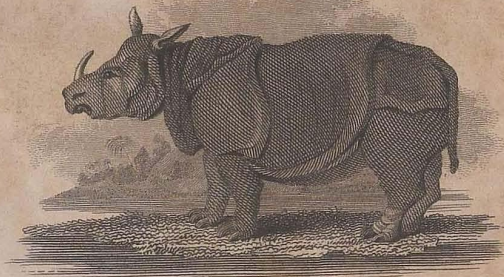
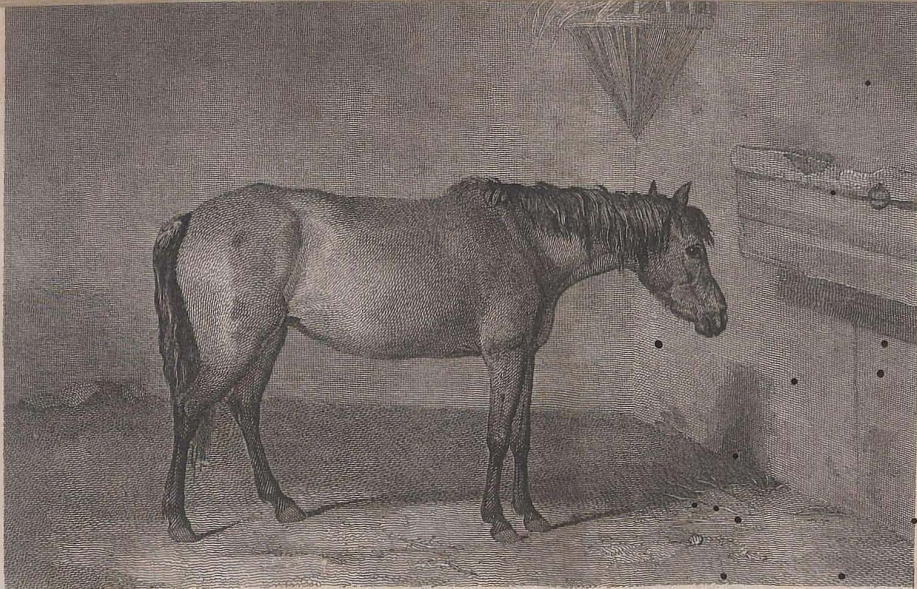


*For sale Royal 1817*

Twenty-fifth of the Improved Year  
**THE**  
**Sporting Magazine**  
**OR**  
**MONTHLY CALENDAR,**  
**OF THE**  
**TRANSACTIONS OF**  
**THE TURF, THE CHASE,**  
*And every other Diversion*  
*Interesting to the*  
*Man of Pleasure Enterprize & Spirit.*  
**VOL. 45.**



*London*  
*Printed for J. Whittle, 18, Warwick Square.*  
**1815.**



SQUIB,  
*The Property of Lord Charles Kerr.*  
Published Oct 53. Price 6s. by J. Whittle 28. Warwick Square. London.

# THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLV.

OCTOBER, 1814.

No. CCLXV.

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## Embellished with,

I. *A Portrait of SQUIB, a Pony, the Property of Lord Charles Kerr.*

II. *THE CORN-CRAKE, an Etching.*

## SQUIB,

THE PROPERTY OF LORD C. KERR.

*Painted by COOPER, and engraved by SCOTT.*

**SQUIB**, (late Mouse) eleven hands three inches high, was bred by Mr. Grover, of Farnham, and got by a son of Patriot, out of a forest mare; was afterwards sold to Samuel Andrews, Esq. of the same place, in whose possession she went from the eighteenth mile-stone at Egham to the thirty-eighth ditto at Farnham, twenty miles, in an hour and a quarter, an hour and a half being the given time, for a bet of fifty to fifteen, which she did with the greatest ease;—betting,

one hundred to ten against the performance. In a fortnight after, July the 16th, 1814, she ran on Hartford-bridge Flat, for a considerable sum, three miles in eight minutes, nine being the time allowed her—even betting. Both times carrying a feather. Squib is now the property of Lord Charles Kerr, who favoured us with this portrait.

## ANECDOTES.

*To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.*

SIR,

**UPON** my return to London from a few days partridge shooting,



shooting, after we had drank to the health of the lord of the manor, and also done justice to the merits of Doll and Jack, with an account to our friends of some long shots, and a hint from one of the party of the great advantage of straight powder, we lighted our pipes, and the discourse turned on the *Sporting Magazine*. It was observed by a person, that you would gladly insert in your work any amusing anecdote that was genuine. It struck me that in all agreeable society there are many stories told, that, if printed, would afford amusement to a large circle; and, with this idea, I have selected two that were related that evening, which, if they meet your approbation, will encourage me to extend my selection further. The first is, the Peer, the Butcher, and the Apple Pie. Some few years ago, in a village a few miles west of London, a young nobleman was educated at a very respectable academy, at which the butcher's son was also placed. It was the custom of his worthy mother on his birthday to make a feast, of which the great merit in youthful eyes was a large apple pie. It happened on one of these occasions the peer was invited, and being a youth of amiable manners, was much attended to by his youthful host, and much delighted with the feast. Some time after the peer went to college, and the butcher to his father's shop, and they never met for years; but, on a late occasion, as the butcher was driving his market-cart, he met the peer in his carriage, who instantly recognized his old friend, pulled up, and shook him very cordially by the hand, to the great surprize of the spectators, and enquired why he did not come to see him? "Why, my Lord,"

replied the butcher, "about the same time you went to the House of Boreds I went to the slaughter-house; I thought your Lordship might not be very proud of the acquaintance." "You have been mistaken, in that," replied his Lordship, "and I hope you will take an early opportunity of dining with me; for the happiest day of my life I owe to you, and to your mother's great apple-pies"

I should not have taken the liberty of making this anecdote public, but that I conceive it honourable to both.

Old Rose, who, for many years, kept the public-house known by the sign of the Jolly Anglers, at Kentish Town, had, in his youthful days, been a keeper, and still considered the green plush jacket as the most honourable one he could wear. Notwithstanding the old man had become lame, blind, and deaf, he kept a good dog, and still contrived now and then to way-lay a partridge. Many times have I beheld this trophy of the old man's hung up in the bar till it stunk, and indeed long after; for as he was the father of the young shots in the village, it was examined by them all as long as it would hold together.—His next-door neighbour, a tradesman in the village, was a little man, and though rather crooked in his person, was considered by all as a very upright man, and remarkable for holding his gun straight. These two friends used sometimes to steal a day from business, to try a piece of taters or a few turnips, and if game was scarce, to bag a bird was the greater honour. It happened one day that old Rose and my Lord, as he familiarly called his friend, had strayed rather too far upon some person's manor, who  
marched



marched up to the little man, and demanded his name. Now, this would have puzzled some men, because, unfortunately, he had no certificate; but the little man, putting on a big air, called to Rose, who was half across the field, "William, come and tell this person who I am." "What do you say, my Lord?" replied the old man. Immediately the lord of the manor pulled off his hat, and after begging the other lord's pardon, hoped his lordship would amuse himself as long as he thought proper.

The two old men have long since gone to that land where the game laws are not in force; and the only certificate required is that of good behaviour;—but they yet live in the memory of their friends.

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ON THE PORTRAIT OF THE DARLEY ARABIAN, AND THE DISPUTE RESPECTING HIGHFLYER.

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*To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.*

SIR,

I Had overlooked Mr. Pick's letter on the subject of the Portrait of the Darley Arabian, in your Magazine for June, until it was last week pointed out to me by Mr. Pittman. The discovery of a portrait of the sire of Flying Childers, of the progenitor of a long and illustrious race of horses, which has been principally instrumental in improving our English breed to their present state of superiority, must be a matter of interest and gratification to the lovers of the horse in general, as well as to the votaries of the turf. Mr. Darley's letter, accompanying the Arabian to this country, is a valuable document.

This occurrence is particularly pleasing to myself, as I had been

many years making the enquiry, whether or not a portrait of that famous stallion were in existence, which, indeed, I had given over, after having been informed of the destruction of so many valuable paintings of the old racers, by dusts and damp at Newmarket. Among other modes of enquiry, three or four years since, I advertised in the Racing Calendar, and troubled Mr. Pick once or twice with a letter, to request the favour that he would ask the question of the proprietor of Aldby Park. The late Mr. Sandiver, of Newmarket, who had a considerable number of racing portraits, and much information on the turf subjects of past times, had never heard of a portrait of the Darley Arabian, nor had the Duke of Queensbury, who did me the honour to permit me to look over his collection. The only person I met with, who had the recollection of such a portrait, was Colonel Thornton, who informed me, that the late Mr. Darley shewed it to him about thirty years since. However, as there is no doubt now of the existence of this great desideratum at Aldby Park, the sporting world will depend upon Mr. Wheble's interest to obtain the loan of it, for an engraving in the Magazine, its proper and safe depository for the use of posterity; and the same plea may be urged in favour of Aleppo and Mother Neesham, both names of high celebrity in the annals of the turf.

Having performed my duty as a bit of a jockey, to the memory of that real and indubitably high-bred Arabian, one of the grand and pure sources of our racing blood, I beg of you, Sir, to accept of my best endeavours towards putting to rest the question, whether or not Highflyer was ever beaten, or had

paid a forfeit? In the first place, to the best of my recollection at this distance of time, a sporting gentleman, who dined with me soon after the horse was taken out of training, informed me that there was betting at Medley's and at Tattersall's on the question; and I afterwards understood that the bets were paid to those who backed the affirmative side, namely, that Highflyer had been beaten.

Your late correspondent Z. B. whose curiosity is laudable, appears to take the same ground with the General Stud Book; and, generally speaking, he could not have had recourse to a better authority, than the respectable compiler of that valuable mass of information. That gentleman has deviated from his plan, on this particular point. He observes in a note, page 156, edition of 1808, "Highflyer never paid forfeit, and never was beaten. The author is induced to deviate thus far from his general plan, at the request of an old sportsman, from whom he learns, that many bets have been, and still continue to be made, on this fact, owing to an error in the Index to the Racing Calendar for 1777, wherein Highflyer is confounded with a colt of the same age, got by Herod out of Marotte."

Query—Was the old sportsman, above alluded to, the elder Mr. Tattersall, and proprietor of Highflyer as a stallion, in course, supposing himself interested in the fact, that his horse had never been beaten? By the by, such notions have their seat, chiefly, in the imagination. Whoever he might, or may be, nothing is offered on his part, beyond pure assertion, which reduces the question to this ultimate point:—Is such assertion of sufficient weight to bear down the

positive testimony which may be drawn from Weatherby's Calendar, together with the various probabilities of the case? A plain statement will enable the reader to judge. By the Index of Weatherby's Racing Calendar for 1777, now before me, Lord Bolingbroke's Highflyer was engaged three times that year, in the first and second October meetings at Newmarket; once he paid forfeit, was beaten once, and the last time was a winner. It is remarkable, that the Herod colt, belonging to Sir Charles Davers, which beat Lord Bolingbroke's Herod colt (Highflyer) in his second engagement, and paid forfeit to him in the third and last, was engaged five times during that year, and in every engagement but the last, is called in the Calendar, colt by Herod; but in the last, and in the Index, Quicksand by Herod; so, as in the case of Highflyer, his proprietor had not provided him with a name, until after he had appeared some time in public, a very common occurrence. If my memory do not jilt me on the present occasion, a scurvy trick which it plays too often, Highflyer was not honoured with a name until after he had raced. As to the name itself, the late Mr. Roger Rush, clerk of the course at Newmarket, an old and faithful servant of the worthiest of masters, Sir Charles Bunbury, informed me, that such appellation was given to the Herod colt, from the whimsical circumstance of a certain kind of walnut being so denominated in Suffolk; I believe this happened over the bottle, during the festivities at Christmas. Finally, on the score of evidence, I have looked, *cursorily*, in the Racing Calendars, over the previous engagements or Races to come, without finding the

the produce of Marotte, by King Herod, engaged in any name, for either of the two October meetings of 1777.

After all, on reflection, it is curious that such a circumstance should ever have been matter of dispute, even for four and twenty hours, at Newmarket, or that it should be so at this day, when so many persons are still living, who, if they have recollection, cannot possibly be without the needful and certain information. However, to aid conjectures on the subject, should such be necessary, and to assert in weighing probabilities, let us attend to the following facts:—On Monday, October 15, 1777, in a sweepstakes, 100gs. each, by 3-yr olds, colts 8st. 2lb. Ditch-in, Lord Bolingbroke's colt by Herod, (Highflyer) last in the race, was beaten by Sir Charles Davers's colt by Herod, (Quicksand) first. Betting, two to one on the favourite, Madcap, but no account of betting, or a word noted, on either Highflyer or Quicksand. The next day, another sweepstakes of 100gs. each, by 3-yr olds, Ditch in, colts 8st. was won by Highflyer, his name sported; Quicksand, his name sported likewise for the first time, paying forfeit. Four to one against Highflyer. Let fair proof be brought forward, from the testimony of eye-witnesses, that Lord Bolingbroke, on the above stated Monday and Tuesday, started two different Herod colts, the one out of Marotte and the other out of Rachel, and there will be an end of the dispute; otherwise, from 'a mistaken notion,' or not, they who know a thing or two, as they used to say at Newmarket, will still speculate, and there will be room.

I have never heard much of the

character of Highflyer, previously to his running in public, or of his private trials; but, on supposing him identified, who will undertake to assert, either that he was, or was not, beaten against his will, by Quicksand? The little I recollect of Quicksand is, that speed was his play, whence there can be no great difficulty in the supposition, that he was able to beat from the Ditch-in, Highflyer, of which game or stoutness was confessedly the best, and which seems to be confirmed from his never having, in public, beaten any known good racer, excepting in a four-mile race, or over the course. In all probability, there were several horses of that day at Newmarket, capable of beating him a single mile, or from the Ditch-in, a point on which Mr. Goodison is well able to set any one right. Nothing is more natural and in course, than that the proprietors of this famous racer should encourage and propagate the report that he had never been beaten, or ever paid a forfeit; on the other hand, on such an occasion, nothing could be more strange and out of course, than that they should neglect the publication of incontestible proofs of the interesting fact, had such been really in their power.

Here I leave the character of this favourite stallion to those who, possessed of more information, are better able to elucidate it, with the presumption nevertheless, that, until more satisfactory evidence of the contrary be adduced, an imposing probability will exist, of *Highflyer, at three years old, having been once beaten, and having once paid forfeit.*—I am, Sir, with the best wishes, your obedient humble servant,

JOHN LAURENCE.

*Somerset Town, Oct 13, 1814.*



## THE COUNSELLOR OUTWITTED.

THE following curious examination took place at the London Adjourned Sessions this month, before the Recorder and a Bench of Aldermen :

Benjamin White, a constable of the city of London, was tried on an indictment, in which he was charged with having violently assaulted John Hutchings, and inflicted a severe wound on his breast.

John Hutchings, the prosecutor, stated, that on the day specified in the indictment, he left his own house in Silver-street, for the purpose of purchasing a small quantity of gin—he had not gone far, however, when he was seized by the defendant, who knocked him down, and beat him in a most unmerciful manner.

On his cross-examination, witness admitted that he kept an old rag and iron shop, and that the defendant accused him of having stolen goods in his possession.

A boy, about 16 years of age, who prevaricated considerably in his testimony, corroborated this witness.

The next witness called was the step-son of the prosecutor, whose name is John Simpson. The following was the substance of his examination :—

Q. What are you ?—A. I deal in rags and iron, and various other articles.

Q. What were you before you became a dealer in rags and iron ?—A. I was in a variety of employments.

Q. What were those employments ?—A. Upon my word, I cannot state them all—they would fill a volume.

Q. What were you, immediately

before you became a rag-dealer ?—A. I was a twopenny postman.

Q. What before that ?—A. I was employed with a coal-merchant, or dealer, as some folks call him.

Q. Do you call yourself a rag-merchant ?—A. No ; I have not arrived at that dignity yet.

Q. You have a pretty good business, I suppose ?—A. That's best known to myself.

Q. Answer, man ; is your business a good one, or not ?—A. I don't know that I am obliged to answer such a question ; I am not before the Commissioners of Taxes.

Q. You are desired to answer the question, Sir ?—A. Well, then, under Providence, I cannot grumble.

Q. Do you deal in any thing else besides rags and iron ?—A. I deal in any thing, and do any thing by which I can get an honest living.

