped dry, as much as though boiling water had been used; and, before they have completely discharged the water, stop the muzzles and touchholes; and after shaking it up and down in the barrels, turn it out at the muzzles, by which means, you will effectually stir up, and expel any extraneous matter, that may have lodged in the bottom of the chambers. And to ascertain this, hold them with the touchholes towards the window, and (with the breechings, which I have recommended) you will, by looking into each muzzle, plainly perceive the light in the chamber, appearing like one dot surrounded by two, and sometimes three rings.

" I have recommended washing guns with cold water, from having found, that it always more readily removes the foulness occasioned by the powder, which, from sudden heat, is apt, at first, to dry, and

adhere more closely to the caliber; whereas, with cold water, it remains in a moist state, and immediately mixes.

" In cleaning barrels, a little fine sand may not be amiss; and will generally answer in removing the lead. And if hot water should be required for this purpose, the gun may be scoured with it, after having been washed with cold.

" Some have their guns occasionally only dry wiped, which is not so well, as the introduction of the cleaning rod drives the dirt into the chamber, from whence it becomes difficult to remove it without water.

" We are told that a barrel should be cleaned after having been fired about twenty times; but as it is not every manor that will now afford so many shots in a day, it becomes a query how often we may venture to put away a gun which has been used. I think that if eight or ten shots have been fired from each barrel, it will be best to have the gun washed on returning from the field; and if not, the way to prevent it hanging fire, (if kept loaded) is simply to prick the touchhole, put fresh prime, and give the but a smart stroke with the band. Should the gun have been in the damp, or put by a long time, the more certain way is to fire it off, then put in a fresh charge of powder while the barrels are warm, and afterwards take off your locks and wipe them, as well as the outside of the breechings and touchholes, which may be warranted free again, by being probed with the clipped end of a stiff feather; and all this done in less time than it requires to explain it.

" This ought to be occasionally had recourse to in the field; and

were the pans wiped, and the feather inserted in the touchholes after every shot, your gun would scarcely ever be known to hang fire, unless this precaution had been counteracted, by your forgetting to load it while warm, or some other circumstance; and I see nothing to justify your neglect in this, except the incessant rising of birds, in which case you may be permitted to await a leisure opportunity. Nothing is more absurd, if a gun has been washed, than dirtying it long before its time, by what is called "*squibbing*," which answers the purpose only of alarming women and poultry, putting your cattle into a gallop, and your kennel full cry; and in short, making a general disturbance among your domestic animals!—very excusable in a boy, who would desire no better fun!

"The proper, safest, and most certain way of ascertaining that your gun be perfectly clean, is to hold it to the light; and look through it as before recommended; and to prove that neither oil nor damp be left behind, put your charge of powder into the barrel, and before you add the wadding, see that the few grains that you can shake into the pan are quite dry; and if so, prime and finish loading."

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### SAGACITY IN ANIMALS,

MORE PARTICULARLY THE WOLF.

**T**HOSE persons who have most diligently watched the manners of the brute creation, do not require to be informed of the diversities of talent and character which are exhibited by individuals of the same species, of the changes in-

duced on their natural habits by domestication, of the educational acquirements of some of the most sagacious, of concerted plans executed by the more social tribes, of the tricks and stratagems practised by some birds to decoy the intruder from their young, of wonderful instances of memory in the horse, the dog, and the elephant, and of a change of conduct in the same individual wild animal, resulting from the observation and experience which are the consequences of age.

Those who have been much addicted to the hunting of the wolf, have remarked a very sensible difference between the proceedings of a young and raw, and those of a full-grown and instructed individual of the species. Young wolves, after having passed two months in the litter, during which period they are fed by their parents, afterwards follow their dam, which is no longer able to answer the demands of their daily increasing voracity. In her society, and instructed by her example, they tear live animals in pieces, try their fortune in the chase, and gradually provide for the common wants of the family. The habitual exercise of rapine, under the guidance of an experienced mother, communicates to them, every day, some ideas relative to the pursuit of their object. They become acquainted with the retreats of their game; their senses are alive to all sorts of impressions, which they gradually discriminate; and they correct precipitate or erroneous judgments by the sense of smell. When they are eight or nine months old, their mother leaves them to their own devices, and goes in quest of a male: but the young family still continue united for



for some time, till their ravenous propensities no longer admit participation of spoil. The strongest then remain masters of the spot, and the more weakly retire to seek subsistence in other quarters.—When they surmount this critical period, their augmented strength and instruction multiply their facilities of existence; and they are enabled to attack large animals, one of which will afford them nourishment for several days. They carefully conceal the remnants of their repast, but without relaxing their zeal in the chase; and they have recourse to their hidden morsels only when the pursuit has proved unsuccessful. Such are some of the purely natural habits of the wolf: but they are wonderfully modified in those districts in which he dreads the approach of man; and in which the constant necessity of shunning snares, and providing for safety, compels him to extend the sphere of his activity, and to exercise his ideas on a greater number of objects. His procedure, which is naturally free and bold, now becomes circumspect and timid; his appetite is often unsatisfied, from fear; and he distinguishes the sensations recalled by memory, from those which are furnished by the actual use of his faculties. At the moment, therefore, when he scents a flock, confined in a park, the idea of the shepherd and his dog is also present to his thoughts; and, balancing the different impressions, he eyes the height of the inclosure, compares it with his strength, judges of the difficulty of clearing it when encumbered with his spoil, and desists from the

fruitless or hazardous attempt: whereas, from a flock scattered in an open field, he will seize a sheep even in sight of the shepherd, especially if the neighbourhood of a wood favours his escape.

#### ANECDOTES OF SOMERVILE, THE POET.\*

*From a Letter to the Editor of the Gentleman's Magazine.*

THE following is exactly transcribed from an original letter addressed by Somerville, the poet, to Mr. Mackenzie, a relation of the Caringtons, of Wootton Wawen, near Henley in Arden, now the seat of Sir Edward Joseph Smythe, Bart. Somerville's residence was at Edston, in that parish, five miles from Stratford; and at Wootton the poet was buried.

"SIR—I am very sorry I must deny myself the pleasure of your good company to-morrow; I was to-day with my Lord Coventry's harriers, and I know Ball, (the Poet's horse) will not hold out two days together. I meet them again on Thursday morning in Wilmcote Pasture, near Stratford, and should think myself very happy in your good company. I must be there at 6 in the morning. It may be that a little variety may please you, and induce you for once to condescend to hunt hare. If you do, it will be a great satisfaction to

"Your most humble servant,

"W. SOMERVILE.

"Pray let me know by the messenger if you can conveniently come on Thursday; and I will wait for you at Edston."

(Superscribed)

"To Mr. Mackenzie at Wootton."

\* See account of his Poem "THE CHASE," in the eleventh volume of this work.

From Lady Luxborough's Letters to Shenstone, several particulars respecting Somerville might be gleaned. In mentioning an intended visit to the Leasowes (letter 84, p. 309), she says,

"I will, as long as it is in my power, pay my devoirs to you, and make libations to our departed friend over his urn, which I am glad you have erected to his memory; as I think it is a pity that so worthy a man should meet with so few people to pay to his memory the honour it deserves; and so many, on the contrary, vilify his character; and though I am far from laying a stress upon funeral pomp, no one (Jackey Reynolds excepted) shed a tear over his corpse, or has laid a stone over his grave,—notwithstanding Lord Somerville is so great a gainer by his dying; and the Vicar was so great a gainer by his living; but ingratitude is now as fashionable as bribery and corruption."

Of Somerville, who, as Dr. Johnson observes, set a good example to men of his own class, by devoting part of his time to elegant knowledge, and who has shewn, by the subjects which his poetry has adorned, that it is practicable to be at once a skilful sportsman and a man of letters, I know not that any portrait has been engraved. Shenstone possessed one picture of him, and Lady Luxborough another; but where they have wandered is to be discovered. There is, or was, a picture of him at Lord Somerville's; and there is now another at Wroxall in Warwickshire, the seat of Christopher Wren, Esq. but by whom painted I am not informed. It was presented to that family upon the occasion of Somerville standing god-

father to Mrs. Newsham, sister of the Rev. Philip Wren, now rector of Ipsley, and vicar of Tamworth, in Warwickshire, uncle and aunt of the present proprietor of Wroxall; and during the period in which the before-mentioned Clergyman had the care of his nephew's estate at Wroxall, application was made to him by an artist for liberty to engrave a portrait of Somerville from this picture; and it was accordingly forwarded to the engraver; but, after a considerable time, was returned without any plate being executed from it, in consequence of the artist meeting with Lord Somerville's picture of the poet, which was painted in a better style.

The celebrated Sir Christopher Wren, who was great grandfather of the Rev. Philip Wren, married, I believe, into the Burgoyne family; to whom, it is said, the poet Somerville was in some degree related.

Lady Henrietta Luxborough was sister to the celebrated Lord Bolingbroke, the friend and an executor of Pope. She married Robert Knight, Esq. of Barrels, created Lord Luxborough of the kingdom of Ireland, M. P. for Castle Rising in Norfolk, and afterwards made Earl of Catherlogh. They had one son, Henry, M. P. for Great Grimsby, who died without issue, and two daughters, one, I understand, married to a French Count, and the other to — Wymondesold, Esq. of Lockinge, in Berks, whose daughter married John Pollexfen Bastard, Esq. M. P. Lady Luxborough died about the 27th of March, 1756, and was interred with much funeral solemnity at Wootton Wawen, from which Church her remains were some time



time afterwards removed to the Mausoleum erected near Barrels by his Lordship.

Somerville was born in 1692, and died July 19, 1742.

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#### BATTLE BETWEEN FULLER AND MOLINEUX.

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ON Friday, the 27th ult. Molineux, the Black, and Fuller, met on the lawn of Bishopton House, near Glasgow, to box for a subscription purse of one hundred guineas. The fight excited great interest; and for some days was so much the subject of conversation as to exclude almost entirely every other topic of discussion. The day was uncommonly favourable; the ground judiciously chosen; the ring finely formed; and every thing well conducted. Besides about three thousand pedestrians, and several hundred persons who came to the spot in gigs and on horseback, there were about one hundred carriages, nearly one half of which were those of private gentlemen. At a quarter before one o'clock the combatants entered the ring; Carter was second to Molineux, and Joe Ward to Fuller. At five minutes past one they set to, and continued to fight shy for about ten minutes. Fuller had the advantage in sparring, and he hit his antagonist half a dozen times; but his blows seemed to be somewhat ineffective. A *fib*, however, which he gave the Black under the left ribs, made Joe Ward exclaim, as a *ruse*, no doubt, "don't strike so hard, Fuller, or you'll beat your man too soon." Molineux got seldom in; but his hits were more powerful. Betting 5 to 4 in his favour. At this time, to the disappointment

of the spectators, the Sheriff-Substitute of Renfrewshire, attended by a *posse* of constables, entered the ring and stopped the combat.

Both combatants expressed the utmost confidence of success. After the interference of the Sheriff, Molineux said, "Had I known of this I should have had the business over before now." Before the battle, Molineux offered 8 to 5 that he drew the first blood: which he did; and he also offered 12 to 5 that he gave the first knock-down blow; but this was not determined.

On Tuesday, the 31st ult. the contest between the above pugilists was renewed, at Auchineux, twelve miles from Glasgow, on the Drymen road. The same admirable arrangements were made as at Bishopton; and the crowd of spectators were fully as large. There was a forty-feet ring, formed on ground that was surrounded by fine old trees. The weather was in every way favourable. Fuller was attended by Joe Ward and Cooper. The place of Carter, as second to Molineux, was supplied by Aylward. The combatants came upon the ground at a quarter past twelve, Fuller entered the ring first; and then, as during the whole affair, showed a confidence which, considering his great inferiority in weight, did him the greatest honour. His condition was good, but not so good as on Friday; and a hurt got then on one of his fingers did him injury. Molineux was as firm as an oak; indeed it is said he never was in better condition, even when he contested the palm with the Champion of England. He was a great deal heavier than Fuller; and he is described as four years older, Fuller being only twenty-four years of age.

When

When Crib was informed of the present fight he was incredulous; and said that so light a man as Fuller would never venture to face the Black. On his part, Molineux was confident of early success; and offered considerable bets that he finished the combat in fifteen minutes.

