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THE

ORIENTAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

No. 10. — OCTOBER, 1830.

TROOPER.

The property of Major S., of the Nizam's Service.

Trooper was bought by his present owner, Major S., in 1813, and was sent from the Gulf by Captain Lindsey; he is believed to be one of those horses that he brought from the neighbourhood of the Caspian.

He was entered early as a hog-hunter, and was always distinguished, though more for boldness, extraordinary strength, activity, and endurance, than for speed. He has carried his master up to five first spears in one day, and has the remarkable merit of never having given him a fall. Sabring hog is not considered a snobbish thing, even by Nimrod in the East. Trooper was perhaps the surest horse to sabre from in India; he has been wounded in action, and ridden upwards of seventy miles without drawing rein.

He is now enjoying his *otium cum dignitate* in his twenty-fourth year, the sire of a hopeful progeny.

BURZAUTTEE.

MR. EDITOR,

Allow me to offer my thanks to your valuable correspondent O. K. for his very laudable endeavours to eradicate that pest of the stable, Burzauttee. I have unfortunately been under the necessity of racking my poor brains to find out something beneficial, and flatter myself not altogether uselessly; and, as every man who is fond of his nag must be aware of the value of any information on this head, I shall not waste your paper in offering an apology for the small space this letter will occupy in the next month's Magazine.

O. K.'s first remedy for the disease was, as O. observes, a dram of aloes, and scruple doses of blue vitriol almost daily. This is the treatment I have in some measure adopted, upon O. K.'s recommendation, as well as upon a knowledge of the fact that blue vitriol at home is given in large doses for the cure of Farcy; and although I cannot discover any analogy between the two diseases (having in more than one instance tried the effect of inoculation unsuccessfully), still, as blue vitriol is supposed to be the most powerful tonic that can be given to the

horse, common sense would, in my opinion, point out that method of treatment. I have, however, prepared matters a little beyond O. K.'s original prescription, having increased my dose of blue vitriol to an extent that I fear very many of your readers will scarcely give me credit for.

My present plan is this. I first give a scruple dose made into a full sized ball, with flour or ground rice, every twenty-four hours for two or three days, when I commence gradually to increase the quantity, always carefully watching for any loss of appetite, as a signal to afford a respite for two or three days; and, incredible as it may appear, I have increased the quantity to two ounces a day, which I have seen a horse take for a week together before he refused his food. About every fourth or fifth day it may be necessary to give a few drams of aloes (three or four), in order to keep the bowels in tune, as the vitriol will produce rather a constipating effect. Another point on which I have been particular is to divide my large doses into two or three balls, to be given at different times during the day, and when I had got as far as two ounces, had the precaution to give half in the morning and half in the evening, each in a full quart of thick gruel. During the whole of this treatment I have fed as liberally as the horse would take, and look upon this to be of the utmost consequence. Whenever he refuses his gram, stop the vitriol for a day or two, and give a few drams of aloes, always remembering to commence again with small doses.

With regard to the external treatment, I have always applied the hot iron in the onset, which produces a slough, and generally brings the sore to a healthy surface, when nothing but cleanliness and a little tincture of myrrh is necessary.

I have by this plan, Mr. Editor, not only effected a cure of the wounds, but am in hopes have eradicated the disease from the system, as I know and see almost daily one or two horses who, until having undergone this treatment, were certain to be laid up as useless for a season, yearly, and have now gone two seasons without showing any symptoms of a return. Should any of your readers at this moment be taxed with a case of Burzauttee, and have no fear of adopting this bold treatment, I shall be thankful if he will favour the sporting world with the result.

O. K.'s Muddar treatment shall not want a fair trial should an opportunity offer, either in my own or any of my friends' stables, for which purpose I have provided myself with a good stock of the powder. Should this be worth a place in your columns, I may be induced to loosen another knot of my little budget, for believe me I am a true friend to your Magazine, and a sincere

LOVER OF HIS HORSE.

Hyderabad, Sept. 29th.

A JOCKEY CLUB, OR CLUB OF REFERENCE.

SIR,

It is with no intention to cast ill-natured reflections, nor with any design to impute blame to any person, or set of persons, that I have taken up my pen to draw the attention of your readers to a subject of much importance—I mean as to the feasibility of establishing a Club of Reference, such

as the Jockey Club now is in England, to which appeals might be made in cases when individuals may conceive they have not received justice at the hands of their own Stewards.

There are such numerous instances, even on record, of absurd as well as erroneous decisions made by the gentlemen appointed to be Stewards at the several race-courses within our own corner of India, and from whose decree, once pronounced, there is never an appeal, that I think the subject well worthy of and demands more attention than has hitherto been bestowed upon it by our turf amateurs.

I know not if the state of society, at stations where race meetings are usually held, would admit of any modification in the method of electing Stewards, though some modification is certainly a great desideratum. At one place each regiment composing the force nominates one Steward, at another the whole are elected by acclamation, at a third by ballot, at a fourth by solicitation; the consequence is, many are now unwillingly compelled, as it were, to accept the situation, the duties of which they are aware they cannot properly perform, not only from knowing nothing about turf regulations, but from a disinclination to make themselves acquainted with the rules, from the little interest they take in the amusement itself.

As I have commenced this letter with disclaiming my desire to make unpleasant remarks, so do I now deprecate everything like anger, should what I am now going to observe bear the appearance of personality or ill-nature. I have said that my object in wishing a Club of Reference to be formed is to prevent any improper decisions on doubtful points which may arise from ignorance of turf rules and regulations, for that many very extraordinary decrees have been made there can be no doubt—facts are stubborn proofs.

In 1826, a gentleman rider claimed a jostle, having pulled up, as the outrage—for so such a jostle should be designated—was committed; and although two disinterested spectators (gentlemen, too), who chanced to see the thing done, *swore* to the fact, yet the majority of the Stewards gave it against the claimant, *because* THEY *had not seen it!*

In 1827, that celebrated horse, Barefoot, was intended by his owner to start for the second Maiden of that season, being a race for horses that had never won plate, purse, *match*, or sweepstakes. His owner, however, having purposely mentioned that the horse had, the preceding season, received half forfeit from Emilius, though he had never appeared on the course for the match, still the Stewards refused to allow him to enter for the Maiden. Now from their decree, as set forth in their prospectus of the races, there was no appeal; but had a Club, such as I wish to see established, existed then, Barefoot might have had his chance for that Maiden, and the decision of the Club would have settled his right to the plate, had he won it. With regard to the decision itself, I wonder how the Stewards would have looked had a circumstance like the following come before their worships. A has a maiden entered for a Maiden sweepstakes, P. P., to be run in December, and he has also matched him against B's horse, to run in January, half-forfeit if declared before November. Well, B pays half-forfeit in October, would that disqualify A's horse for the Maiden sweepstakes?

I will mention another instance of the inconvenience attending the want of a Referential Committee. In 1827, K had a maiden; he thought him a flicker—that he *must* go, nothing *could* stop him. L had his doubts of his being such a trump, and thought he had a screw in his tail, a doubtful shake in his hocks, and galloped on his fetlocks instead of his hoofs. In the course of conversation it turned out that K intended to take a trial next morning, and L, on hearing it, offered to lay a certain sum that he did not run the trial under a given time. This was accepted, but a doubt arose as to whether the trial with a bet upon it would affect his right to enter for the Maiden Race. It was referred to the Stewards of the course; they were all bothered, and as they couldn't, so they wouldn't, decide, but agreed to refer to the Stewards at Bombay or Poonah; but mark you, Mr. Editor, and you my gentle readers, how cunningly the thing was settled. They *decreed* that in the mean time K's horse might run his trial, and, if the referees decided that the bet on the trial lost his Maiden, that no money was to be paid by either the winner or loser. Upon this the toddle took place—no matter which won, but the Bombayites decided one way and the Poonahites the contrary! Wasn't this a puzzle for all parties? However, I remember that K's horse ran for the Maiden, and got a good licking for his trouble.

Another inconvenience which a Club of Reference would remove is the, at present, total disregard of precedents; the Stewards of one year will not be guided by those of the preceding season; not even, indeed, in aging. I perfectly recollect Marengo was at one course made two years younger than he was when he started two years before. The name of that horse reminds me of a curious decision, which will go far to establish the necessity of my proposed Club. In running for the Guicawar's cup, after passing the first half-mile post, a horse named Pilot, I think a grey, fairly bore him off the course, in the bolt which he wished to accomplish. This was witnessed by all the Stewards; Marengo was pulled up instantly, and was *walked* round the course, coming in about a quarter of an hour after the other horses, and fresh as though he never had left the stable—yet he was allowed to start for the next heat, and won it with ease!! This made some of the strangers open their eyes, and mouths too, but there was no appeal against the fiat of the Stewards. As an instance how little precedents are regarded, I saw several horses at the post the year before last; the Steward said, "Are you ready?" Pilgrim's jockey said, "No, Sir," but not being heard, "Off" was given, and off all went except Pilgrim and ——. The owner of the latter having heard Pilgrim's jockey, did not allow his horse to go, concluding the others would be called back; however, they were not, the judges pronounced all right, and Pilgrim and —— were declared distanced. Well, Mr. Editor, that little devil of a fizgig, Wildrake, last year, went away at the word, leaving his opponents at the post, ran his mile and a half by himself in 3m. $2\frac{1}{2}$s. By the precedent of the former year the race was clearly his; but no, the Stewards gave it against him, and made him take his chance again. Of course he was beaten.

I think, Mr. Editor, you will, after what I have now said, agree with me as to the real benefit

which the sporting community would receive could I succeed in the object I have now in view. When people know there exists a Club where decision can be neither influenced by private interest nor affected by local circumstances, I should venture to say they will be less inclined to feel annoyed at the time by what may seem to them a harsh or unjust decree, and less ill-blood and fewer quarrels would be the consequence.

If, therefore, two or three influential turf characters would devise a method by which a Club of Reference could be established, I am confident it would be hailed by all sporting people with satisfaction. An arrangement to this effect was proposed some years ago by a zealous young turfite, now no more, but the scheme died with him; but I trust this effort to revive it will not be coldly received by those whose interests are deeply affected by race-course decisions.

Why should not Bombay, Poonah, Surat, Deesa, and Ahmedabad nominate one of these stout sporting characters to form the Club? all doubtful questions or points of reference to be made to them, the member of the station forwarding such reference to have no vote; this would prevent anything like partiality or prejudice from influencing the decision. Why could they not draw up a set of rules, formed, as far as is practicable, on those of the British Jockey Club, to which all sportsmen would pay that deference which it obtains in England?

I am convinced the plan is perfectly feasible, and I do most sincerely hope some abler hands than mine will be devoted to its accomplishment, and the sooner the better.

I am, Sir,
Your constant reader and writer,
Need I add well-wisher too,
CLUB LAW.

Oct. 10*th*, 1830.

LION HUNTING.

SIR,

As you seem to have had no account of a day's sport after some lions near Kurree, in April last, I am induced to send you this, which ought to have come from an abler pen than mine some months ago. The party consisted of four, who were busily engaged discussing F.'s breakfast. At the time a shikaree, who was always on the look out for khubur of any sort, came in and said that he had traced some baugs into a jungle of long grass and bastard teak about three miles off. Of course, being all ready and well on our way there was not the work of an hour; upon our arrival we set fire to the jungle, which had not burned very long when my friends, finding it too hot for them, bolted, but were luckily seen by the shikaree. Upon the view holloa we separated a little, and went in the direction pointed out, and soon saw two lions and a lioness and cub, quietly sitting on their hams and watching our motions. Upon our approaching them at a canter they began to move off, the two lions keeping together; these we followed—a running fight ensued, and five or six well-directed balls brought down one. The other on the first shot went off double quick, leaving his friend to get out of the scrape the best way he could. We soon came up to him

again; and though he evinced some inclination to show fight, it was of no use, as we, being on horseback, could easily get out of his way when too near. Seven or eight balls did his business. One of the party being ill and not able to ride fast, saw the lioness behind us in another direction; in about half an hour we found her again, and got one shot at her, but, owing to the jungle being within a few yards, she got off. We all went to different sides of it to keep a sharp look out in case she should show herself again; she was seen by a man on a tree making off as fast as she could towards another jungle some way off. Only one of the party was lucky enough to see the signal, and followed for a long way, at last saw her go into a small patch of grass. Thinking she had gone through it, he was passing rather too close, when she charged out on him, just giving him time to fire, pistol fashion, without effect. However, seeing she had no chance against a horse, she stopped after fifty yards. Two balls, one in the head, gave her a quietus. As to the cub, we gave that up for lost, so went home very well satisfied with our day's sport. We were out a few days after, near the same place, having heard of a lioness and hogs. The jungle had been set on fire, and we were anxiously waiting at different points for the signal of game being on the move, when a shot was heard. Spears were throw down for guns; off we went full gallop to the spot. You can conceive our vexation and astonishment on seeing a superb boar weltering in his blood; he had actually been *smouched* at 20 yards in a bush, under the idea that he was a lion!!! However, we had the satisfaction of seeing him upset his murderer, horse and all, before he died. The jungles about Kurnee are in some places unusually thick, and would very often stop an elephant, but occasional and extensive openings offer a fair chance to a bold rider. I hope to hear of more lions being killed there this year, as they are not very scarce now, though before this year they had never been known of. It is an animal too well known to need any description, so allow me, Mr. Editor, to subscribe myself, with best wishes for the prosperity of your Magazine,

Yours sincerely,

Ignotus.

Oct. 2nd, 1830.

CHALLENGE FROM THE NUGGUR HOUNDS.

My Dear Editor,

Being a member of that band of sportsmen, the old Nuggur Hunt, I hasten to avail myself of the opportunity the pages of your Magazine afford, to take notice of a report which is in circulation, that four Poonah Nimrods had lately challenged, unanswered, that body to produce four of their members to compete with them in the field.

I am well assured that such challenge, or any one of a similar nature, had it been fully made known to the members of the Hunt, would have been instantly and with pleasure, accepted; and, though I know it to be against the practice of my brother sportsmen to assume to themselves any superiority, I venture to assert, as the best mode of refuting such an aspersion on their "fair fame," that the Nuggur Hunt will be happy to produce

any number of its members to contend for superiority in "first spears" against the world in equal numbers, for any sum not exceeding 10,000 Rupees, should money be their object, otherwise for fame.

In this I have merely expressed my own opinion, but I know the mettle of my comrades too well not to feel assured that they will readily bear me out, and that any persons wishing to try their luck, either singly or collectively, will meet with a ready and satisfactory answer, to a "*cartel*," addressed to the Nuggur Hunt, through their secretary.

The Hunt meets at the usual place, on the 12th of March, and should any challengers appear, they will there meet, in their opponents, hospitable entertainers.

I remain your well-wisher,

ONE WHO CAN GO IT.

Mominabad, October 12th.

DESCRIPTION OF THE HUNTING LEOPARD.

SIR,

On the first appearance of your Magazine, I plead guilty to conjecture that it could never become a work of much real interest, except only as regarded the Racing Calendar: and my reasons for this supposition were founded on an extensive knowledge of the apathy and indolence of the generality of sporting men, when the *pen* should take place of the *spear;* and I was aware that the success or failure of your work must principally depend on the exertions of this class of contributors. You must allow me, however, in some measure to compense to you for my ill-founded surmises, and to offer you my congratulations on the extraordinary, and with *me* unlooked for, success of your Magazine, which has become a work of very general interest to every sportsman. For wherever I go I find the sporting community discussing the contents of your last, or anticipating those of your forthcoming number; and for myself I can answer that I look forward to the periodical issue of your little miscellany with the greatest delight, although I must confess I have been sadly disappointed at your very reprehensible want of punctuality.

I once before ventured to address you, although I do not think you will recognize me under the disguise of my present signature, nor do I care you should, since my lucubrations found no favour in your sight, and more than once elicited from your Editorial pen a very snappish, and I thought a very silly, reply. However, I care little for these things, and an Editor, you know, is a privileged man, so it was of little consequence, and in order to convince you that I bear no malice or ill-will on that score, am the first to break the ice. Now, Sir, if my present letter will not suit your Mag., it will at all events serve to light your candle.

Your contributors are doubtless very numerous, and have enlarged on almost every subject of interest to the sporting world, and I am therefore more surprised that none of them should have sent you any account of the *Hunting Leopard.* I am aware that there are many who look down upon this species of amusement as altogether devoid of relish, because it involves very little *excitement*, which is a climax with every sportsman, and the touchstone by which he estimates every diversion. But I, for one, regard it, in the absence of other sports, with which it need in

no way interfere, to be a far from disagreeable mode of killing the morning (for I am one of your early risers), and therefore propose to give you a short account of *Lukhsmee*, a celebrated cheeta, formerly belonging to Dooly Khan, the late hospitable Nuwab of Nuldroog, and subsequently presented by J. Farquharson, Esq., to the *Sholapoor Hunt*, and with which I have seen many excellent runs.

