

# THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLIV.

JULY, 1814.

No. CCLXII.

## CONTENTS.

Fox, Goat, and Kid, an Engraving .....	145
On Cruelty in the Drivers of Cart Horses ..	146
Gun-Locks---Infringement of a Patent ..	149
Races appointed in 1814 .....	152
Bettings for the St. Leger Stakes at Don-	
caster .....	152
Sale of the late Mr. Ladbroke's Stud ..	152
On Lessening the Labour of Horses .....	153
Horse Cause, Meadows v. Henderson ..	155
Sea-Slang of a late Minister of the Gos-	
pel .....	156
Col. Thornton and his Somersetshire Pur-	
chase .....	157
Another Horse Cause, Akhursts v. Stow ..	159
Pigeon Shooting.....	160
Remarkable Sagacity in a Dog .....	160
Cat-ology, a Fable ..	161
On Powder Horns .....	162
Inhumanity to Animals, a Reverie .....	162
Battle between Burn and Palmer ..	167

Trials for Duelling---Rex v. Bland, Randall,	
and Fulton, at Bombay .....	163
King v. W. H. Souper, at the Winchester	
Assizes .....	172
Outlying Deer, an Etching ..	174
Breach of the Game-Laws.....	174
FEAST OF WIT .....	175
SPORTING INTELLIGENCE .....	176
To Correspondents .....	184

## POETRY.

August .....	185
The Hunter's Return .....	188
Tom Toper's Progress .....	188
Hand and Heart .....	188
RACING CALENDAR .....	189
RACING INTELLIGENCE EXTRA.....	185
A Complete List of the Horses, &c. that ran	
for the Gold Cups and the St. Leger	
Stakes at Doncaster, from their First	
Commencement.....	68

## Embellished with,

I. *A beautiful Engraving of a FOX, GOAT, AND KID.*

II. *OUTLYING DEER, an Etching.*

## FOX, GOAT, AND KID.

*Painted by COOPER, and engraved by SCOTT.*

THE perusal of an article, in our Magazine for May last, describing a combat between a she-goat and a fox in the Highlands, impressed the above-named ingenious artist (Mr. Cooper), with the idea of making it the subject of an engraving for a future Number.—To avoid the trouble of reference, our readers will, perhaps, excuse a repetition of the story:—

“A person having missed one of his goats when his flock was taken home at night, being afraid the wanderer would get among the young trees in his nursery, two

boys, wrapped in their plaids, were ordered to watch all night. The morning had but faintly dawned, when they sprung up the brow of a hill, in search of her. They could but just discern her on a pointed rock far off, and, hastening to the spot, perceived her standing with a newly-dropped kid, which she was defending from a fox. The enemy turned round and round, to lay hold of his prey, but the goat presented her horns in every direction. The youngest boy was dispatched to collect a *posse* to attack the fox, and the eldest, hallooing and throwing up stones, sought to intimidate him as he climbed to rescue his charge. The fox seemed well aware that the child could

T not

not execute his threats ; he looked at him one instant, and then renewed the assault, till, quite impatient, he made a sudden effort to seize the kid. The whole three disappeared, and were found at the bottom of the precipice. The goat's horns were darted into the back of the fox ; the kid lay stretched beside her. It is supposed the fox had fixed his teeth in the kid, for its neck was lacerated ; but when the faithful mother inflicted a death-wound upon her mortal enemy, he probably staggered, and brought his victims with him over the rock."

---

#### ON CRUELTY IN THE DRIVERS OF CART HORSES.

---

*To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.*

SIR,

**MR.** Lawrence, in his Philosophical and Practical Treatise on Horses, has reprobated the following cruel habit, which generally prevailed in the streets of London among the carmen, twenty years ago.—He observes, in the chapter on the Rights of Beasts, "The humane reader, who has been accustomed to perambulate the streets of the metropolis, will recollect, that he has often observed a carman with his whip hoisted aloft upon his arm, and his countenance marked with all the insolence of petty tyranny, strutting along the foot-path, and calling his fore-horse towards him. This necessary manœuvre of 'Come hither, who-o,' the little tyrant of the whip is determined to inculcate by dint of the utmost rigour, and by absolutely breaking the spirit of the beast ; whence ensue carelessness, stubbornness, uncertainty, and des-

peration. Instead of using mild and persuasive methods, attempered with occasional slight correction, in virtue of which he might, almost to a certainty, ensure the willing and steady obedience of his horse, at one instant the horse is whipped for holding too close to his driver ; at the next, for bearing off too much ; now, for going too fast—then, again, for going too slow ; by and by, for stopping ; afterwards, because he did not stop ;—that the faculties of the poor beast are totally confounded, and caused to degenerate into an inert and stagnant state of insensibility, instead of making a progress in that ratio of improvement, of which he is so highly capable. Hence the source of many of those accidents which daily occur."—Now it is proved by the conduct of a few rational and considerate drivers, a striking example of which is given in another part of the above work, that the manœuvre described is very easily taught to the horse, and when he is not under the stupefying state of terror and apprehension, generally obeyed with prompt submission, and often, in case of the high-conditioned horse, with cheerfulness and gaiety. This appears in the pleasant curvetting advance of the fore-horse toward his favourite commander, the instant he perceives the mild signal, and more especially when he hastens to make amends for some delay occasioned by apprehension or accident, and have frequently witnessed with regular pleasure. No reader is possibly so grossly mistake my meaning, as to think me capable of the folly of supposing all horses or all men exempt from carelessness, stubbornness, or vice, but every one ought to know or be taught, that harshness, barbarity, and tyranny,

are



are neither the legitimate nor successful cure for such defects.

The above species of abuse is still full enough visible in the streets of London at this day; but as all things, high and low, are governed by fashion, it is not probably so prominent and flagrant an exhibition as it formerly was. Petty tyranny over the inferior and the oppressed, has taken a new turn, and we know that the desire of tyrannizing is so natural, that even the lowest wretch in the human creation must have something, horse, ass, dog, cat, or bird, on which to impress the brand of his arbitrary authority. How often do we see the emperor of an ass, in imitation of the emperors of asses, brandishing his truncheon-sceptre, and inflicting the deepest marks of his imperial rule? The newest fashion at present, and which in some degree seems to have superseded the other, is the following: Mr. Carter now deals in a sort of wholesale mode of correction, and those notorious profligate rascals, the drivers of the lower kinds of country teams, which attend the hay-markets, are generally up to the height of this mode. The poor horses are left to themselves, whilst the driver, either alone or with company, loiters behind, and as soon as he finds that his horses begin to loiter also, whether from imprudence, weariness of over-labour, the influence of the weather, weakness, or the idea of the laudable example of an enemy by their master, he berates them, and rushes forward, and with a stern and the keenest undiscerning vengeance in his eye, and his instrument of torture brandished, with his sturdy arm he inflicts, without mercy, the most ingenious, home-directed, and most lancinating cuts! The horses now, severely galled and

frightened, plunge forward with all the speed their probably crippled and disabled state will admit, for the poor worn-down sort are the most common victims of this barbarity, and the driver in turn runs after them, in order to correct them for going too fast! This he generally performs by whipping them in the face, a practice which has blinded so many horses, or by striking them the most violent blows upon the head, with the butt end of his whip. The horses now, with all this flurry and fatigue, super-added to their labour, in a sad and spiritless state, drop into their common pace. The carter marches a while beside them, in all the pride of successful tyranny, *repairing and adding fresh knots to the lash of his whip*, and getting it ready for the next occasion, which he well knows will soon arrive. He has induced the habit. He again falls behind to gossip, and his poor beasts, left to themselves, are again lulled by their weariness or listlessness, into the same slow pace as before, when the tragedy begins afresh, and the necessity recurs of fresh knotting the lash! Such is the proceeding of these stupid and unfeeling wretches throughout a whole journey, and indeed it seems the practice of every journey, and the drivers persevere in it with an apparent and strange kind of eagerness. It has, as may be expected, the effect of rendering the horses stupid and insensible, of unnecessarily wasting their powers, and of abridging the period of their labours. Unhappily, and unthrifly, nothing farther, in general, is thought of, than extorting from these most unfortunate of the animal creation, by every species of torture, every possible exertion of strength, to the last struggle and the

last convulsive sob, when they are consigned to the horrible stage of famine, under a new set of miscreants, which they must yet patiently endure before they can obtain the blessed relief of the kennel!

It would indeed be a waste of words to point out to the most inexperienced, the error and dangerous consequences of this fashionable mode of driving cart-horses. Nothing can be more clear than the absolute necessity of the driver being constantly within reach of his horses, to direct them safely, to watch and encourage their exertions by moderate, unexhausting, and gentle means, and most particularly, to be watchful that one horse do not rob another in their joint labour, by unduly sparing himself. Feeling and humanity out of question, it should seem strange how indifferent the poorer kind of proprietors are to these considerations, so important, one would suppose, to their pecuniary feelings; but it is probable, the hard struggles required barely to live, stifle or leave no room for any other considerations, and poor beasts of labour never fail of their full share of the hardness of the times, exemplified in decreased sustenance and an expected increase of exertion. But let us hope, let us express our right to expect, that animals which labour and suffer incessantly for us, through the labours of which indeed we obtain our greatest luxuries and enjoyments; animals too, which have natural feelings and wants similar to our own, will also be allowed their fair and well-earned share of the blessings of peace and plenty. Horse provision of the most substantial kind, that is to say, oats, are now at a price reasonable beyond expect-

tation; and the wretch who, whilst he fills himself to satiety, can stint the beast whilst labouring for him, deserves execration.

To look abroad in the world, and see what is going forward on this subject, the task of reformation may appear cheerless, endless, and even hopeless: arduous indeed it is, but experience has proved it not hopeless. The indolent, the indifferent, and the selfish, may shrink back appalled at the prospect which stimulates and renews the energies of the enthusiastic children of sensibility, from whom alone any reforms or change of established barbarism are to be expected. You, who are for leaving all things as you find them, say what would now have been the event of an original and invariable adherence to that principle? There is something beneficial, as well as the contrary, in the obstinate native attachment of the human mind to established custom. In order to enjoy the benefit, establish the custom, the fashion, of doing right. It is well known to be customary in some countries to use horses in particular with extreme kindness and consideration. Why will you not, you whom fortune has constituted the arbiters of taste, set the fashion of humanity to the brute creation? You would in due time be followed, as in the fashion of a pair of boots, the cut of a coat, or size of a great coat, even by the depths of Smithfield and which Thames-street. Nor need the despair who have employed their talents upon this branch of ethics. The records of Sporting, particularly as exhibited in the pages of the *Sporting Magazine*, fully prove a degree of growing humanity among us, and that the treatment of animals in our sports has



has for a considerable period been far less infictive and inhuman than in former days; and that the attachment to cruel pastimes, mangre the support occasionally derived to them from senatorial eloquence, is upon the wane in this country—and, permit me to add, Mr. Editor, no small share of this moral benefit and honour to the country, is attributable to the laudable and benevolent exertions of your Magazine; with the warmest wishes for the continued and increasing success of which, I have the honour to remain, &c. &c.

A BIT OF A JOCKEY.

#### GUN LOCKS.—INFRINGEMENT OF A PATENT.

*An Action tried in the Court of Exchequer, July 6, before Sir Alexander Thompson, Knt. and a Special Jury.*

Manton v. Parker.

MR. Dauncey stated this to be an action brought for the infringement of a patent, of which the plaintiff was the proprietor. The plaintiff, Mr. Joseph Manton, of Davies-street, Berkeley-square, was a gun-maker, well known as claiming to be the inventor of an hammer, on an improved construction, for the locks of all kinds of fowling-pieces and small arms. He understood the principle of the invention claimed by the plaintiff to be this:—Before its application, when the powder was rammed down in the barrel of a gun, the pressure so operated upon the air contained within the barrel, as to create a space between the powder in the barrel and the powder in the piece, and the consequence was, that the piece frequently hung fire, or missed fire altogether. It therefore became an object to find out some mode by which the air within

the barrel should have the means of escaping, without any portion of the powder being forced out with it. He then proceeded to state the specification of the invention, describing the manner in which the effect was to be produced. The most material part of it was, that to the hammer there was what was called a lip, perforated in the centre, and immediately communicating with the touch-hole, but which perforation, while it gave vent to the air, was too small for the powder to pass through it. This invention, simple as it might appear to us, was novel, and obviated every inconvenience complained of, as well by the sportsman as the soldier. The defendant, Mr. Parker, who was also an eminent gun-maker in Holborn, finding that the plaintiff's invention had obtained a high reputation, thought proper to imitate it, and not only to imitate it, but to affix the name of Mr. Manton to the locks he made.—The question for the Jury would be, first, whether this was an original invention; and, secondly, what damages the plaintiff would be entitled to for the infringement of so valuable a patent right. He should clearly prove that it was an original invention, and the damages he would leave to the Jury, observing that the principal object of the plaintiff was to establish his right.

The specification and other preliminary matters having been proved, the Learned Counsel proceeded to call many witnesses, and first,

William Leykauff, a gun engraver, who had been in that line of business thirty-eight years, and had been employed by the most eminent gun-smiths; he said, that before he saw the plaintiff's hammer, he never saw one of a similar construction.

Joseph

Joseph Vicars, a gun-maker, said he had never, prior to the plaintiff's invention, seen a hammer of the same kind; it was most likely he should if any such there had been.

John Bradford, a gun-lock maker, deposed to the same effect.

William Smith said he had been thirty-four years a gun-maker; he had never seen a hammer with a perforated lip before the plaintiff's invention. (Upon his cross-examination by Mr. Brougham, who first reminded him of what he had sworn in the Court of Chancery,) he positively denied, that prior to the present patent, he had ever seen, or made, or exposed to sale in his shop, a gun-lock with a hammer having a perforated lip; neither had he ever said so. (The Learned Counsel presented a lock to him of his own manufacture, the hammer of which had a perforated lip.) The witness said that the hole was made for the admission of a screw to give strength to the lock, and not to be applied to the purpose of the plaintiff's invention.

William Frinder, a porter, of Lincoln's Inn, proved that he went, by the direction of the plaintiff, to the defendant's shop with a broken lock, and desired to have a hammer replaced exactly resembling the plaintiff's, a pattern of which he brought with him, and he added that it was made accordingly, with the plaintiff's name affixed to it.