At half-past twelve they set-to. The Black was extremely shy during the first round, and never once struck but in return. Fuller, thus uniformly making play, always attacked in fine style. He succeeded in drawing the first blood; and by a smart blow cut out a part of the Black's cheek; and he put in some severe body hits; but he got a bruise on the left cheek by a returning blow, and was twice in the same manner hit on the nose, which bled profusely. It was chiefly the left-handed blows of Molineux that were effective. Fuller aimed generally at the body of his antagonist, which he struck very often. Molineux hit always at Fuller's head. Towards the close of the round there was a sharp rally; and, after a good many blows were exchanged, Fuller gave Molineux a right-handed hit on the neck, which brought him to the ground. This round lasted twenty-eight minutes.

In the second round the fighting was more animated. Fuller continued to be the assailant. The Black sustained a terrible hit on the left shoulder; and in return gave Fuller a heavy blow on the right cheek. Molineux now made his only attempt to strike first, and was dexterously stopped by Fuller. A rally ensued, in which Fuller followed the Black round the ring. After this Molineux never made play, but waited for the blow of his adversary, and then hit with him.

According to the statement of Joe Ward and Cooper, Fuller received a foul blow in the lower part of the belly; but no notice was taken of it by the Judges, and Fuller had too much heart to cease to fight. When the round had lasted thirty-four minutes, Molineux showed distress by shaking violently, and began to rest his arms upon his body. The fight, however, soon became keener. The Black got some hits on the side and Fuller some on the face; and in a rally, in which Molineux pursued for some distance, Fuller came down. Molineux alleged that Joe Ward had pulled him down just as he was about to be struck; and the judges decided that he did; and upon this the prize was awarded to Molineux. This round lasted forty minutes. Neither combatants was materially injured. The Black had several bruises on his body, and Fuller's face was considerably swelled; but both were still comparatively fresh, and they were both up within the time.

Owing to the particular circumstances under which the battle terminated, it is resolved, we understand, to bestow on Fuller a purse of fifty guineas, which was subscribed for a second fight between Cooper and Carter. It is evident from this account that the Black has totally changed his mode of fighting. In former battles, even with Crib, he generally acted on the offensive, and was distinguished as much for boldness of attack as capacity for punishment; but in this set-to his shyness is almost without example, and his plan appears to have been to weary out his light antagonist by keeping him long upon the ground.

Carter, after the loudest vaunting



ings of his strength and science, offered to fight Cooper, but when fairly challenged and urged to the combat, he slunk from the performance, and quitted the town.

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ON THE COMPARATIVE SPEED OF  
RACE HORSES OF THE PRESENT  
AND FORMER DAYS.

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*To the Editor of the Sporting  
Magazine.*

SIR,

IT is with some reluctance that I again resume my pen; for it was not my intention to reply to your various correspondents, if a circumstance had not occurred which induces, in fact almost compels me, to offer a few observations upon their several productions on this most important topic. I have certainly been guilty of a few errors in handling of it, which, in so complicate a subject, it is impossible to avoid; but no man is more pleased when I am candidly pointed out to be in error, and so ready to discard it, to embrace *his*, who has corrected me, of my erroneous assertion; be this as it will, it has, and will be, the means of introducing a variety of useful remarks, interesting to every man not perfectly acquainted with the astonishing powers of this truly noble animal. At the same time I must observe, I have seen nothing at present to shake my former opinions, or bring the smallest shade of conviction to the mind, that those opinions are erroneous. But, waving all discussion on that point, which is of little avail, I shall proceed to remark, that your correspondents will each of them admit that I have established the main position of the inferiority of

the race horses of the present day, although some part of my information, as I have said before, does not bear the stamp of truth; and, as Dryden very emphatically observes on the most finished productions—

“Errors, like straws, upon the surface  
flow.”

Your correspondent, who signs himself “A BIT OF A JOCKEY,” appears to possess an extensive acquaintance with every branch of sporting: his remarks are just, his elucidations of facts very correct, and clothed, not only in plain, but in very animating language; and I may add, without the least appearance of flattery—for what can it avail to plaster a man with praise, to whom you are unknown, and from whom you can expect to receive no favours, if he does not justly merit it,—that no man has added more grace by his various productions to the pages of the *Sporting Magazine*, and performed so much, with such admirable and merited success, for the turf; and, what more redounds to his honour, as a man of feeling, in the cause of suffering humanity. I shall quote but three instances, to shew that I am not very inaccurate when I assert, that the race-horses of former days carried less weight than those of the present. When the Derby Stakes were first established at Epsom, the weight then carried was but 8st. or 8st. 2lb.; but now it is well known it has progressively increased to 8st. 7lb. and it has likewise progressively risen, both in the Gold Cup and St. Leger Stakes at Doncaster, and in a variety of other Stakes, too tedious to mention. It would argue in me a blind predilection in favour of our ancestors, if I should set myself up as a defender of our old

system of training, and exclaim to the world, that the system of our forefathers combined every thing requisite in racing, and that the modern improvements ingrafted upon it are the inventions of caprice, mere innovations, divested of all real utility. Let any man take upon himself the very disagreeable task of defending the quaint and truly laughable recipes of our ancestors, or even attempt to prove the efficacy of their old rules on training, he'd soon find that he had taken upon himself a burden too grievous to be borne, and which would require the strength of an Atlas to support it, and wade through their different modes of treatment, then thought absolutely necessary before a racer was in a fit condition to start. Every man of sound sense, and possessed of the least practical experience, must deprecate the silly, absurd, and unnatural rule, of depriving the race horse, for a stated time, of food, merely as a qualification for starting. Nature has made both man and brutes of such materials, that without a due proportion of food the springs of motion would soon stop, for want of a proper stimulus to set their powers in action; if so, how is it possible that a race-horse could undergo such violent exercise, when deprived of that sustenance, the support of motion, as experience informs us their powers must be weakened, and even impaired, by this irrational method. If a man refuses his quota of food only for one day, performing his regular exercise, he feels a disinclination, a weakness, amounting almost to an inability, to undergo the same diurnal course. If this is admitted, I may with greater truth assert, that it will stand good with a race-

horse, particularly as the vast speed causes a greater degree of friction, and consequently requires more food to strengthen those powers weakened by severe action.— But this demonstrative truism, like many others, is at variance with the simple facts. I agree with your correspondent, "OLD SUS," that the brown colt by Fidget will not bear to be put in comparison with Stamford, either in speed or bottom, notwithstanding he beat him even weights for the Derby. Few horses that started for the Derby and the St. Leger ever experienced the same ill luck as Stamford. When he ran for the Derby Stakes in 1797, he took the lead, making severe play, and was supposed to be certain of winning, until he came to Tottenham Corner, where he ran out of the course, and in spite of this misfortune, he was again brought into it, making play, and was then not beat by more than seven lengths by the winner; the same year he started for the St. Leger, with the odds of 7 to 4 in his favour against the field; he made good play, and it was the general opinion he could not lose, as he appeared to be winning in gallant style, till he came near the winning post, when he became so hemmed in by these horses keeping their strokes and going well together, that they never afforded him the least chance of extrication, and notwithstanding this dilemma, he was beat by little more than a neck, to effect which the winner had felt the utmost force of the whip and spur. With respect to Gohanna and Waxy, I beg leave to differ from your correspondent; for Waxy beat him once or twice, at even weights, as the event of their various meetings apparently evinces. When

Gohanna



Gohanna was in the plenitude of his success, Coriander gave him 24lb. and beat him easy; and it is well known that Waxy beat him for the Derby, without any evident difficulty; but to enter into the relative merits of race horses, by comparing their performances one with the other, and then pronouncing on their superiority, would be entering into a far more intricate labyrinth than the celebrated one of Dædalus, at Crete.

Your other correspondent appears to have taken up his pen, armed at all points, with the infallible armour of criticism, and the equally infallible one of banter; but notwithstanding these formidable weapons, he well knows we have no horse upon record since Highflyer, that has been uniformly successful; although, as he observes, he was beat before he received that singular name. But waving this point at present, which I shall touch upon hereafter, I will proceed to remark, that your correspondent sets out with an inuendo at the word 'far-famed,' which perhaps is not very inappropriately applied to Smolensko particularly; if his fame had not extended throughout the country, what could induce such a mass of people to be so eager to witness his performance, and even get a sight of him, when he won the Magna Charta Stakes, at Egham? If this was not the real cause, for fame had not sounded her trump equal to his vast powers, I confess I am perplexed from what other cause to ascribe it. I will admit that Goldsmith certainly knew little of the breed of a race-horse, but his remark appears to be so near the truth, that I imagine your correspondent will be puzzled to find seven tolerably speedy racers, if we

expect Second, Firetail, and Black-legs, within the whole circle of his produce; neither do I think that Goldsmith would have hazarded such an assertion, if he had not received his information from persons competent to inform him on the subject, particularly as most Englishmen are supposed to have some knowledge of the astonishing powers of this celebrated racer; at any rate it was not the man, but the remark, which unquestionably bears the stamp of truth, which induced me to cite it.

Of Mr. Taplin I shall say but little; far be it from me to disturb his remains in that clay-cold abode, from which no traveller returns, to drag them before the public, to be arraigned for errors which he was unconscious he had committed, to submit to a decision, from which there can be no appeal, and receive, perhaps, a contumelious sentence for having been guilty of such erroneous assertions. On the other hand, I shall not offer any defence of this knight of the pestle and mortar, but merely remark, that his production is universally admired, and almost as universally read; consequently some merit must attach to it, to enjoy such an extensive circulation; and for a work of this description, it is allowed to be very correct, although a nice observer may detect some inaccuracies, which it is impossible to avoid in so complicate a subject; and he that compiles a similar work, and escapes them, has a gift of perfection peculiar to himself, and he may truly exclaim, that he has attained perfection, and in a path which, of all others, presents the least inviting aspect, or an entire eradication of those obstructions which impede the slippery way. In every account, one

excepted, which I have seen of Highflyer, it is roundly affirmed he never was beat; on the contrary, that he beat every opponent with ease, which induced me to make that statement in a former number, never reflecting that these writers had made use of a detested quibble in his name, without ever consulting the Racing Calendar, or even regarding the correctness of their assertions. A writer some few years back, speaking of Herod, affirms, he beat every horse that could be brought against him, at four, five, and six years old. In your last number, "OLD SUS," after affirming that Hambletonian was beat by running out of the course at York, says, "on account of that misfortune, he cannot be ranked with the four patriarchs, Childers, Sweetlips, Herod, and Eclipse;" and in the same number, another correspondent, whose accuracy I have no reason to doubt, positively declares, "it stands recorded that he was in his turn beaten by Askam, Turf, and Bay Malton." I have heard it remarked, in a very animated conversation on the subject, that in point of superiority and goodness of their produce, the palm was clearly and fairly awarded to Herod; but I beg leave to offer no opinion upon it, convinced that it would embroil me in controversy; as examples in support of the superiority of Match'em, Eclipse, Highflyer, Sir Peter Teazle, and others, may be adduced till we have actually lost sight of the point in dispute in the whirlpool of discussion. To resume—your correspondent has quite misunderstood me, when he asserts, "a joke indeed, to compare Bay Malton's performances with those of Eclipse," for it was not my intention, as in the sense

which he has taken it, to say that in point of successful running and beating his antagonists with such ease, that I ever thought of making the comparison. Bay Malton certainly won more valuable prizes, and beat as many capital opponents, as Eclipse, although he did not perform it in that style so peculiar either to Childers and Eclipse, for I really believe generations will pass away before the sporting world will again see two race-horses endowed with such wonderful fleetness, and capable of beating their contemporaries with such ease. Goldfinder was esteemed for some years the speediest, best bottomed, and most successful in the kingdom—he beat nearly every horse of his time; but it truly is the first time I ever saw, or even heard, he never was beat. It certainly does not detract from his high reputation for speed, as some would imagine, by saying he would have started against Eclipse, particularly as Eclipse had then beat every horse that could be brought against him, and was at the very zenith of his celebrity; but no doubt, as your correspondent observes, his lameness saved his reputation, for we can hold no scruple on the probable result if he had started against Eclipse, although one of the best horses of his time, that he would have been beat, and in most people's opinion, comparatively easy.