I am not acquainted with the natural history of this animal, nor am I indeed much of a naturalist, and you will, therefore, permit me to consign that part of my subject to some one better versed in these matters. I shall merely observe that Lukhsmee is now *nine* years old, and that it is seven since she was taken at Nersee-Bamunee, near Delhi.

The mode of training a newly-caught leopard is exceedingly tedious, and their education is seldom finished in less than six months. They are first picketed with head and heel ropes, after the manner of a horse, and fed or rather *starved* in this situation, until they become somewhat docile and obedient, when they are entered to the deer kept for the purpose in an enclosure, and subsequently to wild ones. The cheeta is *hooded* and placed on a cart drawn by bullocks, the driver holding a cord which is attached to the animal's loins, and the keeper in rear holding a second rope passed through the collar. On arriving within a proper distance of deer she is unhooded, and permitted to go her own way to work. If the herd are running at the time she is set down, she invariably *courses* the object of her selection; but if they stand, she stands too, taking advantage of bushes, nullahs, or ant-hills to advance as they retire further from her, until an opportunity offers. She invariably selects a buck, if there be one in the herd, and will pass fifty *does* to accomplish her purpose. In this I have seldom seen her fail, although the generality of buck antelope are half as large again as herself.

To those who have never witnessed the feat it will doubtless appear somewhat marvellous that a cart with ten or more spectators on horseback can approach within fifty yards of a herd of deer; but yet this is the distance at which Lukhsmee is usually uncarted. There is nothing like perseverance for the accomplishment of any object, and in this I have seldom known it to fail. If the deer prove very wily, there is nothing for it but to slip the cheeta in the first nullah that presents itself, where she remains, whilst the cart is so manœuvred as to force the deer in the direction of her ambuscade.

Lukhsmee's cunning in these matters is only exceeded by her speed, which is superior to that of the swiftest greyhound. Let the unbelieving picture to themselves an antelope distant fifty or sixty yards from a greyhound, both at full speed—I suspect the acquaintance would stop there. But not so with Lukhsmee, who seldom fails to *pick them up* in 400 or 500 yards or less; and the deer runs its best too. I do not ever recollect to have seen her run more than 600 yards.

After a deer is secured, the cheeta is re-hooded, and then the keeper's knife comes into play. The animal, having been consecrated to use with the accustomed *Bismillah*, et cetera, is deprived of one of its hind quarters, and the *titbits*, such as heart and liver, all of which are the leopard's perquisites, and are, in fact, as much as she can manage, her usual ration being two *seers* a day. But if she be required to kill a second

deer, the knuckle only is given, and she is returned not in the *best* of humours to her cart. Should she miss, which must of course occur sometimes, particularly the second time, she lies down, and awaits the arrival of the keeper; but in the opposite case she retains her hold of the throat until ordered to desist.

Since her arrival at Sholapoor, which is not much more than twelve months ago, Lukhsmee has killed upwards of 150 antelope, chiefly bucks. The morning is for many reasons best adapted to the sport, and I can assure those to whom a *constitutional* is indispensable, that they will find a run with the cheeta a less monotonous and uninteresting method of getting through their *morning's work* than by a race-course gallop.

Mr. Editor, I have vainly looked to analyze the ingredients of *excitement*, which, as I before remarked, is the touchstone by which every sport is estimated; but I have reason to believe that *emulation* and *danger* are the two grand components, and if this be the case the hunting I have endeavoured to describe should not be without its harms. For I recollect a friend of mine who could never divest himself of the idea that the cheeta might very possibly take a fancy to *him*, instead of to the fated antelope, and did, therefore, ride like the devil in the opposite direction whenever she was uncarted.

Your obedient servant,
S. M. S.
Sholapoor, 17*th Sept.*, 1830.

SONG.

SADDLE, SPUR, AND SPEAR.

Let others boast and proudly toast
The light of ladies' eyes,
And swear the rose less perfume throws
Than beauty's fragrant sighs;
That ripe-red lips in hue eclipse
The ruby's radiant gem;
That woman's far the brightest star
In nature's diadem;
Yet since for me no charms I see
In all the sex can show,
And smile and tear alike appear,
Unheeded flash or flow—
I'll change my theme, and fondly deem
True sportsmen pledge me here,
And fill my cup, and drain it up,
To SADDLE, SPUR, and SPEAR!

When dayspring's light first crowns each height,
And tips the diamond dew,
We quick bestride our steeds of pride
To scour the jungle thro';
With loosened rein the jovial train
Slow to the cover throng,
And wouldn't stir without a spur
To coax their nags along;
We high uprear the glittering spear
Far flashing to the sky,
With hope elate anticipate
To see the wild boar die.
To such bright hopes e'en Misanthropes
Would pledge a bumper here,
And fill their cup, and drain it up,
To SADDLE, SPUR, and SPEAR!

'Twere vain to tell the magic spell
That fires the Hunter's eye
When shout and roar have reared the Boar
And stirred him from his sty.

His rage at first, his glorious burst,
Dark dashing through the flood,
His bristly might, his meteor flight,
And his death of foam and blood!
Oh! who hath been in such a scene,
That scene can ne'er forget,
In sorrow's mood, in solitude,
Its dream will haunt him yet.
'Mid festal times, in other climes,
He'll think of days so dear,
And fill his cup, and drain it up,
To SADDLE, SPUR, and SPEAR!

But while I sing, Time's rapid wing
This lesson seems to teach:
The joy and bliss of sport like this
Are still within our reach;
Then let's away at break of day,
Ride vale and hill-top o'er,
Scale mountains' side or stem the tide
To spear the flying Boar;
And time may *then* bring eve again,
When we, at Pleasure's shrine,
To check his flight for one gay night,
We'll wet his wing with wine.
And ere we part pledge hand and heart,
Once more to rally here,
To fill the cup, and drain it up,
To SADDLE, SPUR, and SPEAR!

S. Y. S.

STALLIONS FOR ENGLAND.

SIR,

I concluded my last letter, being also the first of its kind, on the proportions of celebrated Arabs, with a promise to give you my opinion upon what sort of horses should be sent to England for stallions, and what sort should not.

As some horses have already made the homeward voyage, it may seem invidious to particularize those which appear to me to have no pretensions to such a distinction; but in so doing I trust their owners will give me credit for sporting my opinion to the best of my judgment, and with no intention to be partial or ill-natured.

At the top of the list stands the celebrated Sulky, once the property of that thoroughbred gentleman sportsman, R. Lukin, Esq.—an ungainly looking chestnut, with great muscular powers. He was beat at Bombay, but he was not right, and his time afterwards at Calcutta stands unrivalled in India; he was a small horse, with great bone and blood—the only stallion from Bombay that ought to have gone away for that purpose. Fairplay is one of the horses now covering in England that I should say ought never to be have propagated his breed, even in Arabia, and certainly should not mingle his blood with our English mares, for the chance of a racing crop. He was a huge, ill-made, and, as John Dockery would call him, an impossible brute, with a large straight quarter, a good head, very wide in the jowl, which gave him his only pretension to any caste, a powerful artist on a heavy course, though he lumbered along like a hackney-coach. He ran in Bombay, in 1826, and was beat by little Don Juan and others in no great time. There is also a nutmeg grey, a present from the Imaum of Muscat, now covering at home, to the great detriment of the reputation of Arab blood, for he was an out-and-out Persian, with no shape, no symmetry; he never ran, and for the best reason in the world, he was not made for it; he was sent to England by Sir W. K. Grant.

I believe the last exportation

was the well-known Slyboots; and however highly many people think of him, yet I should have decidedly pronounced him to have been a horse totally unfit for begetting racers. I grant that he showed great blood, that his action was magnificent and very imposing, for, with the light, airy, elastic movements of his foré legs, he threw in his hind with the force of a sledge hammer. I acknowledge also that he possessed the large eyes and broad channel, those grand and unfailing characteristics of the true, only true, racer; his barrel was well hooped, although it looked light and herringish. This, by-the-by, is a point very often overlooked, by even good judges, who fancy unless a horse shows, to the eye, good depth of brisket and fellers, that he must be deficient in room within; but many a round and light carcase have I seen, that would measure in the whole girth much more than those that were twice as deep, and I would recommend purchasers not to choose by the eye alone, when they are pricing a prad, or selecting a flicker, but to recollect that a little measuring may not be amiss. But to return to Slyboots. I have owned to his style of gallop, and the goodness of his caste, a fine blood head, good thigh, and awful hocks, though he stood awry with them; his fore leg was handsome, though he turned out his toes; the top of his shoulder and his wither were not only particularly well formed, but, what is better, *well placed*. Still, with all these excellent gifts, he had one failing, which in a stallion, I say, is a fatal objection—*he would not carry weight*. Put weight upon his back and he would scarcely crawl—it cramped him at once; but give him a flea for a jockey, and he'd fly. His best public time was in his two mile heats, running both in 4m. 2s., but then he only carried a pony weight. When he beat Harlequin, his match, he had only 8 stone up, and was beat seven days after by Bundoola and Brilliant, because he ran with 9 stone; and what did he do in December of the same year, with 8st. 7lb.? he was only fourth horse in three miles, beat in 6m. 21¼s. This proves that a pound beyond the weight he wanted was sufficient to cripple him, and shows either a deficiency of bodily strength or of natural courage, either of which are against a stallion begetting good progeny.

I understand that some horses of the Turkomanc breed are going to England, but of what call will they be? They look stylish and handsome enough, but where's the blood to flow from? They will no doubt be very much admired at home, from their mould and action, and, as they have a certain oriental appearance about them, people may be induced to send their mares, but they will be woefully deceived if they expect racers from the produce; for draft or for the road, and perhaps for the paces, they might answer, but you might as well look for the digital mark of aristocracy in the offspring of a Somersetshire ploughman, as hope to see a blood brood from a Turkomano sire. They might possess size and speed, but would as certainly want courage and a capability of maintaining.

Let the mare be large enough, and it is of little consequence if the stallion be small; the mother would give the size, or, at all events, size sufficient, and I have no doubt that such long tried and little trumps as Tom Thumb, Don Juan, and even Little Tough,

though quite a galloway, would, ensure first-rate colts from thoroughbred dams; and they are the kind of stallions for the home studs. Barefoot would be invaluable to a breeder, and so would Harlequin, because they not only possess bone and figure, but blood, and blood of the very best kind. Boxkeeper would be another, but I should object to Paul Pry and Goblin Grey, as, although they are real good ones, they have not symmetry. A man with a bandy leg might be a good pedestrian, but a bandy-legged family would not throw out many good runners. Now, the hind quarters of both Paul and the Goblin are defective, and a stallion, to ensure a good breed, should be as near perfection as possible. On this point I would recommend an attentive perusal of the little treatise just published by Hankey Smith, Esq. I do not know, Mr. Editor, if your Magazine will travel to our native land, but should it find its way thither, and the curiosity of any English sportsmen induce them to look into it, I hope they will take a hint about breeding from Arabs, because they happen to be imported from India and called Arabs. Let them, if they wish to replenish their racer's veins with Arabian blood, select for their stallion some *known tried* horse, and not any good-looking hunter that may have been sent from this country on mere speculation. The great outcry which I understand is made against the Arab crop, is caused entirely by this. They may rely upon it that a good mare would throw such a produce to a real Nejdee, that in the third or fourth generation would bring back the days of Eclipse and Flying Childers. I have now in my possession a mare, Zuleika, bred as the Bengal Stud Book says, by Captain G. Watkins, out of Lady Starch, who was imported in 1818, bred by Mr. Goodisson, got by Pioneer out of Buzzard mare, her dam sister to Champion by Pot-8-o's. Huncamunca by High Flier, Cipher by Squirrel, Regulus, Bartlets, Childers, Honeywood's Arabian. Zuleika's sire was the English imported horse Benedick, by Remembrancer out of Beatrice by Sir Peter Teazle. This shows Zuleika to have good blood. She has now a foal at her foot by Captain Morris's G. A. Fitzjames and has stood to Harlequin, and I am confident the produce will bear me out in my opinion regarding the proper kind of horses which ought to be selected for stallions to English mares.

I fear, Mr. Editor, I have trespassed too long both upon your pages and on the patience of your readers, but I hope the importance of the subject will plead my excuse, and I will now take my leave until No. 11 shall be forthcoming, when I will again trouble you with a few more observations on the points I have now touched upon. In the mean time, with very best wishes for the success of your Magazine, I remain,

Obediently yours,
S. Y. S.

SHOLAPOOR HUNT.

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR,

The accompanying account of 32 Hog, &c., &c., killed at our hunt is, with a little alteration, an extract from a friend's journal. Should you think it worthy a

place in your Magazine, you are most welcome to it.

Yours, &c.,
A READER OF THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

Ye Gentlemen of England
Who follow not the chase,
Ah, little do you think upon
The quickness of the pace.
E. S. M.

17th June. Met at Morah, 40 miles, four in number. Breakfast discussed, went to beat the Bosrah jungle, from which two hog were soon routed out and killed. These were all of which we had intelligence. Two of the party took their guns and shot a brace of florikin, some quail and hare.

18th. Moved ground to Donigaum, 22 miles in the Nuggur direction, when we had intelligence of plenty of hog; on the road found our kit hard and fast in the Seena, not half way to our ground; took some "*prog*" and on again: kit not up till 2 p.m. Mounted our nags, hog soon on foot, but all got off safe without being once viewed by the field in consequence of the extent of jungle. Attempted to cross the river, and having swam our horses to the opposite side, found the banks too steep for them to get any footing—returned to our tents disgusted, and with but little hope of doing any mischief the next day.

19th. Mounted about 9 a.m., beat the same jungle, hog soon on foot, but they took away unseen by the hunters; rode in the direction they were said to have gone. In about a mile, one was viewed and killed after a well contested run by the whole party.

Went to the plains and fell in with a sounder of five; found where there was hardly cover enough for a hare, and they were the right sort both for going * and charging. † We were hard at work till 12 o'clock, by which time we found our studs rather the worse, as you may imagine, when I tell you we had not been idle ten minutes the whole time, and summing up the slain, found the number amounted to "*Ten*," all full grown; most of them came to the *charge* when hard pushed, without having been speared. One (a boar) fought to the last gasp, and "did for a village tat" feeding hard by: he charged several times from a hundred yards distance, knocking over beaters one after the other as quick as lightning, and ripped one horse ‡ in four places in the hind legs so badly, that we were compelled to leave him on the ground without a chance of his seeing Sholapoor for at least a month; as a friend

* On the road home we were struck by the length of a stride a hog had taken across a ploughed field. We had the curiosity to measure a number of them, which proved the astonishing length of "15 ft." We could not be mistaken, as the ground had been recently wet.

† Talking of charging hog, when at Deesa some years ago I killed a boar at Korla, who charged a buffalo before being speared, and brought the animal to the ground with apparently little shock to himself. Having killed, I found his tushes broken short off. I went back to the place where the buffalo fell, and found the ends lying there; these I have by me now, as also the stumps. I also killed the largest hog I have ever seen, near Deesa (at Cherooka). He measured 6ft. 1in., and his tushes were 10in. long.

‡ "Larry," a well-known horse amongst some of the sporting gentry. He is barely 14h. 1in., still perfectly clean on his pins, though he has carried his present master for the past six years, no light weight, "13st.," without saddle, &c. He took two good leaps this day (at least I call them such) with his master on him, and without coming down. They were "drop leaps," upwards of 5ft. each, taken at full speed.

of mine observed, "*he is out of the coach.*" Some of these hog were killed single-handed, and out of sight * of the rest of the party.

20th. Rain came down at no allowance, so no moving out of our tents.

21st. At 10 a.m. had intelligence of hog close to our tents, and, the weather having cleared up a little, we determined to try our luck. At this crisis a villager arrived with khuber of "*fifty*" in a small jungle six miles distant. Horses ordered, and soon at the ground; put in about 20 beaters, who knocked out a sounder of six, three of which fell, but not before one (a sow) had bitten a large piece out of a horse's chest; a single one found immediately afterwards, which was as immediately despatched; returned to the jungle. Hog again on foot, but not to be got out easily, and the rain coming down in bucketsful, we were obliged to knock off work and return to our tents like drowned rats. We, however, considered ourselves lucky in having added four more to our list, three of which were contested.

22nd. Rain, and ground too wet to admit of a stir out.

23rd. Went to look up a sounder, and found them on the opposite side of the river; sent 30 beaters across to try and entice them over, but it was no go. Kept them in sight on the opposite bank for two miles. No use our attempting to cross, as we had tried that plan the first day without success. Found a boar, who fought to the last; he had not less than 20 wounds before yielding up the ghost.

24th. Returned to camp with a total of 17 killed, and had the weather proved propitious, I doubt not we should have produced a list of double that number.