Mr. Scarlett, for the defendant, stated that the only circumstance about which his client was anxious, was to vindicate his character from the foul and false imputation cast upon it by the plaintiff, who had dared publicly to insinuate that he had, for the purpose of selling a gun lock, fabricated it as one of the plaintiff's, with the plaintiff's name engraved upon it. A more

gross calumny was never invented. The defendant was too well known to be deemed capable of such conduct. He should shew, beyond all question, that the hammer had been broken for the purpose, and an advantage taken of the defendant's absence, in a distant part of the country, upon Government service, to send a porter to his foreman with particular direction to have the hammer so made and so engraved. It had been done without the knowledge of the defendant, and by the plaintiff's own contrivance, and was, in truth, the single instance of the kind that had ever occurred. Having said thus much to obviate a prejudice so unfairly attempted to be raised, he should proceed to the merits of the case. The questions were, whether this was an original invention; whether the means were adapted to answer the end proposed; and whether the presumed invention was of use to the public? It had certainly had its day, and had been of use to Mr. Manton; for it had enabled him to sell to inexperienced young sportsmen, for fifty or sixty guineas, guns not better than they might have purchased from any other maker for less money. He should shew that his pretended invention was destitute of originality; that, so far from being an improvement, it was a revival, with some slight alteration, of a mode long known in the trade, and which had been exploded as useless and ineffectual. He should shew that the specification asserted a falsehood, which of itself, independent of other considerations, was sufficient to destroy the patent; for it stated, that the hole in the lip would exclude the air, without suffering the powder to pass. To disprove this, he would call no witnesses; he would



would give the Jury ocular demonstration, that the contrary was the fact. (Here the Learned Counsel held up the lock, and pouring out a quantity of granulated powder, it passed through the hole without any other pressure than its own weight.) He stated, that he should disprove almost every word of Mr. Smith's evidence. He should shew that he had not only made a lock of a similar construction with the plaintiff's, but that, discoursing about the plaintiff's invention, he had treated it with ridicule, and as one, the principle of which he had himself applied. He should also produce a very old gunsmith from Birmingham, who would tell the Jury that he had, many years before Mr. Manton's patent, fabricated fire-arms upon precisely the same principle. He concluded a very animated and eloquent speech, of great length, by observing, that the plaintiff had better have contented himself with the advantages he had been so long allowed to derive from his patent, than have exposed his pretensions to originality of invention, to discussion in a Court of Justice.

Joseph Warrener, an armourer in the 49th regiment, stated, that he had served his time with the plaintiff's witness, Mr. Smith. He stated, that the hammer made by Mr. Smith was constructed with an air-hole in the lip of the hammer, to prevent the powder coming into the pan. He stated, that the hole was never intended to admit a screw, as mentioned by Mr. Smith, and that it was incapable of holding a screw. He stated, that Mr. Smith told him it was intended as an air-hole, and he added, that the application of the principle to a gun-lock did more harm than

good, for this reason, that though it excluded the air, it admitted the damp of the external atmosphere.

Alexander Wilson, a gun-maker, proved that Smith had informed him he had, long before the present patent, applied the principle of an air-hole to the lip of a lock, and that he had treated the plaintiff's invention with ridicule.

The remainder of the evidence was of the same description. It most completely made out, and even went beyond the statement of the Learned Counsel for the defendant. It falsified the evidence of Smith as to all material points, and was so decisive against the originality and utility of the patent, that the Learned Judge, interrupting the further examination of the defendant's witnesses, observed, that the allegations contained in the specification appearing to be wholly unfounded, it was unnecessary to occupy the further attention of the Court and Jury upon the subject.

Mr. Dauncey said, he had already communicated his sentiments to his client, and he had only waited to hear his Lordship's judgment; having heard it, he acquiesced in his opinion that the plaintiff's patent could not be supported.—The plaintiff was accordingly nonsuited.

The Lord Chief Baron expressed his satisfaction at the explanation which had been given respecting the charge of the defendant's putting the plaintiff's name to a hammer manufactured by himself. The explanation was most satisfactory, and it would have been better if an imputation so groundless had not been introduced at all into the case.

RACES

## RACES APPOINTED IN 1814.

## OXFORD..... August 2

Huntingdon..... 2

Bridgewater..... 2

Lewes..... 4

Swansea..... 4

Broxash..... 4

Chelmsford..... 8

Newcastle, Staffordshire..... 9

Worcester..... 9

Nottingham..... 9

Abingdon..... 9

Blandford..... 10

Canterbury..... 16

Reading..... 16

Salisbury..... 17

Exeter..... 17

Hereford..... 17

York..... 22

Egham..... 23

Derby..... 23

Bodmin..... 25

Burdurp..... 25

Warwick..... Sept. 6

Newbury..... 6

Bedford..... 7

Lichfield..... 13

Pontefract..... 13

Northampton..... 14

Kingscote..... 20

Shrewsbury..... 20

Leicester..... 21

Lincoln..... 21

Doncaster..... 26

Chippenham..... 26

Newmarket..... Oct. 3

Carlisle..... 11

17 to 1 agst Brother to Burleigh.  
20 to 1 agst each of Mr. Peirse's fillies.

20 to 1 agst each of Mr. Scarisbrick's.

20 to 1 agst Hampden.

25 to 1 agst Desdemona.

25 to 1 agst Mr. Mason's colt.

25 to 1 agst Alfana.

30 to 1 agst Exile.

## DERBY, 1815.

14 to 1 agst Field Marshal.

14 to 1 agst Brother to Whalebone.

16 to 1 agst Sir Thomas, by Sir David.

18 to 1 agst Anticipation.

20 to 1 agst Mr. Calley's colt.

20 to 1 agst Mr. Watson's Walton colt.

20 to 1 agst Mr. Wilson's colt, out of Little Sally.

20 to 1 agst Lord Egremont's c. out of Scotina.

20 to 1 agst each of Lord Rous's.

20 to 1 agst Lord Foley's Selim, out of Glory.

20 to 1 agst Lord Foley's colt, by Sorcerer, out of Gohanna.

20 to 1 agst Lord G. Cavendish.

## OAKS, 1815.

8 to 1 agst Sister to Blucher.

13 to 1 agst Duke of Grafton's (each).

18 to 1 agst Lord Rous's.

## THE STUD OF THE LATE R. LADBROKE, ESQ.

WAS sold at Tattersall's, Monday, July 25, and produced as follows:—Whalebone, 7 yrs old, by Waxy, 510gs.—Hamlet, 6 yrs old, by Hambletonian, 510gs.—Octavius, 5 yrs old, by Orville, 630gs.—A Br. Colt, 3 yrs old, by Eagle, out of Brainworm's dam, 260gs.—A Bay Colt, 3 yrs old, by Canopus, dam by Waxy, 115gs.—A Bay Colt, 2 yrs old, by Gohanna, out of Allegretta, 60gs.—Joe Miller, 5 yrs old, by Waxy, 60gs.—A Ches. Colt, 2 yrs old, by Gohanna, 205gs.—Miss Wasp, a brood-mare, by Waxy, 7 yrs old, 400gs.—Fairing, a b. m. 7 yrs old, by Waxy, 175gs.—Total, 2,925gs.

## BETTINGS.

## BETTINGS at Tattersall's on Monday, July 25.

## ST. LEGER.

4 to 1 agst Belville.

6 to 1 agst Mr. Gascoigne's colt.

7 to 1 agst Petuaria.

14 to 1 agst William.

14 to 1 agst Biddick.

15 to 1 agst Mr. Bruen's colts.



## ON LESSENING THE LABOUR OF HORSES.

*From an Essay read before the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester, by T. Jarrold, M.D.*

VERY early in the history of every country we find an attempt to have been made to impose on the brute creation, that labour which the wants and civilization of man give birth to. The strength of our own arm is indeed insufficient for the duties we have to perform, and therefore we of necessity apply and direct the strength of domesticated animals. In the nations of Asia, which were first civilized, oxen were made to labour, oxen drew the ark, oxen trod down the corn; and in countries where oxen were not known, or were scarce, other animals were domesticated, such as the camel in Arabia, and the lama in South America. The horse appears in the early ages of the world to have been exclusively devoted to war; and as every rude and barbarous people attach a high degree of importance and dignity to any thing connected with that vile pursuit, the horse has been held, in their estimation, as little less than sacred; and the sentiment has in some measure been handed down to the present day. At a late period in the history of Rome, a conquering general was thought presumptuous, because his triumphal car was drawn by four horses, and to this day we should attach something more than vanity to the man who was drawn by eight. Carriages and servants, any person is at liberty to keep in as great number as he thinks fit; but he is expected to limit the number of horses that draw him—a deference, I

believe, paid to the horse on account of the great service of that animal in war. Ancient poetry is full of beautiful descriptions of the horse prepared for battle: but as men became enlightened, the horse lost his trappings, and was made to labour and feed with the ox; and now, in this country at least, the use of the ox is almost, though unwisely, superseded. As the ox was habituated to labour before the ingenuity of man was assisted by science, the implements made use of must necessarily have been rude; but it is inexplicably singular, that the carts first invented have never been improved upon, or adapted to modern purposes. Elevate the sledge on which the Indians of America draw home the game they have killed, make the wheels larger, and the common cart is nearly complete. Cæsar speaks with approbation of the tumbrils of the Gauls, which differ from the cart in nothing but in the shafts, which are not fastened to the body, but secured by a bolt, which being removed, suffers the body of the cart to fall back: besides this, I know of no mention of any improvement in the structure of carts; indeed, they were invented for oxen, and are adapted to the slow motion of that animal; but the horse loves speed, and should be accustomed to a machine suited to his disposition; in place of which, much attention has been paid to adapt the horse to the old unwieldy cart. Great and unwieldy animals have been sought for, and the breed so much cultivated, that the physical powers of the animal have undergone a change; it can no longer trot or canter; if it can move forward at the rate of two miles an hour, it is all that is desired, and all that it can do: for such services

the ox is sufficient. But although many horses are thus inactive, there are a greater number that retain their natural activity, and for which it is advisable that appropriate carriages be constructed. About sixty years since, a mechanic at West Bromwich invented and applied springs to carriages; before that period the gentleman's coach was in construction a cart. When it was discovered that the body of the coach being placed upon springs, greatly contributed to the ease of the traveller, the country adopted the plan, and carriages on springs became general. All travellers are not mathematicians, but many are; and these might have calculated what portion of the power, exerted by the horse, was spent in shaking the passengers in a cart. The proposition may appear ludicrous, yet it is most important; but a traveller, without the aid of mathematics, might have concluded, that if a horse could draw him in a chaise eight miles an hour, with more ease to itself than it could a cart five miles, it might draw merchandize with the same facility; but the idea does not appear to have been entertained: it is that, therefore, which I now recommend to notice. It is unnecessary to appeal to arguments, because facts are before us; some stage-coaches, drawn by four horses, have weighed near four tons; the weight, on ordinary occasions, is three tons: with this the horses travel six or eight miles an hour. The utmost weight of a broad-wheeled waggon, with eight large unwieldy horses, is four tons; if the horses could take more, the turnpike laws on most roads forbid it; but experience has proved, that half a ton is all a heavy horse can draw an

ordinary stage, on an ordinary road. The very ponderous cast-iron boilers, which are often seen upon our roads, are loaded upon balks of timber, the elasticity of the timber rendering the labour of the horses less, by acting as a spring. With this fact, every skilful carter is acquainted; but it will not be denied, that a carriage with springs is drawn with less exertion of strength than one without. I wish, therefore, to recommend the use of springs to general purposes, not only in removing the more valuable, but every description of moveable property, coals, sand, in short every thing, and for the following reasons:—first, the expence is less, a heavy waggon horse costs more money, and eats more corn than a half-bred horse; the average allowance to a waggon horse is four pecks of oats daily, to a stage-coach horse it is but two, and the work done by the coach-horse is the greatest; the man also is occupied less time; for instance, suppose I wish a ton of coals to be taken ten miles, a man would deem it a full day's work with a cart; but the same man would drive a carriage upon springs, that took the same weight, in a few hours, so that a very important reduction may be made in the price of carriage by this means. A second reason, and in my estimation by far the most important, is the reduction which the general application of the plan will occasion in the consumption of corn, by the smaller horses eating less than the larger. A third reason is the improvement which it will occasion in the personal comforts and moral habits of the carters, as well as in the safety of travellers; the extreme irksomeness of attending a cart at the slow rate



at which it moves, the length of time the attendants are exposed in the most inclement weather, consign the office of carter to the very lowest class of the community, and confirms their condition. Every class must have employment, but it is not desirable, that the lowest class should hold a conspicuous place, and one in which, from their drunkenness and incivility, travelling is abridged of its safety and pleasure. Place a man upon a dicky, let the speed at which he drives be four or five miles an hour, and a very considerable improvement will take place in the comfort, and consequently in the character of carters; the roads will no longer abound with carts without drivers, as is the case now, but every man must be at his post. Another important advantage arising to the community from placing carts upon springs, will be the improvement which must follow in the state of the roads. The government of the country have bestowed very considerable attention on the high roads of the nation, that the public might be accommodated; acts and regulations have succeeded each other as circumstances called for them; but this legislative attention has wholly been directed to the roads and the wheels of the carriages—the broader the wheels, the less injury is supposed to be done the road; and in proportion as the wheels have been made broader, heavier horses have been used to draw them, so that the injury done the road has not been much lessened; but when springs shall be generally applied to carriages, the increased velocity with which they will move, and the assistance the springs will afford in passing over the irregularities in

the surface of the road, will be so great a relief to the roads, that a lessening of the tolls may be anticipated; but the vigilance of government must be shown in adapting the laws to the changes which may be made in the carriages.

---

### HORSE CAUSE.

---

*Tried at the Court of Common Pleas, Guildhall, July 13, in the Sittings after Term, before Sir V. Gibbs.*

---

Meadows v. Henderson.

**THIS** was an action brought to recover 35*l.* paid for a horse, which did not answer warranty.

The Solicitor-General stated, that the plaintiff, an officer in the navy, occasionally residing in the neighbourhood of Kingston, being desirous of buying a horse, applied to the defendant, a dealer, and requested him to supply one, *sound in wind and limb*, and free from vice. The defendant knowing, according to the terms used by horse dealers, that he had a *flat* to deal with, brought out a grey mare, which he warranted to answer the plaintiff's expectations. To be sure, said Mr. Solicitor, my client, who is an excellent seaman, understands what relates to a ship as well as any man in England, but with regard to a horse, he knows no more than a child. The mare in question appeared handsome in the eye of the plaintiff, and the defendant said it had been kept to carry a gentleman, who had been many years lame. The representation induced the plaintiff to purchase the mare for 35*l.* under a warranty. The money was paid on the delivery of the mare, and the next day the plaintiff rode her to Wimbledon Common. At the

end of the first mile out of Kingston he discovered that the mare was a *roarer*. He proceeded some distance further, and she stopped short in the middle of the road, taking fright at a waggon full of invalids going to Chelsea Hospital. The plaintiff, who had no desire to drop astern or be taken aback, gave a severe broadside with his whip, in order to make her run a-head, and the consequence was, that the quiet mare, free from vice, threw him into a dry ditch, and galloped back for Kingston. The plaintiff having quite enough of proof, returned the mare and demanded his money; the defendant, however, refused to take her back, alledging that the mare had been restive from bad horsemanship. The Solicitor-General said he should call witnesses to prove his case, and the Jury would doubtless protect, by their verdict, a British seaman against imposition.