Q. Are you always scrupulously exact as to the honesty of your transactions ?—A. That's best known to myself.

Q. Don't you know that the defendant is a constable ?—A. I am not obliged to know what he is.

Q. Don't you know that he has been a constable in your ward for many years ?—A. He will be best able to answer that question himself.

Q. On your oath, don't you know that he is an officer of the peace ?—A. On my oath I don't, for I saw him break the peace.

Q. You are a most impudent witness ?—A. Not in my own opinion, as I may say.

Q. What do you know of this business ?—A. Why, on the day specified, the prosecutor, who married

ried my mother, went out to buy three quarters of gin. He was not long gone when I heard a cry of Murder! I ran out with a bayonet in my hand. I found the prosecutor on his back, and the defendant at his head, and a watchman, named Rook, at his feet. I knocked the watchman down. The defendant attempted to take me, but I ran to my own house. He said he would have me for having stolen goods in my house. I said he should not, and that I would defend myself. The people advised me to surrender, but I would not. I flourished the bayonet over defendant's head, and threatened I would take the vengeance of the law in my own hands.

*The Court*—You had no right to make such a threat.

*Witness*—I said, "Trial by Jury,"—"Magna Charta," and "The Bill of Rights,"—An Englishman's house was his castle, and I would defend myself and my property, under the providence of God.

*Cross-examined.*

*Q.* Did you really believe that the watchman and an officer of justice would commit murder?—*A.* I don't know what their inward thoughts were; but seeing the defendant flourish a bludgeon over the head of the prosecutor, I had the fear of death before my eyes.

*Q.* You say you knocked the watchman down?—*A.* I did under Providence, for I thought the life of my father in danger.

*Q.* Did you think your own life in danger?—*A.* Our lives are not our own, they are always in danger.

*Q.* Did you believe that murder would be committed.—*A.* There is no knowing what the defendant,

in the fullness of his wrath, as it were, might have done?

*Q.* Do you think he contemplated any such mischief?—*A.* That's best known to himself.

*Q.* You know nothing of stolen goods?—*A.* I am not now in confession before the Lord.

*Q.* Do you ever preach?—*A.* I do any thing to get an honest living.

*Q.* Are you not a field-preacher?—*A.* That's best known to myself.

*Q.* Where do you preach?—*A.* Where I like, when I do preach; but I did not say I had that calling.

*Q.* Does the Spirit ever move you to forget the distinctions between *meum* and *tuum*, or *mine* and *thine*?—*A.* The Spirit moves me to get my living in an honest way when I can.

*Q.* If you can't get it honestly, you perhaps have no objection to get it otherwise?—*A.* That's best known to myself.

*Q.* You are a pretty hopeful fellow?—*A.* I always live in hope.

*Q.* Go about your business.—*A.* My business is at present here.

The witness, who during the whole of his examination, did not change a muscle of his countenance, then stood down, and regarded the Court with the most perfect indifference.

Mr. Knowles, for the defendant, then addressed the Jury, and stated, that his client was one of the most active City Officers, and at the time stated by the prosecutor, was in the execution of his duty, and endeavouring to apprehend a person whom he suspected of having sold stolen goods in the house of the last witness. The Learned Gentleman was then about to call witnesses to prove this fact, when the Jury, *una voce*, declared themselves

selves of opinion that the defendant was *Not Guilty*, and immediately returned a verdict to that effect.

The Recorder said; the verdict of the Jury was perfectly correct, and the only thing to be lamented in this case was, that such a boy as that which had been examined should have got into the hands of such a character as the prosecutor.

### CANINE AFFECTION AND SAGACITY.

AN extraordinary instance of maternal attachment in a hound, belonging to Mr. Karswell, of Pensipple, in the neighbourhood of Plymouth, has lately occurred. Several puppies, which she had given birth to, were ordered to be destroyed in a pond. The person, however, employed, ineffectually performed his task with respect to one, which the mother, after he had retired, rescued in a half-drowned state from the water, and conveyed to an adjacent marsh, where she temporarily deposited it in some bull rushes, until, by fetching straw and other soft articles, she had formed a proper bed, and continued to nurse it, for nearly five weeks, at every opportunity. Even her natural fondness for hunting gave way to parental affection, and she frequently left the pack, when engaged in the ardour of pursuit, to the surprise of her owner, who, at length, by watching her motions, discovered the interesting secret. The surviving puppy has been permitted to live, and received the appropriate name of *Moses*.

On Thursday the 13th of October, a man named King, was charg-

ed at the Police Office, Queen's square, Westminster, with having robbed James Bloomfield, of the Feathers, Broadway, Westminster, of twenty-four bottles of wine, &c. The robbery was traced in consequence of a dog, whose real sagacity bids fair to rival the pleasing fiction of the "Dog of Montargis."—The patrol stated, that as he was going his rounds the morning previous, about half past four, accompanied as usual by his dog, his faithful companion made a full stop at the cellar door of the Feathers public-house, and began to growl and grumble most furiously. Knowing the sagacity of his dog, and hence convinced that all was not right, the patrol proceeded to call the watch, and to alarm the house; and the house was afterwards searched, but in vain, for a considerable time. The conduct of the dog, however, being to the patrol "confirmation strong as proof of Holy Writ," he would not give up the search; and at last there was discovered in the cellar, a man secreted behind two beer butts. That man was the prisoner at the bar; and on further search the wine was missed.—The Magistrate on this evidence remanded the prisoner, and he has, we believe, been since committed for trial.

A gentleman, some few years since, brought a pointer dog from South Carolina, who was a remarkable prognosticator of bad weather. Whenever a tempest approached, he would prick up his ears, scratch the deck, and rear himself up to look over to windward, though it was the finest weather imaginable; whenever the sailors perceived this fit on the dog, they immediately reefed the sails, took in their spare canvas, and prepared for the worst.

INDIAN



## INDIAN SPORTING.

## LION HUNT.

**C**ALCUTTA, March 30.—By a letter from a correspondent at Kuroaul, we are informed of the particulars of a lion hunt,\* in the vicinity of that station, during which Colonel Thomson, and a party of Officers, killed a lion of enormous size, and supposed to be the largest ever seen in India. His dimensions were the following:—Length from the end of the nose to the tip of the tail, ten feet two inches; height from the ground to the top of the shoulder, four feet six inches; circumference of the fore leg, two feet four inches. He had killed eight villagers, a great number of bullocks, and otherwise done much damage, previous to information being sent to cantonments of his being in the neighbourhood.

## ROYAL TIGER HUNT.

The annexed account of a day's field sport, displays more boldness than is usually found in the tiger, an animal more remarkable for combinations of cunning and cruelty, than daring or active courage:

“*Khyraghur, April 24.*—Yesterday morning, while riding (a party of four) from Dulrajpoor to Khyraghur, we were accosted, about seven miles from the latter, by a Gwala, who threw himself at the horse's feet, earnestly entreating that we would destroy an enormous tiger, that had fixed his abode in the adjoining grass jungle, and, for some time past, had been the terror of the neighbourhood; adding, that he subsisted almost entirely on human victims, and

that on the preceding day he had killed a Bunjarrie, who had ventured on the border of the jungle, to collect his stray cattle. The Gwala pointed out the spot in which the tiger nestled, but having no fire arms or other suitable weapon with us, and the baggage elephants being some miles in the rear, we were at a loss how to act. After a short deliberation, two of our party rode on to the tents, while the third and myself, hopeful of sport, and moved by the entreaties of the Gwala, determined to remain on the ground. Accordingly, we sat down under a tree, and had not waited long, before a palanquin belonging to one of the party came up, in which we found a canister of gun-powder, and an old single-barreled rifle with five balls in the chamber. In a few minutes afterwards we were joined by two sepoys, with their muskets, but without ammunition; and a bearer with a double barreled gun and ten balls. We now prepared fifteen cartridges, being the number of our balls, and were proceeding to the attack, when four of the baggage elephants came in sight, on one of which was mounted an old rickety chair howdah.

“As soon as the elephants joined us, my companion and I mounted, and taking our places, made ourselves fast to the bowdah with ropes. Thus equipped, we entered the jungle, and soon caught sight of three Johnnies,\* creeping at some little distance before us. We continued to move forward, but our advance was quickly and unexpectedly interrupted by a most furious head charge from one of the tigers; and the elephant on

\* Cant name of a Royal Tiger.

which we sat being greatly alarmed by the assault, got clear of the jungle in the twinkling of an eye. On this, we shifted the howdah to another elephant, and re-entering the jungle, immediately started a Johnny, and were preparing to give him our fire, when our attention was suddenly drawn off by a furious charge on the flank; and in a moment afterwards we had the pleasure to see the monster sticking to the pad, his head being within the howdah in which we sat. By a most fortunate chance, my friend finding that the ropes which tied him to the howdah cramped his movements had disengaged himself on his second entrance to the jungle, otherwise he must inevitably have been torn to pieces; as it was he had a narrow escape, and scrambled off with all haste, and with the loss of his hat and rifle. The struggles of the tiger and of the elephant, the former to retain his position, the latter to shake off the assailant, soon brought the howdah from the perpendicular to a horizontal line, when the iron chain and rope which bound it to the elephant, giving way, our situation became seriously alarming; but the tiger, fatigued with swinging to and fro, quitted his hold and made off; and the elephant instantly took to her heels, but did not run far before she was brought up. Finding this elephant, on making another attempt, rather shy, owing to a severe wound she had received in the late rencontre, and having only two cartridges left, the others having been lost in the scuffle, we thought it prudent to suspend operations till further assistance should arrive from camp, whither we had dispatched a messenger with an account of our discomfiture.

"In the course of a couple of

hours our two former companions, who had left us in the morning, rejoined us with our guns and elephants. Thus reinforced, we returned to the scene of action, and prepared for the recommencement of our operations. A strong rope was made fast to two elephants; two of our party mounted on elephants, while of the other two one was on each flank. We had advanced in this order but a few yards, when our old friend renewed his attack: in an instant he was fixed on one of the elephants, and his spring was such that his head came in contact with the side of the howdah. In another second, our friend G—— received his salute, from the head of the elephant he rode; and from the rapidity of his movements, and the thickness of the grass, it was nearly impossible to direct a shot at him; in addition to which the height of his springs, with the fierceness and suddenness of his attacks, had much alarmed both elephants and mahouts; it was, therefore, determined to try unars, and we formed at the same time into close line: but Johnny was not to be intimidated by the former; and the latter measure was rendered ineffectual, by his turning our flank, and charging the end elephant, on whose shoulder he sprang, and wounded her severely in the neck, shoulder, and head. The mahout had here a narrow escape, his stirrup rope being nearly bitten in two. On the tiger retiring from this attack, I fixed my eyes on the spot to which he retreated; and, by a lucky throw of an unar, brought him out to a head charge. He made directly for the elephants, on one of which he sprang with the utmost ferocity, wounding both the driver and the elephant,

elephant, the former severely in the leg. This proved the closing scene of Johnny's vigorous, and hitherto victorious struggle.—The jungle having caught fire from the sparks of the unars, became more open, and enabled us to fire with precision; and a shot which he received in his charge, and several others in his retreat, laid him in the dust; but not before he had astonished R——'s elephant so much, that she made off with all speed towards a tope, and R——, apprehensive of danger, opened the door of the howdah, and leaped upon the ground, with no other injury than a hearty shaking. The mahout soon afterwards brought her up; and her rider, re-mounting, joined us in time to be present at the death of a second Johnny, but who shewed little or no sport.

"We now bent our way homewards; and reaching our encampment at seven o'clock, sat down to dinner with appetites exquisitely sharpened by the fasting and fatigues of the day."—(*Calcutta Papers.*)

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#### REMARKABLE INSTINCT OF A WILD DUCK.

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THE late Mr. Pilkington, author of the History of Derbyshire, was, one afternoon, walking in a path leading through a coppice not much frequented, and passing some brambles, the roots of which were clothed with long grass, he espied a wild duck, with several young ones by her side. He was almost close to her before the parent perceived the danger, when she instantly uttered a loud note of alarm, and bounded almost close to his feet; then, with another jerk, threw herself a little forward,

out of the reach of his hand, as he stretched it forth to take up what he supposed an easy prey. Another hop and flutter threw her to a greater distance; while he pursued, supposing her to have both a leg and wing broken. He marked the bush with his eye, where he saw the young ones, concluding that he could take them at his leisure, after having secured the dam, the pursuit of which he briskly continued, while the bird persevered in counterfeiting lameness, and inability of flight, throwing herself forward to a distance proportioned to his speed, but sufficient to elude his grasp, yet near enough to encourage his hopes. At length, chagrined, and increasing his pace, he began to run, while the bird, on his nearer approach, alternately rose a little on the wing, and tumbled upon the ground, thus keeping up his attention till she led him more than half a furlong from the spot where he first perceived her. Rising now suddenly above his head, she winged her flight, as in triumph, to a marsh, at the distance of nearly a quarter of a mile, in which there was a large pond, where she alighted secure. Disappointed in obtaining her, he consoled himself by considering that he could certainly take the young ones, and retraced his steps to the bush, for that purpose. He examined the spot with care, turning back the grass in every direction for some distance around, and even beat about the contiguous brushwood, but in vain;—no ducklings were to be seen, nor could his utmost search discover them. Nature had taught them, when the parent gave the note of alarm, to provide for their safety, by escape and concealment.



# COL. GEORGE HANGER, TO ALL SPORTSMEN,

## AND PARTICULARLY TO FARMERS AND GAMEKEEPERS.

(Continued from page 254.)

WITH respect to medical advice, there is no subject in which dabblers are so dangerous, or universally make so ridiculous a figure; yet Col. Hanger, neither of the profession, nor obviously a regular medical student, has proved himself, so far as he has had the hardihood to venture, a fortunate exception to the general rule, having committed, to the best of our knowledge, very few errors in that important department, and given, in general, very sound advice, and very safe and efficacious prescriptions. He is evidently of the old sound and respectable veterinary school, which originally exorcised and laid the diabolism and conjuration of Gervase Markham's brood of leeches and farriers, and introduced the doctrines of reason and common sense into the British stable. He has availed himself fully and ably of the lights to be obtained from that school and its disciples, in addition to his own great fund of practical experience.

We would wish to caution the author (pa. 16) on his incredulity as to a hunter being seized with the gripes on his return from the field; than which nothing can be more probable from heats and colds, great exertion and inanition from long fasting, particularly in taking his feed. We have repeatedly witnessed the same case in racers, soon after a heat. The following advice and experiment will deserve the attention, in particular of those who keep horses in the livery stables of London.

"Never on any account grease a horse's hoof, which all-wise John Grooms do, as they say, to supple it and keep it from cracking; grease has a contrary effect. Take your horses out from the clean straw and dab their hoofs well, morning and evening, with stale chamberlie.

"Take a dry hoof of a horse, cut it in half, steep one half for several days in a pot of chamberlie, and the other in a pot of grease; take them out, wash them both clean, and lay them aside. In a short time you will find the one steeped in chamberlie tough, genial, and pliant, the other steeped in grease will be hard and brittle: this has been tried. You may anoint the coronet of the foot with a little fresh grease, but no other part of the foot."

In the following method of detecting the seat of lameness, the present agrees with a certain other practical writer:

"I will give you an infallible method to know whether a horse be lame or not in the shoulder. When you trot the horse, if he be lame in the shoulder, the muscles are affected, so as to prevent his extending that leg, or stepping out so far with it, as he will with the other leg; he will step considerably shorter with that leg. When the lameness lies below, he will extend the lame leg as far as the other; but when he puts the foot to the ground, will shew lameness. If the cause of lameness be not very visible to the eye, you may rest assured it lies in the foot or fetlock joint: in this case send for a veterinary surgeon; for to cure it, great skill and practice is necessary, and a thorough knowledge of the anatomy of the foot and fetlock joint. I have known several horses

horses totally spoiled by lameness in the feet, and never fit for any other use but to draw a cart or waggon, where they never are forced beyond a walk."