3rd September. Three of the Hunt started again for Marah, but finding our kit brought up at the Seena, drew bridle at Mohole, 22 miles; took out "Lukhsmee" * and killed a doe.

4th. On to Marah to breakfast, 18 miles; beat the Bosrah jungle *seven* times before the hog could be routed out, one of which only took over rideable ground, and after a run of upwards of *two* miles was brought up in a grain field. where she injured three horses, Grinder, Bruin, and Larry, as also the latter's master in the leg.

5th. Moved to Misegaum, five miles; hog reported, but none found. Lukhsmee killed a buck.

6th. To Donigaum, 17 miles; hog said to be in numbers, but from the quantity of grain could not expect much sport; having despatched our breakfast, mounted for the day. Beat some grain; a fine boar on foot almost immediately. He took across the river, followed by one of the hunters, who swam after him, the other two going to where the river was fordable. He was speared after running about two miles, but the wound was not severe, and he made back for the bank of the river, which he reached without a turn being taken out of him, and there continued dodging up and down a considerable time, knocking over one beater and ripping two others; he now crossed the river a second time and took to the grain, from whence being expelled, he ran to

* I have heard that at certain hunts, if by themselves, "*gentlemen*" are obliged to bring home the tail in their pockets as a voucher for their having killed. We do not require this certificate, Mr. Editor; if a "*gentleman*" asserts he has killed, *his word is taken as gospel*, and at no time ought it to be *doubted*.

* The hunting leopard belonging to the Hunt.

Donigaum and back again *twice* (*distance two miles*), defying men and horses, and again took cover in his old haunt, the grain, which he resolved not to quit, and after chopping about for at least half an hour, he was brought up by a *job*, in return for which he ripped the horse across the belly. I leave my readers to make their own calculation of the distance this hog ran before being killed; we estimate it at the lowest 15 miles. A sow was afterwards roused in a thick grain field, which she did not abandon until she had twice broke back through the beaters, and then taking out, charged bang at the nearest horse; after a short run she again charged, and received a spear just below the eye, which came out under the chin, and pinning both her jaws together did the necessary business.

7th. Rain all night—intelligence of hog close to our tents, but the ground would not admit of our going out; killed a bustard and florikin.

8th. The same as yesterday. Another member of the Hunt joined us just as we were sitting down to a fine bustard. It was 2 p.m., and we were quite tired of doing nothing, when intelligence arrived of a boar five miles distant and on high ground. Despite of the mud, therefore, we resolved to try our luck. A real sportsman, Mr. Editor, rather than sit still will always take the field, if he has the slightest chance of success.

On arriving at the ground we beheld, much to our astonishment, and on as fine a plain as I ever recollect to have seen, a sounder of hog, the like of which I have seldom met with. At them we went, but with little success, for, with the exception of a boar, all got clear off without a turn. The boar was brought up with a single spear. Went to beat up the hog first reported, but he probably made off whilst we were engaged with the sounder, for we found him not.

9th. Went out with Lukhsmee, killed a buck and a doe; our fourth member left us for Nuggur after breakfast. At three p.m. today we had intelligence of hog five miles distant; mounted our nags, but found only one sow, which we brought up after a smart run, she charging on the nearest rider. Beat the grain towards home without success, and were on the point of mounting our tats, when a sounder was viewed coming across the plain; we were soon at their tails, and by sunset had added three more to our list of slain. Total this day, four.

10th. At work by ten a.m. After riding ten miles to cover, a hog was presently viewed crossing a plain, but he bid us adieu after a lay in of a mile, running clean away from our horses without a turn or even the chance of one. Beat a sounder out of grain, in number about twenty. Rode them hard and managed to kill two sows and a boar—two of them were well contested spears. One of the party had a roll with his horse in the river and contrived to break his rib. *Tiffin!* and to work again; soon roused a sow, who fell after every inch of ground had been contested for first spear. Total this day, four—we had been on our horses eight hours.

11th. After breakfast rode to Dewalgaum, six miles (our third member had left us). No sooner put in the beaters than hog were on foot; a boar took out, who was presently brought up, but we had no breathing time, for another passed almost immediately and received his quietus after a long lay in. Beat homewards and found a sow, who stole a march upon us, and made the Seena without a

turn, distant two miles. Night coming on, returned to our tents with a list of only two hog; had been in the saddle nine hours, one rider with a rib rather the worse for wear.

12th. Lukhsmee killed a buck. Ran hog one after the other up, down, and across the river not less than *ten* times, and were at last compelled to give in without a single poke; we and our horses stuck full of thorns.

13th. Rested and shod our horses, and not before they wanted it.

14th. To Walla to breakfast; on the road Lukhsmee killed two bucks; hunted all day and only found one sow, who was done for after much dodging about in high grain.

15th. Started for Sholapoor. On the road Lukhsmee killed a doe.

P.S.—On looking over No. 6 O. S. M. I see a letter signed *Stirrup*, from Deesa, saying that no *poker* was used there till a year before the date of his letter. I suspect he has not known the station long, or, if he has, he cannot have had much to say to the hunting that went on there before the date of his letter, for no such thing as throwing was thought of then, *and some of the oldest hunters we have were always out.* With regard to the ground, it is good enough underfoot, but come to the thorn work, long grass, and dead hedges about Bahadapoor and Korla, I ask *Mr. Stirrup* how much of his hog he sees after throwing his spear, should he happen to miss his mark, which I suppose he sometimes does, and if in the grass the probabilities are in favour of never seeing his spear again. I say it requires a man to ride well up to the mark in the places I have mentioned, or he will not do much injury to the hog.

I have often killed hog before breakfast on the ground on which I understand the European Regiment is now cantooned.

BOAT RACING AT CAMBRIDGE.

(Extract from a private letter to a Gentleman at Bombay.)

We have got up a novel amusement at Cambridge, which is boat racing on the only plan our narrow river admits of, *i.e.* the boats in succession.

The race is from Chesterton up to the locks near Cambridge, about a mile and a quarter, and hundreds of people, gown, town, snobs and lady-snobbesses, horses, gigs, and carriages assemble, and a most stunning noise follows, arising from the men cheering on their own colleges. Nothing is heard but "Johns"—"Peters"—"Trinity"—"now you're gaining"—"well pulled"—"capitally steered"—"one pull more," &c., &c., and then "a bump! a bump!" re-echoes through the crowd, and a tremendous cheer for the victors. We row in boats having each eight oars, made with surprising lightness and neatness, and last term there were 11 eight-oars in each race. The plan is for each to go a boat's length behind the other; they start all at the same time, and if one boat gains on the other so as to touch it in any part (which is called bumping), they both leave off for that race, but the bumping boat takes the place of the other in the next race; and thus they go on, so that a boat may get from the bottom to the top of the river by bumping another boat every day

in the eleven races. This distinguished situation had never been gained by any small college, up to 1829. Trinity and St. John's had alone enjoyed the honour of having their flags at the top of the post, and for the preceding three terms the Johnians had maintained that place unbumped; at this time, however, we got together eight spirited fellows at ———, and sent up to London for a new boat. We paid our 80 guineas and took our place as last boat on the river in the month of November, 1828; we bumped a boat every day, and beat the Johnians in March, 1829. We were now head of the river, and the Johnians vowed they would split our rudder in pieces the next race: but all in vain, we maintained our place with honour and left the Johnian boat two hundred feet behind. In this glorious race bets of 20 to 1 were made against us, and by taking these long odds one of our crew won £60. The next race the Johnians were still confident of success, but again we beat them, and thus kept our place two races following. Meanwhile we had no change of men, whereas if a man of St. John's or Trinity fell ill, there were plenty of others to put in his place, but we had only our old eight, and not a single man besides in the College would row; this tremendous work was therefore too much for us, and we took our boat off the river for a time, without ever having been bumped. The following term we were recruited a little, and again went on, but we were obliged to go last boat by the laws of the club; we bumped a boat every day, but the number of races in the term only permitted us to get up to the second place, so that the Johnians, who had maintained the first since we left them, felt fortunate in this accident so mortifying to us. During the present term there has been no general race, but Trinity College challenged the university; we accepted it and beat them. The day we were behind the Corpus boat I happened to be captain, and I felt more than usually pleased * in the moment of giving my old acquaintances a broadside."

M. L.

* The pleasure my friend felt is explained by his having lately migrated from Corpus to ———. He appears to have been more fortunate than the Yankees in the Chesapeake on a similar occasion.

COURSING LAWS.

Sir,

Although not a subscriber to your Magazine, through some accident in the records of your office, I cannot but view with pleasure the satisfaction you are giving your sporting friends; and as I conceive the accompanying Rules and Regulations on Coursing, a diversion followed by many individuals in this country, would prove acceptable to them, they are transmitted with a desire of increasing the value of your interesting periodical.

Yours,

Jack Spring.

Bombay, 29th Sept., 1830.

It seems extraordinary that no alterations have been made in the rules and laws of Coursing since the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when the regulations which are usually still in force received the fiat of Thomas, Duke of Norfolk; and they are the following ones:—

THE LAWS OF THE LEASH OF COURSING,

As they were commanded, allowed, and subscribed by Thomas, late Duke of Norfolk, in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth.

1. Therefore it was ordered, that he which was chosen fenterer, or letter-loose of the greyhounds, should receive the greyhounds match to run together into his leash, as soon as he came into the field, and to follow next to the hare finder till he came unto the farm; and no horseman nor foot-man, on pain of disgrace, to go before them, or on either side, but directly behind the space of forty yards, or thereabouts.

Item.—That not above one brace of greyhounds do course a hare at one instant.*

Item.—That the hare finder should give the hare three sohows before he put her from her lair, to make the greyhounds gaze and attend her rising.

Item.—That dog that giveth the first turn, if, after the turn be given, there be neither coat, slip, nor wrench, extraordinary, then he which gave the first turn shall be held to win the wager.

Item.—If one dog give the first turn, and the other bear the hare, then he which bore the hare shall win.

Item.—If one dog give both the first turn and last turn, and no other advantage between them, that odd turn shall win the wager.

Item.—That a coat shall be more than two turns, and a go by, or the bearing of the hare, equal with two turns.

Item.—If neither dog turn the hare, then he which leadeth last at the covert shall be held to win the wager.

Item.—If one dog turn the hare, serve himself, and turn her again, those two turns shall be as much as a coat.

Item.—If all the course be equal, then he only which bears the hare shall win; and if she be not borne, then the course must be adjudged dead.

Item.—If any dog shall take a fall in the course, and yet perform his part, he shall challenge advantage of a turn more than he giveth.

Item.—If one dog turn the hare, serve himself, and give divers coats, yet in the end stand still in the field, the other dog, without turn-giving, running home to the covert, that dog which stood still in the field shall be then adjudged to lose the wager.

Item.—If any man shall ride over a dog, and overthrow him in his course (though the dog were the worse dog in opinion), yet the party for the offence shall either receive the disgrace of the field, or pay the wager, for between the parties it shall be adjudged no course.

Item.—Those who are chosen judges of the leash shall give their judgments presently before they depart from the field, or else he, in whose default it lieth, shall pay the wager by a general voice and sentence.

The substance of those rules has been adhered to in most of the sporting counties, but the dogs are now loosed out of a double spring-slip, which renders it impossible for either to have the advantage of the start. In Wiltshire, however, some judicious deviations have been introduced; and the dog that hath the best of the course, whether he kills the hare or not, is there declared to be the winner. The propriety of

* So thought the ancient sportsmen by the μήτε πλείονς δυοῖν of Arrian. Arrian de Venat. c. 16.

such a decision is apparent, for the best and speediest dog may turn the hare directly on his opponent, who may have no other merit than that of laying hold of his game when forced full upon him.

THE NEILGHERRY ELK.

Sir,

I am, you must know, a young subscriber, but a great friend to your periodical, and I think it deserves the support and assistance of every sportsman in India, as it is an excellent and amusing channel by which one may know what all his brothers are about in another part of the country; and as I am, for one, a great admirer of such a publication, I have dipped my *maiden* pen in ink, to write a few lines in public. This, Mr. Editor, being the state of the case, I proceed to the description.

The black or hill deer, commonly called the elk, is one of the most noble of the deer kind, the male commonly standing four and a half and sometimes nearly five feet high; his general colour is a kind of dark iron grey or lead colour, looking at a distance much the same as that of the common buffalo; the lower part of the belly inside of the thighs and up to the tail white, the end of which is black, and the under part a rusty colour, which also forms a kind of border to the above mentioned white parts; the forepart of the belly to between the fore legs is black; a sandy-coloured circle surrounds its dark full eye; its ear is broad and open, and a tuft of long white hair protects its interior from dust, &c.; the hair of the neck (particularly of the upper part) is longer and coarser than in any other part of the body: its horns consist of the brow antle, and a long and elegantly curved shaft, terminating at the top in two (I have heard only of one that has ever been seen with three) antlers; they appear to be shed about March, and again to attain their full size and beauty by August. The doe is smaller and lighter coloured than the buck, and has no horns.

They, like the red deer, are gregarious, very powerful, and beautifully-made animals; indeed, there is no doubt of their being a variety of that animal. Bewick, in speaking of it as it is found in England, says, "the red deer of this kingdom are nearly of the same size and colour, without much variety; in other parts of the world they differ in form and size, as well as in their horns and the colour of their bodies."

Shooting this noble animal in the beautiful woods about here is indeed a very fascinating pastime; the sportsman is first roused to a delightful pitch of excitement by the music of the dogs, then the crashing rush of the elk, increasing as he approaches the edge of the wood, and last, the break, which is very beautiful. When he first emerges, his head is down and nose poked out to prevent his horns getting entangled in the underwood; but directly he finds himself clear, he throws up his head and goes away in most beautiful style. After all this, Mr. Editor, your sporting readers will easily imagine that a little steadiness is requisite to hold the gun straight enough to hit him in a vital spot, or even sometimes to hit him at all, for unless the ball

be well planted he will carry it away without appearing any the worse for it, though many a poor beast who escapes in this way must ultimately prove food for the jackals. I hope the dismal bodings of some of the people, that they will soon become extinct, will not prove true, for such fine sport ought to last for ever.

I hope you will find room for the above attempt at description in your Magazine, for it is entirely dictated by the good wishes of

Yours obediently,
PIEBALD.

Ootacamund, 30th Sept., 1830.

SONG.

Give me mirth and sparkling wine,
Roses o'er my temples twine;
Wreaths of roses, fresh and bright,
Softly pourtray life's shade and light:
The inmost leaves of ruddier hue
Depict our pleasures real but few,
While fading outwards they disclose
How soon they're followed by our woes.
The thorns, that with the sweets intrude,
Remind us of the trials rude
Which in our happiest moments here
Will sometimes force the unbidden tear.

The maddening pleasures of the bowl,
When o'er the brain its powers roll,
Recall the intoxicating joy
Which few have felt without alloy,
Not even those who, bathed in bliss,
Deem youth a life to love and kiss;
They, even they, must sometimes prove
The more than misery of love.
Then give me wine, and with the bowl,
Pour music's glories o'er my soul,
And make our pleasures (ah! how few)
Never ending—ever new.

GOBLIN GREY.

An Oil-painting by Godwin Williams, Esq.

MR. EDITOR,

I happened a few days ago to be paying a morning visit at the house of a sporting friend, and was pleasingly surprised to find resting against a wall a very excellent oil-painting of that well known horse, "Golden Grey," with a likeness of the jockey who rode him last year. The resemblance to both the animal and the rider is most striking, and the picture itself deserves to be publicly noticed; I have therefore wished to mention it to you, as the artist certainly deserves that his success in painting animals should be more known, especially to sporting

characters, who may possess four-footed favourites whose likeness they would wish to preserve in memory of them. The picture I have alluded to is nearly square, being about 1ft. 11½in. long, and 1ft. 8½in. high. The Goblin is seen standing on the race-course, his head turned towards the spectator, his eyes full of animation, yet with that wild expression so peculiar to high caste Arabs; his well laid and shelving shoulder and finely lifted loin, together with his drooping hind quarter, are excellently defined; he appears in great racing order, and his muscles are splendidly developed. The drawing of the legs, particularly of the hind ones, is very well managed, and the glossy hairiness of the skin is worthy of the brush of Abraham Cooper, or even Ward himself.

The artist has been very happy in hitting off the face and figure of the jockey, Surfoodeen, whose nearly full face is turned to the spectator, and who is represented in the action of drawing up the snaffle rein through the finger of his left hand, and preparing to turn the horse round to be ready for the word "off." The starting-post appears at a few yards off, and in the background is the whole line of buildings between the residence of the late Commissioner and the present Collector, over which is seen the pagoda-topped hill of Parbutty, and in the misty distance the range of Ghauts, including Singhur, just visible through the darkness of an approaching storm.