It is needless again to assert what I have before said of Shark, neither do I say it without book and quite in the teeth of fact, as one instance will evince; viz. his various performances with Marc Antony, one of the first horses of his day, have no parallel, and will always rank him with the most celebrated racers of the past or present day:



to be sure he did not carry all before him in the style of the three celebrated patriarchs, Childers, Bonny Black, and Eclipse, for in the whole circle of the Racing Calendar it is impossible to add another to this famous trio; yet Shark, taken for all in all, in point of general qualifications, is perhaps the next entitled to so proud a distinction. He was certainly beat by a colt of Le March's, and so was Smolensko by the Corporal, but your correspondent will not on that account doubt Shark possessed such vast powers, and that it deteriorated from the high reputation which he had acquired both for speed and stoutness; if he did, he might with equal propriety, on the other hand, question Smolensko's extraordinary speed, because, like Shark, he was beat by a horse at least known to be inferior in the chief article of racing.

In conclusion, British ladies of high degree, who add peculiar grace by your presence to the race-course, summon up your boasted characteristic of compassion, and think, oh! think, of the agonising torments the race horse endures under the merciless whip and spur, inflicted with all the energy of vigorous exertion, to compel this beautiful animal to cover more ground, and perform impossibilities, to obtain the prize. Can you, who are gifted with so great a portion of the milk of human kindness, witness these instruments of torture, plied with savage efforts on his wounded sides, with such apathy, without shedding the tear of sensibility, which adds a greater lustre to the fair than all the jewels of the east, for his unmerited sufferings. May this be recorded, and indelibly engraved on the tablet of humanity, to the honour of those

gentlemen of the turf, who have with laudable benevolence, which adds unfading laurels to their brow, abolished heats of every description from Newmarket, and thus affording to the world a finer comment than the most elaborate composition on this simple passage, "Never suffer the love of pleasure, however seducing, to infringe on the rights of humanity."

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Z. B.

June 20.

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## OF SMOKING AND SMOKERS.

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WELL may we exclaim, "how wonderful, how complicated is man!" If we smile at the ignorance of Sir Walter Raleigh's servant, who threw a bottle of water into his master's face on seeing smoke issue from his mouth, what must we think of the following account given by Herman in his description of Russia?—"At the close of the 17th century, the smoking of tobacco was considered as *sinful*, and the priesthood were not a little scandalized when Peter the Great, in 1698, granted the Marquis of Carmarthen and Co. the monopoly of importing tobacco. But mark the change of ideas! fifty years afterwards government distributed seed and offered premiums for the best culture, and in 1793 tobacco was imported at Petersburg to the amount of 47,000 roubles."

We recommend this to the serious attention of the reverend clergy, to whom smoking of tobacco was another word for the enjoyment of *life*. Many and many an orthodox man, has indulged himself in pipe after pipe in his study, and

and pipe after pipe after dinner; and then in the evening, pipe after pipe, by way of preparation for the night's repose. Nay, we have seen a clergyman who would not forbear his pipe while walking along the most public ways of the metropolis. Whether this was *being a slave to it*, we leave to the decision of conscience. It was said of Staines, Lord Mayor of London, that they were sure he could not forego his pipe long enough to be sworn into office, without a whiff; and a print was published representing his Lordship in procession, smoking in his state carriage—the sword bearer smoking—the mace-bearer smoking—the coachman smoking—the footman smoking—the postillion smoking—and to crown the whole, all the six horses smoking also. If smoking tobacco were sinful, how innocent were Bonaparte himself, that *summum malum* of crime, in comparison with the smokers!

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### ON THE NOTES OF BIRDS.

[FROM THE FRENCH.]

**T**HE cock speaks the language of his hens, and he speaks it as they do; but more than they, he boasts in crowing of the power he possesses of renewing proofs of his tenderness. He sings his valour and his glory.

The goldfinch, linnet, and tom-tit, sing their loves. The chaffinch sings his love and his self love.

The canary bird sings his love and his real talents.

The lark chaunts a hymn on the beauties of nature, and the vigour with which he cleaves the air, while he soars aloft in the pre-

sence of his mate who is admiring him.

The swallow, all tenderness and affection, rarely sings alone, but in duo, trio, quatuor; in short, in as many parts as there are members of the family. Its gamut is very limited; however, its concert is full of sweetness.

The nightingale has three songs, that of suppliant love, at first languishing, then mixing with lively actions of impatience, which end in protracted notes full of respect, that touch the heart. In this song the female takes her part by interrupting the couplet with tender notes, to which succeed an affirmative, timid and full of affection.

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### THE HARPER OF MULL,

A HIGHLAND STORY.

**I**N the days of yore, there lived in the Island of Mull, a celebrated harper, who married, for love, a young woman of exquisite beauty. He was superior to all others in his taste and execution; but, perhaps, he owed part of his fame to a harp so happily constructed, that no artist could hope to equal, much less surpass it. Next to his wife, it was the pride and joy of his heart, and his companion wherever he went. This pair had a relation on the opposite coast, whom they were called to visit on a sudden. They who are acquainted with that rugged island, will not wonder that a woman should sink under the cold and fatigue of the journey, and at length fainting away, quite exhausted, the husband with the utmost tenderness, exerted himself for the preservation of a life so precious, and seeing some signs of recovery, made haste to kindle a fire.



fire to warm her. He struck a flint and received the sparks among a little heather, which he gathered with difficulty in a spot almost barren; in this penury of fuel the good man scrupled not to sacrifice his beloved harp, breaking it in pieces, and feeding the flames with its fragments.

Meanwhile, a young gentleman, remarkably handsome and genteel, happened to be at no great distance hunting, and spying the smoke, made towards it. He appeared to be greatly struck on seeing in that wilderness a fine woman in distress, whilst she was so much disordered at the sight of a stranger, that the husband dreaded another fit. The youth made many professions of sympathy and concern, and offered them some provisions and usquebaugh he had with him. This was too seasonable a proposal not to be accepted; for they had set out in a violent hurry, ill prepared for any accident; and without a cordial, the wife's ailments might return before they got to an inhabited place.

By degrees, however, her agitation subsided, and she was prevailed on, with some intreaty, to partake of the repast. In a little while her spirits revived, and she seemed to make light of her late disaster. The joy of the husband was excessive, nor did he once regard the loss of his harp. He was even pleased to see his wife exert herself to entertain the youth, to whose courtesy they were so highly indebted. And indeed they were old acquaintances, though, as the young man saw the wife not disposed to recognise him, he chose to behave as a stranger.

Our heroine had been bred with her grandmother, whose name she bore, and from whom her family

had expectations. The old woman's house was a great way to the northward, and very near that of the youth's father. From early infancy they had been companions, and in all the little pursuits and pastimes of childhood, had ever chosen each other as associates. As they advanced in years their fondness increased, which was not a little encouraged by the idle pastoral life then led by the young Highlanders of both sexes; for at a time when boys of this age in another country would have been confined to school or to college, he was employed in hunting, fishing, or listening to the songs and tales that were the delight of all ranks of people. Of course he had numberless interviews with our fair one, whose beauty and sweetness of disposition daily increased. Their friendship was fast ripening into love when her grandmother died, and she returned to her father's house. From that time to the present they never met, though she was not married till full two years after. They were both much afflicted at the separation, not that they thought of marriage, for he was too young; and, besides, there was an unsurmountable bar to their union. He was born a *Duin Was-sal*, or gentleman; she a commoner of an inferior tribe. And whilst ancient manners and customs were religiously adhered to by a primitive people, the two classes kept as unmixed in their alliances as the coasts of Indostan. In these times a gentleman of no fortune, or, in Dr. Johnson's phrase, a beggar of high birth, was respected by his countrymen, and addressed in the plural number; whereas a commoner, though ten times more substantial, was saluted with *thou* and *thee*, and with all his pelf could

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not pretend to the poorest gentleman.

But this had been no bar to their friendship. In every age and country, boys and girls left to themselves pay little regard to rank or external circumstances, in the choice of their companions. Spirit, generosity, and complacency of manners, are the qualities that knit young hearts together. Besides, in every other article but marriage, the old highland gentry and commoners lived together in habits of kindness and familiarity, of which, at present, there are but few examples. It is not surprising then that the young woman should in time get the better of a hopeless passion; at least consider it as no bar to an establishment in life. Her marriage was, therefore, what was called a prudential one: she had no objection to the man, only when she consented to give him her hand, her heart was not at her own disposal. Her first love still lurked there, though reason and virtue whispered the impossibility of his ever being her's. Of course, a meeting so romantic and unexpected as the present, was a temptation too strong to be withstood. A thousand tender incidents of childhood and youth crowded into her mind, and too successfully suggested, that the companion of her happiest years was alone worthy of her love.

The young man on his part was equally captivated; her charms he thought were much improved by time; and guessing by her demeanour and the language of her eyes, that he still maintained a place in her affections, he listened enamoured to her converse, which being in the presence of her husband was lively and innocent; while, hurried away by his passion, his purpose

was to carry her off to a country where they were both unknown. On the way he soon found an opportunity to whisper his scheme, and was happy to find his former lover as impatient as he could wish to abandon for his sake all that a woman holds dear, so blind was she to that shame that was to attach to her character for ever. Towards the foot of a mountain, in a wild woody glen, the husband having occasion to stay a little behind, the guilty pair made their elopement, and were out of sight in a moment. Bereaved thus of his wife and his harp, the wretched husband exclaimed in an agony of grief, "Fool that I was to burn my harp for her sake." This exclamation has long been proverbial in the highlands, when an honest generous man is treated with monstrous ingratitude.

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#### CURIOUS CUSTOM AT ANCIENT WEDDINGS.

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MR. Brand, in his Popular Antiquities, relates, that there was formerly a custom in the north of England, which will be thought to have bordered very closely upon indecency, and strongly marks the manners that prevailed among our ancestors; it was for the young men present at a wedding to strive immediately after the ceremony, who could first pluck off the bride's garters from her legs. This was done before the very altar. The bride was generally gartered with ribbands for the occasion. Whoever were so fortunate as to be victors in this singular species of contest, during which the bride was often obliged to scream out, and was very frequently thrown down,



thrown down, bore them about the church in triumph!

It is the custom in Normandy for the bride to bestow her garter on some young man as a favour; or sometimes it is taken from her.

In Aylett's *Divine and Moral Speculations*, 8vo. London, 1654, is a copy of verses "on sight of a most honourable lady's wedding garter."

### BEARDS IN PERSIA.

THE Persians shave all the head except a tuft of hair just on the crown, and two locks behind the ears: but they suffer their beards to grow, and to a much larger size than the Turks, and to spread more about the ears and temples. They almost universally dye them black, by an operation not very pleasant, and necessary to be repeated generally once a fortnight. It is always performed in the hot-bath, where the hair being well saturated, takes the colour better. A thick paste is first made, which is largely plastered over the beard, and which after remaining an hour is all completely washed off, and leaves the hair of a very strong orange colour, bordering upon that of brick-dust. After this, as thick a paste is made of the leaf of the indigo, (which previously has been pounded to a fine powder), and of this also a deep layer is put upon the beard; but this second process, to be taken well, requires two full hours. During all this operation, the patient lies quietly flat upon his back; whilst the dye (more particularly the indigo, which is a great astringent) contracts the features of his face in a very mournful manner,

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ner, and causes all the lower part of the visage to smart and burn. When the indigo is at last washed off, the beard is of a very dark bottle green, and becomes a jet black only when it has met the air for twenty-four hours. Some, indeed, are content with the *Khenna*, or orange colour; others, more fastidious, prefer a beard quite blue. The people of Bokhara are famous for their blue beards. It is inconceivable how careful the Persians are of this ornament: all the young men sigh for it, and grease their chins to hasten the growth of the hairs; because, until they have there a respectable covering, they are supposed not fit to enjoy any place of trust.—*Morier's Trav.*

### GAMING IN FRANCE.

From a "*Journal of a Trip to Paris*," just published.

OF all the degrading views which, though not a direct offence against the Canon, yet involves a number of the most fatal passions and criminal propensities—of all the dangerous indulgencies which threaten the happiness of the individual and evidence the degeneracy of a people, there is not one so ignominiously conspicuous as Gaming. Its origin and object are equally base. It is the child of Avarice and Idleness, and the parent of Guilt and Shame. The character of the professed gambler is one of the most worthless that can be conceived, and when this incurable mania seizes upon every breast, and overspreads a country, there can be no surer proof of a general laxity of principle and depravity of morals. Such, I lament to say, is the case in France. The

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gaming-table is a prominent part of the entertainments among the highest circles—the gaming-table is the grand resort of the middling classes—the gaming-table is the object of the hopes of the needy—and the streets, and gardens, and roads, are deformed with the very lowest in society throwing dice on the ground from their hands, instead of a dice-box, on the event of which, perhaps, depends either a comparative acquisition, or excessive misery.