The author (pa. 30) is incautious in his decision, that "the horse never cuts with the heels of his shoes." A horse which is much of a dancing master, that is to say, turns out his toes very much, necessarily cuts or knocks with his heel. After all the attempts of Italian, French, and English farriers for centuries past, to prevent the horse from striking his legs, by different modes of shoeing, none have ever succeeded; and yet, notwithstanding such accumulated experience, a late veterinary surgeon of note, some years since, had the folly to pretend to it. The reason of this ill success is obvious; a crooked jointed horse which thence strikes his legs, would do so, particularly after travelling a few miles either with or without shoes. We do not agree with the author in his condemnation of the barred shoe, with which we rode for years the best hack we ever possessed, and which shoe is the greatest possible comfort and support to naturally tender feet: nor in his denial of litter for the horse to stand upon, through the day. A hack injured in his sinews and his feet from hard labour, feels and too plainly expresses excessive weariness and pain in his limbs, from standing hours together upon hard pavement. Besides the comfort to a worked horse of lying down in the day time is of great consequence, and with respect to any injury to the feet from foul litters, it will be completely obviated by the daily picking and ablution which ever ought to take place. In the gripes, aloes wine (succo-

trine aloes) which may be made at a moderate charge, will prove an excellent substitute for the Colonel's too expensive favourite remedy, Daffy's Elixir.

In dogs, the Colonel's experience and skill are great. His favourite medicine is the mineral or factitious turbith, indeed the botanical article of that name is not much known or used. The former is a powerful mercurial preparation, and formerly, but on very slight grounds, deemed a specific in canine madness. We think our author's prescribed doses of the turbith, are too large for general use; nor would we recommend it as a general remedy in the distemper, which by no means always requires so potent a medicine, often the very reverse. All animals, says Colonel Hanger, are fond of warmth—in short, all nature requires warmth. These axioms we very readily echo. We look upon them as a strong proof of the author's discernment. He would allow the full solace of warmth to men and animals. So would we. Yet there is a sting in the tail of even this. An injudicious indulgence in warmth and the fires, softens the flesh of both men and animals, and renders it more open to the impressions of cold. But reason and the proper medium must be observed in all things, in order to insure the benefit, which caution is applicable to the enjoyment of warmth.

The following is not less curious and laughable, for being a late edition of an old story, a physician at Colchester having actually put in practice the same *tour* half a century ago.

"There was a fellow in this town (I forget his name) who was called the Queen's Dog Physician. From

From his attending her Majesty's dogs, he went to all the women of fashion, to doctor their dogs also. He never would undertake them, unless he was permitted to take them home with him for ten days. There was seldom any thing more the matter with them than a gross habit of body; fat to a degree, from the scandalous method they are fed, giving them every day more good meat than would supply two poor children. When he got Chloe home, he physicked her, and gave her nothing but dry bread for some time. She would not eat the first three or four days of such insipid food, and the first day howled most bitterly; however, he soon cured her of that, by giving her four or five sound floggings, to prevent her annoying his neighbours. I think it scandalous to give dogs what a human being would be grateful to receive; however, this must be passed over in oblivion, provided a gentleman be making love to the lady, for then it is necessary to make a considerable deal of love to the lap-dog also. In about ten days the Queen's dog physician brings my lady her dog home, as fine as a star, sleek in his coat, and in tolerable good condition, for he has fed it tolerably well for the last four or five days. Her ladyship is charmed with the looks of her dog; he is as merry as a grig; jumps, frisks, and plays about; when, before, he could hardly walk down stairs to dinner. She pays him very handsomely; he goes away contented, laughing in his sleeve at her ladyship."

A word or two on the subject of worms in dogs. Nothing can be more safe and efficacious practice, than the exhibition of repeated doses of calomel; but we wish to notice the fact, that we

have known patients both human and brute, with such a constitutional tendency to the malady of worms, that their intire eradication has appeared absolutely impossible, their periodical return after effective medicine, equally certain. In a constitutional case of this description, calomel should be given a few times, at least every quarter; but it is useless to tear a dog to pieces with harsh and powerful medicines, for an end absolutely unattainable.

The Colonel's advice on the subject of shooting, and on the preservation of game from vermin and poachers, is that of a professor and complete master of his subject. On the latter article, namely, poachers, he is not a little eccentric, according to his ancient usage, of which we shall presently give a specimen. To the system of game laws, we fear we descry in him rather too favourable a bias, yet we are not sure on that point. The game laws! a vestige of feudal despotism, which can be tolerated for a moment, only by general apathy, conjoined with utter ignorance of the nature of right. On an analogous point, the noble Earl of Essex and certain other patriots, by their honest and decisive conduct, have gained themselves immortal honour.

Learn of the Colonel, my lords and gentlemen, how to keep poachers out of a wood!

"The best method of all, had I a manor, and my house lay close to my preserve cover, which I would adopt, is to plant a six-pounder cannon on a platform at the top of the house thus loaded: Buy a bushel of marbles, such as the boys play with at taw; put a double handful into the cannon, and have clay balls, just the size of



of the caliber of the gun, made and baked at the brick-kilns, first boring three or four holes with an iron, nearly as big as your little finger, through and through them. This ball when fired from a cannon, will make a most terrible whizzing noise, and together with the marbles buzzing about a fellow's ears, would make him think that the very devil was in the wood. I would also build my gamekeeper a house on one flank on the opposite side of the wood, with no door nor window below. The lower rooms might be easily lighted from above, and the door ten feet from the ground. He might draw the ladder up at night. In this castle he could stand a siege, for it would be impossible to set fire to the house. And a round tower of about thirty feet, like the martello towers, only in miniature, with a six-pounder mounted at the top of it, with a door going out from the corner of his bed-room up to the platform on which the cannon is planted, should be also built. Thus either the gamekeeper or I, should from our positions, always have a flanking fire on the enemy. I am of opinion, if about two or three times a week, my gamekeeper and self were to fire about three or four rounds each into the wood, that the very devil himself would not go into it, when he once knew that such manœuvres therein were frequently practised, that is to say, after it was dark. I do not think, if I may judge by my own feeling, that it would either be pleasant or prudent. My motive for firing the cannon with a baked clay-ball is, that an iron ball would damage the timber, so would iron grape shot; but marbles will not.

"A most intimate and old friend of mine, and an old soldier, had a

wood full of game close to his house, within at least one hundred and fifty yards. He had a large balcony up one pair of stairs, which overlooked this wood. One night he heard some shots fired in his wood. He and his servant got directly up, and planted themselves out on the balcony. He always kept a soldier's musquet for himself, and one for his man, with sixty rounds of ball-cartridges to each—they fired each of them about twenty rounds at the very spots where they heard the guns go off, he hallooing out each time, after he had fired, 'For God's sake take care of my spring guns.' Those gentlemen night-sportsmen never came into his wood again."

The plan to take rats we conceive to be feasible, judiciously managed. It appears similar to that offered to our agriculturists of late, and if there be any novelty in it, that resides probably in the largeness of the traps recommended; with respect to the attraction to the vermin in the scented articles, that is a secret centuries old, most certainly nothing the worse on that score, since their virtue has been constantly proved. We have the utmost contempt for the endless quackery and projection of the day, well scenting its motive—"to get to windward of the flats," and always set our faces against such swindling pretensions; but nothing of that kind can be laid to the charge of Col. Hanger, whose offers are all open and above board, and the most inconsequential of whose recommendations is worth far more than the sum of twelve shillings, which he charges for the whole.

Some interesting relations are given from his American campaign, and a curious account of the celebrated

brated American rifles. We have an additional reason to assign with those of the Colonel, for the inferiority of English marksmen—the inferior powers of the English eye, which we apprehend has its effect in another subject, the particular mention of which we decline.

The following advice we desire forcibly to recommend to all inhabitants of lone country houses, and during the ensuing winter most especially.

“There is no better defence for a house than a double gun, nor against robbers on the road; but be sure never to load it with a ball, but with Nos. 2 or 3, patent shot. If a thief be forcing even your bedroom door, shot will shoot through any common bed-room door, which is not made of three-inch oak or mahogany. If you hear them in the house, throw up the window and cry out fire! every body then will come to your assistance; but if you cry out thieves! the devil of one will move, and, for certain, no watchman.

“I am told by the officers in Bow-street, that the very first thing a thief does when he breaks into a house, is to open both the front and back doors, so that, in case he be disturbed, he may have a fair start. If you see him from your windows running out, and your gun be loaded with a ball, you most likely will miss him when you fire; but with shot, you are sure to stick as many into him as will employ a surgeon for two hours to pick them out of his body. I always keep a duck-gun loaded with two ounces and a half of No. 2, patent shot, by my bedside; this will pepper any one, even at one hundred yards distance.”

The old gipsy woman (pa. 155) who cured the scurvy, certainly knows common sense from dog-fighting; there is not a more safe and efficacious remedy for that foul disease in the whole *materia medica*—so witness our hands.

We engaged almost at starting to correct Col. Hanger in a certain error. We now tell him publicly and sincerely, in his own way, he has written a page (162) of monstrous nonsense, about farmers' daughters. We demand of him, who can possibly have a greater right to enjoy the luxuries of life, than they who can well afford to pay for them—whether modern times have not fully evinced, by immensely superior produce from the same portion of the soil, that farmers require a certain degree of light and intelligence; and, lastly, whether people of such a class can reasonably be debarred from the comforts and refinements of society? Should the Colonel proceed in the above strain, we should next expect him to join the sapient corps of ante-monopolists and ante-forestallers, and advocate the assize of bread!

The author's plan of a “New Corps,” lies within the province of military, not sporting and veterinary critics. The *trade* of blood we detest with the bitterest innate abhorrence. In a war of defence or for liberty, we would enthusiastically join.

We thus dismiss Col. Hanger's (at present) last and best publication. Without having the slightest knowledge either of the author himself or any of his connections, we strongly recommend his book to all our readers, purely on the score of its merit.

## LEGAL SPORTING.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.

SIR,

I Have long been a reader of your Magazine, and laughed heartily at the great surprize expressed by a Correspondent in your last Number, at Sir Vicary Gibbs's expedition against the partridges and pheasants. Your correspondent seemed totally at a loss to reconcile the union, in the same person, of an expounder of law, and a destroyer of game; but, Sir, if he had reflected for a moment, he would have seen, that there was nothing incongruous in the two characters—and that, in fact, they were nearly allied to each other. To point out the similarity between the lawyer and the sportsman is the object of the present communication. The same arts, I think, are as necessary to insure success in the courts, as in the field; and, therefore, Mr. Editor, in treating the subject, my observations will refer to country sports in general.

Patient and persevering, no man can deny that the gentlemen of the long robe possess two of the most necessary requisites in the composition of a "complete angler;" every one knows what immense profits they derive from fishing "in troubled waters;" and what vast numbers of gudgeons they contrive to enclose within the meshes of the legal net. Of carp they are fond, even to a proverb; and I never knew one of them yet who had not a hankering after plaice. They are said to delight in black-soles; but, I believe, they are more attached to the femmè-sole.

As expert shots, their fame has long been celebrated. A gull never escapes their accurate aim; a

booby or a buzzard is sure to fall before them; and they feel great pleasure in bringing down a cuckoo. Such of them as attend the Old Bailey, are, it has been remarked, the terror of hawks and vultures—and, what may seem extraordinary, they are very active in the destruction of blackbirds. They are all inclined to rail; and very few of them formerly returned from circuit without a number of gold-finches. That bird, however, being at present confined to one preserve, in Threadneedle-street, they are now obliged to content themselves with kites.

Their proficiency in coursing and hunting is no less conspicuous. The oldest amongst them are ever on the alert in pursuit of the ermine. The Old Bailey corps generally hunt with stag-hounds; and having once roused their prey, they strain every nerve to be in at the death.

So much for the general similarity between sportsmen and lawyers. I shall now detail a few particular points in which the resemblance is still more manifest.

The lawyer carries a bag for his briefs; the sportsman has also his bag for game. The former, when he has no business, purchases waste-paper, with which, to deceive his friends, he fills his bag; the latter, in the same manner, when he has been unsuccessful, buys a few partridges, to escape the laughter of his acquaintance.

The sportsman uses a great deal of powder and shot. The lawyer who hopes to thrive, must not neglect to have plenty of powder, in his wig—and, unless he has abundance of "shot in his locker," I defy him to go circuit.

The sportsman is continually charging and discharging. How frequently



frequently does the Judge charge a Jury—how often is he employed in discharging insolvents?—And, will any one deny that the whole profession are perfect adepts in the art of charging their clients?

The sportsman eagerly pursues *black game*. No less eagerly does the lawyer hunt after *black letter*.

The sportsman has his *patent powder* and shot—the lawyer his *patent of precedence*, which gives him great advantages over his less prepared brethren.

Before the sportsman can take the field he must procure a *license*: so must the lawyer, ere he is allowed to open his lips in Court.

The sportsman goes forth with his *pointers*, *setters*, or *spaniels*. No persons are more attached to *points* than the Gentlemen of the long robe; *setters* have always been considered useful agents in the law; and it is not uncommon to see three or four young members of the profession crouching and fawning like *spaniels* when a brief is to be disposed of.

Then, Sir, the titles of many of the legal instruments afford decisive evidence of the truth of my position. The *clausum fregit* applies to the case of a *poacher*, who breaks into a preserve. The writ *de falso judicio* refers to those misrepresentations which sometimes entice a man ten miles beyond the bounds he originally intended to have set to his excursion, in the hope of falling in with plenty of game—but, on his arrival at the "land of promise," he discovers that he has himself been made game of. The writ of *magna districtio*, or the *grand distress*, is where a long day has been spent by a sportsman without bagging a single bird. And what is the writ of *forcible entry*, but the breaking

through a man's hedge, and beating about his fields, when you have received warning not to do so? The writ of *appeal* lies where two parties aim at the same bird, and each of them contends that he has been the successful gunner. The writ of *error* is where a cockney sportsman fires at a *goose* instead of a *partridge*; and I think the *demurrer*, which so often makes a conspicuous figure in law proceedings, may be aptly compared to that stage of a *chase*, in which the dogs are at fault.—I remain, &c. MITTIMUS.

Hare-court, Temple, Oct. 12, 1814.

## ENGLISH AND FRENCH THEATRICALS.

ON Friday evening, the 30th ult. a new Melo-Drama was performed for the first time at Covent Garden Theatre, entitled, "*The Forest of Bondy, or the Dog of Montargis*." It is taken from a French piece of the same name, founded on the old story of a murderer being discovered by the sagacity of a dog, who finally vanquished the murderer in single combat. The tale is somewhat altered, and embellished in the piece before us. Our readers may be enabled to form some idea of the plot by the following sketch:

The Colonel of a French regiment, after an engagement in which one of his officers has distinguished himself, confers on him by a royal mandate the command of his own company, and as a proof of personal esteem his daughter's hand. His rival in love and in ambition is Macaire, a brother officer, who provokes him to fight a duel, and is spared by the generosity of his conqueror. Aubry, the young Cap-  
tain,

tain, is obliged to pass through the forest; *Macaire* follows and murders him. The scene now grew striking. On the curtain rising for the second act, a farmhouse, with its offices, occupied the stage. It was the dead of night; a dog was heard barking; he bounded across the stage, sprang to the bell of the house door, and rung it incessantly till the mistress of the farm appeared with her lantern. Nothing could pacify the dog, which continued bounding and barking violently: the lantern was his object; it was set down on the ground, seized in a moment by this extraordinary creature, and carried off. The old woman, excited by his anxiety, followed him. The murderer now appeared gliding back to his chamber with the strong agitation of recent blood upon him. In a moment after the cry of murder was heard, and the village roused by the report that *Aubry* had been found freshly buried on the spot where his dog tore up the earth. *Florio*, a dumb boy, is seized, on the suspicious evidence of having the purse of the dead man found in his bosom; this purse *Aubry*, previous to the duel, had requested *Florio* to convey to his friends should he fall in the contest. His attempts at defence, under the heavy calamity of his nature, were almost touching, and very gracefully conceived by Miss Booth. He is, however, carried off to punishment. The old woman is resolute in the belief of his innocence, pursues her discoveries, and at length fixes the crime on *Macaire*. He betrays himself by his trepidation; the blood on his belt accumulates the proof; he attempts to shoot himself, is prevented, and at length breaks away from his guards.

The village is up in arms against him; he is chased through the wood, his pursuers are distanced, he has just escaped, when the formidable dog is again heard. He is found once more, and in the final attempt to escape by plunging down the mountain stream, fired at by the guard, and killed. The curtain fell with great applause.