I believe it is intended to be sent home and placed in the British Exhibition, and it well merits such a distinction. An engraving for your Magazine would be an acquisition—I mean a *copper plate* one—none of your rough and ready lithographic scratches. Can you take a hint from

A FRIEND TO THE O. S. M.?

The picture was painted by Godwin Williams, Esq., for the present owner of "Goblin Grey."

Poonah, October, 15th, 1830.

A WORD FROM NOSING TOM TO STEPHEN.

SIR,

It has often occurred to me that there existed a striking similarity of style betwixt the writings of Stephen and of S. Y. S., although I never could bring myself to believe them the productions of the same pen, because I looked upon S. Y. S. as much too clever and too sensible to be the author of the Critiques.

* * * * * *

See vol. i., page 460, in which S. Y. S. compares the criticisms of Stephen to those of Zoilus, and very justly too; and then turn to page 449 of the same volume, where we find Stephen, as if instinctively conscious of the intended comparison, disclaiming that his writings bear any affinity to those of the ancient critic.

This is another very strong coincidence, and if I pleased I could mention many more of a similar kind. "*I am very quick at seeing these things*," and no longer entertain any doubt of the identity of the writer; and, if I am right in my conjectures, I can assure Stephen that he has put himself to the trouble of a piece of gratuitous deception which had been better left alone. So you see, Mr. Editor, the secret is not

so snug as he would lead us to believe.

I am not in the habit of taking up the cudgels for another, although I have vanity enough to suppose myself quite able to do so. Besides, I had no good reason to interfere with Stephen until he should give me cause for annoyance, or find fault with what I had a clear right to bear through the ordeal of criticism if I could. I have contributed *more than once* to your little periodical under different signatures, and until now, if I have not succeeded in obtaining Stephen's vote of applause, I have at all events secured his silence, which was all I wanted, and I am not to be found amongst the "mob of your contributors" either.

I have myself been mistaken for the author of Stephen's letters, although I have vainly looked for good and sufficient cause why they should be laid to my door. I never felt disposed to take much trouble to put down this opinion, because I had no object in doing so. But the third critique is a sad falling off, and I really cannot afford to father such stuff. Stephen may be detected in every line he writes of the very vulgarities and low style for which he carps at others. What do you think of "*betting a penny*," "*laughing in your sleeve*," and many of a similar kind? Then he indulges too frequently in *low puns*, and, what is worse, in *bad* puns too, and in a critic this does not look quite consistent. I can conceive nothing *lower* than his pun upon the situation of S. W.'s heart. It proves his own to be in the wrong place, and his *wits* into the bargain—a very poor attempt to be facetious, and I should say rather too personal besides.

The first of Stephen's opinions regarding my own contribution to No. 8, with which my business lies more particularly, are very correct and very sensible. "*It does bear the stamp of a mind that could master better things*," and *Master* Stephen must *mind* that I don't *stamp* upon him, for I can tell him that I know a *thing or two*, and though I have hitherto appeared in a humble unpretending garb, I can, if I please, write much in his own style, and though I "*buzz about*" have "*a sting*" too.

I know of nothing more tiresome or more ridiculous than he who is perpetually boring one with questions, more particularly when they are obviously the result of a wilful perversion of meaning, and it must be confessed that Stephen has, of late, become a most provoking querist; his interrogations are not only very silly and without point, but his mode of putting them is what one would expect from a stable boy, and certainly not from one so classicly correct as we are to suppose him. "*I should like to know this, that, and the other.*" If it were not a little too *smutty*, *I should like* to give Stephen a reference to something I could mention, for the information. It would be the most appropriate answer he could have, and the joke, though unfortunately *too low* for your Magazine, would not be *too high* for Stephen's comprehension, for I will answer for it he has frequently heard the allusion amongst the low company which I am sure he has kept. Let him put *that* and *that* together, and try what he can make of it.

Stephen wishes to be informed "*how a horse can look thick-winded.*" I answer, in the same way that he look *lame* or *sick* or anything else; or that *an ass can look thick-headed.* You see I don't go far for a simile. If the

cap fits, he is welcome to it. In my turn, I should wish to be informed what he understands by "*punishing prettily*," and whether the castigation I have been obliged to give him comes under that denomination.

Stephen further accuses me of plagiarizing an expression or two from other writers. Will he kindly inform me, as I do not recollect to have met with them, in what author they are to be found? He will, perhaps, further oblige me by stating if "*laughing in your sleeve*," "*betting a penny*," and other vulgarisms of a similar *stamp*, which I notice in his last critique, are borrowed from the same author or another.

I have now done with my remarks; and, though they are certainly longer than I intended at setting out, I trust you will not think them tedious. I shall be happy to learn Stephen's sentiments on any subsequent communication I may make to your magazine, as I am quite able to defend myself from his attacks. But a burnt child dreads the fire, Mr. Editor, and I dare say I shall hear little more from your *unknown* correspondent, after the exposure I have forced upon him, although he may perhaps have written in your forthcoming number.

I am, sir,
Yours obediently,
NOSING TOM.

Poonah, 13*th Sept.*, 1830.

STEPHEN'S FOURTH CRITIQUE.

SIR,

Having concluded my third notice of your contributors with a hint that I should pay my respects to S. Y. S. in this my fourth critique, so shall I endeavour to perform my promise with a resolved and impartial hand. For what care I for the quips and quirks of such maudlin scribblers as "Misericordia?" I can treat his sneers with silent contempt, and throw the gauntlet of defiance at his threats.

"Sporting Recollections of Life in the Deccan" is spiritedly written, and upon the whole is a fair description of what hog-hunting once was in this part of the world, but the author is too fond of marked antitheses and alliteration: conjectures are afloat as to its being a painting from life, or only from fancy; but this is of little consequence. Chapter iv. is not so well written as the first three, though it contains matter of more interest, for there is an evident carelessness in the former which would appear to have been carried to an anxiety to detail the events of the day, without pausing to select his words or even his phrases; and though probably he thought he needed not to be very choice in his language, still he *might* have mended his style without injuring the spirit of his production. He has contributed, I find, very lengthily to your last. "Hurrah for the spur and the spear" bears his initials, and is certainly a very spirited song, while his paper "On the Proportions of Celebrated Arabs" is, as far as it goes, a valuable contribution; but then, how far does it go? It tells you that a speedy horse must have speedy points, and that Bundoola and others measured so much in the hind quarter, and so much in the fore; but what information, or rather, I could say, what instruction is to be gathered from this? Had he—as I suspected to have

seen—had he contrasted the proportions of the known and tried good racers with the measurements of known and tried bad ones, then, indeed, some sort of comparison might have been made which would have proved useful to those who are in the habit of purchasing horses for the turf. However, on this I cannot say much, since I do not pretend to understand it. I wish others would follow my example. But I must mention one thing which certainly strikes me as being very singular. It is in the extraordinary shape of Harlequin; he is set down as 14½—whether this half means half an inch or half an hand I know not—it is immaterial to my present remark, but as I see he is frequently called "a great horse," I conclude it is meant that he should be marked as fourteen hands two inches. In this case, then, as his measurement at his depth of fellers is thirty-four inches and a half, and from the fellers to the ground thirty-one and a quarter, it stands to reason that his height over the loins must have been sixty-five inches and three quarters, or *sixteen hands and* 1¾ *inches!* which, even if his real height be fourteen hands two inches, will make him (within a quarter of an inch) two inches higher at the croup than at the wither. This appears to be very strange; but as all swift animals, like the hare and the antelope, are found higher behind than before, this extraordinary peculiarity in the shape of Harlequin may constitute his great racing point; but then again, how much does this militate against the speed of "Little Tough," who at the head points measures only 12 hands 1¾ inches, and at the shoulder 13 hands ½ inch, so that he stands higher before by 4½ inches, that is by upwards of a hand, than in the rear? The knowing ones must talk to S. Y. S. about this, for I confess it puzzles and perplexes me; besides, he has detained me too long from "other metal more attractive."

I have no reluctance in pronouncing "the Bombay Hounds," by "Looker On," as a very capital letter, and one that does credit to your work, and the Sholapoor hunting is a good match to it. These are the kind of correspondents you do well to cherish. The song by S. P. is good, though he gives a splay foot to his second line; his fourth stanza calls to mind "There is a Lethe in the bowl,"—that is, in its excellence and its style. O. to O. K. may be proper, and looks respectable, but there is a filthy allusion to "the gentleman in brown," which ought to have been left out, though, as S. Y. S. also makes use of it, it leads me to suspect he writes under more signatures than one. Squirrel is right—the pigeon shooting at Poonah deserves to be shown up as he has done it; next comes that dreadful letter from Phœbe Harpur—let it, oh, let it be the last. My prophecy in my third critique regarding Dragsman and Anti-Detonator has proved correct. Nosing Tom improves as he goes, though I still wish he would polish a little more, and recollect that writing bad grammar is but a poor apology for silly writing, and vulgar, too. I confess I do not quite understand Philo Fun, nor can I make out whether he really did dream the dream he relates so well, or whether he has drawn from fiction. Nimrod's share of the No. 9's pages is much better than any I have yet seen—it is interesting and not too much spun out; he is evidently following my advice,

and improving in style and perspicuity. This, therefore, flatters me not a little, and I am consequently in too good a humour to animadvert on one or two little inaccuracies which I should otherwise have pointed out, for he may rest assured I have selected them. Erin go Bragh is a prince of a correspondent, writes well and spiritedly, and is highly amusing. I trust to meet with him again in No. 10. I shall now take my leave for the fourth time, and wait with impatience for the promised appearance of your next number *early* in November.

Yours obediently,

STEPHEN.

Sholapoor, Oct. 1, 1830.

OBSERVATIONS ON SHIKARREE'S LETTER TO THE E. S. M.

I am going to criticise, Mr. Editor, but my business is not with you, nor, indeed, with any of your correspondents, in whom I think you are most fortunate. It is with a Bengal sportsman, several of whose letters have appeared in the E. S. M., and one of which has found insertion in your last number. Now, I would not have you mistake me for *Stephen* in disguise, for I am very easy to please, and do not, therefore, often appear in my present character; but without any disposition to find fault you must allow me to say that *Shikarree's sketches* do not by any means come up to the standard of excellence, inasmuch as they have a tendency to cast a slur on the body of Indian sportsmen generally, and are calculated to mislead our friends at home, who are for the most part lamentably ignorant of those matters, and would laugh outright at what *Shikarree* has denominated "glorious sport." For my own part, did his own style not assure me to the contrary, I should be tempted to put the whole down for a *quiz* at once.

Your valuable magazine has already thrown much light on the true character of Indian sporting, and will in due time enable our Transatlantic friends to appreciate the extent of *Shikarree's* success; but as a lover of the field and flood myself, and one who has had an opportunity of enjoying almost every diversion this country affords in the highest perfection, I cannot permit the opportunity to pass without some attempt to convince the readers of the E. S. M. that, whatever may be the *heinous offences* of our brethren in Bengal, we have a least no such *snob* as *Shikarree* on this side of India; and, in thus seeking to avert an imputation which could not fail to be cast on us by all who shall peruse the letters now under consideration, I am tempted to believe that I record not only my own sentiments on the subject, but those also of every true sportsman under the Bombay Presidency.

As it is not my intention to descend to a particular review of the transactions of each day, in the order in which they are recorded, but simply to offer a few general remarks, I shall not put myself to the inconvenience of re-perusing *Shikarree's* very tedious epistles, but shall rely principally on my recollection of their contents. And first with regard to the *tiger*, because I observe it to be his weak point. He cannot seriously have considered "three couple of snipe and a *black driver*," or a few *water-hens*, or even "a dozen quail," to be worthy a place in the archives

of sporting, or I would solicit his attention to No. 4 of the O. S. M., wherein he will find recorded what is by no means a rare occurrence, 500 brace of quail killed in a few days. I could further inform him that I have myself been of a party of three, when 200 brace of painted partridge were registered in six consecutive days, and 80 brace of quail bagged before breakfast; but a *brown partridge*, of which he gives so minute and clever a description, was never even fired at. I would not however be understood to imply that the game "*flew languidly*," or that I made use of a "*flint gun*," for I abhor the very name of one.

Shikarree's *geese* are not swans, but *Brahaminee ducks*, rank carrion, worse than the vile Brahaminee kite about which he has written almost a volume. With us, duck and teal are so plentiful during the season, as to be considered game for Portuguese cooks, and are therefore slaughtered without a show of mercy. Besides, who ever dreamt of killing a *peafowl*, except when *Mull* was the order of the day? but *Shikarree* speaks of them with rapturous ecstasy, and I have heard other *Qui hi's* do the same. He even runs after them *slipshod;* oh! how delighted I was to find by the sequel that he cut his foot, for he richly deserved it.

I never before heard of No. 5 for quail or snipe when smaller shot were to be had; and Shikarree by his own confession always fires the *wrong* barrel, or else both *at once*, which is very bad indeed. I am quite confident that a party of clerks, who had "made a Sunday of it" at Salsette, would never confess to having shot at a *blue pigeon* or *golden plover*, whatever they might have done in reality. With regard to rifle shooting, his affair with the *fawn* was really a very extraordinary performance, well worthy of record, as it is almost the only instance in which he appears to have been successful. I fancy I see him now in a Manilla hat and hobnail boots crawling on his belly, and then throwing down his *flint* gun and running as if the devil had kicked him, with *Don* at his heels.

Spotted deer and antelope are generally to be met with in great abundance, and are not therefore often an object of attraction, unless they place themselves in the sportsman's way; but I am confident I speak the language of every lover of the rifle on this side of India, when I assert that he would consider half an hour, much more a whole day, very ill repaid by an antelope or a *peafowl*, of all things in the world; neither do I clearly understand by what system of reasoning the leash and deer shooting can alone be enjoyed with security. I have often sighed for a trip to Hindoostan, that I might put a little *gumption* into some of the *Qui hi's*, in which I fancied they were sadly deficient. But if their country holds out no more inducements than these, I confess I think they are wise to stay at home, and I to follow the example.

And now, Sir, I approach a more important subject than the fowling-piece. I recollect to have heard several Bengal gentlemen assert that they possessed no finer hunting ground than the banks of the Ganges, although I cannot speak to it of my own knowledge. But here we find a party of persons styling themselves *sportsmen*, and *Shikarree* at their head, deliberately *shooting hog*, or attempting to do so, which is every bit as bad, on the noblest hunting ground the Bengal Presidency can boast of!! Gracious Heaven, defend *us* from so foul a stain! You *can't* kill a hog with a *gun*, Sir; he must be

ridden, and fairly ridden too. Nimrod in the East has explained very clearly how *the trick* is to be done, and the Sporting Magazine teems with the records of those who have done it; but the man who will shoot a hog must at once resign his pretensions even to the name of a sportsman. Then we have most of us heard of coursing and hunting a jackal, but I am quite incompetent to appreciate the delight of *shooting* one.

This brings me upon coursing, of which I have had some experience; and here I am reluctantly obliged to confess that *Shikarree* has given me the go by, since it has now fallen to my lot to meet with a "*one-eyed bob.*" In fact, I do not even recollect to have heard in a dream of a full-grown antelope being killed in a *fair* course with greyhounds, nor do I believe that such a thing could ever have occurred. Besides, his argument altogether is conflicting. "The antelope," he says, "loses its superiority on soft ground; but the conformation of an antelope's foot is very similar to that of a hog, who will notoriously *leather* the best and speediest horses over soft ground;" and again, a horse's foot is not "spongy, like a camel's;" so, in the name of common sense, how did Shikarree contrive to gain any superiority? His spearing a well-grown antelope is really too impossible to be even laughed at.

Nimrod in the East will be better able to appreciate Shikarree's valuable hints regarding foxhounds than I can; for, although I have seen many brilliant runs, I never hunted dogs of my own. I certainly never heard of permitting a *pointer* to retrieve a wounded *deer*, or bringing a *setter* to bait *civet cats*; and, to say the truth, I think these kind of dogs are better away altogether, since their place is sufficiently well supplied by *beaters*, with the advantage of being more under control. They are a never failing source of disappointment, and no dog can stand more than one day's work in the heat of the sun. I have seen more than one buffalo *turned up*, and can assure Shikarree that he entertains a very sorry and imperfect idea of the powers of that noble animal, who is exceedingly wild and ferocious, and I have seen a horse gored completely through and through the flank by one at bay; and except when hunted are not very easily approached. The one to which he has alluded may have run like a *devil*, but had he run like a *buffalo*, his Cavalry colleague might have said his prayers. Shikarree sports a few desultory remarks on *the elephant*, but, as he has not pretended to meddle with tiger hunting, I shall waive the subject too; but I do not apprehend his descriptions can be considered any ornament to ornithology, or his stuffed specimens to a museum.

I have now had my say, Sir, and it has been rather a long one, but, as I have been engaged in a good cause, I feel confident I shall neither be considered querulous or prosy, and you, Mr. Editor, must really forgive me if I suggest to you the propriety of admitting no more of Shikarree's *trash* to your valuable little miscellany. His letters never ought to have seen the outside of the writing desk, and, as far as *Sporting* is concerned, can only serve to place it in a ridiculous light.