“ I have spent evenings in the hotels of Princes—there, Hazard and Faro were the chief sources of pleasure: the Conversation rooms were deserted, and even the attractions of the sportive dance failed to fix the vagrant feet of the inveterate votaries of cards and dice. Loveliness and youth would have been left to bewail the more potent influence of chance, did not loveliness and youth partake of the epidemia, and join in those destructive pursuits which so speedily eradicate the bloom of the one and the innocence of the other. Cupidity is the murderer of Cupid. I have also visited the public rooms devoted to the world of adventurers who are so prone to “ set their all upon a cast,” and, unhappily for them, “ stand the hazard of the die.” These are extraordinary places, and it is there only that I have seen the apathy of the French roused into a state of fearful and desperate excitement—Hogarth’s picture of the Gamesters in the Rake’s Progress realized. As London with all its faults is not, I believe, polluted with such institutions (for the subscription houses, or *hells*, are more select and difficult of access), I shall venture to describe one of the three grand public gaming houses which I in-

spected in the Palais Royal. This Temple of Fortune consists of a suite of eleven spacious rooms, five or six of which are, at this period, crowded nightly, not only with the Citizens of Paris, but with multitudes of strangers, officers, &c. of all ranks and denominations. On entering, you must leave your hat at the door, for the recovery of which a ticket is given you; and on your exit it is returned, where a small basket is visible for the reception of a sous or two, *ad libitum*, for the benefit of the servants. In four of the apartments are large tables, of the size of billiard tables, at which are played the game *Rouge et Noir*, the chances of which are decided, at some of them, by the determination of a small ivory ball in a wheel, which is divided into certain niches, colours, and numbers, and at others by the cards. These tables are marked in a variety of ways, so that many games are played, and depend upon every revolution of the wheel and ball, and every deal of the cards. I endeavoured to make myself master of the matter, but could ascertain nothing further of the mystery than that as the betters staked their money upon red or black, they lost or gained according as the ball fell into a red or black niche, or the cards turned up red or black; and, in the same manner, other chances, such as “*par*” and “*impar*” (odd or even) and “*passe*” and “*manque*,” (i. e. above or below the middle number) were decided. There were many other bets depending, the nature of which I could not ascertain; but in some of them the odds seem to be very great, as much as twenty or thirty to one.

At other tables Faro, and at others Hazard, were the order of the  
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the night; and all had their numerous adherents, though *Rouge et Noir* seems the most popular. The sums staked are from one franc to any amount: I have seen many hundreds upon the table at the same time; there is, perhaps, seldom less than twenty pounds—generally about thrice that sum—depending upon each appeal to the Fates, which occupies two or three minutes.

If the play is fair (a point I am not competent to determine), I was informed at my Banker's, that the run in favour of the persons who support those establishments is about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. an advantage, which must afford them prodigious emolument in the course of twelve months continual practice, where thousands are every night won and lost. There are six persons at every table, employed by the keepers, viz. two on each side, two at the centre, and one at each end. The duty of these in the centre, is to deal the cards, or revolve the wheel and ball, and settle the stakes; and those at the ends look to the fair adjustment of the stakes in those quarters. These official attendants are relieved, like centinels, by fresh hands every two hours. The display of heaps of gold and silver before them is of the most tempting brilliancy, consisting, at this era, of the coins of all nations, which are very necessary, as it is not uncommon to see French Napoleons and Louis d'ors, English guineas and crowns, Dutch ducats, Spanish doubloons, Russian roubles, as well as the various monies of Prussia, Italy, and Germany, on the table at the same moment. Paper is rarely seen, except in very large notes of the French Bank, which are, *à priori*,

converted into specie for the purpose of gaming.

One of the most constant visitors to those haunts, at the time of my writing, is the renowned Marshal Blucher, who plays pretty deep, and with peculiar ill luck. Perhaps the French are taking their revenge upon him in this way. I cannot but be sorry that he affords them an opportunity, as there is certainly no other person of his rank who does so; but the Marshal is a plain blunt soldier, and does not mix much with ceremonious state parties.

I have already noticed that the intoxication of gambling descends to the lowest of the people, and that it is common to see it greedily pursued on the pavement and in all the suburbs. What I have heard of the excesses and inveterate habits of the French prisoners in England is fully confirmed by the extent and rootedness of the vice apparent in this country.—The system of plunder, the disregard of all moral obligations, and the unsettled state of things introduced by the infamous robber at the head of Government, has pervaded the whole mass of the population, and indeed an inclination to rely more upon chance, or dishonest artifices, than upon industry and steady exertion. Let us hope that a better government will be able to establish better feelings.

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## NATURAL HISTORY.

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IN the Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society for 1813, is a paper by Sir Everard Home, Bart. F.R.S. intitled, "*A Description of the Solvent Glands and Gizzards of the Ardea*"

*Argala*, the *Casuarus* Emu, and the long-legged *Casowary* from New South Wales."—Pursuing his inquiries into the comparative structure of the digestive organs of the different species of carnivorous birds, Sir Everard describes those of the *Ardea Argala*, a native of Bengal, of the *Casowary* of Java, and of the long-legged *Casowary* of New South Wales. The solvent glands of the *Ardea* consist of five or six cells, which open into one common duct, disposed in two circular masses, one on the anterior and the other on the posterior surface of the cardiac cavity; something in the manner of those of the Cormorant. The gizzard is like that of the Crow. The *Casuarus* Emu, which inhabits Java, has solvent glands in the form of oval bags, occupying the whole surface of the cardiac cavity. Its gizzard, as to strength, resembles that of the Crow: but it is peculiarly situated, being out of the course of the cardiac cavity, so that the food, in passing along the intestines, does not necessarily go through it. In the *Casowary* from New South Wales, the glands are very similar to those of the former bird; the gizzard is stronger, but resembles it in other respects.

The paper concludes with some interesting observations on the comparative anatomy of the digestive organs of birds which are generally similar as to size, food, and habits, but which are placed in countries that differ with respect to the facility of acquiring food. The *Casowary* of Java, living in a most luxuriant region, has its solvent glands small, the gizzard so situated as to be used only occasionally, and the intestines, short. The *Casowary* of

New South Wales, inhabiting a less fertile country, has its glands larger, and its gizzard stronger, and placed in the same situation; but the intestines are double the length. The *Rhea Americana*, living in a part of South America in which food is not plentiful, has large glands and a strong gizzard, through which all the food must pass; and the intestines are of still greater length. The *Struthio Camelus* of the deserts of Africa has more numerous glands, a stronger gizzard, and a much longer intestinal canal.

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#### I AND MY BLACK CAT, AND ON CAT-LOGY GENERALLY.

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To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.

SIR,

IN your pages, devoted to the exquisite pleasures of compassion and human kindness towards brutes, as well as to those of the turf and the chace, let us not forget the CAT, an animal, from the earliest records of cruelty, selected for that excessive sensibility under tortures, and quickness of resentment even to madness, with which nature has endowed her; an animal which has yet been loaded with reproaches as to her nature, and characterized as totally devoid of all feelings, excepting those originating in self-interest, and prompted by rapine; whilst her amiable propensities, her caresses, and her grateful *purr*, have been slighted, and her real and indispensable services to mankind, overlooked and forgotten, from their cheapness and easiness of attainment, so prolific and numerous is the feline race. But without this most active and useful race for our guards,



guards, what, my good friends, would become of us? How should we be able to preserve our subsistence, our daily food, or even our lives? Flocks of rats and mice would overrun the farmer's grounds, his barns and granaries, as openly, and with as great a show of right, as his flocks of sheep, devouring and contaminating the greater part of his corn, whilst his time, and that of his servants, must be taken up in watching the remainder. In cities and towns, those vermin would prowl about in shoals and multitudes innumerable and unconquerable; myriads instantly supplying the place of those, which human industry and self-defence would be able to destroy:—gnawing their way into every pantry and cupboard, devouring and defiling with their excrement the provisions of the inhabitants, and even attacking the fingers and toes of the sleeper, the sick and the dead, and the children in their cradles! Nor let us of the present time, in this country, so well defended by our feline guard, treat this account as mere exaggeration. History informs us of ravages of this kind, and to such extent, committed by rats and mice, in various cities, to their almost entire temporary depopulation, and to the infusing of a terror into the minds of the inhabitants, equal to that inspired by a besieging enemy. Hence the story of the piper, who charmed away the rats from a city in Germany, and that of Bishop Hatto, who was devoured by them. But we need neither go so far back in chronology, nor to such a distance from our own country, for examples. Barely forty years ago, the present writer was informed by a servant who previously lived with Lady D——, at Kensington pa-

lace, that the rats had taken so full possession of that old and neglected mansion, as to be entirely masters of the domain, overrunning the whole house, annoying the inhabitants in their beds, and taking the first choice of every thing eatable; but particularly by night, they mustered so numerously in the passages, that the servants were actually afraid to pass and repass, for fear of being attacked: and the rats were of so large a species, exclusive of the consideration of their numbers, that the cats, singly, dared not attack them in any position.

For such good reasons, cats formerly bore a price in this country, as is stated from ancient records, in the *Sporting Magazine*; but perhaps the only modern instance of that kind is the following, which came under my particular observation. About twenty years ago, there was an epidemic sickness among the cats of the metropolis, extending, I believe, to other parts of the country; when, in a certain part of the environs of London, a person well known in the neighbourhood, by the name of *Patty*, sold her kittens at sixpence each. This most extraordinary fact of a cat becoming money's worth, was bandied about among the gossips as a nine-days' wonder, and it was repeated with a gape and a stare—*Patty* sold her kittens! This, we classics changed, according to the rule of Swift's language of reversion—*Kitty* sold her pattens. *Riptain Catchardson of the Northamptonshire Mahatia, going through Pivinty-street, Cockadilly, bought a Newbockentobashofax.* The rage for hairy caps in that day, it is supposed, contributed almost as much as the epidemy to thin the breed of cats; and, were the former

mer to return, it would at present, be a most convenient thing, and a most fortunate and merciful one, for the poor animals, too many of which, from their superfluous numbers, are dragging out their lives in starvation and misery. People inconsiderately bring up kittens and puppies for the amusement of themselves and their children, and when their novelty and juvenile attractions have passed away, the wretched animals are unfeelingly turned adrift upon the public, to take the chance of a good Samaritan, who, from motives of compassion, will burden himself with animal misery and disease; a desperate chance truly, to be torn in pieces by dogs, for the amusement of two-legged Christian dogs, or miserably to await a lingering death by famine. It is much the same case with dogs, in all large towns, but in course, to the greatest degree, in the metropolis. Were more of these animals destroyed at their birth, the surviving stock would be so reduced as to be of greater worth, and to be sure of experiencing more humane and more considerate treatment. And, with respect to those which are full grown, nothing can be more barbarous and unreasonable, than the common practice of unfeeling indolence, to turn them out to perish by want and the severity of the weather, probably from a state of the highest comfort and luxury, from the dread of encountering the trifling inconvenience of putting a speedy and easy termination to their lives. Nothing can be more contemptible than the sophistical and superstitious cant, about—*the sin of taking away a life which we could not give.* This repeated by men fond of good beef and

mutton, and game! But truth and cant can never meet and shake hands, because they invariably move in opposite directions.

Now to my grave and important purpose of vindicating the character of my favourite, the cat, from those contumelious aspersers, who assert, that it has no motive of action whatever but that of self-interest, among whom I am sorry to enumerate the celebrated Count de Buffon. By the by, granting this to be the case, it well becomes us bipeds to reflect, before we throw the first stone at the cat on such an account. In the ensuing sublime and beautiful history of my black cat, I shall point out some extraordinary qualities in the cat, and afterwards exhibit proofs that the cat may be endowed with generous and compassionate feelings.

In our youthful days, Tom — and I, after beating the rounds of Covent Garden, at two o'clock one morning, stole a black kitten from the bosom of a woman, apparently mad and nearly naked, sitting upon the step of a door in St. Martin's-Lane. — "D— your eyes and limbs!" exclaimed the woman, "don't take my cat;" — and away ran we, as fast as our legs would carry us, never stopping until we reached Northumberland house. I wish this may catch the eye of my old friend Tom, whom I have not seen for nearly half a life—it will bring to his mind the remembrance of many a youthful foolery—but, alas! all is vanity, so we may even as well laugh as cry. Crying and snivelling will neither preserve our old and well-worn carcases from the grave, nor at all improve their situation in it. Death is a debt, and there can be no plea of insolvency.



vency, no act of grace. And—one single act of justice or compassion, even to a brute, is worth a whole life of snivelling.