The great merit of this melodrama consists in the variety of interesting situations which are presented in every act. In all of these, Miss S. Booth stood forth, a prominent character. She spoke not—but her eyes and her fine animated features discoursed most eloquently. There was soul in every gesture—there was mind in every motion. Her trial scene was a display of acting so exquisitely natural, that we shall not attempt to describe it. We thought we saw before us the poor dumb orphan—accused of the worst of crimes—burning to assert his innocence—and, from the dreadful struggle, almost regaining the power of speech. Miss Foote, whose *Amanthis* has so much charmed the town, sustained the character of *Lucille* with artless *naïveté*. Never had village maid a more lovely representative. Her acting in the trial scene bespoke her the true "*Child of Nature*." She appealed forcibly to the feelings; and many a bright eye was dimmed by the tears which the sorrows of poor *Lucille* elicited. This young lady, though displaying so much ability, is only sixteen years of age.—Messrs. Farley and Abbott, as *Macaire* and *Aubry*, played with spirit.—Mr. Liston, as usual, created much laughter. He delivered many bad jests—but,

"Look in <sup>his</sup> face, and you forget them all."

It would be unjust to overlook the merits of our friend *Poodle*. His *bark*, like Mr. Liston's countenance, has something very comic in it—whenever it was heard, a roar of laughter followed. His reception was flattering in the extreme; his ringing the bell and carrying the lantern across the stage, were proofs of canine sagacity, which highly delighted the audience.

The music, by Mr. Bishop, was good, and remarkably appropriate. An overture was given to the second act, in which it was attempted, by the expressive nature of the melody, to continue the story, and with great success. The audience understood it to give the death of *Aubry*, and were perfectly prepared for the scene disclosed when the curtain next drew up. The piece met with a very favourable reception, and continues to be represented with great applause.

#### PARISIAN THEATRICALS.

A piece called "*Les Boxeurs*," has been performed some time at the Theatre des Variétés at Paris. Another has been brought out at the Theatre du Vaudeville, called "*Le Boxeur Français*; or, *Une Heure à Londres*." The story runs thus:—*Trim*, an English farrier, and a distinguished boxer, has promised the hand of his niece *Betty* to *Bolding*, a bootmaker, a great politician, and the most noted of London boxers, who divides his time between the club, the public house, and his shop.

"The breaking of heads, and stitching of leather,

"Thanks to his stars! both go on together."

The glorious renown of this Hercules does not seduce *Betty*,

who prefers *James* (*elegant jokey*), whom an eighteen months' residence in France have rendered as polite and gallant as a valet de chambre of the *Chaussée d'Autin*. His master is the Chevalier de *St. Georges*, who, clever as he is, cannot settle with his creditors for his boots. All he has to do is to marry a noble lady whom he has captivated in Scotland. She has offered her hand and fortune to the Chevalier, who could do very well with half her portion; for, unfortunately, the lady is not so young as she is wealthy. *St. Georges* refuses a well supplied *porte-fuille*, which her steward offers him, on condition of his going back to Edinburgh, to console and marry the tender *Evelina*. The steward, faithful to his instructions, not being able to promote his mistress's tender object, is at least willing to promote her revenge. He buys up the debts of *St. Georges* from his creditors, and becomes master of his liberty, who is about to set off and leave the sea between him and his creditors. But how go without money? *Betty*, determined to follow her dear *James*, offers the means for the voyage. She is surprised by *Bolding*, who hastens to *mill* the poor lover. *St. Georges* undertakes to defend his valet: a combat ensues, and the Chevalier obtains a triumph over his noble adversary, with which the constables interfere. He is about to be taken to Newgate; but *Bolding*, impressed with admiration of the only man who had beaten him, bangs the constables and disperses them, throwing one of them into the Thames, to prove the justice of the axiom, "the strongest reason the best." The piece ends with the marriage of *Betty* and *James*, and the departure of *St.*

*Georges*,



Georges, with promises to remit from France "a bill of exchange" to pay his debts. The critic observes, that there is a shocking fault in English manners. He believes that it is only at London, (where the greatest persons follow a constable without resistance, at the touch of his staff) a man would be allowed publicly to beat several others, and then throw one of them into the river Thames!

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#### THE PROGRESS OF A SECRET.

"DEAR Mr. Horatio," said an affectedly fond landlady, "what can be the matter? For several days past you have neither looked nor talked like yourself! To be sure I have no business to be inquisitive, but I wish matters may be going right." "Who is that young lady," said Horatio, "that came here the other day?" "Oh! is that the matter?" replied Mrs. Grimm, "that is Elvira, the daughter of Lady —. Her mother married an officer against the consent of her relations; her husband was killed in Spain, and now she and her mother have nothing to live upon but the pension."

Horatio made little or no reply; nor indeed did Mrs. Grimm wish he should make any; for now the secret being obtained, the next thing was to reveal it. Away therefore she goes to Mrs. Clatterbone at the next door. "Oh, Mrs. Clatterbone," said she, "it is all out; the *Mad Student*," for that was the name given to Horatio, "is over head and ears in love with Elvira." "That is news indeed," said Mrs. Clatterbone, "that will be a fine match truly."

At this instant Mrs. Grimm was

called away, much to the joy of Mrs. Clatterbone—who immediately set out to communicate it to Mrs. Chatter—who imparted it to Mrs. Idler—she communicated it to Mrs. Scandal—who in the utmost confidence of friendship mentioned it to Mrs. Gadabout—who hinted it just as she went out of the door at Mr. Cheatems—he told it to his wife—who told it to a favourite apprentice—he told it to the maid—who told it to another apprentice whom she liked—he told it to a maid he liked better than her—who told it to another whom she liked better than the apprentice—who told it to his masters' wife, with whom he had an unlawful correspondence—she told it to her husband to prevent him from enquiring into something she did not want to be known—he told it to the servant who was with child by him—who told it to Elvira's maid, as she was filling the tea kettle—who told it to her mistress after breakfast."

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#### UNLUCKY MISTAKE IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

DR. Johnson having defined *oats* "a grain which in England is generally given to horses, but in Scotland supports the people;" it occasioned a French Friseur to give the following account of an adventure of which he was in more senses than one the subject:

"Monsieur,

"I see one morning one *avertissement* vor de consumers of oats to meet together at the Sun Tavern to consult on der special affaire, I consult de grand dictionnaire of Docteur Johnson, and I see dat de oats be de food of de horse in England, but of de people in Scotland; le

le diable say I to myself, do de English horsé and de Scottishmans meet and drink togeder in dis country? Begar me, vil go see dis marvielle--Vell me go to de cabaret at de hour and se ver few Scottishmans and ver many Englishmans, but not one horsé nor any maré. I vait long time and at last I say to some dat I tought wère Englishmans by deer great belly and by deer broad face, vat jentlemans be all your horsé sické or take physické dat you come here in dere place and be de representative of de horsé? But dey tink I do affronté dem, and dey d—n my eyes and kicke me and cuffé me so dat I be took up for dead, and do keep my hed à mont, but my apotecaire tell me dat dis Docteur Johnson ave got one pension of tree hundred a year vor de writing of de nonsense and de grand stuffe, I derfore tink dat de government should oblige him to make mie de grand satisfaction and demande my pardon in de public papier, and likewise make de necessary change in his dictionnaire.

"I ave de honour to be,

&c. &c.

"DE BELLETETE."

#### ANECDOTES, SCRAPS OF NATURAL HISTORY, &c.

*Extracted from the Volume lately published of Dr. Clarke's Travels through Greece, Egypt, and the Holy Land.*

(Continued from page 253, of our last Volume.)

#### DANCING WOMEN OF GRAND CAIRO.

"IN the evening after our arrival, some of our party went to see an exhibition of the Almehs, or dancing women, at the house of

a lady of some distinction; and where it was believed this curious remnant of antient Egyptian ceremonies might be unattended with those violations of decorum by which they are generally characterized. This however was not the case. The dance was, as usual, destitute of grace, activity, or decency. It consists wholly of gestures, calculated to express, in the most gross and revolting manner, the intercourse of the sexes. In any part of Europe, even if it were tolerated, it would be thought a degrading and wretched performance; yet the ladies of Cairo, accustomed to the introduction of these women upon festival days, regard the exercise of the Almehs with amusement, and even with applause. If we may judge from representations upon Grecian vases, the female Bacchanals of ancient Greece exhibited in their dances a much more animated and more graceful appearance; yet the manner of dancing practised by the Almehs, however offensive in the eyes of civilized nations, is the most antient. Hence the observation of Cicero, "*Nemo saltat sobrius, nisi forte insanit*:" and if the history of this exercise be traced to its origin, it will be found to have nearly the same character all over the world. In the anger of Moses at the dancing of the Israelites; in the reproach cast upon David, by Michal the daughter of Saul, for his conduct when dancing before the ark; in the gratification afforded to Herod by the dance of Salome; we may perceive what were the characteristics of primæval dances; and if curiosity should lead any one to inquire what sort of dancing is found among modern nations, where the exercise has not been refined

refined by civilization, his attention may be directed to the tarantello of Italy, the fandango of Spain, the barina of Russia, the calenda of Africa, and the timorodee of Qtabeite. Egypt, where no lapse of time seems to have effected change, where the constancy of natural phenomena appears to have been always accompanied with the same uniformity of manners and customs, Egypt preserves its pristine attachment to a licentious dance; and exhibits that dance as it was beheld, above three thousand years ago, in the annual procession to Bubastus, when the female votaries of Diana distinguished themselves in the cities through which they passed by indecency and dancing. Considered therefore with reference to the moral character and habits of the people, as well as to their ancient history, this practice of the Almehs may be entitled to some notice. Indeed the part they sustain in the scale of society in Egypt is so considerable, and the partiality shewn to them so inveterate, that it is impossible to give a faithful account of the country without some allusion to these women. They wear upon their fingers little bells, like small cymbals, which they use as the Italians and Spaniards do their castagnettes. They have also tambours of different kinds. The form of one of these seems to have been derived from that of the common pumpkin, which is frequent among the vegetables of Egypt; for, although the tambour is made of wood, it has exactly the appearance of half a large pumpkin scooped, with a skin bound over it. The Arabs use hollow pumpkins, when dried, as bottles to contain water: these becoming hard, are

very durable, and may have preceded the use of a hollow hemisphere of wood, in the manufacture of a tambour. The dances of the Almehs are accompanied by vocal as well as by instrumental music; if that may be termed vocal, which consists of a continual recurrence of the same shrill sounds, caused by trilling the tongue against the roof of the mouth, without the utterance of any distinct words. Yet this singular mode of expressing joy is all that constitutes the *Alleluia* of the ancients. When Lord Hutchinson first entered Cairo, after the capture of the city, he was met by a number of women who greeted him with *Alleluias*: they accompanied him through the streets, clapping their hands, and making this extraordinary noise, in a loud and shrill tone. It seems to be a constant repetition of the same syllable, *al*; uttered in this manner, *Alalalalalalalal*, with the utmost rapidity, and without interruption or pause of any kind. The person who is able to continue this kind of scream for the longest time, without drawing breath, is supposed to be the best performer. The same sort of singing is practised by the Almehs at funerals, with this difference: the *Alleluia*, or cry of joy, consists in a repetition of the syllable *al*; and that which is used to denote grief, is formed by a similar repetition of the syllable *ul*, or *el*, constituting the long protracted *elelelelelul*, or *ululation*. The tone of voice continues the same through both of these; the *Alleluia*, and the *Ululation*: but there seemed to be this distinction in the manner of delivering the sounds; that in the former, it was a tremulous note ascending; in the latter, the same  
note



note descending in continual cadences. However, it is exceedingly difficult, as perhaps the reader has already perceived, to convey, or to obtain, ideas of musical sounds by means of a mere verbal description."

#### NOCTURNAL FESTIVITIES.

"We arrived, about ten o'clock, in the village of Sheik Atman; and were much gratified upon our landing by a fine moon-light scene, in which two beautiful Arab girls were performing a dance called rack, beneath a grove of palm-trees, to the music of a tambour and a pipe made of two reeds, which the Arabs call Zumana. A party of Arabs was seated in a circle round them, as spectators. The rest of the inhabitants were sleeping, either in the open air beneath the trees, or collected in tents, pell-mell, among asses, mules, and dogs. Some of their children were running up and down the palm-trees, as if these had been so many ladders, to gather bunches of ripe dates for the circle round the dancers. The broad surface of the Nile reflected the moon's image, and conduced to the perfection of this most beautiful spectacle. The Arabs suffered us to walk among them, without being interrupted in their amusement or their repose. Some of them brought us fruit, and offered other refreshments. The women were all prostitutes, and almost naked: they wore coral necklaces, and large ivory bracelets. An Arab joined the dance, which we had never seen any of the men do before: he began by exhibiting a variety of attitudes with his drawn sabre: and then proceeded to express the tenderness of his passion for the female dancer in a very

ludicrous manner, squeaking and howling like some wild animal. The music and the dancing continued during the whole of the night."

#### REPOSITORY OF EMBALMED BIRDS.

After descending into the catacombs of Egypt, Dr. Clarke states himself and his companions were conducted to the mouth of one of those subterraneous repositories in which the embalmed birds were deposited. "Like the entrance to all the other catacombs, this resembled that of a well. We descended, as before, by our rope ladder to the depth of twenty feet; and here found a level, or horizontal duct, along which we were compelled to creep upon our bellies, to the distance of about sixty feet, when we came to a central place, whence several passages diverged. These were almost choked by sand, by a number of broken jars, and by a quantity of swathing and of embalmed substances, looking like so much tinder and charcoal dust, which had been taken out of those jars. As we followed the intricate windings of these channels, we came at last to a passage ten feet in height, and six in width, where the whole space was filled, from the floor to the roof, by the jars, in an entire state, as they were originally deposited. These have often been described. They were all lying horizontally, tier upon tier, the covers being towards the outside, after the manner in which quart bottles are often placed in our cellars. We took down several of them; but as fast as we removed one row, another appeared behind it: and, as we were told by the Arabs, such is their prodigious number, that, if hundreds were removed, the space behind

behind them would appear similarly filled up. The same appearance is presented at the extremities of all these galleries, the passages having been cleared only by the removal of the jars. We opened several of them in the pit. For the most part, the contents of all these vessels were the same: but there were some exceptions. Generally, after unfolding the linen swathing, we found a bird, resembling the English curlew, having a long beak, long legs, and white feathers, tipped with black. It is certainly the same bird which Bruce has described, called by the Arabs, *Abou Hanneh*. In some of these jars, however, instead of a bird, were found parts of other animals, carefully embalmed, and wrapped in linen; as the head of a monkey, or of a cat, without the entire body. Such appearances are rare. Pococke relates, that in one of the irregular apartments, he saw several larger jars, which might be intended for dogs, or for other animals: of these, says he, some have been found, but they are now very rare. We saw none of those larger jars: they all appeared to be of equal size, about fourteen inches in length, of a conical form, and made after the same manner, of coarse earthenware. A luting fastened on the cover: this luting has been described as mortar, but it seems rather to have consisted of the mud of the Nile. It required considerable labour to move about a dozen of these jars with us, in our passage back to the mouth of the repository; but we succeeded in rolling them before us, until we regained the rope-ladder, when they were easily raised to the surface, and afterwards sent to England, to be distributed among our

friends. Another obligation now remains to be fulfilled; namely, that of endeavouring to account for the singular deposit of these birds in the manner which has been described.

"A reverence for certain birds that destroy flies and serpents, seems common to the inhabitants of all countries. In almost all parts of the world, it is considered as an unpropitious omen to put to death the swallow or the marten. The same respect has generally been paid to the stork, the heron, and their different species. At this day, the coming of these birds is hailed as a lucky presage over all the north of Europe; particularly in Denmark and Holland, where the nests of the stork may be observed upon the roofs of cottages and farm-houses, in almost every village. It is observed by Pauw, that the Turks, who do not pretend to be idolaters, are as careful in preventing the Ibis from being destroyed as the Greeks and Romans. It would have been well if this writer had explained what particular bird he alluded to under this appellation; because it is believed that the bird antiently called Ibis is become very rare in Turkey. The Egyptians, says Pauw, instead of being the inventors of a superstitious reverence for the stork and the Ibis, brought this with them from Æthiopia; together with the worship of the cat, the weasel, the ichneumon, the sparrow-hawk, the vulture, and the screech-owl; a worship founded on the utility of these animals. 'It was absolutely necessary,' says he, 'to put them under the protection of the law, otherwise the country would have been altogether uninhabitable.'—The Mahometans, according to Shaw, have the stork in the highest

esteem and veneration; it is as sacred among them as the Ibis was among the Egyptians; and no less profane would that person be accounted, who should attempt to kill, nay, even to hurt or to molest it. We are moreover told by Pliny, that the Egyptians invoked the Ibis against the approach of serpents. In the earliest ages of Egyptian history, the same regard was paid to the Ibis, and for the same cause. Josephus mentions this bird in the beginning of his Jewish Annals, as harmless to all creatures, except to serpents. He relates that Moses, leading an army into Æthiopia, made use of the Ibis to destroy a swarm of serpents that infested his passage. Cicero alludes to this property in the Ibis; and Pliny speaks of the reverence in which it was held. The punishment in Thessaly for having occasioned the death of one of these birds was equal to that for homicide. Thus we have the most ample testimony as to the veneration in which these birds were universally held. The peculiar circumstances which occasioned the remarkable burial of so many of their bodies in the catacombs of Egypt, are explained by Ibn Washi, an Arabian writer; who says, that it was usual to embalm and bury an Ibis at the initiation of the priests. When we reflect upon the number of the priests who officiated in the temples and colleges of the country, and the lapse of ages during which the practice continued, extending even to the conquest of Egypt by the Arabs, we may easily account for the astonishing number of these birds thus preserved. Plutarch, moreover, mentions the burial of the Ibis, and of other animals held sacred among the Egyptians. He says, it was sometimes a private,

and sometimes a public ceremony. The Ibis, with other sacred animals, was put to death by the priests, and privately buried, as an expiatory sacrifice to avert pestilential diseases. The burial was public when any particular species of the sacred animals was to be interred."