I am,
Yours very obediently,
NOT STEPHEN.

Sholapoor, 1st Oct., 1830.

ARABS SENT TO BENGAL.

A friend has favoured us with the following circular addressed to the different horse-dealers and agents for the sale of horses here and at the other Presidencies, on a matter of some importance to those connected with or interested about the Turf.

TO SYUD YUSSEEN, HORSE DEALER AND AGENT FOR THE SALE OF HORSES IN CALCUTTA.

SIR,

It having been proved to the satisfaction of the Stewards of the Bengal Jockey Club that the grey Arab horse Benneret, sold by you to Richard Parker, had won a sweepstakes at Bombay previously to being sent to Bengal, and which they consider to have disqualified him to start as a maiden horse, I am directed by those gentlemen to inform you that they have awarded the purse given by you in December last, to be run for by maiden horses, to the horse which came in second for that race (Blueskin), and to desire that you will pay the amount to his owner.

With reference to the defence set up in this case, viz. that Benneret ought not to be considered a winner, because the race which he did win was for a small amount, that it was run on the sands and not over the race-course, that the weights were not specified, and that the horse was at the time the property of a native dealer, and that it is a common practice among the native dealers of Bombay to try their horses in this way, the Stewards feel it incumbent on them on the present occasion, in order to protect the public, as well as to put dealers and individuals on their guard, to make known to the native dealers of Bombay, and to your employer in particular, that they will consider every horse that has won a race for money, whatever the amount, the distance, the weight, or the ground on which the race may have been run, and to whomsoever the horse may have belonged at the time, to disqualify such horse to start for any maiden purse whatever, and that their decisions in all cases of this nature will be guided by the above principle. A copy of this communication will be forwarded to the Secretary at Bombay, with a request that he will make it known to all those whom it may concern.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient Servant,
J. BARWELL,
Sec. to Turf Club.
Calcutta, the 20th June, 1830.

A HINT TO SQUIRREL.

SIR,

You have been pleased to call the Pigeon Match shot at Poonah in July last year "anything but tiptop."

Admitting that you mean something by so luminous an expression, and that the said something is disadvantageous to the pigeon shooters at Poonah, I should like to know, since your object was to prove how far superior the Sholapoor shots were, why you did not select the Poonah Pigeon Matches in May of this year instead of going back to that of July in last; your letter dated in June. Was it because that com-

parison would not have suited your plans?—was it because the killed against the missed in your five matches would have cut no such triumphant figure when contrasted with the list of the two Poonah matches? It certainly looks like it, as would strike any one from the following statement:

Sholapoor, Eleven Matches.
170 birds, killed 102.
Poonah Two Matches.
45 birds, killed 33.

To have made both equal, as Poonah lost only eight out of 45, Sholapoor should have lost only 30 out of 170; instead of which the loss was 68—more than double what it ought to have been. But I have no intention to rank the Sholapoor shots lower than they feel inclined to place themselves, for I have no confidence in reported matches, since the state of the weather and the condition of the birds must be known to render any account worth consideration. If you will be so good in your next to mention what kind of birds you put into your trap, how long they had been kept, how they flew, whether they were off at once or waited to be *pelted at* before they would rise, whether the wind was high or gentle, and in what position with respect to the breeze the trap was placed, then I should read your register of killed and missed with great interest, and I trust you will give me an opportunity of doing so soon.

I dare say the Poonah Pigeon Club would be happy to have a few hundreds on a match with that at Sholapoor, and a word from you would settle the affair at once.

Yours,
BLUE-ROCK.

Poonah, 29th Sept., 1830.

A WORD TO NOSING TOM.

SIR,

When you next intend to favour the Nuggur pack with the sight of your red waistcoat and double damnables, perhaps it would be as well to favour the members of the Hunt with your note-book previous to your departure, that they may see in manuscript those delightful descriptions which so much surprise and amuse them in print; perhaps, too, a little revision before being submitted to the printer's devil might be useful, I assure you, from the critical lashes of that arch satirist Stephen, who really oils the rod before he lifts it—witness his remark on your first letter, which he says bears the stamp of a mind that could master better things. But to my purpose. You mention having *held a good place during the run.* Now, Mr. Nosing Tom, it would gratify at least *one* of the Nuggurites to know what you mean by that term. Were you well up to win, or well in the rear and ready for anything?—did you *head* the dogs?—"non sum qualis eram" looks suspicious, or *tail* the pack, *ubi fuit*, ditto? And will you have the goodness to cast a little light o'er the person meant by the Nabob of Noodledroog? The P.S. in your letter in No. 9 occasions this address to you. You appear to be a trump in the sporting trade, and I have no doubt are as good as you appear, and therefore will not care much about this fillip from a friend to all sorts of fun and sport. I remain, Sir, with every respect for your scribbling qualifications, for your hunting capabilities, and with every wish to set my horse with yours when next we meet,

Yours obediently,
YOICKS.

EXTRAORDINARY RACE.

The following extract from some old sporting work of which we have no knowledge has been very kindly sent us by an anonymous correspondent. It details a race of striking interest, and will, we are sure, lose nothing by its antiquity.

Extract of a letter dated Newmarket, Thursday, ———

This day the following horses started for the king's plate. Lord Godolphin's C. H. Shakespear, by his Arabian, out of a True Blue Mare, Lord Portmore's C. H. Looby, by Bright Arabian, out of a Partner Mare; Mr. Paton's C. H. H. Partner, by the Lonsdale Arabian, out of a sister to Bonny Black. The bets went 2 to 1, the field against Shakespear.

1st Heat.—Shakespear took the lead, and supported it at his usual deep rate through the furzes to the top of Choakjade, with Looby on his quarter all the way, but in coming down the hill he ran up to him, and they disputed the lead every inch to the three mile post, when Looby gained about half a length, and kept it till they came over against the Well Gap; but before they reached the distance post it was impossible to discern which was first, and they ran in so close together that it could not be decided which won. Partner laid by, pulled up, walked in.

2nd Heat.—Partner made all the play for the first two miles, and Looby, perceiving that Shakespear did not intend to call upon him, began to be very busy along the ditch, and gave him so much trouble upon the flat, just as they entered the cords, that they were both at laps, and ran it every yard in; but Looby, being distressed by the severity of this and the first heat, was forced to submit to his adversary, though with great honour, by half a neck.

This raised the odds 3 to 1 Shakespear did not win, which were accepted by the judicious part of the turf, who relied on the Godolphin blood, and the honesty of the true blues. Shakespear went away brisk by the third heat, closely pursued by Partner, while Looby lay too far behind to profess disputing this heat, as he had bravely done the two first. They were now in the third mile, and Partner had never attempted to take the lead: for, as he was conscious he had the foot, though not the stoutness of Shakespear, he intended to reserve his push as long as possible; but Shakespear being aware of that, and trusting to his bottom, began to make running as he crossed the ruts, and displayed all his power upon the flat, with good resolution, but could not conquer his adversary, till the rising ground from the distance to the winning post, by means of his superior strength, declared the contest in his favour, by half a length, hard run. This brought the bets to even money, Shakespear against the field.

The fourth heat they all jumped off at score, and ran the first two miles as if they intended to tear one another to pieces; they then slackened their pace, and came gently together to the flat, when they ran at the top of their speed above half a mile, in which they prevailed by turns, whilst new wagers echoed from the betting gap and cords every moment. And now Shakespear having indulged a little pull, in order to have something in hand at coming in, was thrown two lengths be-

hind, and the others continued close together, struck and cut every yard, when he made loose as his last effort, and caught them, within twenty yards of the ending post, dead run, and their riders almost exhausted, when Partner broke down, and Looby yielded the victory scarcely by half a head, and with it his life, for he died immediately after the heat.

The weather was extremely fine, abundance of good company, and the battle was so equal that the vanquished disdained to mourn, and the victor refused to triumph.

SONG.

HURRAH! HURRAH! ONE BUMPER MORE.

Fill the goblet to the brim,
Fill with me and drink to him
Who the mountain sport pursues,
Speed the boar where'er he choose;
Hurrah! hurrah! one bumper more,
A bumper to the bristly boar!

Hark, the beaters shout on high,
Hark, the sportsman's shrill reply,
Echo leaps from hill to hill,
There the chase is challenged still;
Hurrah! hurrah! one bumper more,
A bumper to the bristly boar!

Ride, for now the sounder breaks,
Ride where'er the grey boar takes,
Struggle thro' the desperate chase,
Fearless death itself to face.
Hurrah! hurrah! one bumper more,
A bumper to the bristly boar!

See, the jungle verge is won,
See, the grey boar dashing on;
Bold and brave ones now are nigh,
See him stagger, charge, and die.
Hurrah! hurrah! one bumper more,
A bumper to the bristly boar!

S. Y. S.

FIRST DHOOLIA MEETING.

SIR,

Now that *Reminiscences* are daily offering at the shrine of your criticism, and *good things* lose nothing in actual worth by being a trifle *stale*, I see no cause why we should longer delay to place the public in undisturbed possession of a list of "all the running horses" at the first Dhoolia race meeting, 1829—something *bang up* in its way, although not quite the work of yesterday. As far therefore as I am concerned it shall not "die with the doing;" and I'll not feel much displeased if you should perchance think proper to exclude me, since you must certainly be acknowledged the best judge of what will suit your book; so here goes, and if I am too slow or too old to be entered, you can e'en apply the paper to whatever service it may appear suited.

Dhoolia has had a course, such as it is, time out of mind; but where the devil's the use of a *course*, or a *stand* either, without something to put round it? Now, although many of the "auld ones" had for years talked big when their skins were full over night, it as constantly evaporated and came to nothing in the morning, till a change of society brought in a *kiddy* or two with a long stable, and an eye to business, who know better than to "hold forth" for the mere pleasure of hearing themselves talk. As they could not however be reasonably expected to break down their horses simply for other people's amusement, their *gab* brought out the coin pretty

handsomely, and a bill of fare was trumped up for the 10th April, in which, be it understood, everybody took special care to keep something nice for *number one*.

The two months preceding the meeting (which was not made *too* public, "on principle") was a sad time for everything that could show four legs, and if training could have done the business, why there was no lack of "that there." The course was crowded, Sundays and week days, with *winners* of every size, shape, and denomination, rode by every lousy jackanapes that could open his legs wide enough to get one on either side of a saddle, whilst some of your *real* knowing ones, fearing to impart an inkling of the great *arcana* to their less educated neighbours, were only to be seen, and then imperfectly, by the *pale light of the moon*, as they flitted round the course like fairy shadows.

As April crept on, the palpitations of the sure-to-wins gradually advanced, and the company became more numerous and less select than the reasoning people had given out. But on the 10th the sun rose and ran round the four-mile course of heaven, and still no tidings of the *great man*. Where could he be? It is plain to everybody as the nose on a face that he was taking his time; and it was right plain, too, that the *stewards* did not intend to begin without him. Some, whom the spirit of good nature did pervade, *checked* of it as a *well known* fact that his nags were not up to their mark, and required another week of *moonshine*. But by far the greater part of the malcontents were of opinion that *Jockabed* "had a screw loose;" and *George Barwick's* ominously elongated mug, which, as a witty gentleman observed, "had taken pattern by the cow's tail and was diurnally growing *downwards*," made the "wink and nod" gentry to fumble for their books. But be that as it may, the thing was set to rights over a bottle of *max*, and those who cared about it contrived to coax those who did not care a damn into a belief that the fare would be none the worse for keeping.

The long-looked-for 20th came in its proper place, and turned out many tallow faces by peep of day, who might have been to bed, but had certainly not been to sleep; and a bird's-eye view of these worthies went to prove that the *holiday-folks* had not been *asleep* either, and had made the most of their ten days law, to secure a market for the "on hand" boots and corderoys. A little after *owl light* the great man was just discernible in the extreme distance, making his best leg to the stand, with a cruel portentous-looking *folio* volume barely peeping its nose above the antiquated long-waisted waistcoat pocket, and very many were the long faces "on record" as he stepped upstairs.

"Good morning to you, Mr. Snooks," said a diminutive dapper gentleman, with a dog whip in his hand (and half a dozen pointers who sadly required it), "I was sorry to learn that matters had gone crooked with the mare." The *great man* was not in a talking humour.

The business of the day commenced with the Dhoolia Sweepstakes of 100 Rupees each subscriber, heats two miles, 8st. 7lbs., when Mr. Snook's W. A. H. *Ameer* gave the spectators something for their money by galloping (*query*) round the course in 4m. 45s. with a black Horse Artillery driver on his back, who, if not quite in a state of nature, had at least got quit of his boots and

upper breeches at the scales—stockings were not in his vocabulary. He was followed at long hailing distance by one *Sir Harry*, who had found it to be all *dicky* from the starting-post, and was therefore in no hurry. Drawn the second heat, and Caloshee showed his naked toes through the rings, and drove round at a walk.

The next race showed the *pigeons* that Mr. Snooks had not waited for nothing (Anglice, had waited for something); the English mare Jockabed (so called as being dam to Moses and Aaron, both of whom broke down in their stalls) walking off with the Jungle Sweepstakes from a huge fifteen hand stud mare yclept *Bess*, and a bay garron named in honour of the great man. Bess was *tooled* by George Barwick in his best breeches, and his best style, and barring a little tailing at the "come away" played a good second fiddle, the bay keeping his place in rear—undisputed both heats.

Wednesday, the 22nd, brought out *Jockabed*, *Napoleon*, and *Nidgetty* for the Cock and Bull Cup, mile heats, 8st. 7lbs. Who the Cock and Bull Club may be who so liberally thumbed out the *blunt*, I am not quite aware, but the race did not correspond badly to the name. First heat, all off at a slapping pace, *Bony* running away from his friends as he did before at Moscow, winning with a pull on him, notwithstanding the *mare* drank deeply of the *cutting system*. Second heat, ditto, ditto, until the turn in, when all three came to the whip, and the mare won with difficulty in 2m. 6s.; but she had the third heat all her own way in 2m. 11s. *My eye and Betty Martin* won so lazily that it was not worth looking at.

The Galloway Plate was carried hollow by an Arab *Tramp*, showing his tail to five baggage tattoes, Mr. Snook's *Bustard* running 6m. 6s. without an inch to spare. A clear take in. How should country rips keep foot with Arabs? The winner to be sold for 300 *if demanded*—but we have Tramps enough without paying for them.

On the third day, *Scamp*, an excellent bit of blood with a *queer* temper, rode all the way by *Jack Robinson*, had the honour of serving out Sir Harry, Jockabed, and Turk, for the Malligaum Plate, 10st. 6lbs., two miles, open to all horses bonâ fide untrained up to the first day of running. *Scamp* didn't like his company—a winner all the way—and caused the *dibs* to change pockets rather briskly, the betting gentlemen who go by *hearsay* having been purposely kept in *the dark* until they were handsomely in for it.

Raffles, a big, ugly, cross-grained chestnut, with a white face, hobbled away with the Tallyho in three tedious heats, two miles, with 10st. 7lbs. on his back. Napoleon was 3 to 1 the favourite at starting against the field, and George Barwick contrived to cut out the work through the first heat; second and third won in 3m. 35s. and 3m. 39s. by Raffles, rode in good form by Master Charles. *Bony* had a *wheel* up, and the bay Arab Snooks drove all before him, and landed last as usual. This was a sad business to the friends to the revolution, who had been hooked into a "sure thing" or two, and began to look forward to the *settling* day with considerable uneasiness.

The Pony Plate for a mile and a distance closed this day's proceedings, and was taken by Mr. Hay's G. C. P. *Bantam*, running a good stick, in spite of *Sam's* efforts to the contrary, against Mr. Douglas's *Thistle*, and Raw-

son's *My Aunt.* 7 to 1 on Thistle against the field, but the jockey, *John Day*, was remiss in calling on his horse; and, by sparing the *prickles*, helped to ease *Thistle's* Scotch friends of their spare cash. *My Aunt* lost her maiden—, and was too fat even to waddle.

On the fourth day, April 26th, Mr. Snooks had the felicity of cantering *Ameer* round the course for the Welters without the trouble of a competitor. *A-meer* job, not *Ameer beg.*

A Sweepstakes for all winners of races during the meeting, heats one mile, handicap. Here the owners of winning horses, not conceiving that the stewards had dealt fairly by them, shut up shop, and took advantage of the half forfeit act, very ungallantly permitting the mother of Moses and Aaron to walk round by herself.