To make short of a long story—with the silly unfeelingness of youth, I cropped and docked my black kitten, which fairly fainted upon the table, under the operation! Yet, as it afterwards proved, never had cat a stouter heart, although in a body of small size. She bred famous stock, became a favourite with all my friends, and my groom would have it, very much resembled, in her head and face, the breed of Marske, the race-horse! She would sometimes bring into the house, to her kittens, three or four rats in a day, carrying them up stairs, and calling at the door to be let in. Her most laborious and meritorious life lasted about ten years, when she died from perfect exhaustion. Her attachment to a favourite mare, resembled that of the cat to the Godolphin Arabian. I have always regretted that I had not her portrait. But her distinguishing peculiarity remains to be mentioned. She took the water as freely as a spaniel, and I have often seen her jump into three or four feet water, and swim over several yards to get to me and others, her favourites. A daughter of her's, named Witch, had the same faculty, and took the water as readily.

For the following cases of compassionate and fellow-feeling in the cat, I can vouch both on the evidence of my own eyes, and on testimony entitled to the highest credit. A few years since, a most wretched forlorn object of a cat, in fact, I think, the veriest spectacle of misery in a brute that my

pained eyes ever beheld, was seen upon mine and the neighbouring houses. It seemed to find an enemy in all men, and all animals; to have no place in which to rest its wretched and emaciated body; in fact, appeared as if every step it made must be its last. It was afraid to venture among us, and would not enter the house, so we fed it as often as we had ought to spare, upon the tiles. It remained so long in this situation, probably a year or two, that I had the curiosity to enquire, and actually discovered, that the poor animal had belonged to a certain family, and was formerly in high condition and prosperity, and of a great size, but my Lady Fastidious was—'weary of the creature,'—and—'John got rid of that cat.' No sort of concern with her ladyship, whether John would drop it out of its knowledge, to be starved, or turn it before his master's terriers, to be worried to death, piecemeal. The poor animal never could forget its beloved home, seemed to refuse every other, and determined to live a life of seclusion, taking shelter in any hole it could find. During the time he frequented our roofs, chance brought another of his species across the tiles, equally miserable with his former self, in fact, apparently fainting with famine and disease. Such a scene now ensued, as might nobly employ the pen or the pencil of the highest eloquence and sensibility. Never, indeed, was there a more affecting one, a brute being the hero of the piece! The old cat pricked up his ears, and ran to his brother or sister in distress, seeming to condole with, and speak to it in the kindest language. The new-comer at first hesitated, and  
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shewed the usual apprehension; but its fear soon vanished, and it remained on what appeared to it a princely asylum. In the mean time, the old cat's ears were stricken with the well-known sound of the voice of his benefactor, announcing the charitable meal. He ran for it, and having obtained his allowance, hastened back to his distressed brother, and laid the meat before him! And whilst the hungry stranger was devouring the meat, the poor, old, and good-natured animal sat upon his hams, eyeing the object of his charity most wistfully, and no doubt, had we been near enough to see and to hear so much, his eyes beaming with pleasure, and the soft and melodious *thrum* evincing the happy state of his feelings. The last comer appearing incurable, and, at any rate, being one too many of a superabundant race, I sent it the same day, by the easiest possible conveyance, into a world where there is more room for it, and for any other I know, where there may be mice to catch: indeed so easy was the transfer, that the passenger made no sort of complaint; and for similar reasons, very shortly thereafter, I dispatched the other on the same journey, under the apprehension that, if it strayed out of my reach, it must almost inevitably experience an addition to its miseries.

The other example of this disinterested sensibility in the cat, was proved at the house of a lady, a friend of mine, who had a very aged and a very sickly one, which was observed constantly to share her victuals with the stray ones of her species, which appeared to be homeless and in distress.—And thus endeth the first chapter of

Cato-ology. I have the honour to be, Sir, &c. &c.

### ROYAL VISIT TO ASCOT.

THE visit to Ascot of the Prince Regent, Emperor of Russia, and King of Prussia, with the other illustrious Foreigners, lately in this country, during the late Meeting, was too distinguished an honour paid to an English race-course, to be unnoticed in our pages.

The Emperor, accompanied by his sister the Grand Duchess of Oldenburgh, the King of Prussia, with his sons and nephews, and attended by Blücher, Platoff, and a crowd of Nobles, started early Friday morning, the 10th of June, for Ascot. They went by the Fulham road, over Putney-bridge, through Roehampton and Richmond Park, and arrived at Richmond-hill at nine o'clock. The two parties having breakfasted, proceeded, and by some mistake were separated, but met again at Hampton-Court, and went through the state apartments of the Palace. They then walked over the gardens of the Palace. Their Majesties assumed no character of pomp, but conversed most affably with all. They continued their route through the south-west part of Middlesex, over Staines-bridge, to the race ground at Ascot, where they arrived soon after one. At twelve o'clock every road to the course was thronged, and every description of vehicle was put in motion, even farmers' waggons, many of which were filled with elegant women. On no occasion were, perhaps, so many people assembled.—

ALL



All the beauty and fashion of town and country were there, and thousands of elegant females were mixed in the crowd, saluting the visitants in the royal box. At twelve, the Emperor Alexander, and his sister, the Duchess of Oldenburgh, arrived in a carriage and four, amidst the cheerings of a British public, and took their stations in the Royal Stand. The illustrious visitants bowed to the company in return for continued plaudits. Her Majesty and the Princesses followed; and the next arrival was the King of Prussia, who met his share of British congratulation. The Prince Regent next arrived amidst the universal plaudits of the assemblage, and then the Duke of York, who was hailed with the same respect. The Royal Stand was at the time full, and the universal call of the thousands assembled was, "Blucher! Blucher!—Platoff! Platoff!"

Her Majesty, the Prince Regent, and the Princesses, were respectively called, and each received the cheers and other demonstrations of joyful respect. Blucher at length arrived, and the extasy of the company cannot be adequately described. The horses were about to start, but it was impossible to clear the course. The gallant veteran approached to the front of the box, and the public voice congratulated him in cheers for several minutes. His Royal Highness the Prince Regent informed the company that Platoff was coming, pointing to him on horseback. The moment the gallant General alighted, the eager and congratulating curiosity of the public prevented his easy access to the stand. Hundreds, male and female, shook his hands as he was passing. After having made his obeisance to the Royal

Personages, he appeared in front, and was saluted in the same manner as Field-Marshal Blucher, with that fervour and earnestness due to their gallantry. His Royal Highness the Prince Regent placed the two Generals in front, when three cheers were given and the races commenced. The illustrious party quitted the ground before four, and drove to the Queen's Lodge at Frogmore, where an elegant entertainment was provided for them by her Majesty.

### ON DISTEMPER IN DOGS.

*From a Series of familiar Letters on Sporting, by R. Lascelles, Esq.*

ON my return home, I found, to my regret, as well as surprise, that two of my best old dogs had caught the distemper, and to a degree of severity which scarcely left any hopes of cure; my man, however, had very properly confined them in a distant and separate situation, and I trust its further progress is, for the present, put a stop to. This is a species of disorder which no one has yet been able satisfactorily to account for; it spares neither age nor sex, and such dogs as happen unfortunately to be attacked by it, frequently retain its effects to a very distant period. From the nature and manner of its appearance it may fairly be presumed to originate equally from external as internal causes; and, if I may be allowed the expression, both high and low, rich and poor, are obliged to receive the unwelcome visit. From the efforts which a dog affected with this disease frequently makes to throw off something offensive, it of course follows that the lungs are, in many instances, liable to

the disease; and every future symptom must depend upon the method pursued to remove the obstruction.

In all cases of this kind, the remedy which is first applied is the most likely to be effective; and the following, if administered in proper time, I seldom knew to fail. Take of calomel ten grains, and of emetic tartar twenty; let these be made into a large bolus, and divided into twelve equal portions, one to be given every *other* morning fasting. The diet should be warm strong broth; and a single course of this medicine, in the earliest stage of the complaint, will effectually cure it; but should it happen that the disorder has been making for any time a *secret* progress, we must then pursue a more systematic method. The first symptoms are usually similar in all dogs; their eyes become heavy and dull; they suddenly are reduced in flesh, accompanied with a kind of dry husky cough, and an obstinate purging. If these are not speedily removed, they will be followed by a nasty moisture issuing from the eyes and nostrils, and an agitated motion of the limbs, so that the dog appears scarcely able to support himself. Good air and cleanliness, under these circumstances, are indispensable to a cure; but the dog must not be allowed, on any account, to lie sleeping near a fire, which only feeds the disorder, without any good whatever proceeding from it. A moderate degree of warmth is the best; and should the above recipe, after being twice administered, not have any visible good effect, I would immediately put a seton or rowel, in the neck of the dog, which will give the course of the distemper a different direction, and draw it, at

any rate, from the head: the eyes must be kept constantly clean with a sponge and water, and a mixture of warm vinegar and water should also be frequently applied to the nostrils, and remove every filthy appearance from them. Whilst the purging continues, the best food will not in the least improve the condition of the dog, although his appetite may be enormous; he will also, in all probability, continue dull and drowsy, and require some effort to rouse him even to his meals. You may, at times, observe these latter symptoms before others of a more alarming appearance, as the disorder puts on so many different forms, and continues through such a variety of stages; its effects frequently being confined to an individual, but generally embracing a wider and more destructive range; and, in some instances, it has acquired the character of epidemic. The two most dangerous symptoms are at the beginning, excessive looseness, and afterwards fits. So long as the first continues, no medicine will have any effect, and a dog in this state can scarcely ever be persuaded to feed; to remove this, half an ounce of powdered gum arabic, and the same quantity of prepared chalk, must be mixed together, and divided into twelve small balls—one, two, or three to be given during the day, until the purging is stopped; I would then decline any immediate medicinal process for a couple of days, during which time isinglass, boiled in milk, and given in small quantities every four hours, will assuredly relieve the dog from the effects of relaxation: the calomel and emetic tartar may be again administered, and under such treatment I have seldom known a dog but which eventually recovered.

Fits



Fits are, of all symptoms, the most to be dreaded; and their violence is frequently of that nature as to prove immediately fatal; at least a dog seldom survives after the third. They generally appear when he has made considerable progress towards amendment, and you are therefore taken more by surprise, and unprepared: a perseverance, in the medicine, after a supposed recovery has taken place, is the most likely method of preventing a relapse; and I invariably pursue this system to the extent of three doses, administering one every two days, and taking at the same time especial care to keep the animal particularly warm. If the calomel should operate contrary to your intended purpose, that is, by promoting the purging, it will be advisable to give the dog about half a grain of opium, in twenty minutes from the time he had the previous dose, being also particularly careful that he is *well* and *warmly* supported. The usual ingredients, which are considered by many to be effective in this disorder, are *Athiop's* mineral, syrup of huckthorn, and not unfrequently salt and water: these remedies are, by some, thought so precious and infallible, that they are handed down from father to son, with the same strict punctilio as the period of his wife's accouchment, and are often found to swell the page of that volume wherein is registered a long line of various ancestry.

The distemper, some years ago, must have been either a very rare disorder, or unaccompanied by those dreadful symptoms which at present characterise it; and it may, perhaps, not be very idle to suppose, that it was occasionally mistaken for the hydrophobia or

madness: indeed, in many of its stages, the symptoms are so nearly alike, that a person, either through ignorance or alarm, might shield himself from the accusation of improper treatment, the veterinary art being then not only very partially understood, but as sparingly practised.