#### AN ANTELOPE.

"Some young Arabs brought us an antelope, which they had recently caught. This we purchased of them for three piastres; about four shillings of our money. They had so bruised its legs with cords, that, notwithstanding all our endeavours to preserve this beautiful animal, it lived with us but a short time. The poor creature, after being compelled to exchange its free range of the desert for a confined birth on board the djerm, grew tame, and seemed sensible of the kindness of its keepers, for it actually died licking the hands of the person who fed it."

#### HORSES OF EGYPT.

"The horses of our Arab guard were the finest we had ever seen; not even excepting those of Circassia. In choosing their steeds, the Arabs prefer mares: the Turks give the preference to stallions. The Mamalukes and Bedouin Arabs are perhaps better mounted than any people upon earth; and the Arab grooms were considered, by many of our officers, as superior to those of our own country. These grooms affirm, that their horses never lie down, but sleep standing, when they are fastened by one leg to a post; and that the saddle is never taken off, except for cleaning the animal. We give this relation as we heard it, without venturing to vouch for its truth."

(To be continued.)

BEST



# BEST COLTS AND FILLIES SINCE 1780.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.

SIR,

IN perusing your voluminous publication, it has occurred to me that I never yet saw distinctly specified, from a comparative view of their relative performances, un-influenced by partiality, the best three-years-old colts and fillies this kingdom then produced;—perhaps the same from 1780 to 1814, may settle a long disputed question, and prove a useful acquisition to the Lovers of the Turf.

Year.	Colts.	Sires.
1780	Diomed	Florizel.
1781	Young Eclipse, or Drone	Eclipse.
1782	Mercury, or Assassin	Herod.
1783	Saltram, or Phenomenon	Eclipse.
1784	Rockingham	Herod.
1785	Aimwell	Highflyer.
1786	Meteor	Marc Antony.
1787	Sir Peter Teazle	Eclipse.
1788	Traveller	Highflyer.
1789	Seagull	Highflyer.
1790	Buzzard	Woodpecker.
1791	Vermin	Woodpecker.
1792	John Bull	Highflyer.
1793	Gohanna	Fortitude.
1794	Bennington, or Beningbrough	Mercury.
1795	Hambletonian	Rockingham.
1796	Shuttle, or Spoliater	King Fergus.
1797	Timothy, or Stamford	King Fergus.
1798	Schedoni, or Sir Harry	Young Marsk.
1799	Cockfighter	Trumpator.
1800	Champion, or Chance	Delpini.
1801	Quiz	Sir P. Teazle.
1802	Walton, or Tyrant	Pot8o's.
1803	Remembrancer, or Ditto	Sir P. Teazle.

Year.	Colts.	Sires.
1804	Sir David	Trumpator.
1805	Cardinal Beaufort	Gohanna.
1806	Trafalgar, or Paris	Gohanna.
1807	Election	Sir P. Teazle.
1808	Plover	Gohanna.
1809	Wizard, or Spaniard	Sir P. Teazle.
1810	Octavian	Sorcerer.
1811	Soothsayer	Young Drone.
1812	Comus	Stripling.
1813	Smolensko	Sorcerer.
1814	Blucher	Sorcerer.

Year.	Fillies.	Sires.
1780	Tetotum	Match'em.
1781	Speranza, or Temperance	Eclipse.
1782	Imperatrix	Dux.
1783	Maid of the Oaks	Alfred.
1784	Stella, or Omphale	Herod.
1785	Fairy	Plunder.
1786	Yellow Filly	Highflyer.
1787	Annette	Highflyer.
1788	Nightshade	Tandem.
1789	Pewett	Eclipse.
1790	Contessina	Woodpecker.
1791	Portia, or Peggy	Tandem.
1792	Volante	Young Marsk.
1793	Nerissa, or Cælia	Volunteer.
1794	Hermione	Trumpator.
1795	Fractionious, or Platina	Highflyer.
1796	Hornpipe, or Frisby	Sir P. Teazle.
1797	Fugitive, or Nike	Mercury.
1798	Bellissima	Mercury.
1799	Hornby Lass, or Fanny	Trumpator.
1800	Tuneful	Fidget.
1801	Sophia*	Escape.
1802	Julia	Alexander.
1803	Dollalolla	Phenomenon.
1804	Pelisse	Buzzard.
1805	Meteora	Sir P. Teazle.
1806	Desdemona	Trumpator.
1807	Paulina	Buzzard.
1808	Morel	Whiskey.
1809	Zaida, or Maid of Orleans	Meteor.
1810	Dimity	Sir P. Teazle.
1811	Sorcery	Sir P. Teazle.
1812	Elizabeth	Sorcerer.
1813	Altisidora	Trumpator.
1814	Petuarina	Sorcerer.

\* Your readers must appear surprised that Eleanor is not enumerated in this list of conquerors, as her performances at Epsom stand unrivalled; but I have to observe, that Sophia won more prizes, had better antagonists to contend with, and actually allowed Eleanor 5lbs. Eleanor, however, at her best, was but an indifferent runner.

## THE CORN CRAKE.

AN ETCHING.

THE Corn-crake, as we are informed by Bewick, is in length rather more than nine inches; the bill is light brown; the eyes hazel; all the feathers on the upper parts of the plumage are of a dark brown, edged with pale rust colour; both wing coverts and quills are of a deep chesnut; the fore part of the neck and breast is of a pale ash colour; a streak of the same colour extends over each eye from the bill to the side of the neck; the belly is of a yellowish white; the sides, thighs, and vent, are faintly marked with rusty-coloured streaks; the legs are of a pale flesh colour.

It makes its appearance about the same time as the Quail, and frequents the same places, whence it is called, in some countries, the king of the Quails. Its well-known cry is first heard as soon as the grass becomes long enough to shelter it, and continues till the grass is cut; but the bird is seldom seen, for it constantly skulks among the thickest part of the herbage, and runs so nimbly through it, winding and doubling in every direction, that it is difficult to come near it; when hard pushed by the dog, it sometimes stops short and squats down, by which means its too eager pursuer overshoots the spot, and loses the trace. It seldom springs but when driven to extremity, and generally flies with its legs hanging down, but never to a great distance: As soon as it alights, it runs off, and before the fowler has reached the spot, the bird is at a considerable distance. The Corn-crake leaves this island in winter, and repairs to other

countries in search of food, which consists of worms, slugs, and insects; it likewise feeds on seeds of various kinds; it is very common in Ireland, and is seen in great numbers in the island of Anglesea in its passage to that country. On its first arrival in England it is so lean as to weigh less than six ounces, from whence one would conclude that it must have come from distant parts; before its departure, however, it has been known to exceed eight ounces, and is then very delicious eating. The female lays ten or twelve eggs, on a nest made of a little moss or dry grass carelessly put together; they are of a pale ash colour, marked with rust-coloured spots. The young Crakes run as soon as they have burst the shell, following the mother; they are covered with a black down, and soon find the use of their legs.

## ON THE CRUELTY OF ENGLISH AMUSEMENTS.

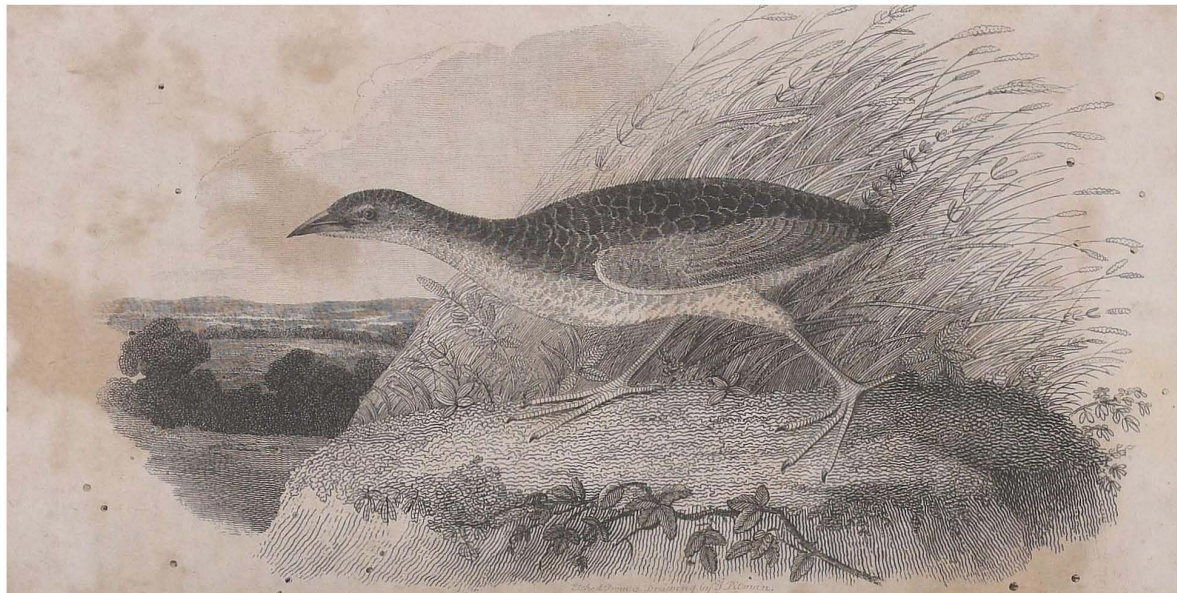
O Man! tyrannic Lord! how long, how long  
Shall suffering Nature groan beneath your  
rage,  
Awaiting renovation?

THOMSON.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.

SIR,

IT has been very finely observed by a late celebrated writer, that although we are the most enlightened people on the face of the earth, our simple recreations still partake too much of the barbarity of former times. Contemplating the subject in its full force, and looking round on the world for the truth of this trite observation, no man can hesitate to pronounce, that in lieu of ameliorating the condition



*Limosa limosa. Drawing by J. R. S. M.*

CORN CRAKE.



condition of the brute creation, or even in a reform of our amusements, we still regard, with an aspect of veneration and hardened brutality, these disgraceful remnants of feudal tyranny. How surprising, that we who make it our boast, our pride, of possessing more knowledge than any kingdom upon earth, should still feel a pleasure in these disgusting exhibitions, peculiarly so as it is universally admitted, that on enlightened views on most subjects every nation is a full century behind us. What the press has effected these few years, has been wrested by force, in spite of a most disgraceful opposition; but its advocates, with the most firm, undaunted resolution, contested the ground inch by inch, and through their unwearied diligence and meritorious exertions, the monster shrunk back, appalled and confounded.—To proceed, however, a little nearer to the point: Does it *become* us, after reading the disgusting account of the bull-feasts in Spain, to rise from the perusal with all the feelings of compassion warm within us, and exclaim against Spanish brutality, when perhaps the next day we hasten with delight to witness an exhibition equally as horrible? If we shudder at the Spaniard's want of thought, who, in despite of life and tender ties of family, rushes on destruction unprepared, how must we exclaim against that self-created tribunal, the law of honour, which, on the dissension of a doit, compels a man who values his fame or character to enter the field, and who, perhaps, at the pulling of a trigger, is sent to meet his Maker, "with all his imperfections on his head?" We may turn and turn again from the perusal of this volume, but when we

come to contemplate our own folly on this monstrous practice, in struts that phantom, Honour, and appeals to our feelings, both as men and as Englishmen, in vindication of this cool-blooded practice.

Alas! how many bleed,  
By shameful variance betwixt man and man.

THOMSON.

Until this spurious tribunal be abolished—for no laws, human or divine can sanction its continuance—little censure can attach to those men who esteem a spotless character dearer than life, from accepting a challenge, and wiping off the foul stigma cast upon their reputation.

He that filches from me my good name,  
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,  
And makes me poor indeed.

SHAKESPEARE.

Do away with this ephemeral law, and the practice will scarcely survive it; it is true we have no Dukes of Hamilton and Lords Mohun now tilting at each other with drawn swords, and dyeing the ground beneath their feet with arterial blood; yet this unnatural custom, if not restrained with a rod of iron, must entail the same misery; for he that sets the laws of God and man at defiance, and will not suffer his restless spirit to remain content, unless with the blood of his antagonist, becomes as guilty of the heinous crime of murder in the sight of God, as the robber, who, to satisfy the demands of a family, and to elude detection, destroys the victim of his crime; the world most assuredly never will look upon duelling in this light, and regard it with the same degree of turpitude; but deprive it of its false covering, expose it in its real colours, and in spite

spite of tyrant custom, and the wayward opinion of the world, it deserves no gentler epithet.

Again, two men, erect in all the pride of strength and manhood, are put under a course of regimen, and brought to the utmost pitch of bodily perfection, to qualify them to deal their deadly blows, and sustain their antagonist's with more effect; are pitted against each other for an insignificant prize, and in a few minutes scarce a feature of the human face divine can be discerned, till, by repeated blows, all sense is completely fled, and the vanquished remains a pitiful spectacle, unable, without surgical assistance, to be conveyed from the scene of combat. He who wishes for a reform in our amusements, cannot connive at boxing, however fair and honourably conducted, particularly if they proceed to incite and compel a man to continue the fight against his inclination, which, if he refuses, then branding him with the opprobrious name of a coward, to exasperate him to persevere, till very likely a broken limb closes the disgraceful combat. Surely no man is so good a judge of what he can receive as himself; if so, why goad him to take more than nature will support, as woeful experience informs us, this most generally ends in a lingering death.

What higher pleasure can a man experience, than witnessing five or six of the most beautiful animals in the creation struggling for superiority—stretching every muscle to reach the goal, and spontaneously exerting every effort, unaided by the whip or spur, to obtain the prize? Reverse the picture, and view these same generous animals contending for the prize, their hearts appalled, their

flesh torn and mangled by the whip, their tender sides lacerated by the merciless spur; and for what? Why, merely to excite them to greater exertion, and perform what nature had never endowed them with, and which, so far from compelling them to quicken their speed, only weakens and retards the powers of action. Besides, it most usually happens that he who makes too liberal use of the whip and spur generally stands the least chance of obtaining the prize. Is it possible that men, gifted with so large a portion of philanthropy, should suffer these noble animals to be whipped, mangled, and perhaps ruined, merely to gain a trifling reward. No! the bare mention is repugnant to their feelings, and must be accounted for on the broad basis, that they will not commit cruelty themselves, but will tamely stand by and see it inflicted by others.

The sportsman takes his gun, with all the deadly ammunition pertaining to it, and, to pass away a little time, ranges the fields in search of a few harmless birds, and when—

—————The spaniel, struck  
Stiff, by the tainted gale, with open nose,  
Outstretch'd, and finely sensible, draws  
full,  
Fearful and cautious on the latent prey,  
(THOMSON)

he pulls the fatal trigger, and instantly scatters leaden death amongst these unsuspecting denizens of the air. Nevertheless, the unanimous voice of ages has established sporting on too firm a basis to dread the attack of every puny philippic, and he who attempts to ridicule and eradicate it, would require, like Augea's stable, more than human aid; and what appears greatly in favour of this

this practice is, that it quickly dispatches your miserable victim, and puts it to no lingering torture; but still, as a mere excuse, it can never be palliated, as it partakes too much of that ferociousness which characterized our forefathers.