The witnesses abundantly proved the restive disposition of the mare, and the Jury, under all the circumstances, found a verdict for the plaintiff, not only for the money paid for the mare, but the keep after the defendant refused to take her back.

---

### SEA-SLANG,

AS EXHIBITED BY A LATE MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL.

*Verbatim from Posthumous Letters, by the Rev. W. Huntington, S. S.*

*To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.*

SIR,  
SEEING a copy of a letter from the late eccentric William Huntington in your Magazine for

December last, page 141, has induced me to send you the following; only observing, that the dear Tommy to whom it is addressed, is an eminent printer\* in this metropolis.

SCRUTATOR.

“ I received my dear Tommy's epistle in company with one from dear brother M. and humbly thank them both for their kindness. As I am at a sea port, nothing can be expected from me but sea terms. I have been engaged six times every week, and this week seven. A number of small cruizers every day surround me, and I spare neither ammunition nor labour, for I fear there are but few loyalists among them. Several vessels have appeared leaky; this I gather from their sheering off; and others are very busy at the pump; some seem willing to strike, but doubt of lenity; others who have come mooring up under full sail, with scorn and defiance in their looks, have received visible damage in their rigging; and even several in their uniform dress sit constantly at my feet to learn navigation. I believe I have broke their lines and driven some of them on shore, and without the kind interference of Providence, some will most certainly go to the bottom. I can see fears and tears visible throughout the whole squadron; and all my fears are, that when I am re-called, unless succeeded by some able commander, they will get into dock, and be repaired upon the old keel and timbers; and this will be rather an emboldening than a reduction. Here has been a great deal of engaging, firing, and report; but alas, fire and brimstone will not do execution without nitre, and there has been a visible want

\* Bensley.



of this throughout the war; hence it is that the surgeon's room is so empty, and the hospital ship without a crew. There has been no fighting here to any purpose, nothing but a parley and perpetual exhibitions of a flag of truce, so that you don't know foreigners from domestics, nor enemies from friends. Our commanders seem to have aimed at nothing but their pay. As to conquests or victories there have been no cheers upon that score; nor do I believe they have shared one farthing of prize money since the commencement of the war. We have a legion of recruiting officers, but not one press gang; opening rendezvouses, hanging out flags, inviting landmen, and promising great bounties in our old friend R.'s way, seem to be, and have been the employment of most or all of them; but no bounty coming forth, has made many sick of their swelling speeches and empty proffers. And for my part, my soul longs to be on board of my own ship, and with my own dear, dear, *dear crew*, with whom I hope to spend and be spent; for I believe I have got more that can hand, reef, and steer in my cabin than are here upon all the decks, if you examine them from the first rate to the smallest sloop; and, therefore, I intend by the leave and furlough of our great commander to go on shore on Monday next, and take my leave of Plymouth Sound, and go and hoist my broad pendant on board my own ship nearer the Nore than this is, and is in a much fairer way to reach the Fair Havens than any I have seen in this port. Nor am I afraid of our going a shore for the want of cable. Tender my love to brother M. to father and mother C. when you write, and accept the

same from your hearty companion in the voyage, and willing mess-mate at the pot.

S. S. Lieutenant of the Invincible, Plymouth."

P. S. Bad ink, a small table, no fire, the rolling of ship, and the hopes of a rout, have rendered this scrawl very unintelligible; but as it is to the Oxford printer, I omit corrections, he having been proved by a multiplicity of hands. I have heard by some that you have had a liberal boatswain in my absence, and plenty of fresh provisions, which I guess at by the corporations of the crew left here, who appear to be as robust as a penny whistle, and to waddle with fat like a beggar's dog.

---

#### COL. THORNTON AND HIS SOMERSETSHIRE PURCHASE.

---

IN the Court of Chancery, July 16, the following cause came on for hearing before the Vice-Chancellor, Sir Thomas Plomer.

John Norris v. Colonel Thornton.

The plaintiff and defendant in this case had entered into an agreement for the purchase of a manor within the parish of Withypool, in the county of Somerset.—The bill prayed that the defendant should be compelled to abide by his contract. The estate in question was sold to Col. Thornton (the celebrated sportsman) nearly three years since, for a sum of 7500*l.* of which sum he had paid a deposit of 2000*l.* and agreed that the remainder of the purchase-money should be paid over on the 3d of May, 1812. The present bill was filed on the 29th of April, 1813, by which it appeared that the property was sold, subject to the

the existing leases, it being a reversionary property.

The defendant, in his answer, admitted the sale and purchase, and the execution of the necessary writings; but he contended, that the value of the estate had been over-rated, for that it had been represented to him that timber to the amount of 500*l.* was upon the estate, but he could not discover more than half that amount; and further, that he was, by promise (after the bargain), entitled to a *hogshead of Claret!* These two latter circumstances, he conceived, violated the agreement.

Mr. Hall was heard for the plaintiff, and Mr. Roupell for the defendant. The latter gentleman observed, that he had expected his client to lead in *propria persona*.

His Honour then, advertg to the real merits of the case, observed, that the defendant was bound, by the terms of the written contract, to pay the whole purchase-money on the 3d of May, 1812. The plaintiff prayed that he, having paid a deposit of 2000*l.* should be compelled to pay the remainder, with interest from that date, and directed his decree accordingly.

At this moment Col. Thornton came into Court, and begged the attention of his Honour. He stated, that he had intended to plead his own cause, and came now to state a few facts. He said, he lived in a county where it was his object to collect a large quantity of land; that the present manor was offered for his acceptance; that, believing his then Attorney to be a gentleman, he was induced to make the purchase upon his representation, and that of a clergyman. Their honours he could not, nor did he, suspect. That, be-

lieving every thing honourable, he invited the parties to dinner. After the glass had circulated, money was pressed for, and he gave a draft for 1200*l.* not wishing to think every man roguish; that finding him (Col. T.) liberal, more money was pressed for, when having asked some questions, such as, if all was right, and if the wood was really on the estate, he was answered it was, and worth 500*l.* that he then made the advance or deposit of 2000*l.* However, when he came to enquire, after executing the writings, he found that he had been deceived; that, instead of getting 500*l.* worth of wood, there was scarcely a stick; and that the son of the plaintiff, in consequence of his liberality in advancing 2000*l.* had promised him a *hogshead of claret*; but no claret was forthcoming; that the rents amounted to about 100*l.* a year only; that he had not received a shilling of the profits or rents; and, in short, that he was actually paying 7500*l.* for nothing. The money was in Court. The proposition which he now meant to submit for the approbation of the Court was, he hoped, a very fair one, namely, that the money should remain in Court until he had received the rents, and that the Court would enable him to act; if not, he must say, he should be pretty well juggled out of his 7500*l.*

The Vice-Chancellor, who listened to the Colonel's well-delivered speech with attention, observed, that the Court could only take cognizance of the pleadings and evidence in the case. He (Col. T.) had not examined a witness in it, though it had been before the Court since April, 1813. All that could now be done, was to take care that  
he



he should receive the rents and profits. He must recollect that he had bought the estate with his eyes open. If he suspected the plaintiff had received the rents from May, 1812, then the Court would give the Colonel redress.

Col. Thornton observed, that he was placed in a very awkward situation; suppose the tenants should die insolvent. He was, perhaps, one of the weakest men alive in regard to suspicion; and if the law was against him, he did hope a Court of Equity would give him relief, and soften the harshest parts of the law.

The Vice-Chancellor replied, that a Court of Equity could only proceed upon what was proved in evidence. If the Colonel had any proof to offer, he had lost the opportunity by lying idle.

Col. Thornton observed, that all then remained for him to do, was to put up with the loss of 7500*l.* and retire; and he immediately bowed to the Court and retired.

### ANOTHER HORSE CAUSE.

*To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.*

SIR,

CONCEIVING the following case of infinite importance to the public, I send it for insertion.

In the Common Pleas (sittings after last Term) a cause was tried before the Lord Chief Justice Gibbs, to recover the value of a horse by Messrs. Akhursts, job-masters, in the neighbourhood of Oxford-street, against a gentleman of Homerton, of the name of Stow, whom they agreed to furnish with job horses by the year, Mr. Stow finding the coachman and keep of the horses. The horses sent in the first instance were seasoned steady

horses, but in the course of three months afterwards they were returned, because they were judged deficient in condition and sprightliness, in consequence of which another pair were sent, which were approved.

It appeared on the trial, that Mrs. Stow and daughters were frequently riding to town and stopping at shops and other places, without a footman to open the carriage door, to which, as the coachman had to quit his box every time they stopped, he remonstrated, being fearful that some fatal accident might occur, from his being compelled so often to relinquish the reins.

His remonstrance, however, was not attended to by Mrs. Stow, and in consequence, while so stopping at Islington to put a portmanteau into the coach, the horses ran away, and it was found impossible to stop them till they got to Ball's Pond turnpike, where coming at full speed in contact with the gate-post, one of them was killed on the spot. Mr. Stow, it appears, resisted the claims of Messrs. Akhurst, on the ground that the coachman was their servant, and not his, and that he had not been ordered to quit the box, or if he did, to hold the reins while opening the carriage door. But the Learned Judge not considering the defence available, directed the Jury to find a verdict for the plaintiffs, damages one hundred guineas, being the value of the horse. Several witnesses were called, and among the rest I observed Mr. Powis, of Grosvenor Mews, a gentleman whose name has often appeared of late in the columns of your work.—I am, Sir, your humble servant,

AN OBSERVER.

July 12, 1814.

PIGEON.

PIGEON SHOOTING.—OLDHATS,  
MIDDLESEX.

MR. EDITOR,

IF you think the enclosed worthy of insertion, it will much oblige your's, an old correspondent,

S.

Gloucester-place, July 12, 1814.

"To the tall top a milk white dove they tie,  
The trembling mark at which their arrows fly;  
Whose weapon strikes yon fluttering bird shall bear  
These two-edg'd axes, terrible in war, &c.  
&c.

*Vide 23d Book of the Iliad, Verse 1012.*

It is well known to our classical readers, that pigeon shooting formed one of the funeral games of Achilles, in honour of his lost friend Patroclus; and that Teucer, the most eminent for his skill in archery, was, from a moral omission (not having made grateful sacrifice) on this day eclipsed by Meriones.

In passing rapidly from the times of ancient fable to the now returning ones of chivalry, we are naturally led to make a comparison between the military weapons of offence—the gun and the bow; and we have no hesitation in affirming, that the art of Archery requires a greater combination of the powers of the eye, arm, and body, than is called for by the modern sportsman. The bases of the two sciences have a close mathematical affinity to each other, and may be called Sister Arts. The elevation of forty-five is the angle, the most powerfully projectile for both instruments; the usual shooting distance at the butts for a long bow was two hundred and twenty yards; and although it has been long laid aside on account of its inefficiency when compared to the engines of

modern warfare, certain it is that the bow formerly decided the fate of battles and of empires. Of the former, Agincourt and Lepanto. Leaving the heroes of Homer, we now come to the Merion of the year, at the Old Hats. The Prize Medal was warmly contested by several candidates of great celebrity, and was at last won by the Secretary of the Club (who was the Blucher of the day), by having killed forty out of sixty, which, compared to former times, is a feat of no great excellence. Nevertheless, we must not refuse him our meed of praise on the occasion.—*Possidet qui plurimum meruit.*—Three other members killed thirty-nine each. The Maitre d'Hotel of the Hats, by no means a minor artist in alimentary knowledge, gave the greatest satisfaction by his edible and potable dispositions, and added much to his former reputation, perfuming deliciously the atmosphere of Ealing with a fragrance far surpassing the rose or the woodbine.

A REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF  
SAGACITY IN A DOG.

*To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.*

SIR,

A Most respectable friend of mine has favoured me with the enclosed for your Miscellany. I am not aware that it has ever been in print, and feel no doubt you will insert it.—I am, &c. J. M. L.

"Mr. Douce, of Hampstead (Crier of the Court of King's Bench in Lord Mansfield's time), had a favourite pointer, whose fore leg, in jumping a gate, was broke. Unwilling to lose him, Mr. D. took



took him to his friend, a surgeon at Mill-hill, who set the leg, and put on the proper bandage, and about once a week Mr. D. went with Cato to the surgeon's to have the leg inspected. After continuing so to do for a time, the surgeon one day informed him that he need not take the trouble of walking there with Cato, for that Cato frequently came by himself to have his leg looked to, and continued to do so till his leg was well.

"Some time after the leg was cured, the surgeon one morning, while at breakfast in a room behind his shop, saw Cato jump the half door, and observed to his wife, that his old friend was come to see him. The dog approached, and shewed signs to the surgeon that he wanted the door opened; on going to which the surgeon found that Cato had brought him a patient which he had picked up, a poor terrier with a broken leg.

"The fact is well known at Hampstead and Mill-hill. I have often heard Mr. Douce tell the story, and pledge his honour to the truth of it; but I have forgotten the surgeon's name.

"J. R.