To shew you how partial this disease sometimes is, both in the extent and manner of its attacks, I had lately three pointer whelps, of the same litter and sex, (all females) and which had been suffered to remain with the dam, in a large open area in London, until they were three months old; at the end of that period, one of them, completely of a white colour, lost its appetite altogether, and was troubled with a violent sickness and continued purging, so that no physic could be made to act with any the most distant hope of success; a second, nearly all brown, was, in three days after, attacked in a different manner, merely by a simple wheezing, or more resembling a slight kind of hiccup, but without her spirits or appetite being in the least diminished; the third, which was of a colour betwixt that of the other two, never became visibly affected, or suffered in any degree whatever. To remove the purging was the first object, and this was effected, after considerable application, by the gum arabic and chalk; the sickness disappeared soon after, and the entire cure was effected by three doses of Blaine's medicinal powders; one of these also was administered to the second whelp on the first appearance of the cough, and another removed her out of danger: to guard, however, against any bad effects which might possibly ensue to the third, from being all the

time confined with the others, I first gave two grains of emetic tartar, and on the morning of the following day one of the powders, repeating this last dose at the end of twenty-four hours. From the moment of attack to the period of amendment, the above were the only symptoms I could observe; and I have every reason to believe, except in the first instance, that the disorder was not of that excessive description, as I never found the spirits of any one to be in the least degree pulled down. I have mentioned the colours of the whelps, to shew that all opinions (and I know there are such,) upon their hardy or opposite nature, are idle and speculative: it is the inward state of the animal which, at the time, must determine the probable consequences of the disease, but its bad effects will be considerably lessened, and the good ones of the medicine invariably encreased, by high and plentiful feeding.

### BIRDS;

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

**BEING** No. 4, of the Series announced in a former Magazine.

### BREEDING STUDS IN PERSIA.

**MR.** Morier, in his late Travels through that interesting country, states, "That on his journey from Tabriz to Arz-roum, he saw large herds of mares with their foals. These were the property of the Elauts: the mares belonging to the King are kept in Mazandaran, which is said to afford the finest pasture of his dominions.

Their foals are thence distributed to the troops as they may be wanted. The guardian or controller of these royal herds is an officer of considerable consequence, and is selected always from men of rank and importance in the state. He is called *Elkhee-chee*, or master of the mares, and resides at Astera-bad, where he holds his office, registering every foal as it falls. He has subordinate agents, entrusted severally with the charge of twenty mares, and with the choice of their pastures, besides the inferior grooms who tend the animals daily. The foals are not backed until they have completed their third year.

### INSTANCE OF FRIENDSHIP BETWEEN A HORSE AND A DOG.

**A** Gentleman at Staines has lately written to a friend in the city, as follows:

"I have a cream-coloured poney, which has been in my possession these three years; I have a great attachment to him, which is much increased since I find that he is capable even of friendship. My horse has lately grown extremely fond of a small terrier that lives with him in the same stable; and wherever he goes the dog is always his companion. It happened a few days ago, as the groom was leading the horse out for exercise, that they met a large dog, who very violently attacked the diminutive terrier, upon which the horse rose upon his hind legs, and to the astonishment of the groom, so effectually fought his friend's battle with his fore feet, that the aggressor scampered off in a cowardly manner, without any farther attempt to renew the attack."

**FEAST**



## FEAST OF WIT.

SCAMPERING up a ball-room stairs last night with some beaux, I fell down and broke my shin.—Ah! exclaimed I, I can now understand the meaning of Solomon's proverb—"Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards."

It has been said that the male grasshoppers only sing, which furnishes Xenorachus, the comic poet, with a bon mot—"Are not the grasshoppers happy in having dumb wives?"

## EPIGRAM

*From the First Book of the Anthologia.*  
If with water you fill up your glasses,  
You'll never write any thing wise,  
For wine is the horse of Parnassus,  
Which hurries a bard to the skies.

SOME gentlemen a few days ago at a dinner given in a provincial town in Ireland, in honour of the Peace, wishing to imitate the custom of having, after every toast, an appropriate tune from the band, got a couple of fiddlers, the only musicians in the town. 'God save the King,' 'Rule Britannia,' &c. were played. But on the Chairman giving 'the Emperor of all the Russias,' the fiddlers struck up immediately "Green grow the RUSHES O!"

## LOVE.—BY DR. SYNTAX.

Love, in its self is very good,  
But 'tis by no means solid food;  
And, ere our honey-moon was o'er,  
I found we wanted something more.  
This was the cause of all our trouble;  
My income would not carry double;—

But led away from Reason's plan  
By Love, that torturer of man,  
In our delirium we forgot  
What is life's unremitted lot;  
That man, and woman too, are born  
Beneath each rose to find a thorn.  
We thought as other fools have done,  
That Hymen's laws had made us one;  
But had forgot that Nature, true  
To her own purpose, made us two.  
There were two mouths that daily cry'd,  
At morn and eve, to be supply'd:  
Tho' by one vow, we were betroth'd  
There were two bodies to be cloth'd;  
And to improve my happiness,  
My Dolly's very fond of dress.  
My head's content with one hat on it,  
While Dorothy's has hat and bonnet:—  
In short, there's no day passes through,  
But I and my dear Doll are two.

At a late illumination, the following motto was suggested to an eminent saddler and harness-maker of Norwich for his transparency.—"As Great Britain has put a bridle in the mouths of her enemies, may her people be no longer saddled with taxes."

WHITE'S FETE.—The Lord Chancellor was one of the company there assembled, but he assured one of the Stewards, "that he was not come to dance."—"And why not, my Lord?" replied the Steward, "we often dance attendance upon you."

AN Oxford punster remarked, that though Blucher's merits were acknowledged instantly by the University, his honours came by Degrees.

BOUVARD, a celebrated physician at Paris, hearing a cardinal complain

complain that "he suffered the torments of the damned," replied, "What, *already*, my Lord?"

AN honest Irishman, the other day, at a coffee-room, having paid but half his bill, on being remonstrated with by the landlord, asked how it was possible to expect more from him, since he was only upon *half pay*.

RECIPE FOR A RIOT.—A very quiet man being asked by his companion, in a mob, whether he could not contrive "to kick up a dust?" very good-naturedly said, "No; but if they would let him *fetch his wife*, she would do it immediately."

#### THE TOPER'S LOGIC.

Some say that hard drinking will hasten  
our end,  
And that Temperance is to long life the  
best friend;  
But since we were fashion'd from *dust*  
(as we learn),  
And to *dust* are all hastening again to re-  
turn,  
To prolong our existence, a Toper would  
say,  
'Tis undoubtedly needful to "*moisten* our  
clay."

A CORRESPONDENT travelling in Lancashire, met with a handbill in the following words, which he transmits to be inserted for the amusement of our readers, as an attempt at the *art of puffing*:—S— R—, fancy hair-cutter, wig-maker, hair-dresser, and shaver, B—, with all deference to the common merits of those whose own misfortunes have induced them to add to the misfortunes of mankind, by presuming to touch with unhallowed and ill-educated fingers the razor, the scissors, or the comb; with every disposition to make due allowance for the errors of those who have not had the advantage of a regular

education in the polite and towering profession to which he has the honour to belong, most humbly begs leave to inform the ladies and gentlemen, and the public in general, of Colne and its vicinity, that he intends opening a room, near the Market-place, to cut and dress hair one day in the week (he also purposes waiting upon any lady or gentleman at their own house, who may be pleased to favour him with their commands), where he intends to carry on the above business, in the most fanciful and fashionable style, and shaving in the most pleasant and expeditious manner.—He also begs leave to observe, that were he not deterred by an innate principle of modesty, from speaking of his own peculiar merits, he might be induced to betray a degree of what some would perhaps deem vanity, by noticing the singular nature and extent of his experience in the empire of fashion, which is confessedly allowed to be under his most potent art. He might notice that he has travelled from the "Orient to the drooping West,"—that he has cleaned his combs with Cleopatra's needle, and whetted his razors on the marble ruins of Balbee and Palmyra: but well knowing that such insufferable egotism would be justly condemned by an enlightened public, he is rather content to submit to the test of experience, and rest on the solid basis of public approbation and preference.—N.B. Working people are requested not to let their children's hair be spoiled, as S.R. will not be extravagant in his charge.—His agent in the metropolis regularly transmits to him the prevailing fashion of the day, and every other requisite information belonging to the art of Barbbery.

A REQ-



A PERSON, describing a row that had taken place among some of the *Fancy*, in St. Martin's-lane, declared that the *Fives'*-court was all sizes and sevens.

*Anecdotes of the Rev. Timothy Priestly.*—The Reverend Timothy Priestly (who died lately), was brother to the celebrated Doctor Priestly, and formerly minister of the dissenting chapel in Cannon-street, Manchester; from the pulpit of which he uttered many eccentricities, which have been attributed erroneously to other preachers.—Observing one of his congregation asleep, he called to him (stopping in his discourse for the purpose), “Awake! I say, George Ramsey, or I’ll mention your name.”—He had an unconquerable aversion to candles which exhibited long-burned wicks; and often, in the midst of his most interesting discourses, on winter evenings, he would call out to the man appointed for that purpose, “Tommy! Tommy! top those candles.”—He was a man of great humour, which he even carried into the pulpit. He was the preacher (though others have borne the credit or odium of the circumstance) who pulled out of his pocket half-a-crown, and laid it upon the pulpit cushion, offering to bet with St. Paul, that the passage where he says “he could do all things,” was not true; but reading on, “by faith,” put up his money, and said, “Nay! nay; Paul, if that’s the case, I’ll not bet with thee.”

THE LOGICIAN REWARDED.—A farmer’s son, who had been bred at the university, coming home to visit his parents, a couple of chickens were brought to the table for

supper. “I can prove, (said he) by logic, that these two chickens are three.” “Well, let us hear,” said the old man. “This, (cried the scholar) is one; and this is two; one and two make three.” “Very good, (replied the father) your mother shall have the first chicken, I will have the second, and you, for your great learning, shall have the third.”

ILL-TIMED WIT.—Queen Elizabeth seeing from her window a gentleman musing, to whom she had not realised her promises of favour, said to him, “What does a man think of, Sir Edward, when he thinks of nothing?” After a little pause, he answered, “He thinks, Madam, of a woman’s promise.” The queen shrunk in her head, but was heard to say, “Well, I must not confuse you; anger makes men witty, but it keeps them poor.”

A MERITED REWARD.—A physician, during his attendance on a man of letters, remarking that the patient was very punctual in observing his regimen and taking his prescriptions, exclaimed with exultation, “My dear sir, you really *deserve to be ill!*”

The late grand Naval Review at Portsmouth rendered all the neighbouring towns perfectly deserted; the shops being shut up, and the streets quite vacant. At Southampton there was written on some of the shops—“*Not dead—but gone to Spithead.*”

A noted miser boasted that he had lost five shillings without uttering a single complaint. “I am not at all surprised at that, (said a wit) *extreme sorrow is mute.*”

SPORT-

## SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

MR. Gascoigne has sold *Cannon-Ball*, by *Sancho*, out of *Grimaldi's* dam, for 2000gs. to Lord Jersey:—His Lordship has also purchased *Tramp*, by *Dick Andrews*, of Mr. Watt, for 1200gs.

Mr. Grimston has sold *Belville*, by *Orville*, (the first favourite for the *St. Leger*) to Mr. W. J. Wilson for 3000gs. and 1000gs. more if he wins the *St. Leger* Stakes.—*Belville's* dam staked herself in the pasture in May last.—She was Sister to *Langton*.

*Tiger*, by *Sir Paul*, is sold to Mr. Bruen, and we understand, that he will leave Newmarket for York August Meeting, to run against *Dulcinea* and *Fred*, in a Sweepstakes of 100gs. each, h. ft. two miles.—*Tiger*, 8st. 4lb. *Dulcinea* and *Fred*, 8st. each. Mr. Bruen has also bought of Mr. Knapton the dam of *Julius Cæsar*, with a filly foal by *Paynator*, and stinted to *Castrel*; likewise a chestnut mare, by *Delpini*, out of a Sister to *Gabriel*, by *Dorimant*; with a colt foal at her foot by *Cottager*, and stinted to *Castrel*.

Mr. Knapton has sold the following to Mr. Hassard, viz.

1. A Bay Mare, by *Jupiter*, out of *Thatchella*, by *Highflyer*, with a filly foal, by *Paynator*, and stinted to *Castrel*.

2. A Chesnut Mare, by *Trimmer*, dam by *Phenomenon*, out of *Whitelegs*; with a colt foal, by *Warrior*, and stinted to *Castrel*.

3. A Bay Filly, two years old, by *Stripling*, out of *Doctor Syntax's* dam, by *Beningbrough*.

4. A Bay Roan Filly, two years old, by *Orville*, dam by *Carbuncle*.

5. A Grey Colt, two years old, by *Evander*, dam by *Expectation*, out of *Columbine*, (by *Alfred*) the dam of Lord *Darlington's Comet*.

Mr. Knapton has bought of Mr. Hassard *Bath-Guide*, by *Evander*, out of *Cliffe's* dam.