If we proceed to the more homely, but artless pastime of cudgel-playing, as practised in the lower parts of the country, we must perceive there is a degree of ungovernable cruelty appertaining to it: Men met, for the avowed purpose of spending a holiday, to pass their time in boisterous joviality, and then not resting content with a few exhibitions of their skill in this manly exercise; but, to shew their contempt of blows, to prove that that English blood still runs in their veins which despises danger, are determined to persevere in the combat, till a score of broken heads crown the day's diversion.

The Reverend Clergy recommend angling as exciting men to meditation, and contemplate on the varied beauties of nature—it was *their* sole amusement some few years back. This simple recreation, dressed up as it is in the fascinating garb of simplicity, experience, and genius, with its multitudinous and various wiles, opens a wide field to cruelty. View the fisher passing the murderous hook through the body of an harmless worm; the reptile, from horrid torture, twisting convulsively in agonising folds, and then point out the man whose feelings will not, instinctively, exclaim—

Let not on thy hook, the tortured worm  
Convulsive twist. THOMSON.

But this is not all; view this insatiate man again thrusting the barbed hook through the body of a

living fish; and, as if the measure of his cruelty was not complete, throws it so baited in the water, thus to linger whole days in this painful attitude, till, by rapacious hunger, it falls a prey to some voracious pike or perch.

What a pity that disgraceful exhibition, termed a Welch main, is tolerated in this enlightened æra; to see men gifted with the light of Christianity, hasten with ardour to witness this pastime, and bet various sums of money on the event of the various battles, is a position which I am at a loss to account for, particularly as they evince no compunction, or even the shadow of reflection, at this infamous barbarity: and for what reason is this noble, but unoffending bird, put into a system of regimen, to urge him more quickly to butcher his pitiful antagonist? Why, to entertain those men who take delight in such sport, and produce a little betting on the issue of the combat, with all its concomitants of brutality and ruin, not improperly styled the Pandemonium on earth.

Besmeared, they wound, they tear, 'till on  
the ground,  
Panting, half dead, the conquer'd champion lies. SOMERVILLE.

No pastime has reflected more on the national character, or calls so loudly upon the Legislature to crown the exertions of the public press, to enact some law to put a stop, in some measure, to this disgusting sport, if *sport* it may be called. It was formerly in contemplation to pass some law of this kind, but matters of great public concern superseded the necessity of this philanthropic act; but now affairs are running into their old channel, those enlightened statesmen are called upon, in the name of real humanity, to pass something



thing efficient to check the passions of delinquents, to protect poor, defenceless brutes—thus effectually to wipe away the stain which so bitterly reflects on our beloved country.

The brutal amusement of badger-baiting was formerly very prevalent amongst the lower orders of people, and men were at great pains to drag this harmless animal from its old, secure abode, to immure it in a box, in order to afford an hour's diversion to those who delight in the hellish scene; and when surrounded both by men and dogs, he who drags it from its retreat is triumphantly hailed as victor, and receives the prize awarded for this disgusting enterprize.

Then sudden, all the base, ignoble crowd,  
Loud clamouring, seize the helpless, worried wretch,

And, thirsting for his blood, drag different ways,

His mangled carcass on the ensanguin'd plain.  
SOMERVILLE.

This unfair practice has lately been on the wane, and it is devoutly to be wished may never return: how strange, that men would so far debase their nature, as to tamely stand by and witness this innocent brute worried to death by savage terriers; and yet this is called sport, with all the outward marks of exultation and delight, by those men who unworthily arrogate to themselves the title of benevolent, without even feeling the least compunction at the pitiful spectacle which appears before them. Of all the amusements which the wit and ingenuity of man has devised, one would imagine this little animal was the least adapted to afford sport, and yet he who attempts to contract the circle of their spurious pleasures, is regarded as an innovator, an enemy to the spirit of the English character.

O breasts, of pity void! to oppress the weak,

To point your pastime at the friendless head,

And with one mutual cry, insult the fall'n!  
SOMERVILLE.

[To be concluded in our next.]

#### THE LARK RESCUED.

A Circumstance of rather a singular nature excited the attention of the company in the Argyll steam-boat, on the 7th inst. during her voyage from Glasgow.—When a little way above Renfrew, a lark flew from the land, closely followed by a hawk, which pursued it for a considerable time, almost immediately above the vessel. The lark continued to elude the grasp of its intended destroyer, till, quite exhausted, it flew to the boat, and alighted on the deck. A gentleman instantly sprung forward to its succour, but with a precipitation which caused the little warbler to fly off, and committing itself to its fate, was again pursued by its nimble enemy. During this second pursuit, half a dozen crows generously interposed, beat off the hawk, and compelled it to change its course: unfortunately, however, the hawk again espied its prey, and after a long flight, the lark a second time descended on the deck for protection. Once more, the same error as formerly exposed it to the enmity of its pursuer, now joined by another hawk, which entered with fresh vigour on the chase: and all hopes of the lark's escape were now abandoned, when the crows, having nearly doubled their number by a reinforcement, again suddenly arrived to its rescue; the lark the third time descended on the deck, and was secured, till considered sufficiently distant from its enemy, when it was suffered to escape.

FEAST

## FEAST OF WIT.

THE parish clerk of a little village in Devonshire, was directed by the churchwardens to give notice to the congregation that Parson R\*\*\* and Parson C\*\*\*\*\* would preach there *alternately*, for which he read this:—"The congregation be a desired to teak notice that Parson R\*\*\* and Parson C\*\*\*\*\* will preach here *eternally*."

A DEVONSHIRE farmer some time since perusing a newspaper, in which it was stated that one of Bonaparte's (would-be) victories had been celebrated at Notre Dame with *Te Deum*, exclaimed, "Ah, damn they French fellers, they be a *baaling tiddy um* again, I see."

A LOVER of venison, going into the coffee-house, for the purpose of having his favourite dish, was told the *haunch* was gone, but that there was part of the *neck* left; "Aye," cried he, "'tis *neck* or *nothing*, I see."

A PERSON having long tried to open a door in vain, cried—"Hang the *lock*, how *obstinate* it is."—"I dare say," said a wag, "'tis made of *pig-iron*."

A LADY now on the London boards, some years since met with a most whimsical accident at a country theatre; while acting the part of *Flora* in *The Midnight Hour*, she was very characteristically enjoying the trick she had

played the servant in the chest, and was seated on its lid, when losing her equipoise, she turned a complete somersets over the box, thereby entirely exposing her person; on her recovery from the confusion such an accident naturally occasioned, she retired from the stage, and was quizzed by another actress upon her *posterior* display. "Oh! Lord," said she, "that was nothing." "Indeed," said an old cynical prompter, who stood by, "then it was the *largest* NOTHING I ever saw in my life."

A PRUDENT housewife going to purchase a second-hand *dumb waiter*, asked the broker whether he thought it would *answer*; "Yes, ma'am," replied he, "*without question*."

A SAILOR'S REBUKE.—There was lately on board the Undaunted, when commanded by Captain Usher, a seaman, who had a remarkable taste for carving, and whose ingenuity had been conspicuously exerted in ornamenting the cabins and stern of that frigate. Captain —, of —, the head of whose figure-head had been recently shot away, went on board the Undaunted, in hopes of getting another head supplied by this ingenious sailor. His disposition was reported as not of the most mild or forbearing kind; and on account of having inflicted *sixteen dozen lashes* upon a sailor for drunkenness, he was commonly called

called by the foremast-men, "*Sixteen-dozen-Jack*." When he got on board, he asked Capt. Usher, to let his carver supply a head to his figure. The carver was called, and Capt. Usher communicated to him the wishes of Captain —, to which the blunt tar replied by a significant shrug of the shoulders. The officer was very urgent, and told him he should not care *what he gave him*, if he would replace the head. "Can't do it, Sir—can't do it—it is no use to try at it—I am sure I can't do it."—"I will give you any thing you desire," said the Captain, "if you will oblige me."—"It's of no use, Sir; for I couldn't do it if your honour would give me *sixteen dozen*."

A DUBLIN paper states, that a certain Alderman of that city having been on his departure lately from a dinner at the Mayoralty House, solicited by a poor woman for charity for herself and five *starving* children, exclaimed,—*"D—n you, I would give 50*l*. to be as hungry as any of you."*

AN IRISHMAN being asked in what manner he would best like to die, replied, "*I'd run a mile in five minutes, and be out of breath presently.*"

OLD SAYINGS.—It is considered that old sayings are founded on truth, but there is no general rule without exception; for example, when a person fails in any enterprise or undertaking, it is said, "*He has put his foot in it.*" Now the Manager of Covent-Garden Theatre, has compleatly proved the fallacy of the above old saying, for the very great success of "*The Forest of Bondy*," is principally

owing to his having "*Put his Foote in it.*"

"*Comparisons are odious.*"—Some old ladies, who in their youth had seen and admired the late Mr. Garrick, were lately induced to go to Drury-Lane Theatre to see Mr. Kean in *Richard*. The next day they were descanting on and drawing *comparisons* between the two little heroes, when one of the fair, but antiquated damsels, insisted upon it that there was no *comparison* between the two, for that *Kean* was absolutely superior to *Garrick*. An honest, blunt, plain spoken Hibernian, who happened to be present at the discussion, exclaimed, "*Comparison,*" my lady, "*No, by Jasus there is not, but I'll tell you what they always do upon such occasions in my country; they never draw any comparisons, you see, but they always say that a live JACKASS is better than a dead LION.*"

AN author, a few days since, eager to get his book printed off, found the printer so dilatory, that he was continually at the printer's elbow, in order to *push him on*. Upon which the printer said, "*Sir, you ought to have been a man of business, you are so active.*"—"So I ought," said the author, "and then I might have taken you in as a *sleeping partner*."

ON A LADY WITH VERY THICK LEGS.

POLLY with zeal pursues love's wars,  
And Lover's hearts she rifles,  
She scorns all dangers, laughs at scars,  
And never stands on trifles.

A POOR old pensioner, staggering home intoxicated lately, at Bishop's Auckland,



Auckland, Durham, lost his way and fell into a tanpit. An honest Hibernian, hearing cries of distress, flew immediately to the spot; and, though he would gladly have rescued a fellow-subject, he had no idea of doing it at the expence of his Majesty; and exclaiming, "By J—s, my dear honey, I cannot draw the pit without giving notice to the Exciseman," ran off to give the necessary information, leaving the son of Mars to his fate; who must inevitably have been suffocated, but for the arrival of some persons equally humane, but not possessing those *pure scruples*, which deprived the pensioner of poor Pat's assistance.

AN Irish Officer observing, on his march through France, that nearly all the harvest was got in by women, whose wages did not exceed sixpence a-day, exclaimed, "Oh! my dear, those are the harvest men that would suit my own country; we could bed them and board them for no wages at all."

THE townspeople of Chepstow, in Monmouthshire, propose to convert their wooden bridge into an iron one; but, in such case, travellers will certainly have a harder matter to get over.

ANCIENT WIT.—"What a jest is. A jest is the bubbling up of wit. It is a bavin, which, being well kindled, maintaines, for a short time, the beate of laughter. It is a weapon wherewith a foole does oftentimes fight, and a wise man defends himself by. It is the foode of good companie, if it be seasoned with iudgement; but if with too much tartnesse, it is hardly digested but turne to quarrel. A

jest is tried as powder is, the most sudden is the best. It is a merrie gentleman, and hath a brother so like him, that many take them for twins; for the one is a jest spoken, the other is a jest done."

"A gentlewoman comming to one that stood at a window reading a booke, Sir, (sayd she), I would I were your booke (because she loued the gentleman). So would I, quoth he, I wish you were. But what booke would you have me to bee (sayd the other) if I were to be so! Mary, an Almanacke (quoth the gentleman) because I would change every yeare.

#### IMPROMPTU.

When Madison wisely from Washington  
scamper'd,  
Though his bottles he left, he was very  
well hampered.

FEMALE NAIVÈTE.—A young naval officer, who had been promised a landscape from the hands of two sisters, whose excellence in drawing is well known, wrote to them the other day to reproach their indolence. The conclusion of their answer was to this effect:—"Indeed, Harry, we have been very idle, but as you sailors now and then *lie upon your oars*, Sophy and I have been lying on our brushes."

WHEN first the beer pumps were introduced in the bars of the country inns, they excited a great deal of curiosity amongst the bumpkins, and they used to be continually looking at, prying into, and handling them, as their slender knowledge of hydraulics did not enable them to comprehend the principle upon which they acted. This meddling sort of curiosity

greatly annoyed a Mr. Boniface, at a country inn, in the neighbourhood of London. By the bye, this same gentleman was considered within his own sphere, not only as a great *wit*, but a great *poet* also, and was famous for *making verses* upon all extraordinary occasions; now this being considered as one of those great events worthy of his notice, he invoked the muses (over his *pipe* and his *pot*), and produced the following *very elegant* and *classical* couplets, which he printed on a board, and placed immediately over the handles of his beer cocks, in order to prevent any further incroachments being made on them.

“ CAUTION.

“ Whoever presumes with *these here*  
cocks for to meddle,  
Shall pay a  *pint* of beer, *that there is the*  
riddle;  
But whoever presumes *these here* cocks  
for to draw,  
Shall pay a *pot* of beer, and *that there is*  
the law;  
But if he does'nt pay that, he shall be  
sous'd in the pond with the ducks,  
And all *this here* comes of meddling with  
*them there* cocks.”

Since the above very refined production, whenever any little amorous indiscretions, and so on, occur in the town or neighbourhood, it is become a standing joke amongst them to say to the lasses, &c. &c. “ Aye, aye, all *this here* comes of meddling with *them there* cocks.”

BOX MOR.—When the celebrated Fontenelle was very old, a regular bred physician was one day maintaining that *coffee was slow poison*. “ Very slow indeed,” said the great political philosopher, “ for I have drank it every day these *eighty years!*”

*Irish Acumen v. Pathetic Appeal.*

—A lawyer upon a circuit in Ireland, who was pleading the cause of an infant plaintiff, took the child up in his arms, and presented it to the jury, suffused with tears. This had a great effect, until the opposite lawyer asked the child what made him cry? “ *He pinched me!*” answered the little innocent. The whole court was convulsed with laughter.

A GENTLEMAN, not many days ago, proposed the following odd question:—“ Why is the Court of Chancery like a dead sheep?” To which, no one replying, he observed, I will explain to you the similitude. As soon as the poor animal is dead, down comes the *great black Raven*, and picks out the eyes and brains, and all the nice parts. Then follow a thousand little maggots, who become masters, and devour all the flesh, and then they leave to the owner the bones, to make what he can of them.

SHAVING BANK.—Penny Shaving Notes to a considerable amount, have just been issued by an ingenious tonsor at Stockport.—The purport of the note alluded to is nearly as follows:

“ SHAVING BANK.

“ At my Shop I promise to shave Mr. Henry Hase, or bearer, one time;  
S. R. Shaver.”

ONE PENNY.

Round the margin of the note are the following apologetic rhymes:

“ While, my friends, so scarce hard  
change is,  
And so wide my business ranges,  
Humbly as my betters do,  
I must issue paper too.”

A GENTLEMAN expressing his surprise how some of the medical  
and

and anatomical schools were supplied with subjects, was answered, "*They always took care of that from their own practice.*"

## MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTION.

Under this stone lies THOMAS WEEKES,  
He errs who years, months, days, here  
seeks,

Have not weekes days? No, Sir, be not  
offended,

When WEEKES came here his days were  
ended.

CONJUGAL DULLNESS.—A lady complaining of the want of intellect in her husband, observed, he was very dull, she almost doubted if he could make out—the *Horn-book*.

## A MICHAELMAS NOTICE TO QUIT.

To all gad flies and gnats, fam'd for even  
tide hum,

To the blue bottles too, with their gossamer  
drum;

To all long-legs and moths, thoughtless  
rogues still at ease,

Old Winter sends greeting, health,  
friendship, and these:

Whereas on complaint laid before me this  
day,

That for months back, to wit, from the  
first day of May,

Various insects, pretenders to beauty and  
birth,

Have on venturesome wing lately travers'd  
the earth;

And mistaking fair Clara's chaste lip for  
a rose,

Stung the beauty in public and frighten'd  
her beaux;

And whereas on the last sultry ev'ning  
in June,

The said Clara was harmlessly humming  
a tune,

A blue-bottle, sprung from some dung-  
hill no doubt,

Buzz'd about her so long he at last put  
her out;

And whereas sundry haunches and high  
season'd pies,

And a thousand sweet necks have been  
o'er run by flies;

In his wisdom Old Winter thinks nothing  
more fit,

Than to publish this friendly "*Memento  
to quit.*"

At your peril ye long-legs this notice  
despise,

Hasten hence ye vile gad flies, a word to  
the wise;

Hornets, horsestingers, wasps, fly so hos-  
tile a land,

Or your death warrant's signed by Old  
Winter's chill hand.