"*King's Road, Bedford-Row.*"

### CAT-LOGY—A FABLE.

MR. EDITOR,

THE excellent article in your last, entitled *Cat-ology*, has induced me to send you the following fable:—

"A cat having caught a mouse, began to sport with it according to the cruel nature of those animals: sometimes she let it run a little way, then suddenly sprung upon it and seized it, tumbling, scratching, and biting it, and shewing all the exultations of savage

joy. The mouse begged for mercy, but was answered, that mice were designed as food for cats, they had therefore no reason to expect mercy from them; after which the cat continued her torments as before. The mouse then, no longer able to bear the agony, begged that a speedy end might be put to her existence at once.—This miserable request was denied by her insulting enemy, who exclaimed, 'Worthless animal! what do I care for thy pains or thy agonies? Nature has not thought thee worthy of her care and attention: she has bestowed on thee no weapons of defence, but left thee to be trodden under foot by every passenger; to be devoured even by the birds; much more art thou destined to be the sport and prey of our species, the most noble of all terrestrial animals. In the scale of being we hold a rank superior even to the lion himself. Our relation to that noble family has been owned in all ages, though mankind, till of late, foolishly ascribed the superiority to the lion. The great Linnæus hath now done ample justice to our merit, and determined that the lions are only a species of cat; thus justly owning them as an inferior branch of the family. We boast of a fine and delicate feed; of most acute organs of vision, of sharp polished claws, and exquisitely beautiful teeth. These are the armour which defend us on all occasions; with these we fear not the fiercest mastiff, but will send him off howling with his tail between his legs, should he dare to attack us.'—Having thus said, the cat renewed the torments of her prisoner, tossing it over her head, and dancing round it, till at length she perceived the enemy she had just before

fore defied, a large mastiff, running furiously towards her: away she flies to a tree in the neighbourhood, but before she could reach her asylum, she was overtaken and seized by the mastiff, who soon rendered all her boasted weapons of defence entirely useless. Unable to resist, she begged for mercy; but the mastiff only answered in these words:—"Wretch! how can'st thou make mention of mercy, thou who can'st neither shew mercy, nor defend thyself?" Having thus said, he gnashed her with his teeth, shook her, and throwing her to a considerable distance, she instantly expired."

---

### ON POWDER HORNS.

---

*To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.*

SIR,

THE extreme danger attending the use of the common spring powder horns, is unquestionably well known to the greatest part of your readers, but as many very able sportsmen still continue to avail themselves of the supposed facility they afford in loading, perhaps a few observations in your useful publication, may induce them to consider their great impropriety, and finally to adopt as their substitute, one on a similar plan, differing only in the ease and safety which it affords. When the common horn is inverted, and the brass measure put in to the muzzle of the gun in order to convey the charge of powder to its place, the quantity contained in the horn is of course brought to the top, or that part which is in contact with the barrel; now if by any accident a piece of tow, paper, or other combustible substance be left

in the gun and becomes fired by the previous discharge, it will inflame the powder falling from the brass measure, and communicate with the whole contents of the horn, which will instantly explode, and the most serious consequences may be the result. The remedy for this is, to have another brass measure to go over that already on the horn which may be filled and separated from it, and the gun loaded with hardly a possibility of danger, for in the event of fire being in the barrel, the small quantity of the charge can only explode, and perhaps burn the fingers, whereas from the other, the melancholy accidents that have already occurred sufficiently show what may happen.

"P'shaw," (exclaims some old sportsman) "I have used these horns all my life, and never met with any disagreeable circumstance; it certainly does very seldom happen." This may be true, but surely it is right to remove the possibility of such a catastrophe, when we have so easy and simple an alternative.

"Si quid novisti rectius istis,  
Candidus imperti, si non, his utere  
mecum."

I am, Sir,

Your constant reader,  
July, 1814. J. F.

---

### INHUMANITY TO ANIMALS.

A REVERIE.

*Animus meminisse horret, luctuque refugit.*  
VIRG.

*To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.*

SIR,

AS I sat one day ruminating on the various vicissitudes of life, the



the extraordinary occurrences to which human nature is exposed, and particularly at the wanton cruelty which man exercises on the brute creation, I became thoughtful, and insensibly fell into a profound reverie; when, lo! my pre-siding Genii appeared, bade me take up my pen, and dictated the following very moving incidents:—When Aurora, rising from old Tithonious' bed, had with her rosy fingers slightly tinged the eastern horizon, I shook off the charms of drowsy Somnus, and took my first flight in quest of adventures, when at the close of evening I alighted at the manor house of a Knight of the Shire, who was fond even to enthusiasm of the exhilarating sports of the chase; he was famed for keeping the best dogs and hunters in the county. But I was highly exasperated when he made use of the detestable expedient of laming a noble animal, merely to blood in his young hounds; and notwithstanding the agonies he endured, it frequently occupied two and sometimes three hours, to overtake the object of pursuit. But how men, who are gifted so largely with the milk of human kindness, could pursue with such ardour this poor defenceless animal, when calling so loudly for an exertion of those feelings, is a circumstance, which in the variable-ness of human nature, it is impossible to account for; particularly if these pursuers were taxed with their want of humanity, they would think it the greatest insult offered to their feelings, never reflecting that in this instance they had shewed a lamentable deviation from that boasted path. But these feelings were smothered in the ardour of pleasure, and afterwards completely silenced over the bottle,

for no man kept a better table; had such a fund of wit and humour at command, and treated his guests in a manner so truly hospitable. And when that enlivener of the spirits began to circulate in the veins, the mirthful joke went round with that boisterous merriment so characteristic of the sons of Nimrod, so that it became in reality

The feast of reason and the flow of soul.

By this continued round of pleasure and gaiety, the feelings of compassion were hushed, and at length totally deadened.

From such bewitching company, I quickly resumed my journey till nightshade, when I took up my abode with a man who kept running ponies, and whose whole talk was of the engagement of his favourite poney in a match of great magnitude, to do a certain number of miles in two hours. The diurnal course of training he underwent before he was thought in condition to start, would fatigue your utmost patience to relate, suffice it to say the wished-for day arrived, when the generous little animal was to exert his powers to perform this Herculean task, and in high condition he was started, and did above half the distance the first hour; the rider was then ordered to slacken his pace and stop a few moments for refreshment; after this he again made play, and by the aid of the whip and spur, plied with savage barbarity, he compelled the animal to strain his utmost powers, and with great difficulty accomplished the undertaking within two minutes of the given time. The excruciating torments he endured after this very arduous performance, you can form no adequate idea; the pain excited by the whip and spur outwardly, and

from over exertion inwardly, I cannot depict in sufficient colours. The first indication which appeared of distress from over-exertion, was a violent trembling of the body, and an apparent difficulty in stalling; but to add neglect to these sufferings, which were as much as nature could support, outweighs every other consideration; in fact causes a greater pang than the pain itself, and almost induces me to inveigh against the cruelty of these Lords of the Creation.—Awake, O! man, from your lethargy, and look with the eye of compassion on the multiplied sufferings this generous animal must sustain, and in effect exert your dormant powers to alleviate, and pour the balm of consolation on his lacerated sides and inward afflictions; but never add the cool deliberate crime of neglect in treatment, when you are called upon by services and gratitude to render his condition, peculiarly so in this case, easy and comfortable. To those men who despise services, and even make a scoff of gratitude for them, I shall apply the very energetic line of Dryden—

“He that is ungrateful, has no fault but one.”

With the swiftness of Camilla I escaped from these scenes, and with a little fatigue arrived at the residence of one of those gentle swains, a true disciple of old Walton, who experienced more pleasure than in the most refined diversion, when dragging a poor defenceless fish to the land; impaling a worm, writhing in the most horrid torture, on the barbed hook; and inveigling fish with living baits: the idea what these baits suffer freezes me with horror, and to a reflecting mind the anguish inflicted must be a great drawback

on the listless amusement. I have seen this man exult with the grin of delight in bringing his unresisting prize to the shore, expressing by it that no pleasure was equal to the delights of angling; in fact, he had carried his love of it so far, and had so completely silenced the dictates of compassion, that the greater torture inflicted, the more pleasure he experienced. But what was more astonishing, this man on the most trivial occasion magnified the humane actions he had performed for suffering humanity, and that he was ever ready both with his heart and purse to ameliorate the condition of the brute creation. Nay, I have heard him lash the inhumanity of mankind in such glowing colours, that you would imagine he was a very Saint, whose heart at the recital of an act of cruelty was ready to overflow with kindness at the sufferings of animated nature in this mundane system. But mark the dissimilarity of this man, when compunction interfered with the delights of angling—all feeling was then buried, he became so wholly absorbed in his endeavours to catch fish, that passing the murderous hook through the body of a poor worm, was held as a feather, a mere trifle unworthy of a moment's consideration. Reverting to the subject of angling, I cannot resist expressing my surprise, that in a volume so replete with piety and those social duties which man owes to man, no hint was ever started either by Walton or his commentators, at the cruelty of ensnaring fish with living baits, particularly as they appeared to be men of feeling, whose zeal in their favourite pursuit, had caused them unconsciously to practise means at which the mind revolts, but which stupify-



stupidifying, debasing custom has sanctioned, by their needless continuance; so true it is, that man spurns every obstacle which obstructs his pleasures.

I was so satiated with this Waltonian's heterogeneous method of spending his time, that early one morning I winged my flight, and after a cursory route, halted at the \*\*\*\* Inn, \*\*\*\*\*. I had not arrived there more than an hour, before I perceived a coachman, whose horses had then been on a long journey, take the whip for a trivial fault, and in the absence of his master, ply it on their weary horses with the most beastly exertions. Those men who inflict torture with an unsparing hand, can, of all men, the least endure pain when attacked by it. Now this unfeeling wretch was afflicted with a severe illness, and when lying on a sick bed, wept like an infant for an alleviation of his sufferings, but never feeling the least compunction for the wanton barbarity inflicted on these useful animals; in fact, his heart was so environed round by his rebellious passions, that the dictates of conscience were smothered, and every sense of doing unto others as you would be done unto, shrunk from the appearance of this formidable Hydra. From kind attention, however, this unfeeling man recovered, but so far from reforming his disgraceful conduct from experience of the anguish of a bed of sickness, or feeling a repugnance at his inhuman actions, he renewed it with redoubled efforts.

I was so disgusted with this man's conduct, that I grasped the first opportunity which presented to continue my journey, and flee the very air that this inhuman

monster breathed, for I really thought he would infect the all surrounding air by his savage passions. To the honour of human nature, there are but few such characters as these; if there were, it would almost tempt many to abjure their species, to see men who let their ungoverned passions get the mastery of reason; and without attempting to bring them under subjection, indulge them with uncontrolled sway. What a pity that these noble animals, grateful for the protection of man, should be so cruelly treated, and by those worthless wretches who have no restraint over their brutal passions, but must gratify them, although at the expence of suffering humanity!

I pursued my flight but a short time before I alighted at the noted Inn of a desperate cock-fighter, whose breed for goodness and real game were allowed to be superior to any in the kingdom; one cock in particular, a celebrated brass wing tawney, had won two Welch mains, and his breed was held in such repute, that they would continue to fight till literally cut to pieces. No diversion, if diversion it may be called, is so shocking to humanity, and calls so loudly upon the public press to blazen forth, as these flagrant exhibitions, termed a Welch main. How very irrational, for mere amusement, to pit sixteen cocks against each other, and for selfish considerations to destroy eight, consequently the remaining eight must again contend with each other till half the number are actually butchered; this done, in a short time the last four are again brought together, till two are killed, and in a few minutes the only two remaining heroes

heroes are pitted with each other to decide the prize, and he that remains champion receives the recompence awarded for his disgusting exploits. This is cruelty carried to the utmost pitch of refinement, and which would loudly demand the aid of satire and the infallible shafts of ridicule to counteract its baneful tendency, if it were not fast sinking into that littleness which it is to be hoped in a few years, scarce a track will remain to denote the existence of this cruel pastime.

My ardour in quest of adventures being a little abated, I stopped but once before I arrived at my aerial country, which was at the abode of a man who kept a most useful animal for the detestable purpose of being baited, to gratify the thoughtless rabble, and entertain those men who take delight in such spectacles, with an exhibition of the hellish practice. And for what purpose is this useful beast, who propagates our food, to be thus wantonly tormented, to please the ignorance of an abandoned crew? or does it tend, as the so belauded bull-baiting politician affirms, to keep alive the spirit of the English character, and continue an insuperable hindrance, from its degenerating into that supineness, the result of effeminate pursuits, so enervating to our peasantry, which in the hour of danger must render them an easy prey to their enemies. This delusive sophistry appears irresistible to a superficial observer, till touched by the breath of time, when all this illusive reason vanishes, and the practice itself stands confessed in its real costume; for it so happens to be diametrically opposite to experience, as it is impossible to

point out those heroes of a bull-bait, who have ever done a service to their country either as warriors or as citizens; but abundant are the testimonies where those devoted victims, trained up to this infamous pursuit, have actually become a burden to the community at large. I will not throw into the scale the effect this abominable sport must have upon the minds of the rising generation, the frequency of which renders their heart callous to the soft ties of pity and humanity; if so, then must rush in that tide of brutality which every virtuous parent seeks to avoid; but from the contagion of example, they are unable to restrain; nay, I will not hesitate to say, that he who takes delight in these disgraceful spectacles, is divested of all real feeling, and debars the endearing sensations of mercy from his mind, and then becomes

Dull as night,  
And his affections dark as Erebus.

At the recital of this last act of cruelty, my heart throbbed within me, and the efforts I was making to exclaim against the inhumanity of mankind, who feel a pleasure at these disgusting exhibitions, so debasing to their nature, so totally subversive of all moral rectitude, and so wide a deviation from that golden rule, which we all profess to venerate; that it aroused me from this supine lethargy, when my intuitive monitor had vanished, and in lieu of his instructive lessons, I discovered it was but a mere reverie, which imagination had bodied forth, and pourtrayed under the fascinating guise of a presiding Genii.

I am, Sir,  
Your obedient servant,  
Z. B.



## BATTLE BETWEEN BURN AND PALMER.

A Battle between Burn and Palmer, a Bristol butcher, took place on Thursday, the 21st of July, at Coombe Wood, near Kingston, Surrey, in the presence of hundreds of spectators, amongst whom were several foreigners of distinction. Burn is a man of first-rate science, and his adversary was a candidate for pugilistic fame, who had earned some laurels in the country by his gallantry. In the ring, which was composed of the usual groupe, betting was 2 to 1 on Burn. Seconds, Cribb, the champion, and J. Clarke for Burn, and Richmond and Harry Harmer for Palmer.—Three to 1 Burn drew first blood.

Round 1. Burn made play by a favourite left-handed hit, which was well stopped, and occasioned much surprise for a supposed novice. Palmer returned by a smart hit on his adversary's eye, which produced first blood. A rally took place, in which the supposed novice had, if not the best of fighting, the most luck, in planting blows. Burn was hit in the rally on the left side of the throat, and Palmer was thrown.

2. Encouraged by success in the first round, Palmer went in, but he got a fine left-handed facer, which no doubt convinced him courage was misapplied. Another rally followed, and some desperate fighting took place; but Burn's science gave him a decisive advantage. He out-fought his adversary left and right, and in a close threw him easily.—Five to 2 on Burn.