In the late June Meeting at the Curragh of Kildare, the challenge for the *Kirwan* Stakes was won on Wednesday, the 22d inst. by Mr. Copley's horse *Steersman*, beating *Pope*, *Norfolk*, *Queensbury*, and *Rainbow*.

## COCKING.

MANCHESTER.—In the Race-week, a main of cocks between the gentlemen of Lancashire, (*Heap*, feeder), and the gentlemen of Nottinghamshire, (*Harrison*, feeder), for 10gs. a battle, and 200gs. the main.—Statement:

	<i>Heap.</i>	<i>M. B.</i>	<i>Harrison.</i>	<i>M. B.</i>
Tuesday	8	2	3	2
Wednesday	5	1	1	1
Thursday	5	1	1	1
Friday	1	2	5	2
	19	6	10	7

NEWTON.—In the Race-week, a main of cocks was fought between Lord *Derby*, (*Potter*, feeder) and R. *Legh, Esq.* (*Gilliver*, feeder) for 10gs. a battle, and 200gs. the main.—Statement:

	<i>Gilliver.</i>	<i>M. B.</i>	<i>Potter.</i>	<i>M. B.</i>
Tuesday	5	2	2	0
Wednesday	5	1	2	1
Thursday	4	1	3	1
Friday	4	1	4	0
Saturday	6	1	2	0
	24	6	13	2

A SIN-



A SINGULAR cause, it is said, will occupy the attention of the gentlemen of the long robe, at the next York assizes.—Two respectable inhabitants of Richmond, in that county, of the names of Chadwick and Raw, happening each to have a mare in the same field at that place, one of them produced a foal, about three weeks ago, and, nine days after, another made its appearance. About the first, which was Mr. Chadwick's, there was no dispute; but the second, being found under the maternal protection of the dam of the first, this also was claimed by Mr. Chadwick, though Mr. Raw insists, that it is the production of his mare, which, having the misfortune to be blind of both eyes, could not see her own offspring, which, as he contends, had unwittingly staggered to the care of a foster-mother.

ASCOT-HEATH COURSE.—The stand lately erected by Mr. Jenner, at Ascot-heath, for his Royal Highness the Duke of York, is neat and commodious, and commands a complete view of the whole of the two-mile course. It is about 14 feet by 12, with rising sashes on each side, and, by a projecting planchere, is screened from the sun or rain. Her Majesty's stand is placed next to the Prince Regent's.

ON Tuesday the 21st, a match for 100l. took place between Benjamin Power, and Robert Shaw, of Nottingham (commonly called Lincoln Bob), to drive their horses from Nottingham to Newark, which was won by Bower, who drove the distance in one hour and six minutes, the other in one hour and eight minutes and a half; the latter was a blind mare, and had

only three shoes the last fourteen and a half miles. The distance is twenty miles.

GREAT PEDESTRIAN FEAT.—A gentleman made a bet of 100 to 80, that a man could not be found in a fortnight, to go from Bow Church, Cheapside, to Windsor, to go a mile out of Windsor and return, and then proceed back to Bow Church, in eight hours, a distance of fifty-two miles. The public were unacquainted who the backers against time would start for this great performance, but Rainer, the first pedestrian of the day, having received forfeit on a short race to be done in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, was selected for the start. He started at twelve on Wednesday night the 1st instant from Bow Church, by St. Paul's clock, and, when it was known Rainer was at work, betting got from even to any odds on him. He reached Hyde-Park Corner in twenty-two minutes, and did seven miles and a half in the hour. This was about his pace to Windsor. He was much distressed at half the distance, but he recovered, and travelled well back. He arrived at Hyde-Park Corner Gate, on his return, at a quarter past seven, having nearly three miles to perform in three-quarters of an hour. The night was unpropitious, misty and foggy, and, on the arrival of the pedestrian at Piccadilly, he was overcome by the haziness of the weather. He walked under a degree of embarrassment until he got through St. Paul's Church-yard, when he made a start, and ran in at the rate of twelve miles an hour, and won by four minutes and a half. He challenged all the world at any thing above a mile.

S

Another

Another feat of pedestrianism was attempted at Hastings, by a young man from Tenterden, the pupil, and, as he is termed, "at a short distance," the rival of *Rainer*. The race was for a wager of ten pounds, and the pedestrian was to go from Hastings to Rye, and to return, the distance being twenty-one miles, in three hours. He set off at ten o'clock, and proceeding with extraordinary swiftness, reached the market-house at Rye, in *one hour and ten minutes*! From thence he again started for Hastings, when unfortunately, having arrived at Guestling, and in attempting to pass a stile, near the church of that place, he fell from exhaustion, and for some time remained in a state of insensibility. Nor could he, upon his recovery, be brought to recollect the distance he had run, or the misfortune that befel him. At the time of his fall, he had *thirty-five minutes* left for the performance of the task, which was but a distance of *four miles*!

On Saturday, the 27th ult. Cornet Rollin, of the 22d Light Dragoons, stationed at the Cavalry Depot, Maidstone, undertook to walk sixty miles in twenty-four successive hours. He started at five o'clock in the morning, and finished his laborious task at ten at night, having performed the distance in seventeen hours, including stoppages for refreshment, &c. Mr. Rollin did not appear to be the least fatigued with his journey.

**SPARRING.**—On Wednesday, the 15th inst. Lord Lowther entertained at breakfast the Cossack General Platoff and other distinguished Foreigners, preparatory to his Lordship's conducting them to a place prepared for the exhibition

of some sparring matches. The most distinguished pugilists attended, and Platoff and the other Generals were so delighted, that a second exhibition was required. On Friday morning, the 17th inst. at eleven, his Majesty the King of Prussia, the Prince Royal, Prince William and Frederick of Prussia, Prince of Mecklenburgh, General D'Yorck, Platoff, and several other of our illustrious visitors, had a *dejeune* at Lord Lowther's. The most celebrated professors of the fist were in waiting; Jackson, Cribb, Tom Belcher, Richmond, Cropley, Oliver, Painter, and some others. After breakfast they set to, and there was some excellent sparring. At particular desire, Jackson, whose form and make has often been exhibited before artists, stripped to the gratification of the distinguished personages. He first sparred with Belcher, and afterwards with Cribb, and the exhibitions were perfect science. The dexterity and quickness of Jackson's hitting, his activity and muscular power, were particularly noticed and admired. On Belcher, Cribb, and Oliver, these illustrious personages bestowed great praise.

A NUMEROUS meeting of the amateurs of boxing took place on Tuesday, the 31st ult. for the benefit of the champion Cribb—Cribb was pitted with Painter, and both gave universal satisfaction in a long bout. The champion also set to with Belcher, when the best science was given, and some smart rallies were made. Harmer was set to try Shelton, a navigator, a candidate for the boxing list, and his first effort was promising.—Harmer, who is amongst the first-raters, had the best, as might have been expected, but the novice shewed





BIRDS.

shewed he had no fear, and stood the trial well.

THE annual trials of strength and science in wrestling, for which the sister counties of Devon and Cornwall have been so long celebrated, were never so well contested as during the late sports at Morrice-Town. Cornwall having carried off the prize for two successive years, the heroes of Devon seemed determined to recover their lost honours, and succeeded, after a resistance that did the highest honour to the prowess and skill of their opponents. The principal combatants were, on the side of Devon, Flower, Jordan, Watling, Barkwell, &c.; on the part of Cornwall, Wherry and his brother, the three Truscotts, Curtis, &c. Such an assemblage of tall and athletic men could have been equalled only among the Patagonians; many of them were eighteen stone. The grand prize (10l.) was won by Flower, the second (5l.) fell to the lot of young Truscott.

At the single-stick playing, at Droxford, Hants, on Wednesday, the 1st instant, the first prize was fifteen guineas, which afforded excellent sport: the principal players were two Somerset men, Wall and Higgs, and two from Wilts, named Ellis and Flower. A Hampshire man commenced the sport by attacking Higgs and stood before him thirty-five minutes, in which time they played twenty-five rounds. The Hampshire man saved his head but received so much beating on his arm, that he could not raise his stick, which obliged him to quit the stage. Higgs then played with Ellis, and after seven or eight severe rounds

of superior play, the latter broke Higgs's head. Wall then had to contend with Ellis, when some very sharp play took place, and Ellis had his head broke. Flower, the other Wiltshire man, then set to with Wall, who broke Flower's head. The five-guinea prize was then played.—Morgan, a Hampshire man, broke two men's heads. Ellis then mounted the stage, being entitled to play agreeable to the conditions for the second prize, but having stood the usual time allowed for a head, without being faced, he was the competitor for the ties with Morgan, but this Morgan refused, when the fifteen-guinea prize was adjudged to Wall; and Ellis, the Wiltshire man, received the five guineas.

ONE of the most extraordinary deviations from the order of nature occurred lately at the house of Mr. John Hartley, at Crosslands, near Huddersfield:—A cat had, by accident, lost her kittens; and a hen, about the same time, had deserted her newly-hatched brood of ducks: thus circumstanced, the ducklings were put among some straw in a stable, where the cat adopted them, has become their matron or protectress, lying upon, and clinging round them; and, when they stray to their natural element, she stands by the side of the water, watching them with the most fearful solicitude, and, as they return, takes them individually in her mouth, carrying them with the most tender caution to her warm retreat in the stable. No dog dare approach her, when with her web-footed charge.

It has ever been confidently asserted that woodcocks do not breed in this country. The following



ing fact is communicated as a proof to the contrary:—A short time since, as William Martin, game-keeper, Midmar Castle, Aberdeenshire, was walking in the woods there, he was surprised to find a brood of woodcocks. When the hen rose, she flew in the same way that birds do that have been wounded, with both her legs hanging down. She sat down often, and made a noise like a hare when laid hold of by a dog. He went to the place she at first sprung from, and there found her nest, and in it two young woodcocks, seemingly about ten days old.

A WOODCOCK's nest, with four young ones, was lately discovered in King's Wood, Langley, Kent, by Mr. Acton, of Sutton, who endeavoured to preserve them, but without effect; they all died in less than a week. A rare instance of the woodcock and cuckoo being visitors in this island at the same period.

Two couple and a half of woodcocks were seen on the estate of Mr. Hicks, at Westmeon, Hants, so late as the 2d of May, and one of them on Tuesday, the 31st ult.

A woodcock and two young ones were seen on the grounds of the Honourable Mrs. Fuller, of Ashdown House, Sussex, by Captain Fuller, on Monday, the 20th instant.

On Tuesday, the 21st instant, an extraordinary large trout was caught by Mr. George Linom, who was angling in that branch of the river Stour which runs through Canterbury; it measured two feet seven inches in length, twenty inches round, and weighed  $17\frac{1}{2}$  lbs.

WE are assured that there is at this time a rabbit stop, containing five young ones, in the middle of Colonel Thornton's kennel at Spy Park. It is considered a most extraordinary situation for the old rabbits to have chosen, as the beagle hounds are constantly walking over them.—*Salisbury Journal*.

ON Saturday, the 21st ult. the dog-kennel belonging to J. C. Campion, Esq. of Denny, Sussex, was consumed by fire. It is supposed to have been occasioned by a spark from the chimney of an adjoining cottage falling on the roof of the kennel, which was of thatch. The dogs were all saved; but the huntsman has to regret the loss of a number of valuable recipes, which were deposited in the building.

PROLIFIC BITCH.—James Newington, Esq. of Burwash, Sussex, has a favourite spaniel bitch, which has had forty-four pups at three litters, *i. e.* 13 the first time, 15 the second, and 16 the third.

LATELY, at St. Neots, a labouring man named Read led a poney belonging to Mr. Arnold to the edge of a saw-pit and maliciously thrust it in, by which means its neck was dislocated, and it died almost instantly. The brute was only fined in the value of the poney and expences.

ONE day this month, a bricklayer, named Cooper, was found suspended to the bough of a tree, on Langley-hill, a short distance from Kilburn, Middlesex. He had undertaken to run a race with another, the day preceding, for a considerable wager, which he lost; and, in a passion, afterwards went and hung himself.

POETRY.