A PERSON, familiarly called *Jack*, lately going into a market-room at a town in Essex, accosted an Excise Officer present with "How d'ye do, Old *Dip Stick*? What do you think I have heard?"—"I don't know," said the Excise Officer.—"Why," rejoined *Jack*, "I have heard say, that *Excisemen* and *Jack-asses* never die."—"Don't they indeed," replied the other, "Why then, *Jack*, if that be the case, you and I shall live for ever."

IMPROMPTU.—At the last Assizes in the West of England, an action was tried to recover a small sum of money, the defence to which was, that the defendant had made a tender of the sum in dispute before the action was brought; and the Counsel for the defendant called a woman to prove the fact—but she was so very confused that she could not answer the questions put to her—and while the Barrister was labouring hard to make her prove the tender, Mr. Jekyll wrote the following lines, which were handed round the Court, and excited much mirth:—

Dear Sir, forbear—the stubborn jade  
Will never prove a tender maid (made).

THE actors on two legs begin to murmur exceedingly against the introduction of a performer on four, as they very justly observe it is two to one against them.

SPORT-



## SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

AT Doncaster, Mr. Acred sold *Miss Appleton*, after winning the Corporation Purse, to Mr. Chaworth.—She also won the Gold Cup at Lincoln, and was got by *Hyacinthus*, dam by Ormond.—And the Duke of Hamilton sold *Anna*, by *Hambletonian*, (or *Shuttle*) out of *Young Rosaletta*, by *Walnut*.

The valuable stallion *Golumpus*, was put up by auction at Doncaster, but there were no bidders.—In consequence thereof his owner is determined not to part with him.—He will cover the ensuing season at Low-Catton, near Kexby Bridge, seven miles from York, on the Hull road.—He is sire of Lord Scarbrough's *Catton*, who won, this year, a Stakes at Newcastle, beating *X Y Z*, &c.—At York August Meeting, he won two of the great Subscription Purses, for one of which, he gave his year to *Epperston* and *Woodman*.—At Doncaster, he won the *Fitzwilliam* Stakes, beating *Tramp*, &c. he also won the Doncaster Stakes.—After which, *Tramp* won the Prince's Stakes and Gold Cup.—See our *Racing Calendar*.

*Tramp*, after winning the above, was sold to Sir B. R. Graham, Bart. for 1500gs.

Mr. Monkman, of York, has purchased the stallion *Chorus*, (own Brother to the celebrated mare *Tuneful*) of Lord Hawke.—He was got by *Trumpator*; his dam, *Sea-Fowl*, by *Woodpecker*, out of *Middlesex*, (own Sister to *Sir Peter*

*Teazle's dam*) by *Snap*. He is full sixteen hands high, of great length and extraordinary powers, with beautiful symmetry, and of fine temper; his colour a good brown-bay, without white:—In him are blended the three valuable crosses of racing blood (*Trumpator*, *Woodpecker*, *Snap*) deservedly held in the highest estimation by the gentlemen of the turf.—He has covered two seasons, and his foals are very promising.—He will cover the ensuing season at Mr. Monkman's stables, at 5gs. and 5s.

THE Marchioness of Queensbury has been nominated Lady Patroness of the Dumfries and Galloway Hunt for next year; Captain Johnston, R. N. Prases; Lieut.-Col. M'Murdo, Vice Prases; and Thos. Creighton, John Staig, and John Maxwell, Esqrs. Stewards of the Hunt.

LORD Hill and Sir T. J. T. Jones, Bart. are appointed Stewards for the next year's races at Shrewsbury.

THE race for the Oatlands Stakes at the late Newmarket Meeting, was well contested between *Osman* and *Cat*. A complaint was made by the rider of *Osman* against the jockey who rode *Cat*, of having jostled him, which was referred to the Jockey Club, who decided, on hearing the evidence of the jockeys, that it was no jostle.

It now appears (says a daily print) that Belville, who was favourite horse for the St. Leger Stakes at Doncaster, and who certainly would have won it, was purchased by a couple of —, who would have lost an immense sum on his winning, purposely to prevent his running. But as this would have occasioned (as supposed) a riot at Doncaster, it became necessary to pretend he was lame, that the imposition might not be discovered by the number of persons who were thus defrauded in their bets.

*The Goose and the Golden Egg* should be a lesson to the legs on the turf, who are proceeding, by rapid strides, to ruin their own game. Let them fairly, if they can, profit by various cross bets on their own books, but the moment they begin buying horses off, bribing training grooms, and betting with stable boys, then they ought to be whipped off the different race courses, where they are endeavouring to cheat the gentlemen who are fairly training their horses, and bringing them to the post to win if they can.

MR. Crockford, is said in the newspapers, to have lost 5000 guineas by William winning the late St. Leger race, in a bet of 5000 to 50, that Sir Godfrey Webster did not name the winners of the Derby, Oaks, and St. Leger. The bet was made some time before Epsom races.

THE Newmarket First October Meeting was thinly attended, with indifferent sport and little betting, except on the race after the dead heat between Osman and Wire.

THE Prince Regent's Stag-hounds met Monday the 17th inst.

at a cover near Blackwater Monument, and after drawing the covers for near an hour and a half, they found a fine four-year old stag; being a soft mild air, the scent was breast high, and the hounds ran with such swiftness as almost to bid defiance to the fleetest horse that was out (there were upwards of thirty.) The stag left the Military College at Sandhurst, and Wycombe Bushes, to the left, and through Swinley Park, then made a circle round Tower Hill, near to Bagshot Park, and through Swinley again, and by the end of Bracknell, across the Forest nearly to Warfield, then to the right over the old camp-ground by the kennel, and towards Winkfield Plain; leaving that to the left, went through the Great Park to Bishopsgate, then took the plantations to the clock-house, and crossed the country to Thorpe, then to Staines-bridge, where he was taken, after a very severe run of three hours and a half. There were but eight horses in, that started at the beginning of the chase, the huntsman's and whipper-in's excluded, whose horses carried them exceeding well, but, like the rest, had a *quantum sufficit* for one day.

ON Friday, the 21st inst. the Marquis Cornwallis, and a numerous field of gentlemen sportsmen assembled near Swinley, where the Noble Marquis gave orders to Mr. Sharp, the Royal Huntsman, to find an outlying deer for the day's diversion; the hounds in a short time found three together near Swinley; they followed them with great swiftness for a considerable time, when the deer separated; some of the hounds followed the stag, and the rest followed the hinds, which were

very

very soon taken. The stag shewed great sport for several hours, across the forest and round the different hills, and at last taking towards the Great Park, he leaped over the paling, and ran with the greatest speed, crossing the Park, and was taken near the double gates, after a very long run of upwards of twenty-five miles. Although it was a remarkable fine strong deer, he died soon after he was taken.

IN the annals of hunting ought to be recorded the following feat, by a sportsman in the neighbourhood of Brompton, scarcely ever equalled: The hare, being dead-run, to save its life, plunged into Talkin Tarn, which is about twenty feet in depth; when all the dogs, except one, kept back. To encourage the dogs our Nimrod boldly rode into the watery plain, and his horse out swimming poor puss, he actually lifted her out of the water by her ears.

CRIBB, the pugilistic professor, who keeps a public-house near St. James's-square, had his usual Anniversary Dinner on Tuesday, the 25th inst. Mr. Incedon was in the Chair, and Mr. Kean was of the party. These two celebrated performers gave "*All's Well*;" the Tragedian taking the second part!

FROM the reports of all the farmers in the country, the London dealers bought their horses at 20 per cent. lower than last year; and for inferior horses they refused offering any thing. This was the case at the great fair at Howden, and it is fit that the purchasers in London should know this, as the dealers are apt to tell them "horses were higher than ever."

ROWING.—No less than four patents have been obtained within the last four months for rowing or propelling boats and vessels. Mr. Thompson, by whose plan the materials of Drury-lane Theatre were raised, and the Indiamen are discharged at the East India Docks, has also made a very important improvement in this useful art. Our readers are aware of the usual position of a man in rowing, with his back towards the end of the boat. By Mr. T.'s plan, the man looks and rows forwards; and independently of the advantage which this change of position affords him, in avoiding obstructions, and in passing close along shore where the stream is against him, he applies his powers with much greater effect: the apparatus is also lighter, occupies less space, and is worked with less friction. A trial of this new invention is about to take place.

READING SESSIONS.—*The King v. Boulton*.—This case came before the Court upon an appeal of Mr. Z. Boulton, against the conviction of the Magistrates at the Petty Sessions at Maidenhead, on the 42d of the King, for his coursing and hunting the King's deer, on the 4th of August last.—In support of the conviction, Mr. Best, of Counsel for the respondent, made a most eloquent harangue to the Court, in the course of which he clearly elucidated the law on the subject; and in detailing the facts, depicted the conduct of the appellant in the most glowing and forcible colours. The Learned Counsel, in warm and animated terms, descanted on the glaring impropriety of the appellant's proceedings, tending to subvert all order amongst the lower classes of Society,



ty, and to let loose upon the world an ungovernable system, little short of anarchy and confusion.—The appellant's Counsel, Mr. Wakefield, in his address to the Court, did not risk his defence entirely on the ground generally maintained by his client, that the Forest Enclosure Act had dis-afforested *all* the wastes in the forest, and that the specific allotments to his Majesty were entitled to no exemption; but took several legal objections to the form and wording of the conviction, all of which were over-ruled by the Court, and the conviction was confirmed.

ON Wednesday afternoon, the 19th inst. an act of the most wanton barbarity was witnessed in Newgate-street, London:—A person on horseback, accompanied by a very fine pointer, set out from an inn in Smithfield, the dog fastened by the collar with a chain, which was fixed to the foot of the man on horseback, who rode the horse almost at a gallop as far as Warwick-lane, in Newgate-street, dragging the poor dog through the mud till he was nearly suffocated, and dreadfully lacerating his body, over the stones; when the inhuman wretch's career was stopped by the interference of some individuals possessing the feelings of humanity, who forced the miscreant to take the dog before him on the horse, and re-conduct him to the inn he had set out from.

A TROTTING match for a considerable sum, and upon which many bets depended, took place on Monday, the 26th ult. upon the turnpike road between Hanwood-bridge, and Ponsert-bridge, a distance of three miles, between Mr. Highway's Highflyer, and Mr.

Brazenor's Bagatelle. The latter led the way in high style for two miles, but at length was compelled to yield to the superior strength and speed of Highflyer. The three miles were trotted in about fourteen minutes.

MAJOR Price's grey mare, which lately did ten miles in forty minutes, was backed on Wednesday, the 28th ult. on the same road (near Blackwater) for two hundred guineas, to do eight miles in nineteen minutes. The mare started, and did the first mile under two minutes, and was winning at the sixth mile, when she got the better of the boy who rode her, broke out into the common, and lost the match.

SAGACITY OF THE HORSE.—As a lady was lately driving a gig, at a gentle pace, along the Bailey, in Durham, a young child ran before the horse, when he instantly stopped, and though plied with the whip, he did not proceed till he had first *pushed the child out of danger with one of his feet!*—(Newcastle Paper.)

HORSE POISONING.—A fresh instance of this odious crime has occurred at the races at Tramore, near Waterford. A letter, dated Waterford, 17th September, gives the following account of it:—"A valuable mare, the property of William Sullivan, Esq. one of the stewards of the races, and which was to have run on Thursday and yesterday, has been poisoned. The animal was taken ill on Friday week, and died on Tuesday last. The body was opened, and the stomach minutely examined by Dr. Mackesy. The stomach was in the highest state of inflammation,

F and

and its contents were of the most offensive nature; but nothing was discovered that could indicate the kind of poison which had been administered. It is, however, believed that the death was produced by corrosive sublimate. Of the actual poisoning Dr. Mackesy entertained not the slightest doubt. This is a crime new to Ireland, and one of so atrocious and wanton a kind, as to merit the utmost indignation and abhorrence, and the last punishment which the law can inflict. In this case the nefarious deed has peculiar aggravations, for Mr. Sullivan is a young gentleman universally and deservedly beloved and esteemed."

**HOLYWELL HUNT, 1814.**—On Tuesday, the 18th of October, the Mostyn Stakes of 10gs. each (20 subscribers), were won by Mr. Lloyd's Ambo, beating Sir R. Williams's Alexander Little, Sir W. W. Wynn's King of Diamonds, Earl Grosvenor's Zadora, and Sir E. P. Lloyd's Viceroy.

A Sweepstakes of 25gs. each, for two-years-old colts and fillies; the last half mile (3 subscribers), were won by Sir T. Mostyn's b. c. by Artichoke, beating Sir W. W. Wynn's b. c. by Castrel.

On Thursday, the Hawarden Castle Stakes of 10gs. each, two miles (9 subscribers), were won by Sir E. P. Lloyd's Ambo, beating Sir R. Glynn's Tityrus, and Sir W. W. Wynne's Arcadia.

A Sweepstakes of 5gs. each, with 20gs. added by the Club (18 subscribers), were won by Mr. Corbet's b. g. The Hetman (by Sultan), beating Earl Grosvenor's Snowdon, and Sir T. Mostyn's Plymouth.

A Handicap Stakes of 10gs.

each, with 20gs. added by the Club.

Mr. F. R. Price's The Mountain Chief .....	4	1
Sir T. Mostyn's b. f. by Hazard .....	4	3
Mr. C. Lloyd's King of Diamonds .....	5	2
Sir T. S. M. Stanley's b. c. Dacapo .....	3	dr.
Sir W. W. Wynn's c. c. Militia Man .....	2	dr.

THE Duke of Grafton's horse Jeweller is matched against Mr. Charlton's Young Whiskey at the Second Newmarket Spring Meeting, for 200gs. h. ft.

Mr. Craven's Nadejde is matched against Mr. Blackford's Castrel at the next Newmarket Craven Meeting for 200gs. h. ft.

THE wrestling at the late Carlisle Races was well contested. The chief prize of eight guineas was won by William Dickinson, from Alston. It is calculated, from the amount of money taken at the gates, that no less than 15,000 persons were witnesses of the sport. —Carter, the pugilist, made his appearance in Carlisle, but was not met by Cooper. The Lancashire hero, however, exhibited his science to the Marquis of Queensberry, and numerous other amateurs, at the Long Room at the Blue Bell.

**TIME MATCH.**—Robert Surr, of Marton Lordship, Yorkshire, undertook for a wager of 40l. to go on foot one hundred miles in thirty hours. He started on Monday afternoon, the 26th ult. and completed his match in twenty-seven hours, with great ease. It rained the first four hours incessantly, and

and during the night much rain fell. A large concourse of spectators greatly applauded the performance.

ONE of the most resolutely-contested pitched battles, which the exploits of a Gully, a Cribb, or a Gregson of modern times did not exceed, took place on Mowbray Downs, below the vale of White Horse, this month, betwixt two amateurs of the fist, Messrs. Crosset and Wingfield, in Wiltshire, of considerable property. There had been a grudge betwixt the parties since a wrestling match between them at a neighbouring fair, which at length broke out into an open challenge, and 100l. a side was deposited to fight for. The first round, hits were exchanged one for one, as if by agreement, but with considerable weight and quickness for seven minutes, when the countenances of the combatants were completely destroyed, and the round finished by Crosset doubling up his adversary by a body blow. Seventeen rounds of this sort were fought with much equality, but there was no shifting or sparring for wind; it was spent in death-like hitting until neither had left the remnants of a feature. Both at last fell, after fighting fifty minutes, and as Crosset could not rise again, Wingfield was declared conqueror.

BETTINGS on the Derby and Oaks, October 28, 1814 :—

DERBY.

- 12 to 1 agst Mr. Watson's c. by Walton.
- 13 to 1 agst Anticipation.
- 14 to 1 agst br. to Whalebone.
- 15 to 1 agst Field Marshal.
- 15 to 1 agst Sir Thomas.
- 15 to 1 agst Mr. Wilson's Little Sally colt.

- 20 to 1 agst Equator.
- 20 to 1 agst Lord Foley's Selim, out of Glory.
- 20 to 1 agst General Gower's Raphael.

OAKS.