3. A most determined rallying round, commenced by Burn, who

shewed best condition, and again out-fought his adversary, who went down weak with a slight hit.

4. Burn planted a good left-handed hit, giving effect to it by throwing in the weight of the body. A rally followed, in which Palmer displayed much courage under every disadvantage, from being opposed to fine fighting. At the close, Palmer was again thrown.

5. Palmer received several left-handed hits, or jobs rather, which he could not return, and he fought under every disadvantage in getting in. He received a tremendous blow on the ear, with which he went down, and to the ordinary spectator the battle seemed settled.—Four and 5 to 1 on Burn.

6. Palmer had suffered much from the last round, and he was evidently very weak. Burn planted his left-handed hit, and placed his right with much violence on the head. Palmer was knocked down again.—Odds 4 and 5 to 1 on Burn.

7. Burn was equally successful in this round, and he out-fought his adversary, and again got him down, after receiving a smart blow in a short rally.

8. Courage could not be better exemplified than in the manful manner in which Palmer met his man. He was hit away, but he bored on, and in a trial of strength both fell, after exchanging some hits.

9. Palmer seemed to have got second wind, to use a sporting phrase, and had the advantage of hitting in this round for the second time. Burn seemed to fall off, and he went down in a manner not very promising. Betting variable but nearly even—Palmer for choice.

10. In

10. In a rally commenced by Palmer, he had the best of it, although bleeding and much disfigured. After some smart fighting, Burn threw his adversary.

11. Burn fell in making play from weakness, and it would be superfluous to enter further into detail. The heart of the man seemed broken by adversity, and although he fought four other rounds with a reciprocity of advantage, from superior fighting, yet he had no chance of winning against real game opposed to him. The battle lasted nineteen minutes.

#### REMARKS.

Burn did not avail himself of the opportunity of going in and beating his man when he had him reduced to distress. It is a question whether he could have succeeded had he so done; but his physical powers seemed inadequate to such a task, and he seemed content to leave *well*, without following up his advantages. Palmer, who is lighter than Burn, is a good right-handed hitter and a brave man, but not framed for a first-rater.

A second battle was fought between a Jew and a Christian, but of a *bloodless* nature, although it lasted until the spectators were tired of it. The Jew was beaten.

The next treat was a bull-bait, and all the *fancies* in London exhibited their best dogs to torment the bull, for a silver collar. Eleven dogs were in the run, and the owner of that which lasted longest in the runs was the winner of the prize. Caleb Baldwin had a fancy bitch, the favourite, but after one dog had been killed she got her leg broke, and was drawn. The bull was placid, and Mr. Giles, of Billingsgate, had the *enviable* distinction of winning the prize. Gib-

bons officiated as master of the ceremonies, and first got the bull into play by turning to a fine bred dog.

The pastime of the day ended with drawing a badger.

---

### TRIALS FOR DUELLING.

---

BOMBAY SESSIONS, JAN. 17.

Rex v. Wm. Bland, Wm. Randall, and R. Fulton.

THIS was an indictment for murder, for killing in a duel R. K. Case. W. Bland was surgeon of the Hesper; W. Randall, First Lieutenant; R. Fulton, Master; and the deceased was Purser of the same ship. The account of the origin of the quarrel was very imperfect. The prisoner, the deceased, Dr. Bacon, Mr. Buchanan, and some other gentlemen, were dining together at the mess-table. After dinner, the prisoner Bland related to Dr. Bacon some transactions that had previously occurred, in which the deceased was concerned. Some part of the relation was considered by him to be an aspersion on his character. It was alledged, but not proved by any of the witnesses, that he applied the words "contemptible fellow," to Bland, who threw a tumbler at him. For this outrage, the prisoner apologized to the gentlemen at table; and though the deceased said he must have satisfaction for the insult, the company continued to drink and converse without any diminution of harmony. From various circumstances it appeared, that it was not the intention of Case to have called Bland out; but the insult he had received having transpired, he was censured for pusillanimity by many officers,



officers, particularly by the prisoner Randall, who applied harsh expressions to his conduct and character. The deceased, thus stimulated, challenged the prisoner Bland for "throwing a glass at his head at the ship's mess;" and afterwards sent another challenge to the prisoner Randall, for "insults he had offered, and the stigma he had attached to his character." The parties met on Cross Island. Mr. Fulton acted as Case's second; and Lieutenant Randall, though likely to become a combatant, officiated as the second of Bland. Previously to the parties taking their ground, Mr. Buchanan, who was present, said to Bland, "You had better drop it." Upon which Mr. Randall interfered, and replied, "It was too bad for a man's character to be blasted round the fleet. He had better be dead than alive; he did not come there to be made a fool of. He hoped the powder and shot would not be wasted in vain." The parties afterwards, at the suggestion of Lieutenant Randall, removed to a small plain, which was not fifteen paces in length, and where, he said, they must fire at its verge. Case and Bland then took their ground. The dropping of a handkerchief was to be the signal, but as neither Fulton nor Buchanan would perform that duty, Randall asked for the handkerchief, and did it. The parties fired at the same time. Mr. Case fell; a ball had entered the navel; he exclaimed, "I am a dead man!" He was carried on board, but expired the next day.

The evidence for the prosecution having been gone through, the Recorder (Sir J. Anstruther) said, he did not think Mr. Fulton, the second of the deceased, was liable to an indictment for murder, and re-

ferred to the authority of Lord Hale (1 H. 443), which was also quoted by Hawkins, without comment or question.—The distinction being assented to, the Jury were directed to acquit Mr. Fulton. The other prisoners, Bland and Randall, delivered in the following written paper:—

#### WILLIAM BLAND'S DEFENCE.

"Gentlemen of the Jury—I have but few words to address to you; your own feelings and your own knowledge of the world will suggest to you all that it would be proper in me to use in my defence. I was invited by the deceased to the field. Could I refuse to accompany him? Would not my refusal have exposed me to the forfeiture of that, without which life itself possesses neither charm nor value? Would not the imperious law of the world's opinion have doomed me to a punishment worse than death itself, if I had disobeyed the call? Do I urge the mandates of this imperious law as an excuse peculiar to myself? As a mere individual privilege? who is there that does not feel its efficacy? Who is there that possesses fortitude enough to resist its operation? Lay your hands on your hearts, Gentlemen, and say, whether, under the irresistible influence of this rigid law, my case might not have been your own. You will remember, Gentlemen, that it was not myself, but my unfortunate antagonist, who sought for satisfaction. You will find, also, that, after the occurrence of those circumstances, which, in his opinion, authorised him to seek that satisfaction, a considerable time was suffered to elapse before it was demanded.—During that time, I know not how, but certainly not from me, rumours had

gone abroad, that the deceased and myself were to fight; so that on the very day when the first meeting was appointed, I was informed that police peons were on the lookout to prevent our meeting. I need not, Gentlemen, point out to you that such interferences are but too apt to excite suspicions respecting their origin, injurious to the honour of those immediately concerned. Suspicious surmises and contemptuous whispers were already heard in every wardroom and on every quarter-deck; and Scorn began to lift his slow and moving finger. The effect of these circumstances on a person jealous of any imputation on his courage, is obvious. A new motive is added to those already furnished from the code of honour. Accommodation is placed at a greater distance. That satisfaction which might otherwise have been given or accepted, while the sword was yet in the scabbard, must now be obtained at the sword's point. To remove effectually those imputations of cowardice which the supposed attempt to prevent the danger of a meeting have given birth to, it is necessary that the danger should be actually encountered. Under such circumstances, Gentlemen, I found myself compelled to meet my antagonist. I entered the field with no malice towards him. God knows, his life was not my object: and I do, with all truth and sincerity, declare, that had it been my good fortune to have fired the first shot without effect, I would gladly have listened to any proposal of accommodation. Gentlemen, my fate is in your hands. To the good sense and sympathy, and justice of an English Jury, I willingly leave it.

"W. BLAND."

#### LIEUT. W. RANDALL'S DEFENCE.

"I have also to alledge in my defence, the same resistless law of opinion, as influenced my friend Mr. Bland. But I beg you to observe, Gentlemen, that I did not yield to its force, till I found myself placed in circumstances that presented no other alternative than that of yielding to it, or forfeiting every thing dear to a man and an officer. I had done all in my power to prevent a meeting, by laying on Mr. Fulton a prohibition of leaving the ship.—I had persevered in this line of conduct till I found that my motives had been misconstrued and misrepresented; till my own character, and that of the officers in general of the ship to which I belonged, became exposed to imputations—imputations which it is not safe for one of my profession to lie under, even for the shortest space of time; imputations which must be promptly wiped away, or otherwise fix themselves indelibly and for ever on the character: imputations which, if suffered to remain, would have for ever disqualified me for filling the honourable post of leading into action a crew of British seamen. Gentlemen, it was feelings like these and no other, that drove me into the conduct which has led to such fatal consequences. I solemnly protest to you, I was urged by no malice towards the unfortunate man who has fallen. Look, Gentlemen, at the immense sacrifices I make, and then say, whether it is probable that any such unworthy motives can be considered as likely to influence the conduct of a man, unless he is absolutely insane. Independently of the immediate danger I exposed myself to from this meeting, and  
its



its legal consequences, I incurred the inevitable penalty of the loss of my commission.

"W. RANDALL."

The Jury, after retiring twenty minutes, brought in a verdict of Guilty; but recommended the prisoners to mercy.

The Recorder, in passing sentence upon the prisoner, Bland, said, that he had been convicted of wilful murder; that he had attempted a vindication, from what he called the laws of honour; that he must be aware that it could never be received as a justification of the act which he had been convicted of; but as the Legislature had entrusted the Courts in India with the peculiar power of mitigating the rigour of the law in capital cases, and of substituting transportation, the Court would not shut its eyes to the unfortunate usages of the world, in what were called the laws of honour; that, although these could never justify a violation of the laws of God and man, in the shedding of the blood of a fellow creature, yet the dread of the opinion of the world in errors established by long usage, must be felt by all to afford in many cases a mitigation of the dreadful crime; that there is also a foundation for the assertion, that these rules of the world operate with peculiar force upon the feelings and on the opinions of the officers of the army and navy, but that in admitting these usages of the world to be capable of affording any extenuation of the offence, the Court would see and require that the party protecting himself under them, really was compelled by the imaginary force of those usages to the dreadful act which he defended under them. The dispute arose from observations made

by the prisoner to a third person, and by which the deceased felt himself to be affected. The precise words used by him had not been stated by any of the witnesses. One of them, indeed, had said, when questioned on behalf of the prisoner, that they might be rather insulting, but the Court had no doubt that the prisoner was the aggressor in the dispute. Such was the shadow of provocation, so far as the Court could judge, which led the prisoner to the gross outrage of throwing a tumbler at the deceased. That if the pretended laws of honour could be pleaded by either party, it would be by him who had received this gross and unprovoked insult (as the Court must judge it), and whom it appears his brother officers did expect to demand an atonement for it from the prisoner; that the delay of the deceased to do so, for nearly ten days, gave the prisoner ample time to cool and to reflect on the injury he had committed, if the act itself had originated in any sudden warmth; and that there could be no pretence for any possible obstacle, in what are termed the laws of honour, having stood in the way, during all that time to prevent his attempting at least, an adequate atonement for the outrage which he had committed; that by omitting to do so he had, so far as the laws of honour, to which he appealed, could operate, forced the deceased to take the step which led to his death, and had unnecessarily drawn upon himself the consequences which he was now to feel. That after he had been at length challenged, perhaps by those usages of the world under which he defended himself, the responsibility for his conduct was

not exclusively his own; and, particularly, the harsh rejection of the humane attempt at conciliation, immediately before the fatal event, was, in some degree, removed from him to form a heavier load of responsibility and guilt against the person who ought to have acted more as his friend. That even at the moment of their firing, no part of even the pretended laws of honour to which he appealed, could require him to aim at the life of his antagonist; but, if any such law operated upon his adversary to require, or upon him to give, atonement for so gross an outrage, by endangering his own life, no such rule could be pretended to force him to attempt to destroy the life of the man whom he had injured, and whom his insult, had, upon his own principles, driven to that melancholy necessity. That he must therefore deceive himself or others, by imputing to any necessary call of honour the event which had followed; that if he had avoided in that moment to aim at the life of his adversary, every punctilio of honour would have been saved from his sad fate, and the prisoner from the ruin which hung over him. That the Court trusted he would on reflection see, with remorse, that the death of his brother officer and the dreadful consequences to himself, were unnecessarily incurred, even upon the principles by which he justified them.—He was sentenced to be transported to New South Wales for seven years.

In passing sentence on Lieutenant Randall, the Hon. the Recorder observed, that the tenor of the challenge which had been given to him, after he had left the *Hesper*, and was going as second to Mr. Bland, clearly pointed out

the habitual hostility which he had shewn against Case. Himself and the prisoner Bland being both principals, and mutually seconds to each other, had the effect of almost shutting out all hope of amicable arrangement, by having no dispassionate friend to judge for them, and to interfere for the purpose of reconciliation. That the prisoners, as the persons who had been challenged for insults offered by them to the deceased, could not be entitled to object to the mildest course by which the person injured, and his friend, might have been contented to settle the matter; and that the harsh and violent rejection of all conciliation by the prisoner, and the language he had used, was a great aggravation of his misconduct.—He was then sentenced to be transported to New South Wales for eight years.

---

#### WINCHESTER ASSIZES, JULY 23.

W. H. Souper, an officer in the army, was arraigned at the late Winchester Assizes, for the wilful murder of John Duterich, in a duel.

John Parrish deposed that he is a post-boy, living with Mr. Judd, who keeps an inn at Lymington; on the 13th April he took up two gentlemen in a chaise, but he did not know them; they ordered him to drive to the back of the bathing houses; when he came there, he saw another gentleman on the bank. He put these two gentlemen down—it was near Lynnington; they were gone about half an hour, when they returned with two others: three of them got into the chaise, and one rode on the dicky: they ordered him to drive to Woodside, which he did; they then ordered him to turn round and drive to Pennington Com-



Common, and there he put them down, and was ordered to turn the chaise round and wait. He did so: whilst driving backward and forward on the Heath he heard the report of two pistols, and, on looking round, he saw the Adjutant drop, and the two first gentlemen he had taken up, came across the field over the hedge to him, and got into the chaise, ordering him to drive to Lymington; before he reached the town, they ordered him to stop, got out, and sent him back for the Adjutant.—He went back, and found him sitting in a chair, supported by two men; he took him into the chaise, and carried him to Lymington.