The Beaten Plate, worth the hundred and fifty, for such horses as had saved their distance during the meeting, 1 mile handicap, was a clipping thing, and did the judgment of the stewards infinite credit. It was carried by *Nidgetty*, who, though in the decline of life, ran an uncommon good horse to the end, with 10st. 7lbs. *Sir Harry* (also 10st. 7lbs.) came away in great force, and ran only a nose behind, both heats. *Napoleon* was to have made a fool of himself for the third time during the meeting, but his owner, Mr. Sninkets, thought better of it.

The flats had grown a little sharper upon their experience, and in spite of the *birdlime*, which was smeared about pretty lavish, were less easily caught than heretofore. The settling of yesterday, too, had *stumped up* more than one of the open-mouthed gentry, who had contrived, by the advice of their *friends*, to lay out their little capital without any return or even interest—a nice little harvest for the rooks.

The meeting concluded with a prize bullock race, where there was a deal more swearing than running, but everybody came in *first.* The fat Cotwal (a well-known Dhoolia worthy) elected referee, driven over and sent to his crib on a shutter; after which we all adjourned to a "prime feed" at *George's*, who fancied he heard all those who could keep their heads aboveboard toddle to roost about three the next morning. *Seeing* was out of the question.

SCARLET.

REMINISCENCES OF THE FANCY, No. 1.

If there are any of your readers, Mr. Editor, whose wont it has ever been to diversify the amusements abounding in that sweet village commonly known by the name of London, by patronizing *Fancy*, and who, fearless of utterly deranging their olfactory organs by inhaling other perfumes than those of the drawing-room and boudoir, have occasionally indulged their nostrils with the pungent essences which pervade the neighbourhood of Duck Lane, or boldly waded, spite of mud, lime, and brickbats, into the scarcely less celebrated and savoury purlieus of "Harper's field"; if such there are, in them the name of "*Ben White*" must awaken recollections of peculiar gratification. Honest old Ben, the "old mother," and little swivel-eyed Annie, must ever live freshly in the remembrance. He was a man of about fifty years of

age, short and robust, had been a soldier in his youth, and shared the fortunes of the —— Regt. of Hussars throughout the war as a full private. Ben was a sober and active dragoon, but had his soul fixed on other things than promotion; and though, when occasion offered, he did not fail "to show the mettle of his breed," the ruling passion would still break out, and in the moment of triumph and pursuit "Tally ho!" was ever on his lips. A "Whoo'oop" of peculiar melody accompanied every successful sweep of his sabre. During the Peninsular campaigns, a pack of foxhounds was established in the Light Cavalry Brigade, and, luckily for our friend Ben, his "*battle cry*" having attracted the attention, and frequently been the occasion of much mirth to his officers, he was forthwith exalted to the high post and dignity of whipper-in. He was now in his glory; born in a kennel, he felt himself attached to his high-bred charges by more than ordinary ties. He willingly gave up all hope of promotion, and exchanged his helmet for a hunting cap. I have often heard him talk of those days with all the delight which ever marks the retrospective sketches of a veteran sportsman. To repeat his stories is impossible; they were rich, full of interest, and he never concluded without adding "Ay, sir, them was the times," and taking a hearty pull at the *heavy wet* to the health of his "brave officers." But there is no continuance in our joys below. Peace came, and with it poor old Ben's occupation went; being an under-sized man, he received his discharge at the first reduction, and retired to a cottage in Harper's fields, a short distance from the Tyburn turnpike. The munificence of his officers towards the honest and zealous aider of their sports enabled him here to establish a kennel and pit, with such a supply of bull dogs, terriers, badgers, &c., &c., as rendered his humble abode a favourite resort to all who had known him, and, by their introduction, to those who delighted in beholding exhibitions of canine pugnacity, badger baiting, and all other sports of this description. Ben was his own carpenter, architect, and glazier; but alas, in the last capacity, while endeavouring to form a skylight over his pit, "for the better commodation of them gemmen what comes here," he unfortunately lost his equilibrium, and tumbling through his handiwork into the middle of his pit broke his thigh bone. The misfortune was no sooner known than his old supporters came to his relief; a surgeon was summoned, and the limb set as well as circumstances would admit. He bore his protracted sufferings nobly, and after a long confinement, the poor veteran returned to his duties with as much alacrity as ever, with a leg so very considerably bent from its original form, that in the rolling and pitching which accompanied his transit from place to place, few could recognize any indication of his military education. But I am running ahead of my history. It must be known that Ben's heart had been "wax to receive and marble to retain" the impressions of the sex, and he had soon after retiring from the army yielded up his liberty, and was experiencing in the faithful love of the sweetheart of his youth ample remuneration for the sacrifice. The "old mother," as he (and in fact everybody) called the kind-hearted partner of his fate, was a damsel of some 45 or 50 years of age, of a comfortable amplitude and circum-

ference in proportion, and, whatever she might have been in her youth, had, at that period, but few charms to boast of, but her merit in still loving him after "all the dangers he had passed" made her appear in his eyes as gay and as buxom as when he first whispered the soft tale of love in her ear, ere he had girded on the sword and become a bold Dragoon. The only fruit of this union was a maiden, single eyed, and that eye possessing somewhat of obliquity. "Little Annie," however, was well instructed in her duty, and was never known either to upset or "*breathe*" *a pot of heavy*, when her father's visitors required, as was frequently the case, the exertion of her talents in bringing a *canister of the same*, from the Painters' Arms public-house, Whitbread and Co.'s Entire, which "stood convanient to the premises."

Ben's parlour, which answered for as many purposes as the cobbler's stall, was a snug little room, with a good fire always blazing, a cuckoo clock, sundry pictures of his favourite bull-dogs, "Turk," "Miller," &c., with a few on sporting and other subjects, in which the object of the artist could only be ascertained by the eye of a connoisseur deeply experienced in the mysteries of engraving on wood. A small court in front of the house, enclosed by a wall sufficiently high to keep off *troublesome visitors*, was filled with kennels containing the first-rate bull dogs, who greeted each stranger with a full concert, and seldom failed to make a few dashes at him, in which they were only foiled by the strength of their chains, while the passage between them being but little broader than "Al Sirac's arch" gave the gemmen an opportunity for display of nerve. Passing from this through Ben's sanctum, where the "old mother" was usually waiting with her sweetest smile and lowest curtsey, another court presented itself, containing an immense variety of dogs, badgers, cocks, &c., and in this court was the pit. Having now, Mr. Editor, fairly introduced you and your readers to my honest old friend, his family, and domicile, I should have felt inclined to conclude this paper, but I have just laid my hand upon a note of Ben's to myself, which compels me to inflict more of my *tediousness* upon you.

I was sitting one evening with a few friends over a bottle of claret, when a servant entered with a piece of paper of the most suspicious aspect, twisted and crumpled into marvellous irregularity, and placed it in my hands, saying it had just been brought by a little girl that squinted very much. Not having been before honoured with the correspondence of Ben, I was rather at a loss to guess who could have done me the favour, when, looking at the seal which covered nearly the whole of one side, and bore an impression exceedingly resembling the brass plate on a dog's collar, I began to smell a rat, and found on further inspection that it was the old boy himself, and thus he wrote:

"Sur, yer oner wil xcuse mi takin this ear libuty but Mr. timpl and the doctr was at smithfild las satrdey and bot a nise yung Bull-he cum to mi hous this arternoon and axed if I ad seed yer onur and tould me to tel you sur he wur sory he wur obleeged for to go to amptn coort as he wur on dooty toomoro so he cud nut kal at yer oner's hous he hops to cee you sur at moulsy hirst nixt frydey wot cums ven he

meens to bate his bull. We expecs mani gemmen of the fancy wil be thair so no mor at presint from yur oners

"Umbl sarvent to cumand
"Bengamen White."

This was not a summons to be neglected. The following morning I went to his house to make further inquiries, the result of which was that I determined to give Ben and some half dozen "out and outers" a cast to Moulsey. "Miller," "Ball," "young Turk," "the Coach dog," "Blucher," and "the Captain" were selected, and under the old lad's personal care were conveyed in a spring cart to Hampton on Thursday evening. The "Toy" was all alive next morning, the party being principally composed of *Militaires* belonging to the regiments in and about London. At 12 o'clock, all being ready, we moved down to the Hurst, and found a right game-looking bull fixed to the ring. The company was not by any means so select here as in the coffee-room of the "Toy," but there was a passable collection of knowing-looking coves, and the usual sprinkling of youkels; whilst the yelping and barking of about 150 dogs of all sorts and sizes created a delightful din and confusion. The prize collar was exhibited, and proclamation made that one dog only should be slipped at a time, and umpires appointed. No pencil but a Hogarth's could here do justice to Ben's countenance and general appearance; the expression of delight at being in a place so congenial to his feelings, the evident anxiety yet cool determination "not by no means to go for to do nothing in a hurry," as he stood with his assistants close to his swell friends, and the knowing leer he gave as dog after dog was slipped by his competitors, tossed, and (after the performance of sundry evolutions in the air), limped out of the ring, was incomparable. At last he began to prepare for mischief; upwards of 50 dogs had been slipped, but none had succeeded in securing the bull, which was now perfectly furious. "Young Turk" was chosen for his first slip; he went in gallantly, but was tossed to an immense height, caught on the horns in falling, tossed again, and picked up motionless. Ben looked as if he was going to cry, and, as he picked him up, exclaimed, "Pretty little dear, your father never said nothing, and I knowed you would not say even Oh!" In another moment in dashed "Miller," and seized his antagonist by the lip, but from the tremendous violence with which the bull threw up his head, one of his tushes broke short off, and being thrown out of the ring, was caught and secured. Ben was a little better pleased this time, and consoled himself by simply saying, "Vell, that wasn't your fault, anyhow." "The Coach dog" and "Blucher" were both severely injured, but behaved well. "Ball," a little brindled dog, light, but of a "terrible, terrible high breed," was started with a few words of encouragement, being, as he said, "the old mother's pet; vy, sir, he always sleeps with she;" but it would not do; poor Ball, after being well tossed, was limping in again on three legs, but was caught just in time to save his life, one of his hind legs being broken. The longitude of Ben's face very considerably increased as he let go the last hope of his kennel in breathless silence. "Captain" was a strong, well-bred, brown dog, of about 40lbs., and

well known for his staunchness; but this day's bull was one of no ordinary powers, and "Captain's" best friends anticipated misfortune. Never was there anything prettier than his mode of attack: the bull stood snorting and stamping in the centre of the ring, eyeing the dog, which approached him actually crouching on the ground; it was at least a minute before they closed. The Bull made a dash—in a second "Captain" had him by the under lip, and both rolled over. All considered the job as done, but were soon undeceived; the dog had, in falling under the bull, lost his hold. Fortunately for "Captain," the bull was so near the extremity of his tether, that he was unable to follow his success by tossing him, and therefore retired; the dog was handled, and, no bones being broken, after a few minutes was again put down; he advanced in evident pain and with greater caution than before: the odds were 20 to 1 against him. Aware of the formidable opponent now creeping up to him, the bull seemed irresolute, but presently recovering his courage rushed forward. "Captain's" eye was this time on a surer mark; quicker than thought he fixed his teeth in the cartilage of the nose, and, amidst thunders of applause, pinned and held his antagonist to the ground.

Ben's face recovered its retundity, and, on receiving the congratulations of his friends and a handsome bonus to cover his losses, went off with his "pretty dears" in high glee; observing that "the silver collar voud make a wery nice hornament for old mother's neck."

Adieu, Mr. Editor,

NON SUM QUALIS ERAM.

ADDRESS.

(Written and intended to have been spoken at an entertainment in honour of the Honourable M. S. Elphinstone, on the occasion of his departure for England, in 1827.)

As some tall bark (that hath in stately pride
Dash'd her broad bows through many a troubled tide)
Steers homewards on her course, rich with the stores
Of distant climes, and nears her destined shores,
And whilst each billow seems her track to court,
Furls her white sails and glides into her port,
So, full of treasures (treasures only theirs
Whose wealth is wisdom and whose memory shares
The poor man's blessing and the good man's prayers),
Parts, on his homeward course, OUR HONOUR'D GUEST,
Most honour'd and most loved, where known the best!
Stamp'd on the brightest annals of the state,
Where, high emblazon'd, shine the wise and great,
His NAME shall stand pre-eminent, and truth
Shall there delighted trace him from his youth,
With bold and ardent spirit pressing on
To his own glory's perihelion;
Nor find throughout the track that he pursued
One footprint quit the path of rectitude!
How bright and brilliant shall that transcript be,
The blotless record of integrity!!

And memory shows him in her fairy light
Firm in the council, fearless in the fight,
For (braving obstacles that others shun)
Was knowledge to be gained or glory won
There, there, be sure, was ELPHINSTONE!

Let the bright mirror of remembrance throw
Its fond reflection back, TEN YEARS AGO!!
Ten years ago! on that eventful day
When war's "magnificently stern array" *
Had panoply'd itself on Kirkee's plain
And Peace had stretch'd her olive branch in vain,
The CIVIC HERO of the field beheld
That battle scene, and proud his bosom swelled!
He saw the standard of his rancorous foe
Girdled by countless myriads; and a glow
Prophetic of his triumph fired his eye.
Whilst on his brow the LAURELS of ASSAYE
RUSTLED IMPATIENT FOR THE VICTORY.
With calm unchanging cheek and dauntless air
He mingled with the warrior band to share
The glory of their Spartan-like defence;
And with a lip of soldier-eloquence,
Breathing a kindred spirit in each man,
Inspired the young and cheer'd the veteran—
Where thickest press'd the foe, where deadliest shone
The cannon-flash, there Noble ELPHINSTONE,
Like some presiding deity, appears,
With the bold bearing of his ancestors?
But when war's tumults ceased, how blithely gay
His presence chased our exile-hours away;
Mirth was his handmaid—pleasure was his bride,
Sport the companion ever at his side,
Whilst affability around him flung
The glow of happiness on old and young,
Himself the sun of every circle here,
Bask'd in the radiance of his own bright sphere,
Like to that forest-bird whose plumage gives
The light in which alone he loves and lives!

But gloom falls upon the setting sun,
And soon, how soon with yonder signal gun
Round our fair isle, the tocsin of regret
Shall fling its sound from rock to parapet;
And many a stern and stoic heart will feel
Emotions they may struggle to conceal,
Awaken'd by the talismanic spell
That links affliction with the word—FAREWELL!
FAREWELL!—see, summon'd at the magic sound,
The widow and the orphan crowd around,
And pouring blessings with their last adieu,
The Christian, Guebre, Mussulman, Hindoo,

* "Battle's magnificently stern array" Byron's Childe Harold.

All castes, all classes, on one object bent
With heartfelt sorrow swell the loud lament!
But 'midst the mournful, as they quail and cower,
Who deepest will regret that parting hour?
Lo! where the GENIUS of the DECCAN stands;
The blood-red boar-spear glittering in his hands,
His swarthy brow high flashing with the trace
Of his fresh triumph in the mountain chase,
The tuskèd prey lies weltering in blood
That darkly reddens the Indranee flood,
And Casselsye's loud Alpine echoes roar
With the deep death-groans of the dying boar!
Here as he gazes, Rumour, whose loud tongue
Had far abroad the saddening farewell flung,
And babbled the bad tidings to the breeze,
Fast flies to Deccan land—the GENIUS sees—
Sees that bold front that never felt a fear
And sunburnt cheek that never knew a tear!
Yet when that rumour struck with wing so wild
His stony heart—he wept—wept—like a child!
So when on Horeb's steep the prophet stood
And smote the flinty rock, out gush'd the flood!!
Then spoke the mighty spirit of the chase,
"Go, noblest scion of a noble race,
Go, where proud honours, gain'd in thy career,
Fling back in gladness their refulgence here;
Go to thy father land, and in the bold
Bleak mountains of thy birthplace still behold
These rugged ghauts and precipices drear
Where thou hast roam'd a DECCAN HIGHLANDER;
And o'er their rocky summits with delight
Hast cheer'd from dawn to dusk the wild boar's flight,
For here thy praises shall each glen resound
And all thy sporting haunts henceforth be classic ground!
Then, oh! forget not thou (where'er the fates
May lead thee from thine old associates)
The land that (eager for thy latest praise)
Cradled the pastimes of thine earlier days!
And now FAREWELL, this tear, the heart-sprung token
Of all that's deeply felt more than could be spoken,
Tells that my task is done, my spell is broken—
I cast my shiver'd boar-spear in the river—
And cheerless leave this once loved land for ever—
The SPIRITS of the DECCAN speak with me,
FAREWELL—great ELPHINSTONE, to sport and thee!!!
And that FAREWELL, tho' poured in fancied strain,
Hath not been uttered by these lips in vain—
For the sad valediction dims each eye,
And finds an echo in each bosom nigh.
But let not sorrow cloud this festal night!
Bid social feeling take its loftiest flight
To pledge our loved, our HONOURED GUEST, the while
We yet can bask in his benignant smile—

Yes, fill your goblets, bubbling to the brim,
Fill to each toast that breathes one thought of him,
And this our last be echoed far and wide,
God bless our FRIEND, our PATRON, and our PRIDE !