- 8 to 1 agst Lord Stawell's filly.
- 12 to 1 agst Caprice.
- 12 to 1 agst Sir J. Shelley's, by Walton, out of Mockbird's dam.
- 15 to 1 agst Minuet.
- 18 to 1 agst Zone.
- 20 to 1 agst filly by Buffa, out of Charlotte's dam.
- 20 to 1 agst Rawlinson's Filly by Ditto.

ON Wednesday the 26th inst. a bull was baited in the Bachelor's Acre, having been previously led through the streets of Windsor. He was re-conducted through the streets in triumph, and in his progress broke some windows, and terrified many of the inhabitants.

SIR Robert Dudley, son to the famous Earl of Leicester, by his second wife Dowager Baroness of Sheffield, and who, for some sinister purpose, his father bastardized, was the first person who taught dogs to set partridges.

FEMALE COACHEE. — A new Stage Coach which lately started from Sunderland to Shields, has attracted crowds of people at both towns, in consequence of the unusual appearance of a corpulent, masculine looking woman, apparently about sixty years of age, who officiates as guard, &c. Her alertness in looking out for passengers, and the agility with which she ascends and descends from the top of the vehicle, is wonderful. Besides all this, the lady professes to be well versed in the milling exercise!



LATELY was caught, in the river Orwell, between Harwich and Ipswich, a sword-fish, measuring nine feet in length, nearly as large as a man's body, and weighs about three cwt. with a singular pointed beak upwards of three feet long, somewhat in the shape of a sword, and toothed or jagged on the sides. This is a most formidable weapon, with which it attacks its enemy.—“The sword-fish is the whale's most terrible enemy. At the sight of this little animal the whale seems agitated in an extraordinary manner, leaping from the water, as if with affright: wherever it appears, the whale perceives it at a distance, and flies from it in the opposite direction. I have myself,” says Anderson, “been a spectator of their terrible encounter. The whale has no instrument of defence except the tail; with that it endeavours to strike the enemy, and a single blow taking place, would effectually destroy its adversary; but the sword fish is as active as the other is strong, and easily avoids the stroke, then bounding into the air, it falls upon its enemy, and endeavours not to pierce with its pointed beak, but to cut with its toothed edges. The sea all about is soon dyed with blood, proceeding from the wounds of the whale; while the enormous

animal vainly endeavours to reach its invader, and strikes with its tail against the surface of the water, making a report at each blow louder than the noise of a cannon.”—The sword-fish is an inhabitant of all the European seas.

JAMES Winwood, a waggoner's boy, has been committed to Worcester gaol for one month's hard labour, for beating a horse in so brutal a manner that he lost his eye. We hope this salutary instance of punishment will have a proper effect.

AN information was laid at Bow-street, Saturday the 22d, against Mr. Oldfield, of Bury-street, St. James's, for keeping a gaming-house. Mr. R. Holloway was the advocate of the informer, and was about to adduce his evidence, but Mr. H. of a sudden stopped short, and said he should not go on, out of tenderness to a celebrated actress, whose brother was one of the party found gambling in Oldfield's house. This question attracted a number of well-known gamblers, dressed in the first style of fashion. After the parties had withdrawn, Mr. H. returned, and stated he should bring a fresh information against the defendant in his own name.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Pedigree and Performances of GOLDFINDER, and an account of the successful winners of King's Plates, in our next.

ERRATA.—A Correspondent informs us, that in our account of Warwick Races (p. 97 of Racing Calendar of last Number) “Mr. F. Lumley's b. g. Glentworth,” should have read “Mr. Lucy's b. g.” &c.—The Members' Plate, he also states, was run for and won as follows:

Mr. Fletcher's ch. c. by Milo .....	2	1	1
Mr. Will's King Charles .....	3	2	2
Sir W. Wynne's Ready Rhino .....	6	3	3
Mr. Falkner's Flint .....	5	5	4
Mr. Bayzand's chesnut gelding .....	1	4	dis.
Sir T. Mostyn's f. by Haphazard .....	4	6	dr.

POETRY.

## P O E T R Y.

## THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

DASH.—A TALE.

*From a new and popular work, called*  
 "CANTING."

'TIS worthy man, that, 'midst the  
     cares, the strife,  
 The ills, the wants, the miseries of life,  
 He to a Dog can warm attachment feel,  
 And daily with him share a scanty meal.

A faithful brute was DASH; of cou-  
     rage—speed—  
 Not pug, nor greyhound, but of mongrel  
     breed;  
 WOODLEY, his master, loved the honest  
     creature;  
 For Dash the very type was of good  
     nature.

Alas! we find good nature oft abused!  
 The village rustics, all, poor Dash ill-  
     used;  
 They'd kick, or cuff, or push him from  
     his track;  
 This boy threw stones, that clamber'd on  
     his back,  
 Young Master Jackey oft his ears would  
     lug;  
 Still Dash bore all with silent, "patient  
     shrug."  
 If, chance, he growl'd, 'twas only meant  
     to fright;  
 He grinn'd, perhaps, but ne'er was known  
     to bite.

Thro' copse, or field, in every sort of  
     weather,  
 Master and dog trudg'd on for years to-  
     gether:  
 When Dash e'er seized on prey (for he  
     was fleet),

He'd bring it straight to lay at master's  
     feet;  
 And master never took his meal alone,  
 Nor relish'd meat till Dash had got his  
     bone.

No creatures happier than his dog and  
     master,  
 Till one sad night brought on a dire dis-  
     aster!

For nine days past, a tale amazed the  
     village,  
 Of SOMETHING WHITE, first seen by  
     Farmer Tillage:  
 'Twas in the clover field—next night the  
     stubble;  
 This gave his helpmate, Mrs. Tillage,  
     trouble:  
 She saw't herself—and dreamt!—It had  
     a horn,—  
 It omen'd ill—wool cheap—low price of  
     corn!  
 Her neighbours said 'twas GOODY CRAMP  
     the WITCH,  
 Who envied honest farmers getting rich!  
 And oft was known to take a broomstick  
     flight;  
 Break new-laid eggs, and milk the cows  
     by night!

It was, some said, the GHOST of old  
     RALPH HANDY,  
 Who once with Frenchmen leagued—he  
     smuggled brandy!  
 But strong with guilt (and *gout*)—all  
     smuggling o'er,—  
 His conscience (and a *cough*) vex'd him  
     so sore,  
 He hung himself at GUAGE th' excise-  
     man door!  
 E'er since old RALPH (with *spirits* wont  
     to stray)  
 Steals thro' dark lanes, in huggermugger  
     way!

Others

Others maintain'd, it was the APPARITION  
 Of miser HUNKS, a gloomy politician,  
 Who, dreading poverty, 'midst heaps of  
 store,  
 Rush'd impiously on death some months  
 before,  
 Because his agent, buying stock in town,  
 Had miss'd a post, and lost him—half-a-  
 crown !  
 This miserable wretch, for lucre's sake,  
 Had headlong plung'd within a muddy  
 lake,  
 And now his Ghost (a melancholy Sprite)  
 Still haunts the BANKS, and, toad-like,  
 croaks by night !  
 These, and a thousand other wild con-  
 jectures,  
 Mix'd with their village gossip—curtain  
 lectures !  
 Both young and old agreed 'twas some-  
 thing evil,  
 And, tho' 'twas white, might be, perhaps,  
 the Devil !

The exciseman GUAGE, he made them  
 start and stare,  
 By roundly swearing 'twas an old grey  
 hare !  
 He'd seen't himself, he said, two morn-  
 ings early,  
 Not only in the wheat-field, but the  
 barley !  
 —But GUAGE they *wicked* thought ;—  
 (he'd been in London)—  
 To credit him was surely to be undone !  
 So all, who goodness wish'd to show  
 external,  
 This SOMETHING WHITE for something  
 took infernal !

Dash and his master were not super-  
 stitious ;—  
 The master thought a hare, when dress'd,  
 delicious !  
 Both were, perhaps, in this, somewhat  
 encroaching ;  
 We'll not disguise the truth—they both  
 liked *poaching* !  
 'Tis surely wrong—for those who have  
 no rights  
 To humour tastes—or pamper appetites !  
 But Dash ne'er dreamt of moral harm or  
 good,  
 And poaching loved—almost as well as  
 food :  
 He simply liked good fare, and tried to  
 snatch it ;  
 Hunting a hare, he thought—the way to  
 catch it !  
 Yet moral men a difference wide place  
 here,

And making CRIME, find punishment is  
 near !

Woodley and Dash set out, at ten, one  
 night,  
 To hunt, in hope to catch—this SOME-  
 THING WHITE !  
 They scarce had beat the stubble field  
 half round,  
 Ere Dash's nose the scent of hare had  
 found ;—  
 Up started puss !—What Guage had said  
 was right ;  
 Her coat from age was grey, nay, almost  
 white !—  
 Dash press'd her close ; she doubled thro'  
 the clover,  
 Dash'd thro' a hedge, while Dash himself  
 dash'd over !  
 Ah luckless leap ! for on the other side  
 A rugged quarry open'd, deep and wide !  
 Dash topping thus the fence, in eager  
 course,  
 Fell headlong down the pit with double  
 force !  
 There stunn'd he lay ; and whither fled  
 the hare  
 It is not known, or how she 'scaped, or  
 where.

Woodley came up and saw (the moon  
 shone bright)  
 His faithful dog below ;—a piteous sight !  
 He whistled—call'd out "Dash !" but  
 Dash ne'er moved,  
 Nor answer'd to the voice of him he  
 loved.

The ditch was cross'd—the grass and  
 furze were high ;  
 And Woodley never dreamt of danger  
 nigh !  
 Much deeper than he thought the pit  
 was found,  
 A shelving bank, and very slippery  
 ground :  
 But anxious only to assist poor Dash,  
 He caught in haste a slender bough of  
 ash,  
 Which lay projecting o'er the quarry's  
 side ;  
 And down, by just degrees, began to  
 slide ;  
 When, ah !—the ash gave way, branch,  
 root, and all ;—  
 And, had not water somewhat broke his  
 fall,  
 His death he'd met—but straight his dog  
 he sought,  
 And little of his own disaster thought,  
 His only care to rescue Dash from harm ;  
 He felt the seat of life—it still was warm !  
 Dash



Dash being moved, gave signs of sense  
or pain ;  
A moment struggled, and then breathed  
again !

Now Woodley rose, but, ah, his foot  
was sprain'd,  
Which, till this moment, tho' unheeded,  
pain'd :  
To climb the rugged cliff he thrice  
essay'd,  
The treacherous stones his eager grasp  
betray'd :  
In vain he toil'd to make his footing  
good,  
His hands were lacerated—stream'd with  
blood !  
The rustling winds foretold a tempest  
nigh ;  
The moon withdrew, and darkness veil'd  
the sky :  
It thunder'd !—was, what folks call dis-  
mal weather !  
Rain'd—as tho' heaven and earth were  
come together !  
Woodley and Dash, exposed to all the  
storm,  
Together crouch'd, to keep each other  
warm.

The tempest o'er—tho' distant thunder  
growl'd ;  
In vain were cries for help—in vain Dash  
howl'd.

The rough projecting rock was high  
and steep,  
Yet 'tween the cliffs Dash laboured hard  
to creep :  
The top he gain'd, and signs of joy be-  
tray'd,  
Ran, jump'd, and bark'd—then howl'd  
again for aid !  
Pale gleam'd the moon—Dash whined  
the path to show,  
But, sorrowing, heard his master groan  
below !

The gathering waters from a neigh-  
bouring hill  
In torrents rush'd—the quarry 'gan to  
fill :  
A marly substance, loosened by the  
flood,  
Fell on the spot where wretched Wood-  
ley stood,  
Or rather clung, for there he could not  
stand,  
So insecure a footing on the sand !  
In vain his utmost efforts, care, and toil,  
Against the gushing stream and falling  
soil !

Nearly o'erwhelm'd and breathless,  
downward thrown,  
Yet buoyant by the eddy's power alone,  
Whirl'd round the circling pool, and with  
rude shock  
Driven by reflux waters 'gainst the  
rock !  
This, Dash perceiving, downward plung'd  
with force,  
And diving 'neath the foaming torrents  
course,  
Caught Woodley sinking ;—Dash his  
strength applied,  
And dragg'd his master to the other side ;  
There faint they lay—Dash close at  
Woodley's feet,  
As if he sought to lend him vital heat !

Here, wet and cold, they lay in woeful  
plight,  
'Till day-break came, and Woodley hail'd  
the light !  
Yet light no succour brought ; no hope  
was there  
But lingering death—for light confirm'd  
despair !

Afflictive thoughts now press on Wood-  
ley's mind ;  
A wife and helpless children left be-  
hind !  
Their poignant sorrows render'd more  
severe,  
To think a husband—parent—perish'd  
here !  
His tortur'd fancy draws them on the  
spot ;  
A mournful widow wails his hapless  
lot !  
His orphans' tears in sad idea flow ;  
He hears their prattling eloquence of  
woe !  
His darling boy lisps out, " Dear mother,  
tell—  
" Show us the place where our poor  
father fell !"  
" Here, here, my pretty ones !"—" Ah,  
mother, say  
" Why on that night did father come  
this way ?"  
" Listen, don't cry ; for our good books  
explain,  
" Children who love their parents meet  
again."

Thus Woodley grieved, and thus by  
ills oppress'd,  
His harrass'd mind, delirious, sunk to  
rest.

(To be concluded in next Number.)

MIGRA-

## MIGRATION OF BIRDS.

*From Eidlake's "YEAR," a Poem.*

UPON the cottage ridge, or neighbour-  
ing tree,  
Assembled swallows now in council  
meet:  
No more with sweeping wing they dart  
around  
The pathless air, now void of wonted  
food,  
The insect tribes congenial to their taste:  
From day to day they hold their prudent  
court;  
Soon as assured, the winged caravan  
Venturous begin their high aerial course:  
Sudden they mount, and with a gradual  
flight  
Approach the boundaries of the sea-beat  
strand,  
And soon are seen no more. A few,  
perhaps,  
The latter brood, instinctively presage  
The flight as dangerous, or they feel their  
powers  
Unequal, and in idle torpor lurk  
In holes or caverns all the winter long.  
Yet should perchance an unexpected  
sun  
Shine out, by casual warmth restor'd,  
they own  
The genial power, and trustful of short  
noon,  
Sport pensioners on the delusive hour.

Through what vast tracks, and undis-  
cover'd paths,  
In distant climes, must birds, thus pre-  
scent, seek  
Precarious life!—Necessity impels  
Their flight: but man, insatiate, restless  
man,  
Pursues a visionary good, and flies  
The golden mean; flies from domestic  
peace,  
O'er wasteful deserts, or on deathful  
waves;  
Ill taught to bear the lessons of con-  
tent.  
Aided by Him whose mercy rules o'er  
all,  
The little pilots find, at length, their  
rest:  
The social principle in brutes exists.  
The prison'd bird is gay, when in the  
cage  
He hears opposed another prisoner sing;  
But if un pitying death should seize his  
friend,

Instant he pines, and lingering sorrows  
break  
The heart, that scorns a solitary joy.  
Sullen and sad, when by the master  
shunn'd,  
The faithful dog heeds not a cheering  
voice,  
But when the well-known step his ready  
ear  
Receives, he barks elate, and, full of  
glee,  
With sprightly frolic speaks his happi-  
ness.  
E'en the dull ox, withdrawn from the  
slow herd,  
Looks back upon the verdant pasture  
oft,  
And bellows loud distress from the slope  
hill;  
While in the pleasant vale his antient  
friends  
Re-echo plaintive to his low; the air,  
Meantime, resounds with melancholy  
moans.

And not the swallow tribe alone for-  
sakes  
Britannia's realms; but all whose tender  
bills  
By Nature's laws are form'd for softer  
food  
Of insect swarms. These ill contriv'd  
to break  
The berry crude; for they foresee full  
well,  
That unkind cold will thin the desert  
air  
Of wing'd inhabitants, and therefore fly  
With innate prescience from the coming  
ills,  
Which niggard Famine threatens on all.  
Meantime,  
Far from the savage north, congenial  
scenes  
The redwing seeks. The vagrant field-  
fare too,  
That, in the stormy March, forsook our  
coasts,  
Returns to milder skies, and happier  
plains,  
From frigid mountain tracks, where  
bleak and dark  
The surly storms o'er Scotia wildly  
sweep,  
Here courts the sheltering vales, and  
southern suns;  
And the ring-ousel, glad to feed at  
large,  
On woodland berries, or the bounteous  
hedge.