— Ashley, a constable, went to the bathing houses; saw what was described by the post-boy, as to the manner in which the gentlemen proceeded to Pennington Common; he followed them to the Common, and saw them, after they left the chaise, in a field at a short distance; as he advanced towards them he saw the Adjutant fire, immediately after which the prisoner also fired, and the Adjutant fell; when he went towards them, they went away, over the hedge towards the chaise, and drove off; he followed them to Lymington, where he lost them; one of the gentlemen told him to keep off, or he would shoot him; the Adjutant when at the baths, appeared angry, more so than the others.

Mr. Knight, a surgeon at Lymington, described the wound the deceased had received: The ball had passed from the upper part of the hip into the spine of the back, from whence it was extracted by him. He said, he supposed the ball occasioned the death of the deceased, but it was not impossible

for a man to live after receiving such a wound, as no artery, intestine, or vital part were touched, though he had but little doubt that the wound was the cause of death. There appeared to be a gangrene in the stomach, which would, or might, occasion death; but as the body had been buried, and taken up again, and was in a state of putrefaction, he could not say whether such gangrene proceeded from the common effects of such putridity, or from any previous disease.

Mr. Cook, a physician, at Lymington, stated, that he was present when the body of the deceased was opened, and corroborated all that the last witness had said.

Several gentlemen, of great respectability, gave the prisoner an excellent character for mildness of temper and peaceable disposition.

The Jury found him Guilty, and when the Judge began pronouncing the awful sentence of the law, he fell, overpowered, and some time elapsed before he could be recovered. On his recovery he addressed the Judge in the most pathetic manner, stating, it was not from the fear of death that he was overcome; but at the reflection of his being stigmatised as a felon and a murderer, and that his family of six children could now only behold him with abhorrence—that he had spent a long life in the service of his country, he hoped with honour and credit, and that he had intended his sons for the same profession—but now his hopes were blasted—life rendered insupportable, and his future destiny indifferent.—This address of the prisoner's had a great effect on the whole Court, and the Learned Judge seemed strongly impressed with favourable sentiments towards

wards him, and caused it to be intimated to him, that he should represent them to his Royal Highness the Prince Regent. At the same time his Lordship, in his charge to the Jury, expressed, in very strong terms, the determination of the Executive Government to put a stop to the fatal, and too prevalent practice of duelling, as well in the army as amongst other descriptions of persons, forced into such measures by a false sense of honour, and stated the law to be, that all persons present at, and partaking of, or aiding and abetting in the duel, were, in the eye of the law, principals, and subjected to capital punishment.

The unfortunate prisoner has received a respite till the 27th of August.

---

### OUTLYING DEER.

*An Etching.*

**T**HIS plate is descriptive of an outlying deer going through a swing pale in a park fence; and is the production of Mr. Howitt, whose labours on the present occasion will, we trust, be as favourably appreciated as the numerous other subjects of his, which have at various times embellished our Magazine.

---

### BREACH OF THE GAME LAWS.

*An Action tried in the Court of King's Bench, Guildhall, July 12.*

*Clarke v. Minter.*

**T**HIS was a *qui tam* action, brought to recover penalties from the defendant, who is a butcher, for selling game. The statute enacts, that persons guilty of this offence, shall be liable to pay a penalty of five pounds for

each head of game which they shall sell. In the present instance, it was alledged on the record, that the defendant had sold six head of game—namely, four partridges, one pheasant, and one hare, on the 29th of January, and the 7th and 13th of February last.

To prove these facts, a man named Hewlings was called, who deposed, that on the days in question he had purchased of the defendant the game specified in the record. This witness, in the course of his cross-examination, said he was not aware, at the time he purchased the game, that an information was intended to be lodged against the defendant. He had often purchased game, and sold it again at a profit; knew the particular dates at which he had purchased the game in question, because he had kept an account in a book; did not know Bob Roberts, (a man who, it may be recollected, some time back escaped from the Cold-bath-fields prison); might have seen him; would probably know him if he saw him again; might have seen him that day; might have conversed with him in Guildhall—did converse with him; believed that was him—(Roberts having been pointed out to him.)

The Attorney-General then addressed the Jury, and left it for them to say, whether they could give credit to a witness who had prevaricated in the manner which was observable in the testimony given by the man who had just quitted the box. He did not conceive it necessary to call any one to contradict him, considering that his own conduct was the best proof of the inadmissibility of his evidence.—The Jury, after a short consideration, found a verdict for the defendant.

FEAST





Howe

OUTLINE

## FEAST OF WIT.

**IRISH EVIDENCE.**—At the Dublin Quarter Sessions the following trial occurred:—James Reilly, indicted for assaulting Peter Byrne. —*Peter Byrne examined.*—Was assaulted by the prisoner's voice on the floor. He wanted me to fight, and, if I did not get up and fight, he would kick my guts out. After he got up, he gave me a violent blow, and stuck very hard to me; but being killed by the blow, I cried out, "Michael Byrne, will you see me killed?"—and he got up in his skin, and he looked very comical. And I saw him on Monday, and I humbled; and he said there was no person present but us both—and I want no revenge; and if it was pleasing to your Lordship to bind him, to save me, and he will behave himself well.—The traverser was found guilty, and ordered to give security for his good behaviour to the prosecutor.

THE following *ingenuous* specimen of poetry was exhibited on the shop of a country tailor, in a western town, lately illuminated in honour of the peace:—

"When Britons fought, and Frenchmen fell,  
Tailors got rich, and slops did sell;  
But now, alas! the War's no more,  
Poor George must cabbage as before."

AN old lady, on reading in a Newspaper that the Duke of Wellington habituates himself to *strong exercises*, exclaimed, "And so do I—I take a glass of *strong liquors* every morning I rise."

## ON THE REPORT OF A GUN DISCHARGED AT A TOM CAT.

Here lies whom neither hearse nor plume adorn'd,  
Nor train of weeping friends and kindred mourn'd;  
For him no hand uprear'd the pompous bust,  
No urn contains his lifeless sleeping dust;  
None sing his courage 'mongst his brother cats,  
Or tell of terror to his foes, the rats:—  
Yet 'Tom had worth; but had he kept at home,  
For sadly was he giv'n to rake and roam,  
Or had he fled the house-top's fatal brawls,  
The cat-like courtship, and the female squalls,  
Long might he liv'd at ease, nor risk had run,  
And shunn'd, at last, the life-destroying gun.

**IRISH BON MOT.**—A brother M. P. remarked the other day to Sir F——k F——d, that the science of *optics* was now brought to the highest perfection, for that by the aid of a telescope which he had just purchased, he could discern objects at an incredible distance.—  
"By J—s, my dear fellow," replied the good-humoured Baronet, "and I have one at my lodge in the county of Wexford, that will be a match for it, for the last time that I took a bird's eye peep through it, it brought the Church of Enniscorthy so near to my view, that I could hear the whole congregation singing the psalms."

**NEW CHARACTER.**—A footman who wished to recommend himself to a good place, stated, "he was six feet high, and Member of a Bible Society."



VERSES TO THE FAIREST OF THE FAIR.

You stole the nankeen's yellow dye,  
Its colour on your neck to place;  
You stole a gimblet for an eye,  
And a brase saucepan for your face.

For nose, Virginia's plant you stole,  
Black lead for eyebrows, Ma'am you've  
got on;  
And for your bosom, on my soul,  
You must have stol'n two bales of cot-  
ton!

You stole a water mill for tongue;  
For teeth, black diamonds, lovely gazer!  
Two chalk-stones you for lips have on,  
And for your chin you stole a razor.

Then, as an emblem of your mind within,  
Fairest of fair! you stole Grimaldi's grin.

A FEMALE child was extracted from the abdomen of a young man, who died lately at Sherborne, Dorset; this *lusus naturæ* has naturally excited the curiosity and astonishment of the medical world, notwithstanding the pleasantry attributed to a witty Ex-Chancellor (Erskine) who is said to have observed that *an inside passenger in the mail* was no prodigy.—On this subject unlearned people are amusing themselves with the following query:—Was the man to be considered as the father, the mother, or the brother of his child? Either of these—all of them—or neither!

IMPORTANT QUESTION ANSWERED.—*To the Editor.*—"Sir—Will some of your valuable Correspondents have the goodness to state, through the medium of your excellent Paper, the most approved method of destroying *flies* in shops? for instance, a confectioner is particularly annoyed by them, and yet fearful of using drugs, in case of accident.—By inserting the above, you will much oblige  
A CONSTANT READER."

July 19.

ANSWER.

"*To the Editor.*—Sir—I beg leave to state, in answer to your Correspondent, "A CONSTANT READER," that the most effectual mode of destroying *flies* in shops, or elsewhere, is to catch them, and hang them up by the heels, by which means the blood flowing upon the brain with too great an impetus, produces a stupefaction, which commonly ends in death.  
Your's, &c.  
A SPIDER."

July 20.

CLASSICAL BULLS. (*Communicated by a Correspondent.*)

*Spenser.*

The woods were heard to wail full many  
*a sigh,*  
And all the birds with *silence* to complain.

*Another. Dr. Donne.*

Here lies a *she sun*, and a *he moon* here,  
She gives the best light to his sphere.

*Another. Cowley.*

*Silence* and horror fill the place around,  
Echo itself dares scarce repeat the sound.

*Another. Ibid.*

Then down I laid my head,  
Down on cold earth; and for a while  
*was dead.*

Ah! sottish fool, *said I.*

*Another. Milton.*

But now *lead on*,  
In me is no delay; with thee to go  
*Is to stay here.*

BACKGAMMON.—Two scholars of Brazen Nose College, Oxford, playing at Backgammon, a third came in to *size*, that is, to obtrude for a dinner. The owner of the room throwing the dice, and addressing himself alternately to his visitors, said

"If I bate you an *ace*,  
*Deuce* take me;  
for it would be-*tray* a weakness  
in a man who could not cater  
for himself.  
Therefore *sink* me  
if you do *size*."

SPORT.

## SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

**M**R. Lucas's chesnut horse Bodkin (brother to Dimity, by Trumpator), engaged in the Bath Gold Cup, started in apparent perfect health and quite sound, with high odds in his favour, when, after he had run two miles, having one mile home, he broke down, while beating all his opponents easily. He won last year 50l. at Exeter, 50l. at Bodmin, and 80l. at Guildford, and is expected to become a valuable stallion.

At Lancaster Meeting, Lord Derby sold *Viceroy*, by Sancho, to Mr. J. Fletcher; and at Preston Meeting, Mr. Acred sold *Agapanthus*, by Hyacinthus, dam by Sereveton, out of Poll Thompson's dam, to the Duke of Hamilton.

His Grace the Duke of Hamilton has purchased of Mr. Samuel Powell, of West-Layton, near Richmond, a remarkably promising yearling colt, by Camillus (or Governor), out of Bay Javelin, the dam of Lady Jane, &c.

Mr. Watt has sold *Petuarina*, by Orville, to Mr. Noke, of York, who purchased her for Lord Cremorne for 3000gs.; and she is gone to Hambleton to be trained with Paddy Bull and Washington.

Mr. Dimsdale has sold *Lactator*, by Beningbrough, out of Lady Crutches, to Mr. Smith, who has sent him to Russia.—Mr. Riddell's b. f. by Brainworm, dam by Star; and Mr. W. Wilson's b. f. by Timothy, out of Cantata, are both likewise sold for Russia.

Mr. Philip Raine, of Gainford,  
VOL. XLIV.—No. 262.

near Darlington, has given Sir John Shelly 600gs. for the stallion *Walton*.

THE Jockey Club have resolved, that in future when Easter falls in March, the Craven Meeting is to commence the second Monday in April, and when in April on Easter Monday, as heretofore.

ONE hundred horses of the greatest beauty, coming from England, and destined for the Emperor of Austria, passed through Basle on the 27th of June. It is not certainly known whether they were purchased by that Monarch; but some people say they are a present sent to him by the Prince Regent of England, and the Emperor of Russia.—(*French Papers*.)

HUNTING IN FRANCE.—“The Duke de Berri hunted a deer on Tuesday, the 12th instant, in the Bois de Boulogne. The rendezvous was at the Pavilion of Bagatelle. A great number of ladies on horseback, or open carriages, attended the chase, of whom those who were in at the death were invited to enter the Pavilion, and partake of some refreshments.”—(*French Journals*.)

At the ordinary in Berwick, on Monday, the 11th instant, an elegant gold cup was presented to Colonel Renton, of Mordington, by Mr. Hay, of Dunse Castle, in the name of the gentlemen who frequent the turf at Lamberton, as a



mark of their respect for his kindness in accommodating them with the use of the Lamberton course, for which distinguished compliment the Colonel returned thanks.

At a peace festival, held at Shel-fanger, in Norfolk, this month, the thing which most attracted notice was a procession formed of twenty-one pie-bald horses (the property of Mr. Dodd and Mr. Ellis), a breed for which that parish is particularly distinguished.

Goodwood Races were never known to afford so much sport as on Wednesday and Thursday, the 20th and 21st instant; the weather was remarkably favourable, the company unusually numerous and fashionable, and the interest greatly augmented by the attendance, on the first day, of the Duke of Wellington. His Grace, accompanied by the Duke of Richmond and other Nobles, appeared on the course about one o'clock, and was loudly greeted by the company. The race ball and supper, at Chichester, was extremely well attended, every family of respectability in the neighbourhood being present. The whole of the heats were well contested.—On the first day, a gold cup, value 100gs. was won by Mr. Blake's Banquo, beating the Duke of St. Alban's Knave of Diamonds, Lord Egremont's brother to Mouse, and the Duke of Richmond's Antelope.—A Maiden Stakes of 10gs. each, was won by Mr. Mitford's g. by Sir Solomon, beating the Duke of Richmond's Brabazon, Mr. Crosse's Corsair, Sir J. Cope's Albany, and Mr. Rush's Wrestless.—Goodwood Club Stake of 10gs. with 25gs. added from the Club, won by Mr. Newnham's Cambrian,

beating Mr. Mitford's Pan, and Mr. Crosse's Ving'tun. Ladies' Plate of 50l. won by Mr. Cope's Albany, in two excellent heats, against Mr. Mitford's Pan.