## P O E T R Y.

## THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

## JULY.

*From "THE YEAR," a Poem, by the late  
Rev. J. BIDLAK, D. D.*

**C**ROWN'D with a wreath of lilies, breathing cool  
Their fragrance o'er his throbbing temples, comes  
July, with languid step, and panting asks  
The shade refreshful, and the dropping fount,  
To cool his fever'd tongue and lave his brow.  
Fierce calor shoots around his fiery darts,  
And scorching nature changes into brown.  
Now languid, let me seek the high-arched grove,  
And verdant coolness, where no ray can pierce,  
But only light transparence tips the leaves  
Of some extremest branch. Welcome, ye depths  
Of vegetable darkness! grateful gloom,  
E'en though the sleepy breezes scarcely stir  
The dewy verdure! let me tread the walks  
Of plane, wherever plays the freshening gale,  
Or twilight shades of solemn sycamore,  
Or chesnut vistles, lengthening to a point.

Triumphant o'er the thirsty lawn, now heat  
Diffuses languor on the fainting herds.  
How deep an azure tints the skies! how clear!  
Save a few buoyant clouds of firmer white,

That, thin ascending, speak a settled calm.  
Yet hydrogen collects his silent stores,  
A trembling vapour dances o'er the plain,  
E'en in the broad effulgence of the noon:  
But when refreshful evening walks abroad  
To close the lid of every sleepy flower,  
A crowd of mists upon her train attend,  
That brood incumbent o'er the moistened vales,  
Till morning opes her lids, and all their skirts  
Gilding with one vast smile, scatters the train  
Of evanescent grey; quick they disperse,  
And into ether's ambient arms dissolve:  
Day after day, they climb, till the large mass  
The burdened air no more sustains. A change  
The sultry hour predicts, though slow it comes,  
Suspense long hovers in the doubtful sky:  
The electric spirit gains increasing power,  
And taints the loaded atmosphere. Each nerve  
Of man oppression feels. The clouds at length  
Collect, with subtle fluid overcharged,  
Attracting others void; but soon they burst,  
And from their fulness all the vacuum feed.  
Loud with convulsion crashing heaven resounds,  
And rocks rebounding roar with the long roll  
Of thunder's awful voice; and nations shake  
With guilty pangs and superstitious fear:  
Meantime the dark impetuous floods descend,  
And



And deluge o'er the floating fields ; o'er  
mead,  
O'er vale, o'er all the plain, disaster  
sweeps,  
And wildly desolates the country round.

What spicy odours fill the luscious  
gale !

Carnations freckled with fantastic stripes,  
Or pinks, bright-eyed, with flowery full-  
ness burst

Their verdant cups, where little insects  
pass

Delicious lives. The pea diffuses sweets ;  
Bright the nasturtium glows, and late at  
eve

Light lambent dances o'er its sleepless  
lids ;

The jasmine, elegantly simple, shines :

What insect tribes, now glittering, make  
the day

More lustrous, drest in ever-varying dyes,  
That in the joyous sunbeams proudly  
spread

Their coloured glories. Blush, ye vain !  
outdone

By painted flies ! ye Fair, who at the  
glass

The gaze-ful morning waste ! your beau-  
ties too

Are gifts of insect pride ; mere flowery  
bloom

That morals read each day, which, were  
ye wise,

Would plant unfading blossoms in the  
soul.

What rich variety of beauty paints

The butterfly ! Yon emperor's gaudy  
pomp,

Or him, whose wings of radiant white,  
adorn'd

With orange tints, delight the noon-tide  
hours :

Or many a tender plumage, decked in all  
That fancy forms, and all that colour  
gives.

What golden glories robe the worthless  
fly !

What scarlet lustre, and what purpling  
green !

The humble beetle from the earth comes  
forth

In splendid beauty. Other glittering  
tribes,

With green, or brown wing, gleaming all  
in gold,

O'er the poor flitting race destruction  
bring ;

Such oft the tyranny of specious power.

The slow-paced snail, that like the  
Scythian old,

Carries his shell where'er his slimy track  
Is traced, bears not in vain a cumbrous  
load :

For 'tis at once his house and useful  
shield,

The which when injured, he with art  
innate

Repairs, and lacquers with his healing  
juice.

The spider from his entrails draws the  
web,

And skilfully distends the strengthening  
lines,

As best to bear the playful breeze ; nor  
waste

His portioned store. Like the gay pro-  
digal,

Should he, in giddy youth, his little  
stock

Consume, an outcast and defenceless age  
Would pinch his houseless head. Oft he,

when fear,  
Or sudden danger presses, wily feigns

Death's torpid semblance ; then his hi-  
deous limbs

Contracted, shrink inactive, till his foe,  
Whose appetite disdains the lifeless shape,

Cheated departs. Such too the blame-  
less fraud

The many footed creature tries, who  
dwells

Within the hollow of the tree decayed ;  
And rolls his coat of mail into a ball.

Stripped of their breezy-floating robe,  
the meads

Look tawny ; while the groves and hedges  
dark

By contrast grow, and all things pant  
with heat.

O Nature, lovely Nature ! thou canst  
give

Delight thyself a thousand ways, and  
lend

To every object charms ! With thee,  
even books

A higher relish gain. The poet's lay  
Grows sweeter in the shade of wavy  
woods,

Or lulling lapse of crystal stream beside ;  
Dim umbrage lends to philosophic lore

Severer thought ; and Meditation leads  
Her pupil Wisdom to the green resort

Of solemn silence, her inspiring school.  
Nature, thou bid'st the painter's genius

soar ;  
From thee the bolder feature, or the line

Of grace, he draws ; each richly vivid  
hue,

Each sweet gradation of enchanting light,  
The ardent glow, the chaster tint, the  
clear,

Though

Though sombre shade. The pictured  
 canvas beams  
 With fascinating power, when nature  
 guides.  
 With her e'en Music breathes superior  
 tones ;  
 The mellow flute, the swelling horn  
 transport  
 The more, resounded from the towering  
 cliff  
 By incorporeal echo's tuneful voice :  
 Or wafted on the wings of fitful gusts,  
 Across the broad-spread bosom of the  
 lake.

Awake, ye slumbering breezes! wake  
 and fan  
 My fainting limbs; ye gelid fountains,  
 burst!  
 Ye caverns, oozing coolness from green  
 roofs  
 Of living moss, ope wide your grateful  
 depths,  
 Where, fixed in stalactites, the moisture  
 hangs  
 Wide o'er the far extended plain; the sun  
 Intolerable heat pours down; around  
 The landscape pants beneath the burning  
 ray.  
 The grove receives me; but the grove  
 denies  
 Its wonted freshness, while the casual  
 breeze  
 Mocks in the rustling leaves my earnest  
 ear  
 With sounds, like falling water; but  
 with sounds  
 Alone; for fancy oft amid the grove  
 With mimic lapse of softly purling rills,  
 The ear deceives. The very shade tor-  
 ments,  
 And teems with myriad gnats, which,  
 though minute,  
 For ever tease, and give no trivial pain.

Though, Nature! thou art lovely, ever  
 new,  
 Yet few know how to taste thy pure de-  
 lights:  
 How many sink in sloth, and disregard  
 The wondrous operations of their God,  
 Nor seek him in his works! To them,  
 alas!  
 How dull the glories of creation seem!  
 All flat, all undelightful to the slaves  
 Of idiot fancy and ideal bliss!  
 Some shun thee for thy purity; thou  
 speak'st  
 Approaches to the guilty breast; and  
 some,  
 Who at the shrine of folly ever bow,  
 Relish alone her poor and infant toys;

To them the balm of evening breathes  
 not sweet;  
 In vain the west with solar glories burns,  
 For those who heed not, and who cannot  
 feel;  
 For those, who pent in fashion's domes,  
 well pleas'd,  
 Inhale the fetid air of trifling crowds,  
 Collected but to waste the heavy hours:  
 While hollow hope, and envy wan, and  
 care,  
 And demon disappointment, cloud each  
 brow.  
 O, how degrading! while the sun dis-  
 plays  
 In vain his setting splendour in the skies;  
 And casts reproachful rays through win-  
 dows proud  
 On tasteless eyes, and dull formality.

Now, while the fervid ray shoots o'er  
 the skies,  
 How grateful feels the margin of the  
 flood!  
 How grateful now to trace the 'devious  
 course  
 Of some wild pastoral stream, that  
 changes oft  
 Its varied lapse; and ever as it winds,  
 Enchantment follows, and new beauties  
 rise.

What various tints of mosses, green or  
 brown,  
 Or lichen hoary, or refulgent robed,  
 The antique limbs of yonder oak adorn!  
 How clear the lucid crystal of the stream!  
 Below the willow-fringed bank, what  
 shoals  
 Blacken the watery waste, myriads mi-  
 nute!  
 And where the giddy eddy winds his  
 foam,  
 The trout bedropp'd with scarlet lurks  
 conceal'd,  
 Swift-darting through the solemn sha-  
 dow'd pool;  
 Frequent they turn their silver scaled  
 sides,  
 Where black upon the surface, stillness  
 sleeps.  
 Reflection in her imitative glass  
 Inverts the nodding bough, the hanging  
 rock,  
 While green transparence, with deceitful  
 ray,  
 Uplifts the pebbly bottom of the tide.  
 Yet now and then, a sudden leap disturbs  
 The liquid mirror, trembling to the shore.  
 Thus ever devious winds the lucid stream,  
 Till Saltram's shades conclude its vary-  
 ing course,

And



And picturing on the clear reflective wave  
The fairy prospect, with a placid smile,  
Yields to vex'd ocean all its liquid wealth,  
And ends, like placid age, its wearied  
steps.

Now Evening trembles o'er the fading  
point  
Of the dusk promontory, from the eye,  
Far stealing. Soft upon the wavy verge  
Of all the liquid waste of sea, she swims.

How still the roseate æther! still the  
wave,  
Scarce undulating on the pebbly beach;  
Roseate the wave, as fluid mercury  
smooth:

The shores all dusky, and each object  
dim;

While glimmering doubt enwraps their  
fading forms,

The busy fishers spread the circling net  
Mid clamour; less and less the dancing  
corks

In space contract; while plashing oars  
affright

The timid captives; and the clear ex-  
panse

In broken circles seeks the fading shore.  
Fast to the beach they drag the crowded  
prey;

That floundering, panting, struggling,  
and betrayed,

Forsake their native element; and turn  
Upward their silver scales and spotted  
sides.

And, ah! what charms elude the glaring  
day,

What various glories gild the midnight  
hour:

Now placid moonlight sleeps along the  
glade,

And sylvan beauty smiles in mellow  
gleam;

What music wakes, while all the busy  
world

Lies hushed in deep repose; what music  
wakes

Amid the solemn grove, the very soul  
Of harmony trills raptures on the ear

Of him, who courts the solitary hour:  
Hark! 'tis the Woodlark's notes; the  
soothing strain

Would make e'en misery glad. And see,  
beneath

The verdant shadow of these humbler  
shrubs

What stars of brilliance glitter on the  
grounds.

The emerald glow-worm lights her harm-  
less flame.

Such are Britannia's night. In distant  
remote

Far o'er th' Atlantic, other splendour  
gild

The hour of silence—on the river's brink  
Unnumbered fire-flies gem the placid

boughs,  
And insect lamps in clear reflection shine

Nor these alone delight, the very air  
Is filled with fragrance from a thousand

plants,  
That coy, refuse their odours to the out,

While 'neath the shelter of the tranquil  
hour,

Unnumbered insects haunt their  
prey.

### THE FISHERMAN.

THE catching of fish is my whole oc-  
cupation,

Nor cause have I yet to repine,  
I see when I take a review of the nation,  
There's many that follow *the line*.

Political squabbles so wild in their wishes,  
Are fishermen all to an ace;

The ins are all *netting* the loaves and the  
fishes,

The outs are all *baiting* for place.

The dramatist seeking from bays a few  
sprigs,

When Pegasus happens to flag,  
Finds comedy writing but *bobbing* for

grigs,  
And tragedy merely a *drag*.

The lawyer so ready with quibbling re-  
mark,

When thro' a lost case doom'd to  
trudge on,

May aptly indeed be compar'd to a shark,  
His client you know to a *gudgeon*.

The lover for ever in hope and in doubt,  
His mistress but kind, how he'll hymn

her,  
When married thinks courtship like

*ticking the trout*,  
Should he find himself caught by a

trimmer.

Fly fishing to some is the height of their  
wishes,

And others think *trolling* more fine;  
But lest when she nets them they slip

thro' the meshes,  
The law pulls up thieves with a *line*.



REV. J. WHEBLE.

Scotth. 56.

SHE-GOAT, FOX, AND KID.

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