PERFORMANCES OF GOBLIN GREY.

This celebrated grey Arab, standing 14h. 1½in., first started, when a four-year-old, under the name of Suliman, at the Bombay Turf Meeting, 1827, and on the 6th February beat Guarantee 1½ miles, 8st. 5lbs., each in 3m. 6s.; and again on the last day, 7st. 12lbs., each in 3m. 5s.

At the latter end of the year 1828 he was sent from Poonah to Mhow, and only arrived a few days before the commencement of the meeting in wretched order, yet on the 15th November he won the first heat of the Harmonic Stakes, 11st. each, ½ mile heats, but was beaten by Minstrel and Boxkeeper the second and third, and was drawn the fourth heat; on the 17th he started for the Give and Take at 9st. 5lbs., but was not in condition to cope with Boxkeeper, 8st. 3½lbs. On the 19th, at 8st. 5lbs., he was beaten by Tam O'Shanter, 8st. 12lbs., for the Asseer Plate, one mile heats, in 1m. 59s. and 1m. 58s. On the 21st, at 9st. 7lbs., he won the first heat of the Cavalry Gold Cup, 1½ mile heats, in 3m. 7s., and ran second to Scorpion the second and third heats in 3m. 2s., and 3m. 5⅓s.; on the 23rd, at 8st. 12lbs., he won the first heat of the Indore Purse, 1½ mile heats, in 3m. 3s., but a cross being claimed against him he was drawn. On the 28th he won the Cockpit Stakes, beating Tarquin and Spectator in 3m. 1s. and 4m. 10s. The first heat 1½ miles, weight for age, the second two miles, weight for inches, and cantered over for the third heat, one mile, 9st. 7lbs. each. On the 3rd December he won the first heat of the Mhow Turf Plate, 9st. each, 1½ mile and a distance, heats in 3m. 21s., but was beaten the second and third by that celebrated Arab Boxkeeper in 3m. 17s. and 3m. 29s. He also, between the fourth and fifth days of the meeting, beat Tam O'Shanter a match, 1½ miles, winning in a canter; but, from his running throughout the meeting, it was evident that he was neither in wind or condition to run heats, though he proved himself an honest and first-rate horse.

After the Mhow Meeting he was sent to Baroda, and on the 9th February, at 8st. 10lbs., was beaten by Paul Pry, 8st. 3lbs., two mile heats, in 4m. 11s. and 4m. 14s. On the 14th he won the Baroda Plate, 600 rupees, 8st. 4lbs. each, three miles, beating Lottery, the two last miles run in 58s. and 56s.—1m. 3s.—1m. 5½s. —Total, 4m. 2½s. On the 16th February, at 8st. 5lbs., he won a plate of 900 rupees, 1½ mile and a distance, heats, in 3m. 14½s. and 3m. 17s., beating Paul Pry, 7st. 12lbs.; and on the 19th the Guzerat Turf Plate, 1400 rupees, 1½ mile heats, beating Jerry in a canter.

At the 5th Mhow Meeting on the 18th December, 1828, at 9st. 7lbs., he was beaten by Boxkeeper, 8st. 7lbs., heats R. C., in 3m. 7s. and 3m. 21s.; on the 20th, at 8st. 12lbs., he was again beaten by Boxkeeper, 9st., for the Asseer Plate, one mile heats, in 1m. 58s. and 1m. 58s. On the 22nd December he won the Artillery

Plate, 720 rupees, at 9st. 3lbs., beating Emigrant, 9st., 1 mile and a distance, heats, easily in 2m. 18s. and 2m. 13s.; on the 24th, at 9st., he won the Minister's Plate, 860 rupees, two miles, handicap, beating Emigrant, 8st. 6lbs., Lightly-beats, 8st. 7lbs., and Hermit, 8st. 5lbs.; and the 25th was beaten by Chapeau de Paille, 9st. each, 1½ mile and a distance, in 3m. 18s.

On the 26th January, 1830, he came out on the Bombay Course, and won the Great Stakes (12,000 rupees) of 100 gold Mohurs each, eight subscribers, 8st. 4lbs. each, 2 miles; beating Giraffe and Paul Pry, Post Boy, Blackfoot, Chapeau de Paille, Robinson Crusoe, and Enigma, the five last not placed; time, 4m. 1s. The winner scarcely thought of. The odds fluctuated a good deal, but at starting were about 3½ to 1 against Paul Pry, 4 to 1 against Giraffe, 5 to 1 against Post Boy, Chapeau de Paille, and Blackfoot, and long odds against the others. On the 29th, at 8st. 7lbs., he won a sweepstakes, two miles, in 4m. 2s., beating Blackfoot, 7st. 12lbs., and Giraffe, 8st. 7lbs. On the 5th February he won the Ladies' and Bachelors' Purse, 1525 rupees, 8st. 7lbs. each, 2½ mile heats, beating Paul Pry and Giraffe in 5m. and 5m. 4s. On the 9th, at 9st., he won the Byculla Stakes, 1100 rupees, 1½ mile heats, beating Paul Pry, 8st. 10lbs., Giovanni and Norman, 8st. 7lbs. each, in 3m. 5s. and 3m.

These are all his performances, having proved himself during the last Bombay Turf Meeting the best Arab on this side of India.

Yours faithfully,

Moozafur.

INSCRIPTION ON THE TOMB OF A FAVOURITE TERRIER.

Foxes avaunt! ye yelping crew
Of jackal curs, avoid ye too!
Wild cats and tame—keep distance due,
"Vicky lies here!"

Thy master feels alone—forsaken—
His cheese by these cats are taken,
There's no one left to guard his bacon,
"Vicky lies here!"

Though soon thy mould'ring bones must rot,
He ne'er can cease to mourn thy lot,
And sigh—(on pointing—to the spot)
"Vicky lies here!"

SPORT NEAR ASSEERGHUR.

My Dear Mr. Editor,

From my short residence in this part of the country, I have not as yet had many opportunities of witnessing the style of sport here. I will add my mite, however, in an attempt at description of three days' work at Boree, a small village within an hour's smart canter of Asseerghur.

Judging from the state of the weather, it being then very warm, that we might *snobble* a bear, on the — of May last we mounted our nags, in number eight good men, and in about an hour found ourselves at the above-mentioned village with appetites keen as a spear blade for feeding and sport. Having dispatched the former and began to fumigate, we waited impatiently for the arrival of the Bheels, who had been started early in the morning to look out for our hairy friend; the long wished for missionaries at length arrived and we perceived in a moment from the ghastly grin of the one-eyed Juan (the leader of the gang) that all was right. Upon our impatient inquiry of "how many," he held up in his most significant manner the foremost of his black digits. He gave the direction, we started our artillery, and in ten minutes were within two hundred yards of the scene of action, and, having loaded, began to consider the plan of attack. This being quickly arranged, five of the party were told off with a Bheel for their guide, to move direct upon Bruin and start him from his lair, and the other three took up a position upon the side of the nullah, directly opposite to where he was lying. In a minute or two the party of five came upon the sleeping brute. He started up and reconnoitred his visitors, who quickly made known their intentions by discharging, at a distance of 10 paces, seven or eight barrels in as many seconds. He now began to vociferate loudly at this treatment, and, with his black snout covered with blood, rushed at the party. His appearance at this moment was picturesque in the extreme, and he looked anything but harmless; one or two shots more from the *steady hands*, and a volley from those on the opposite bank, rolled him over into the nullah, carrying the bushes along with him in his descent. Here, to our surprise, he recovered his legs and began to ascend the opposite bank, which he was effectually prevented from succeeding in, by a fire from the party stationed there, which had (as a French friend of mine remarked) the *effect of a cup of grease.*

To show the extraordinary tenacity to life of these animals, we examined him, and he was found to have two balls in the head and five or six in the body, at the first two discharges; nor did he fall till he had received nine wounds. —So much for bear hunting.

We moved out the next day and killed another, which showed good sport, as we were much amused by his making his appearance with a sudden rush out of his den, like a close shorn sheep, from the effect of the fire which we had applied for the purpose of driving him out. The day after we moved out, but were unsuccessful, killing but two sombre, and wounding an enormous tiger, which, from the tremendous nature of the ground, escaped. Here ends the three days' sport, and if you find this trifle worthy of insertion, I shall be inclined next cold weather to send another, and, I trust, more deserving article.

Yours, &c., &c.,
S. E. R.

Asseerghur, 21st Sept.

P.S.—I wish, my dear Mr. Editor, you would make known to your correspondents that the *Sporting* Magazine was never meant to be a receptacle for *sour criticisms and lines on dead canary birds.*

LION HUNTING.

Grand and inspiring sport, of thee I sing,
  Framing my song in wild and untaught measures—
Of wily panther, and the savage forest king,
  To hunters, dearest of the forest treasures.

And now behold! the Indian comes in haste;
  That haste speaks volumes to the hunter's soul,—
He bids us hurry to the jungly waste,
  And slay the monster, ere we drain the bowl.

Down falls the untasted cup, and up we spring;—
  The accoutred steeds now hastily appear:
From calls succeeding quick, the menials bring
  The murderous rifle and the goring spear.

In haste they mount, along the road they wind,
  Not as the snake, but as the falcon sweeps,
Quick and impatient; and near approaching, find
  The monster's lair beneath the craggy steeps.

The leader's whispering voice and warning hand
  To each assigns his post; they quick repair,
This to the narrow gorge, that to yon point of land—
  Thus placed; he's roused and rushes from his lair.

Now, hunters, calm your hearts, for well I ween
  Much you'll require a steady hand and eye;
See! just beneath yon rock he's lurking seen,
  Foretelling scenes of blood before he die.

The rifle's sharp report then quick succeeds,
  His tawny sides are streaming now with gore;
Ere this a victim by his fury bleeds—
  Ere this a hunter's death we must deplore.

Close to the spot the leader has his stand,
  The monster rushes—the deadly tube is raised—
Swift hissing flies the lead, that steady hand
  Was never known to fail, he rolls upon the sand.

Thus daring war we 'gainst our tawny spoil,
  And by our danger give a zest to mirth,
These are thy sports, oh, Ind! and thus thy soil
  Gives nerve and heart for deeds of greater worth.

S. E. R.

Doliah, 21st October, 1830.

SELECTIONS.

BOXING.

The SHAMROCK and the THISTLE; or, IRELAND versus SCOTLAND.

MATCH BETWEEN SIMON BYRNE AND SANDY M'KAY.

The long-pending match between Simon Byrne, "the tight Irish Boy," and Sandy M'Kay, the Champion of "the land o' cakes," for two hundred pounds a side, was decided on Wednesday last, without the most distant suspicion of the integrity of either of the men, and without interruption, although some alarm was excited on the morning of the mill. Fame has already recorded the merits of the men, and it will be recollected they once before entered the pugilistic lists together, when Byrne was victorious, although the prejudices of the "gude men o' the North" led them to think that Sandy, had the battle been prolonged, would have produced a contrary result. This feeling, added to Sandy's additional experience, led his friends to gratify him by giving him another chance, and thus the new match was made, both men being backed by *Corinthians* of the first order, whose only object was to preserve the sports of the ring, and to give encouragement to athletic exercises. Sandy was kindly taken in hand by the celebrated Captain Barclay, whose patronage and hard training of Tom Cribb will long live in the pages of Boxiana. He was invited to Ury, the seat of the gymnastic hero, and there underwent that strict discipline which was calculated to improve his stamina, and render him fully competent, as far as constitution went, to the task he had in contemplation. It was impossible, in fact, for a man to have been brought into better condition, or to have felt more perfect confidence in success. Byrne, who was backed by the *swells* of the "Sooth," trained at Brighton, in company with his old friend, Tom Reynolds, and up to Friday three weeks was all his friends could wish. Unfortunately, however, on that day, while playing ball with Reynolds in the barrack-yard, he sprained his ankle, and, ever after, almost to the eve of the all-important struggle, was under surgical advice. To the sprain was added a slight cold, which rendered it necessary to apply a warm plaster to his chest; but notwithstanding these disadvantages, such was his personal confidence, that he withheld the secret from the greater part of his friends, and "stole away" towards the scene of action without subjecting himself to close observation, although rumours were afloat that he was not exactly up to the mark.

The match, we have said, was made among the *nobs*, and a gentleman was appointed to name the place of meeting, whose knowledge of localities, it was thought, would enable him to select a spot free from objection. Various spots were mentioned, and at length the "office" was given in for Salcey Forest, on the borders of Northamptonshire and Buckinghamshire, about sixty miles from London. This fixture was kept a secret among a select few till the Monday before fighting, from a design to defeat the machinations of certain *honour-*

able members of the ring, who had repeatedly threatened to spoil sport; and this plan had the desired effect, although an attempt of a very suspicious nature was actually made, as we shall hereafter describe, to *grab* Sandy M'Kay on his way to the scene of action.

About a week before the appointed day, M'Kay set out from his training quarters to the seat of one of his backers in the South, and on the road was greeted by the good wishes of his countrymen. He was accompanied by George Cooper, who quitted Edinburgh for the purpose, and on Tuesday morning he was seated comfortably at the Watt's Arms, in the village of Hanslope, Bucks, close to the field of battle, where he was joined by the veteran, Tom Cribb. On Monday Simon Byrne and Tom Reynolds set out from London in the same direction, making their first rest at the Star, at Hockliffe, and proceeding the next day to the Cock, at Stoney Stratford, where they were joined by several of their friends, and all was pleasing anticipation of the forthcoming sports. At Stoney Stratford, as well as elsewhere, the secret was kept, and thus the muster of ordinary ring-goers was extremely thin, the arrivals principally consisting of a few fours and pairs, and an occasional *humane* "set out" of "three in a gig," in which it may be supposed the poor hired nags had the worst of the amusement. Phil Sampson and Young Dutch Sam arrived together at Stoney Stratford on Tuesday night, where they remained till the next morning. Bob Avery, from Glasgow, who had been defeated by Byrne, was also among the arrivals, as well as Ned Neal, Harry Holt, Peter Crawley, Reuben Marten, Arthur Mathewson, Dick Curtis, Perkins, the Oxford Pet, Jem Ward, Jack Carter, and other members of the London ring.

At ten o'clock on Wednesday morning, Byrne started for Hanslope in a chaise with some of his backers, and took up his temporary residence at the Green Man, and was there relieved with some difficulty from his warm plaster—after which he lay down to wait the signal for his march to action. He was in tolerable spirits, but his conscious deficiency in condition seemed to prey a little on his mind, and had a similar effect on the feelings of those who wished him success. We have already stated that Salcey Forest was named for the point of rendezvous; this, we believe, belongs partly to the Duke of Grafton, and also comprises a considerable portion of Crown lands; but it turned out that this was "sacred sod," for the noble duke having heard of the honour intended for his estate, his son, Lord Euston, sent a letter to Mr. Kent, the officer who has charge of the Crown lands, requesting him to prevent the affair from taking place either on the Grafton estate or the lands of the Crown, for which purpose he was desired to obtain the attendance of the constables in the neighbourhood, and, as a further assistance, Ledbetter, the active and intelligent officer of Bow-street, was sent down by Sir Richard Birnie to give all the aid necessary. No orders were given, however, to prevent the meeting in any other place. Mr. Kent, Ledbetter, and the *posse comitatus* were accordingly early on the alert, and, having had an interview with the Commissary-in-chief and his Deputy, an understanding was immediately come to that the most perfect obedience should be paid to their directions, and under

proper guidance the ring was formed on the "poor lands" of the parish of Hartwell, on the edge of the county of Northampton, for which purpose abundance of waggons were obtained from the surrounding farmers, and everything was conducted with perfect order and regularity.

All now looked well for the sport, and the Watt's Arms, where Sandy M'Kay was stationed, became the centre of attraction. Sandy was in company with George Cooper and Tom Cribb, and held a sort of levee, which was attended by his friends, and the friends of the ring who could obtain admission. He was in the most buoyant temper, and his colossal stature and determined aspect produced a strong prejudice in his favour. The throng now gradually thickened in the village, while others proceeded to the field of action.

In the midst of a general belief that "all would go on well," and without interruption, the sudden arrival of Mr. White, the chief constable of Newport Pagnell, and several assistants, excited some apprehensions, which were still further increased when they avowed their intention, under magisterial authority, to *grab* the Scotch Champion on his way to battle, for which purpose they stationed themselves at the foot of the stairs leading to his chamber, and at the front and back door. This was indeed a poser; but still a hope was entertained that the *swell* backers of Sandy would on their arrival make "all right."

In the interim, Byrne, to avoid similar kind intentions, was conducted by his friends along a back road to the appointed spot in safety, where he awaited the approach of his antagonist.