On the second day, a subscription of 10gs. each, won by Lord Egremont's brother to Mouse, beating Mr. Crosse's Marksman, and Sir J. Cope's Shoestrings.—A match for 50gs. one mile, Mr. Scott's Sweet Willy-O beat Mr. Kingston's Woodlark.—Hunter's Plate, by subscription of 10gs. each, Mr. Newnham's Cambrian beat Mr. Mitford's b.g. by Sir Solomon.—A match for 50gs. one mile, Mr. Kingston's Leipzic beat Mr. Fitzgerald's Highlander.—Club Plate of 50l. won, in three heats, by Mr. Purling's Pembroke, beating Mr. Crosse's Ving'tun, and Sir J. Cope's Albany.

THE sport at Stamford races on Tuesday the 28th ult. was extremely good, but not afterwards. The company was not so considerable as has been known in former years.—An accident happened near the course on Wednesday: Mr. Leak, of Kirton, and his servant, were overturned in a gig, by which the servant had one of his legs broken. On Thursday another gig was overturned, and dashed to pieces on the course. Several persons were severely hurt by it.—Two pickpockets were detected on Tuesday, and most severely and properly handled. Many gaming tables were broken to pieces.

AMONG the visitors at the late Ipswich Races, were, that truly respectable veteran of the turf, Sir C. Bunbury, Bart. also the Members for the Borough, the High Sheriff, John Vernon, Esq. C. S. Collinson, Esq. Col. Edgar, &c. &c. There

There were plenty of horses for each day's race, and for his Majesty's Purse the heats were most strongly contested, and afforded much amusement to the lovers of the turf. The company was thin. About two hundred Ladies and Gentlemen were present at the Assembly.—On the last day there were three bye-matches, for fifty guineas each, by horses belonging to Officers of the Queen's Bays. The stewards for next year are Sir Thomas Gage, Bart. and George Thomas, Esq. On the second day, two gentlemen, one a naval officer, the other, named Prendergast, belonging to the German Legion, came violently in contact with each other, on the course. By the shock, Mr. Prendergast was thrown from his horse, which rolled over him, and bruised him dreadfully. He received several contusions on his head, neck, and back, and was taken up in a state of insensibility. Mrs. Cobbold, who was present, with a party of ladies, most kindly and humanely gave up her carriage, in which Mr. Prendergast was carefully conveyed to the Barracks, where he received every attention which the nature of his case required, and is not likely to experience any permanent inconvenience from the accident.

As Mr. R. Spencer, surgeon, of Newcastle, (son of the late Robert Spencer, Esq. of Durham), was returning home from the races, his horse unfortunately fell, when Mr. Spencer was precipitated over the animal's head, and after lingering a short time, expired.

One of the gentlemen who rode for the Macaroni Stakes at the late Newcastle races, on weighing before starting, found to his surprise

that he was 7lbs. short of the prescribed weight. "That is remarkable," said he, "for it is only half an hour since I was weighed, and I was then correct."—"Where were you weighed?" said a steward.—"At a *Baker's*, in Newcastle," was the answer. A general laugh succeeded.

COLONEL Thornton is said to have purchased an estate in France, and to be about taking up his residence in that country.

WHEN the gallant veteran Blucher visited Newmarket, he expressed a desire to witness the horse named after him, and which won the Oaks, in the manner in which he run. Arnold, the jockey who rode the horse for the Derby, mounted him in his colours, and gave him a gallop. The gallant veteran rode him next, and after alighting, saluted him, and expressed himself highly gratified.

Among the various anecdotes related of this illustrious commander, connected with his reputation for love of play, the following is stated to be authentic:—Young Blucher, inheriting the spirit of his father, was often rebuked by him for his visits to the gaming-table, with wholesome lectures upon his youth and inexperience, and the consequent certainty of loss by coming in contact with older and more able gamblers. One morning the youth presented himself before his father, and exclaimed with an air of joy, "Sir, you said I could not play, but here is proof that you have undervalued my talents," pulling out at the same time a bag of roubles which he had won the preceding night. "And I said the truth," answered the father; "sit down there, and I'll convince you."



The dice were called for, and in one minute the father won all the son's money; on which, after pocketing the cash, he arose from the table, observing, "See there, did I not tell you you could not play?"

**DUELLING** among the military has been repressed in America by a very severe regulation. It has been notified from the War-office at Washington, in General Orders, "That any commissioned officer of the army of the United States who shall send or accept any challenge to fight a duel, or who, knowing that any other officer has sent or accepted, or is about to send or accept a challenge to fight a duel, and who does not immediately arrest and bring to trial the offenders, shall be dismissed the service of the United States."

THE following is a clause in the Windsor Forest Inclosure Act, lately passed the Legislature:—Section 64. "From and after the first day of July, 1814, all and singular the lands, tenements, and hereditaments, within the said respective parishes and liberties, (save and except such parts thereof respectively, as are now, or shall, or may become vested in his Majesty, or any person or persons in trust for him, by virtue hereof,) shall be, and the same is, and are hereby disafforested to all intents and purposes whatsoever; and that from thenceforth no person or persons shall be questioned or liable to any pain, penalty, or punishment, for hunting, coursing, killing, destroying, or taking any Deer, whatsoever, within the same, save and except within such parts thereof (if any) as shall be inclosed with

pales and kept for a park by the owners, lessees, or tenants thereof."

### COCKING.

**NEWCASTLE.**—During the races, a long main of cocks was fought between the gentlemen of Northumberland, (Sunley, feeder) and the gentlemen of Durham, (Thompson, feeder) for 10gs. a battle; and 500gs. the main, which was won by the latter—five a-head.—No byes.

**NANTWICH.**—During the races, a main of cocks was fought between the gentlemen of Cheshire, (Stringer, feeder) and the gentlemen of Denbighshire, (Lovatt, feeder) for 5gs. a battle, and 100gs. the main:—Statement:

	Stringer.	M. B.	Lovatt.	M. B.
Tuesday	5	1	5	1
Wednesday	7	1	3	1
Thursday	4	4	3	1
	16 6		11 3	

**LANCASTER.**—In the race-week, a main of cocks was fought between W. F. Brockholes, Esq. (Bell, feeder) and Rawlins Satterthwaite, Esq. (Heap, feeder) for 10gs. a battle, and 200gs. the main.—Statement:

	Bell.	M. B.	Heap.	M. B.
Monday	9	2	4	1
Tuesday	2	1	5	0
Wednesday	5	0	2	1
Thursday	1	0	5	2
	17 3		16 4	

**STAMFORD.**—During the races, a main of cocks was fought between the gentlemen of Bedfordshire, (Flemming, feeder) and the gentlemen of Warwickshire, (Bindley,

ley, feeder), for 10gs. a battle, and 200gs. the main.—Statement:

	Flemming. M. B.	Bindley. M. B.
Tuesday ..	3 3	..... 3 0
Wednesday	4 3	..... 4 2
Thursday ..	4 2	..... 5 1
	11 8	12 3

PRESTON.—In the race-week, a long main of cocks was fought between the Earl of Derby, (Potter, feeder) and R. Legh, Esq. (Gilliver, feeder) for 10gs. a battle, and 200gs. the main, consisting of thirty-eight.

	Potter. M. B.	Gilliver. M. B.
Monday ..	6 1	..... 1 1
Tuesday ..	1 1	..... 6 1
Wednesday	5 0	..... 3 1
Thursday.—	No fighting.	
Friday ....	4 1	..... 4 0
Saturday ..	3 1	..... 5 1
	19 4	19 4

A GRAND main of cocks was fought at Byfield, Bucks, on Monday, the 18th inst. between Herts and Bedfordshire, for 50gs. a battle, and 200gs. the main of nine, which was in favour of Bedford, by winning five battles.—Six bye battles were fought 50gs. a battle, five of which were won by Herts, after losing the grand main.

A PONEY race of nine miles took place on Friday, the 15th instant, on Epping Forest, between a celebrated roan under fourteen hands, the property of Captain Mitchell, and a black poney, noted for his speed, known by the name of Young Ajax, the property of Mr. Meadow. The match was for one hundred guineas, and the black poney was the favourite by 5 to 4. They ran the first mile together in two minutes five seconds; and half

the distance was performed in thirteen minutes. The black poney had all along made play, and the roan took the lead the last four miles and half. Here the race became very interesting, and the struggle was great; but the black poney recovered half a length in the last quarter of a mile, and won the race.

Two English pugilists are now in the French capital, teaching the art of sparring to the Parisians. The following is the description given of them in the French papers:—"Two English boxers have already given several representations in the Rue Neuve-des-Petits-Champs. Persons of the most delicate sensibility may be present, for these boxers do not strike so hard as to do each other any injury. In England, after every battle, one or two of the assailants must be declared *hors de combat*, and when they are obliged to carry him off the field, in a wheel-barrow or on a shutter, the pleasure is complete. At Paris we are not so greedy—we content ourselves with a few blows, and the demonstration of them is enough."

PEDESTRIANISM.—A gentleman, of the name of Swan, undertook on Monday, the 4th instant, for a wager of two hundred guineas, to go on foot sixty miles in ten hours. He started at Bayswater before day-break, and did eight miles in the first hour, seven and a half in the second, and seven in the third, having stopped five minutes only. He performed half the distance in four hours and a half, and on his return he regulated himself at between five and six miles an hour, and won tolerably easy, having five minutes to spare.

On



On Monday, the 18th instant, for a wager, Mr. Christopher Abbot, of Doncaster, butcher, ran two hundred and twenty yards eight times over, forwards and backwards (being the distance of one mile) without turning himself, which he performed eighteen seconds under eight minutes.

Robert Ellerby, the celebrated Yorkshire runner, has matched himself to run at the York August Meeting, 1814, one hundred miles in eighteen hours.—Betting is 20 to 1 on time.

On Thursday, the 21st instant, Wm. Le Mayne, a weaver, in Church-street, Bethnal-green, undertook, for a wager of 5*l.* to go on foot from Shoreditch Church to Theobalds, Herts, and back again, in two hours and three quarters, the distance being twenty-four miles. He started at six o'clock, stopped to bait at Tottenham a few minutes, and reached Theobalds at fourteen after seven; when, after refreshing about ten minutes, he started on his return, stopped a short time at Edmonton, and arrived at the starting post about thirty-nine minutes past eight o'clock, completing the task six minutes within the time.

On Wednesday, the 29th ult. for a wager of 5*l.* — Caseby, a journeyman hatter, in the neighbourhood of Bermondsey-street, undertook to go on foot from the Stones-end, in the Borough, to Kingston, in Surrey, and back again, (twenty-three miles) in two hours and forty minutes. He started at six o'clock, at the rate of eight miles an hour, stopped to refresh at Wandsworth a few minutes, then mending his pace considerably, reached Kingston at fifteen minutes past seven. He remained there ten minutes, and then

started on his return; but his shoes bursting on the road, impeded his speed. At Putney he got a fresh pair, pursued his journey at a great rate, and arrived two minutes within the given time.

A young gentleman of Reigate, undertook this month, to go on foot from Reigate to Crowden and back, a distance of twenty-two miles, in three hours and a quarter. He performed the task in three hours and two minutes, with great ease, having thirteen minutes to spare.

---

**CRICKET.**—A match of cricket took place this month in the Earl of Winchelsea's cricket ground at Burley on the Hill, between the Cottesmore and Oakham Clubs, eleven on each side, in consequence of a challenge sent by the former. —State of the game:—Cottesmore notches of both innings, 47; Oakham ditto of one innings, 86.—The Oakham, therefore, were victors by one innings and 39 notches over.—The Cottesmore gentlemen, confident of winning, had provided blue ribbons to celebrate their anticipated victory. The Earl of Winchelsea, besides the use of his ground, kindly granted his mar-quees also, in which a cold collation was provided from the George Inn at Oakham. The cricket party and a great number of friends assembled at the George in the evening, and spent some hours in a most friendly and convivial way; the pleasure of the meeting being heightened by the attendance of the officers of the Rutland militia with their excellent band.

A Cricket match took place on Wednesday the 20th instant, in Lord's Ground, Mary-le-bone, between the Gentlemen of the University of Cambridge and the St. John's

John's Wood Club, in favour of Cambridge:—St. John's Wood: 1st innings, 122; 2d innings, 109.—231.—Cambridge: 1st inns. 242.—Cambridge beat by 11 runs, in one innings. Bets even at starting; at the end of the first innings of St. John's Wood, 5 to 4 in favour of St. John's Wood.

A single-wicket cricket match was played Thursday July 6, in Lord's Ground, between four Gentlemen of the Mary-le-bone Club against four players of Hampshire, which was decided in favour of the Mary-le-bone Club, by 26 runs in one innings.

A grand cricket match for 500gs. was played in Goodwood Park, the latter end of this month, at which the Duke of Richmond and many other distinguished persons were present.—The match was under the direction of Lord Beaucherk, and between Chichester and the neighbourhood, against Brighton and neighbourhood.—The following is the state of the game at the close: Chichester, 1st innings, 66; 2d ditto, 92; total 158.—Brighton, 1st innings, 91; 2d ditto 53; total 144.—Chichester won by 14 runs.—Bets at starting 5 to 4 in favour of Brighton.

A cricket match extraordinary was decided this month, at Barnsley, Yorkshire, betwixt Mr. Parkin and Mr. Richardson, both of that place. The bet was, that Mr. R. could not bowl Mr. P. out in an hour. This match, after some of the best playing on both sides that perhaps was ever witnessed, terminated in favour of Mr. R. but so well was it contested, that only one minute of the time remained when the ball struck the wicket.

DURING the fair at Fareham, Hants, on Thursday the 30th ult.

there was a grand match at Single-stick, which afforded much gratification to the admirers of that sport. The first prize, of 30gs. was won and shared by Wall and Higgs, two Somersetshire men, after breaking several Hampshire men's heads, there being no West-Country players to oppose them. The second prize, of 10gs. was awarded to Wall, jun. of Somersetshire, who succeeded in breaking the heads of Flower and Watts, of Wiltshire. The contest for the third prize, a gold-laced hat and five pounds, was entirely amongst the Hampshire men, for which there was a great deal of play, and many heads were broken. Lofton, of Fareham, and Greenstock, gained two heads each; but in playing out the ties Lofton was successful. A match was also played between Ledicot, of Purbrook, and Barnes, of Ouslebury, which was won by the former. Much science was displayed by the Wiltshire and Somersetshire men for the second prize. The Wiltshire men did not arrive until the ties were playing for the first prize. The whole was conducted with the utmost regularity by Mr. W. Hoad, the steward.

Friday the 8th instant a grand match of Single-stick was played on Claverton Down, Bath. A subscription purse of ten guineas, contested for by Flower, of Wiltshire, and John Wall, of Somerset, was won by the latter. A second purse of ten guineas was, after much scientific play, divided by the tiers, Ellis, a Wiltshire, and Leader, a Somerset gamester.

DESTRUCTION OF GAME.—We have frequently heard of great destruction committed amongst the game by weasels and other vermin of



of that description, but the following well-authenticated instance of their depredations far surpasses any idea which could have been formed upon the subject:—About a fortnight ago, a gentleman in the neighbourhood of Felton shot a Stoat (generally mistaken for a weasel, which is only about seven inches long, while the Stoat, according to Bewick, measures ten inches in length) but the animal escaping into a hole in an old stone wall, he was induced to explore the place of its retreat, when the first victims he met with were a couple of well-grown leverets unmutated; a little farther on were two young partridges also untouched, and a pheasant's egg unbroken; beyond these were found the heads of two other leverets, and at the extremity of the hole lay the little marauder himself, dead. We should have thought this extraordinary accumulation of plunder might have been the consequence of a provident disposition in the little animal, but on looking into Bewick, we find a remark which will better account for the circumstance. He says, in speaking of the Weasel, that "it seldom devours any of its prey till it begins to putrify," a remark, which at the same time serves to prove, that, as applied to game, this fierce little depredator (for the Stoat and Weasel hardly differ otherwise than in their size) must have quite a *fashionable taste*. In what manner it had conveyed the pheasant's egg to its haunt without breaking it, we are at some loss to conceive.—*(Newcastle Paper)*.

**SINGULAR FACT.**—A few days ago, at Seathill, in the neighbourhood of Carlisle, a hen, forsaking the humble earth, contrived, by fluttering from one branch to another, to reach the nest of a magpye, which was situated in the branches of a fir-tree, and, after a severe action, having compelled her to yield the prize of victory, she took the nest, which she stately visited. The curiosity of the neighbours being excited, one of them, by means of a long ladder, ascended the spot, and was not a little surprised to find in the nest, a brood of fifteen chickens, that had been hatched by the aspiring bird.

AN instance of the singular habits of the cuckoo was exemplified this month in the shrubbery of Sir Wm. Taunton, near Oxford. A tree-creeper, one of our smallest birds, having built its nest in a lilac tree, and laid five eggs, a cuckoo dropped also its egg into the nest, and left it to the care of the tree-creeper, which hatched the whole number; but no sooner was the young cuckoo brought to life, than it set about the expulsion of all the little tree-creepers from the nest, which its greater size and strength enabled it easily to accomplish, and it is now sole tenant of the mansion, which, not having been built for so bulky an inmate, is completely overhung by its wings. The two old tree-creepers are constantly hovering over the nest, and shew the most anxious solicitude whenever it is approached, for this intruder and destroyer of their real offspring.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE communication "on Glanders," and "CRITO," were received too late for insertion in the present Number.

POETRY.

## P O E T R Y.

## THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

## AUGUST.

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

O'ER fields embrowned, lo! Au-  
gust slowly bends!  
And yellow Plenty, smiling, gilds the  
land;  
The hills re-echo with the reaper's song;  
And Thirst comes throbbing o'er the arid  
plain;  
Stout Labour sinks beneath his ardent  
rage.  
Caloric, o'er the fainting Noon with  
force  
Resistless burns, and to the distant North  
Extends his power. Silence and Languor  
reign.

Now to the pool, or to the shallow  
brook,  
The panting herds retire, beneath the  
shade  
Of quivering verdure, where inert they  
stand;  
Or only lash from off their shining sides  
The flies; while the docked horse, de-  
prived of aid  
That nature lends, unguarded feels the  
sting  
Of madding torment, and with anguish  
foams.  
The dazzling air with hollow murmur-  
ing sounds:  
The many insect tribes their labours ply  
Ceaseless: and myriads still on myriads  
swarm;  
The butterflies expand their painted  
wings,  
Like living flowers, like yellow leaves,  
they seem

VOL. XLIV.—No. 262.

To cheat some glittering tyrant who  
pursues.

Thus partial nature lends a friendly hue,  
And every creature can its foe elude.  
Some grassy tints assume; autumnal  
some,

And by congenial marks escape the  
search.

Safety thus Providence on all bestows.—  
Close in the ferny brake, the hare in form  
Is scarce distinguished by the sharpest  
sight,

And so evades the hunter's search. Some  
birds

Are dressed in plumage, like the bark of  
trees,

Or variegated rock, their wonted haunt;  
Coloured above, like the green wave, the  
tribes

Of fish elude the sight of ravenous birds,  
Till they upturn their nether-silvered  
scales.

Now through the morn, the sluggish  
mists prevail,

Till from their mantle breaks the vigorous  
sun,

And burnishes the lawn. The broad-  
shed beam

Shoots Pestilence adown the sickly air;  
Yet lovely oft, th' Autumnal morn,  
though cool;

The day with pale eye o'er the mountain  
treads,

And calmness glitters o'er the grey-clad  
wave

Of sleepy lakes; or on th' unbroken  
glass

Of Ocean's heaveless plain, diffusive rests.

Now silence reigns. The woods no  
more resound

With varied music. Tuneless all, and  
mute

A a

Are



Are Nature's choristers. Parental care,  
Or love, no more invokes the soul of  
song.

Of all the tribes of Flora now that deck  
The fields, mixed Syngenesia most pre-  
vails.

The thistle in the waste; the scabious  
wild

Amid the floating corn, like idleness  
On humble thrift intrusive. Waked by  
showers

Again fresh vegetation o'er the meads  
Spreads smiling; while in yellow fulness  
joy

The copious lands, and sing to every  
gale.

His nodding wealth the swain compla-  
cent eyes;

And hope expands the bosom of the poor,  
While bounteous Heaven profusely sheds  
around

His common blessings o'er the grateful  
earth.

Clasping each foreign aid that chance  
may lend,

Convolvulus, with snow-white clusters,  
climbs:

The Arum now, with waxen berries,  
shines

'Mid the green-shade, and many a moun-  
tain-ash,

With scarlet weighing down its graceful  
boughs,

Juts o'er the crag, and crests the pendent  
scene.

Though chill the grey morn and in fogs  
enwrapped,

That slumber late upon the verge of  
earth,

Yet with a summer's strength, the gradual  
heat,

Oft cheers the noon, and reigns, till  
ruddy eve,

From steaming vales, in dewy coolness,  
walks.

The mid day never lovelier beams,  
though oft

The nightly exhalations, scarce dispersed,  
O'erload the sparkling grass, and to the  
feet

Of him who treads the meads, annoyance  
give.

But now is Evening's favorite season;  
now

Her more resplendent glories gild the  
skies,

And into richer tints her shades decline.

Close 'mid the corn the partridge covey  
hides

With radiant plumage; and of ills to  
come

Regardless, loves to bask in open light;  
But should the pointer eye the glittering

troop,

Th' instinctive parents, by a thousand  
wiles

Attempt to lead the obtruding foe astray;  
One this way creeping, and the other

that,

At cautious distance, seeming death, they  
teach

Their young the harmless arts of self-  
defence.

Soft verdure now again her lovely robe  
Flings copious o'er the meads; and  
beauteous wakes

A second spring; more lovely, when  
compared

To yellow stubble, or to darker woods.  
How fragrant is the fungi-scented gale,

That sweeps the fallows. What unnum-  
bered tribes

Of humming insects crowd the daisy-  
house!

The cottage windows swarm with buzzing  
life;

Hovering with glossy plumes above the  
wave

That gaily glittering in the sun, diffuse  
A many coloured light, the gaudy bird

Allures the simple tenants of the stream,  
Then darts destructive on his hapless

prey.

Sweet is the hedge with odorous mint,  
or gay

With yellow toad-flax, or with mallow  
blooms;

The cottage garden boasts unusual pride,  
Where hollyhocks, of stately growth, and

rich

In varied colours, tower superb; nor  
fails

The full blown aster, or bright marigold.

The toilsome harvest ended, all the  
fields

With loud rejoicings ring; and joyous eve  
Prepares the festive hour. The table

groans

With sumptuous solids, and with smok-  
ing cheer,

That glad the poor man with unwonted  
feast.

From the deep gloom of thicket shades,  
where long

He lurk'd, the stag now bursts refresh'd,  
and fir'd

With

With annual passion, seeks the flying  
hind;

O'er hill, o'er dale, thro' woodland or fair  
lawn,

Fresh from the covert, where conceal'd  
he shed

His branchy forehead. Now with horns  
renew'd,

And full of vigour, proud he asks the rites  
Of love. The rushing flood, the ample  
sea

In vain restrict his ardent course. No foe  
He dread; but with defiance bold invites  
The dreadful combat with opposing  
herds;

Nor will, save but by single conquest,  
gain

The object of his hot desire. His eyes  
With renovated lustre sparkle fierce;  
Defiance threatens on his branching brow.  
Sated at length, the altered tyrant droops  
Dejected, lone and shrunk he seeks re-  
tir'd

The silent groves, and pictures well the  
fate

Of vigour wasted in debauchery's course:  
But ere that time, if the loud piercing cry  
Of the impatient pack, or hunter's shout,  
His watchful ear assails, sudden he  
starts,

And, like an arrow in his speed, outstrips  
The winds, or swift as unsubstantial  
thought,

Leaves far behind the flying fields, and all  
The fading vast campaign, till cruel  
death

Terrific comes upon the scented gale;  
But who shall dare to paint the many  
woes

Of the poor wanderer, from his woody  
lodge

Expell'd; his still retreat the mountain  
wild,

The fastness of the deep retiring vale,  
Alone disturbed by roaring torrent  
streams;

Who shall attempt the strain, depicted  
strong

By feeling Thomson, or sweet Somer-  
ville,

Instructed well in all the hunter's lore.

E'en now, where Dartmoor's bleak  
forests spread,

Ranges a remnant of the ancient race.  
Tenacious of the waste, and free-born  
life,

They pierce the tangled dell, and slake  
their thirst

With limpid coolness from the mountain  
streams.

At length the ripen'd fields demand  
the aid

Of man. The nodding harvest lowly  
falls

Before the sweep of labour's sinewy arm;  
Like human life, the pregnant season  
feels

The scythe of time. Full oft the reaper  
wipes

His dewy brow, and quaffs the frequent  
draught,

Then lays him sombrous in the noontide  
shade.

Yet adverse storms oft threat the pre-  
cious hours,

While dearth triumphant desolates the  
plains,

And ghastly Famine stalks unseen be-  
hind.

Oppression loads the sultry air. The  
clouds

With threatening mien in slow approach  
advance;

Electric power accumulating swells,  
The pregnant force for equilibrium pants,  
Then lightnings glare; resounding thun-  
der rolls

In doubling echoes o'er the sullen skies:  
In weighty drops descend the torrent  
rains:

Affrighted Labour flies, and in each face  
Sits horror: to the covert close they  
haste,

And try the faithless shelter of the shade.  
Aghast the matron marks her infant race,  
That cowering round her, in their brim-  
ful eyes,

Their sudden fear bespeak, and clinging,  
press

Her garments; while the fondly anxious  
sire

With breathless expectation in each look,  
Eyes the dark storm, and frequent glaring  
flash.

The gardener joyous now beholds ful-  
fill'd

The promise of the year. The mealy  
plum

Hangs purpling, or displays an amber  
hue;

The luscious fig, the tempting pear, the  
vine,

Perchance, that in the noontide eye of  
light

Basks glad in rich festoons. The downy  
peach

Blushing like youthful cheeks; the nec-  
tarine full

Of lavish juice, the richest boon of earth.  
Sweet



Sweet on the gale the fragrant orchard  
flings  
Its spicy breath, while o'er its ruddy  
cheek  
Inviting beauty glows. Warn'd by the  
lapse  
Of the mild waning year, the circling  
Swift  
No longer wheels the upper air; but  
seeks  
A fleeting summer in more equal skies.

Full in each hedge-row bends the hazel  
bough  
With the brown load of nuts, that tempt-  
ing draw  
The venturous truant o'er the dangerous  
stream;  
Or lures him, heedless of to-morrow's  
task,  
To loiter in the tangled copse, till late  
In evening shades the forms of fear  
arise,  
And her just rod stern Discipline waves  
dread;  
He next day indigestive sickness feels,  
And sad repentance fills the torturing  
hour.

### THE HUNTER'S RETURN.

SOFT are the waves of mountain  
streams,

The winds of heaven sigh,  
Whilst on the crystal tide, the-beams  
Of yellow moonlight lie;  
Above the planets brightly burn,  
As home from woodland toil,  
The hunter's weary footsteps turn  
Enrich'd with sylvan spoil.

As through the high and bending trees,  
He takes his lonely way,  
He hears around the southern breeze,  
Amid the foliage play;  
The night mists o'er the valley sleep,  
And veil the distant view,  
Beneath his foot the moss sinks deep  
And bathes his steps in dew.

Dark is the winding path he takes  
And dark the forest shade,  
Scarcely the trembling mornbeam breaks  
The deep and leafy glade;  
The startled bird forsakes its nest,  
If he but breathe a sigh,  
For every echo is at rest,  
Beneath the dark blue sky.

But when from rocking heights he views  
His native home beneath,  
The lawn all bright with evening dew,  
The cottage thatch'd with heath;  
No more he thinks of toil or pain  
His heart so lightly beats,  
Since now his home he finds again,  
And constant love he meets.

### TOM TOPER'S PROGRESS.

TOPER one night with jolly friend,  
Drank just two pints of sherry,  
His rib at home cried "Tom you're  
drunk!"

"No dear, I'm only merry!"

Three pints next evening with his pipe  
He readily consumes;

"Now Tom, you're drunk!" "No,  
Dame, not I,

"I'm only mops and brooms!"

Two honest quarts in merry mood  
Next night down gullet whips he;  
"To bed, to bed, you drunken beast!"  
"I am not drunk, I'm tipsy!"

Three bottles now, he can no more,  
His power to drink is past,  
They bear him home, his wife exclaims,  
"Well, Tom, you're drunk at last!"

T. W. S.

### HAND AND HEART.

*Extempore to a Lady.*

MADAM you told me yesternight,  
If rightly I did understand,  
That you had recently observed,  
I had a very pretty hand.

You can't deny what you have said,  
And let me then my mind impart,  
Beside a very pretty hand,  
I had a very pretty heart.

But that was stolen t'other day,  
Nor did its loss my mind surprise,  
Because I found my pretty heart  
Was taken by two pretty eyes.

Nor do I yet the loss deplore,  
That seems by wily Cupid plann'd;  
But trust the nymph that stole my heart  
Will shortly please to take my hand.



Cooper Pinx.