During the interval inquiries were made as to the inducement to "magisterial interference," when it was discovered that a letter had been sent off from Stoney Stratford in the dead of Tuesday night to Newport Pagnell, either to a magistrate or to the high constable, and suspicions naturally turned on persons known to have been at Stoney Stratford, who had not only indulged in threats, but had proved themselves decided enemies to the "sports of the ring." Whether these suspicions were well founded, we had no means of ascertaining; but they were evidently indulged not without "good and probable cause."

At twelve o'clock the expected "nobs" reached the Watt's Arms, and were as much surprised as mortified at the threatened interruption. Their eloquence was, of course, exercised to "stall off" the *traps;* but it was all in vain—these persons had their instructions, and expressed their determination to perform their duty. As it was known that the power of these *inexorables* did not extend beyond the county of Bucks, it now became a question for consultation how their vigilance was to be defeated so as to get M'Kay into Northamptonshire; and after due arrangement the following *ruse* was practised:—A stranger was dressed up in a Scotch cap and rough coat with instructions to make a rush through the phalanx of officers, and thus occupy their attention, while the real "Simon Pure" bolted through a back window, down a ladder into an adjoining meadow, and then to a carriage at a little distance, in which he was borne from pursuit. This masterly move was admirably effected throughout, and thereby the Caledonian and his friends reached the ring without further interruption, having no longer the fear of the *beaks* before their eyes.

The hour of one had now nearly

arrived, and M'Kay, accompanied by Tom Cribb and George Cooper, approached the arena, into which M'Kay flung a broad Kilmarnock cap, ornamented with an eagle's feather and orange tassel, which had adorned his pericranium. Simon Byrne at the same moment threw in his *castor* from the opposite side, and both, on entering the ring, shook hands with great good humour, M'Kay again mounting his cap with conscious pride, and no small self-consequence. The colours sported were green and yellow for Byrne, and blue bird's-eye for Sandy, which their partisans ostentatiously displayed.

The seconds and bottle-holders now busied themselves in preparing their principals for action. Tom Cribb and George Cooper for M'Kay. The moment the men were stripped their disproportion in point of size was visible to the spectators. M'Kay, although not above five feet ten in height, exhibited a frame of the most gigantic dimensions. His weight was allowed to be fourteen stone ten pounds, while his bone and muscle seemed, like those of Atlas, sufficient to bear the globe itself. His legs and arms were of prodigious bulk, the former encased in white silk hose, and his hands looked like a pair of sledge hammers. His chest was expansive, while his shoulders bore a hump like that of a dromedary, although not quite so protrusive. In his countenance there was a broad cast of Scotch humour, which, however, was intermingled with a fierceness of aspect, rendered more imposing by divers deep scars and gashes, the effects of former rencontres in the ring, some of which had been kindly administered by Byrne in their first battle. From his demeanour, victory was already in his grasp; and such was the effect produced by his appearance, that the friends of Byrne seemed to be almost paralyzed, and those who would previously have betted 5 and 6 to 4 on their favourite now became silent. Little betting in consequence took place, and that little at even. This state of doubt was further confirmed by the unpromising features of Byrne, whose countenance was pale and somewhat agitated, whose weight was scarcely 13 stone, and the colour of whose flesh wanted that clearness and freshness which are the true indications of good training. Little time was left for these comparisons before the seconds tossed for choice of position, and Reynolds was the winner. The ring was then well beaten out by ten pugilists, to be paid by the funds of the F. P. C., and, two umpires and a referee having been chosen, operations commenced.

The Fight.

Round 1. According to the Articles, the moment the men were brought to the "scratch" the seconds and bottle-holders retired to their respective corners. Sandy stood with his hands well up, waiting for attack, when Byrne made a slight feint with his left to draw him, but it would not do. Sandy was steady. Byrne now played round him *à la distance*, but at last went in and hit slightly with his left; Sandy countered as slightly with him. Byrne, all anxious for work, went in and jobbed with his left. Sandy returned the compliment; and after a rambling rally, in which no mischief was done, Byrne fell, Sandy falling over him (shouts for the Scotchman, and cries of "He'll win it").

2. Both to the scratch steady, Byrne again played round his

gigantic antagonist, and watched for an opening. Slight counter hits with the left, Byrne on the retreat, and M'Kay after him. Byrne popped in a job with his left and got away; he then put in a right-handed body-blow and jumped back. Sandy followed him manfully, when Byrne delivered a right-handed chopping hit on the side of his head. Sandy hit short, but in the next effort countered with the left, receiving a slashing job on his *crowdy* trap, which drew first blood (shouts for Byrne). Sandy then rushed in and caught Byrne in his arms with giant force; a severe struggle took place for the fall, which Byrne got, and threw his man a beautiful cross buttock. Byrne the favourite.

3. Byrne kept out, and tried to draw his opponent; at last he went in and again jobbed Sandy with his left. Sandy rushed to in-fighting, but his right-hand delivery passed over Byrne's shoulder, while his left was stopped. In the close there was a desperate struggle for the fall, but Byrne was unable to get the lock, and, after mutual fibbing, Byrne dropped to save further trouble.

4. Byrne again planted a right-hand chopper on M'Kay's nob, and stopped his left. He then broke away, and retreated. M'Kay followed him up, and forced him towards the corner of the ring. Simon broke ground, and got away; but M'Kay would not be denied, and went in to work, when he was met with a left-handed job, which he returned but slightly. Byrne was again busy with his right at the nob, when M'Kay closed for the fall. Byrne, who seemed powerless in his rasp, fibbed, and M'Kay played he same game. At last Byrne, inding he could not get the throw, broke away, jobbed with his left, and went down.

5. Byrne on the out-fighting system, kept his distance, and retreated before his man. At last, retreating to the ropes, M'Kay rushed to a close, caught him in his arms, and slightly fibbed him. Byrne, finding he had no chance to extricate himself from this state of peril, went down amidst loud *chaffing* from Sampson, Sam, and others, who called him *cur*, and other opprobrious epithets, and cheered on Sandy.

6. Byrne showed symptoms of weakness, and piped, while Sandy, in whose favour the *flash* side was uproarious, was as strong as a horse. Byrne made play with his left, and received a slight hit in return. Sandy rattled in to a rally, and in an interchange of hits Byrne received a right-handed slap on his left eye, which drew blood, and raised a slight swelling. A short rally, and exchange of hits, when Byrne again went down to avoid, amidst cries of disapprobation from M'Kay's friends. Byrne was evidently fighting the "old soldier," from a consciousness of his weakness and inability to cope with the strength of his opponent.

7. At the commencement of this round George Cooper offered to bet 10 to 5 on M'Kay, but no takers. Byrne kept out, and dodged the Scotchman, who, with hands well up, was anxious for the affray, and followed his man as he retreated. Byrne at length plunged in, popped his right-handed chop on Sandy's pimple, and retreated. He again watched for an opening, and put in a slashing left-handed job on the Scotchman's *ogle*. Good counter hits, when Sandy again caught Simon at the ropes. Byrne clung close to him, and though Sandy kept hitting with

his right over his shoulder, he was unable to make any impression. After a short struggle Byrne, finding he could do nothing, dropped from danger, and Sandy fell with his knee upon him, amidst the cheers of his *chaffers*, and loud shouts in prejudice to Byrne.

8. Byrne cautious, and still on the pipe. He kept away; M'Kay would not be denied. He rushed in, delivered a slight left-handed job, and closed. A sharp tussle for the fall, which Sandy got, and fell heavily on Simon. The Thistle the favourite.

9. The blood was now seen flowing from Sandy's scalp, giving evidence of the severity of some of Simon's right-handed choppers. Byrne, on the out-fighting system, then, followed by Sandy, who, on receiving a muzzler, closed at the ropes, meaning mischief; but Byrne went down, Sandy slightly upon him. Byrne fell out of the ring, and was again loudly "chaffed," and called cur and coward by some of the old pugilists.

10. Byrne, cool and collected, waited his opportunity, and delivered a terrific left-handed job on the cheek; this he repeated with additional severity, when Sandy closed, and a fine struggle took place for the fall. Sandy was immovable, and kept well from Byrne's crook, when Byrne went down—Sandy upon him.

11. Byrne, after a little outmanœuvring, put in a chopping hit on Sandy's head with his right, and visited his ribs with the same hand. On M'Kay rushing to return, Byrne went down on the cautious lay.

12. Byrne ready, but on the defensive; stopped Sandy's left, and jobbed him in return. A rally, in which hits were exchanged—both down.

13. Simon jobbed prettily with his left, and broke away; Sandy rushed to him, missed his right-handed blow, which went over Simon's shoulder. Simon, by way of return, hit him tremendously with his left, and cut a gaping wound in his cheek. This dose he repeated, and closed, when, after a stout struggle, he succeeded in throwing Sandy, and falling heavy upon him. (Simon's friends again all jollity, and the magsmen a little down on their luck.)

14. Simon popped in a right-handed body blow, and broke away. In retreating, M'Kay followed him up, and caught him at the ropes, when there was mutual fibbing. After a severe struggle Byrne down, M'Kay full upon him. (Here Reynolds seized M'Kay by the drawers, and pulled him off his man, amidst loud cries of disapprobation).

15. Simon jobbed his man, dreadfully cutting his right cheek, as well as his left, which bled profusely. He then fell as if from the force of his own blow (more chaffing).

16. Byrne retreated before his man, and drew him towards the corner of the ring; suddenly springing forward, he jobbed him dreadfully with his left, drawing more claret. Sandy bored in, and caught him in his powerful grasp against the ropes—as if in a vice. Tom Reynolds here threw himself on the ropes, and thus forming a sort of inclined line, Byrne slipped down, amidst more shouts from Sandy's friends—many of whom rushed to the side of the ring, and great confusion prevailed. Among others, the persons intrusted with the whips were most active in *rowing*, and they were with difficulty forced back.

17. Time was called during the row, when Simon threw in a heavy right-handed body blow. M'Kay returned, but without effect, with his left, and Byrne went down.

18. Byrne again cautious, and husbanding his strength. M'Kay, though a frightful figure, ready with his hands well up. Byrne at last went in, and heavy hits were exchanged. A tug for the fall followed, when Simon succeeded in getting his lock, and down went Sandy on the broad of his back (shouts for Simon).

19. Simon threw in a terrific job with his left between Sandy's eyes, and cut him to the bone. Sandy's left went over Byrne's shoulder. Simon planted another left-handed jobber on the new wound, and went down.

20. Byrne hit short at the body with his right, but planted a muzzler with his left. Sandy's blows seemed to fall powerless, and made but little impression. Simon jumped in with his left, giving a heavy snorter, and went down. The chaff-cutters again at work, but nothing unfair.

21. Byrne now scarce exhibited a mark, save the cut on his left eye, and the consequent puffing. M'Kay missed a left-handed job, but caught a dreadful counter hit. A rally, in which slight hits were exchanged, and Byrne went down.

22. Some good fighting on both sides; but M'Kay's blows seemed feeble. In the close M'Kay caught Byrne in his arm, and actually lifted him up at the ropes, while he fibbed him over the shoulder; at last Byrne got down.

23. Byrne put in two left-handed jobs in succession; but in return received a flush left-hander on the nose, which dropped him and drew his cork (again were the Caledonians in uproar, and their champion was loudly cheered).

24. Sandy had another chopping visitation to his noddle. Counter-hitting severe for the Scotchman, when Byrne went down, M'Kay upon him.

25, 26, 27, 28. The hitting all in favour of Byrne, who punished and went down, amidst loud cries of disapprobation from the Scotchman's friends.

29. Byrne jobbed his man dreadfully with his left, and then went to in-fighting, when he delivered more pepper. In the close he caught his man in a favourable position, and gave him a terrific fall.

30. Sandy's blows missed, while Simon's told severely. Byrne down.

31. Sandy came up as game as a lion, but, from the punishment he had received, was rather abroad. Simon jobbed him terrifically in the sore places; and in the close, catching Sandy's head under his arm, he fibbed him in the ribs with his right hand with killing severity. In the struggle both went down.

32. M'Kay came up a dreadful spectacle, bleeding from every pore, but still his noisy supporters urged him to additional exertions, and a braver fellow never breathed. Byrne, steady and cautious, waited upon his man; and, drawing a little back, plunged in with his left, and got away. M'Kay shook his gory nob, but kept his hands well up. Byrne made his right-handed chop, and again drew back. M'Kay went to him as bold as a true Scot; but, as he advanced, Byrne met him with redoubled force, with a flush hit on the nose: and, on repeating the dose, turned round with the force of the blow. M'Kay stood confused; when Byrne at him again, hitting heavily, and falling rather weak himself, while M'Kay was quite groggy.

33. Byrne jobbed with his left, and put in a body-blow with his right. M'Kay caught him a short lunge with his right in the body, and rushed in, when Byrne went down stopping.

34. Six to four on Byrne. Byrne threw in his right hand chopper. Mac missed a well-intended return, and Byrne went down in avoiding.

35. M'Kay jobbed with his left, but made little impression; again hit short with his right, and received a swinging hit from Byrne's right, who went down.

36. Jobbing hits from Byrne, which M'Kay stopped with his head. In the close, Byrne threw his man, and rolled over him.

37, 38, 39. All of the same character, heavy punishment from Byrne, who went down in every round. M'Kay repeatedly missed his blows, and could do no execution.

40. Simon jobbed his man dreadfully with the left. M'Kay returned, but there was no force in his blows. Simon planted his right on the head, and fell; M'Kay bleeding at all points, but still firm in purpose, though evidently with but slight chance of success.

41. A slogging round, tremendous jobs, and weaving hits with the right and left on both sides; both groggy and down side by side.

42. Sandy's hands still well up, and his eyes good; many hits missed on each side; Byrne popped in a heavy crack with his right and fell.

43. This was a terrific round; both fought with desperation, but the hits of M'Kay made no impression, while those of Byrne told severely. The round continued till both fell from weakness and exhaustion with their exertions.

44. Simon put in his right on the body, and fell (shouts of "shame," "stand up," "cur," &c). Byrne pointed to his left leg, and said he could not help it.

45. Sandy came up reeling. Byrne went to work, and jobbed him with stunning force right and left; the punishment was terrific. M'Kay was beat to a standstill. Byrne closed and threw him heavily on his head.

46. Loud cheers for Sandy, who was a dreadful spectacle; still he came up and stood well to his man. Byrne retreated to the ropes, and M'Kay after him, Byrne jobbing as he came in. A close at the ropes—both weak and incapable of doing much mischief. Both fell exhausted, but Byrne the fresher.

47 and last. Poor Sandy came up to make a last brave effort; but he was quite abroad. Byrne summoned all his remaining strength, hit away right and left, delivered the upper cut, and at last put in a heavy left-handed hit on Mac's throat, who dropped, not to come again. The unfortunate fellow, on being lifted on his second's knee, was quite senseless, and on time being called, he slipped down, incapable of stirring. Byrne was, of course, proclaimed the victor, after fighting fifty-three minutes, and after trying to shake hands with his game antagonist, left the ring. A surgeon immediately attended, and bled M'Kay, who exhibited a painful spectacle, with his head supported on a hat; and, after fruitless efforts to restore him to consciousness, he was carried to a carriage, and from thence back to the Watt's Arms, where every possible attention was paid to him; but unhappily without effect.

Remarks.

The fight, though desperate in its result, and although no glutton could have taken more punishment than the Scotchman, did not give general satisfaction. Byrne's repeatedly going down excited a strong prejudice in the minds of the spectators, who were not probably aware of the ill state of his

health, and the weakness of his left leg. He evidently felt that he had not a chance in struggling with a man so far superior in strength, weight, and condition, as the brave Caledonian was, in comparison with himself; and as "winning" was his game, he found it necessary to have recourse to stratagem, when open attack was not likely to succeed. This every man acquainted with the usages of the ring knows is fair —and therefore the abuse which some of the pugilists heaped on Byrne was unjustifiable, though certainly his mode of fighting was anything but popular. It is to be regretted that many of those who were employed to keep the ring were the first to set the example of disorder, and to do the very thing they ought to have suppressed. If chaffing could have lost the fight for Byrne, the fate of the day would have been different; but he maintained his temper to the last.

M'Kay, notwithstanding his bulk and courage, was a bad fighter. He was slow, and did not hit out from his shoulder. His blows, in fact, were more like shoves than hits, and then, when he did reach his man, he made but little impression, being always hit first in the counters. In fact, when Byrne came to be washed, he showed no visible marks of punishment beyond that on his left eye, which was slightly cut, swollen, and black. On his return to his inn at Hanslope, he ate and drank heartily—dined at Stoney Stratford, and was at the Castle Inn, Holborn, on Wednesday night at ten o'clock, having posted up with four horses, and flying colours. His hands were a good deal injured, especially the left, which was cut to the bone with M'Kay's teeth, and greatly swollen. The only surprise was, how, with his hands in such a state, he could have done so much execution.

Great credit is due to Tom Reynolds and Marten for their attention to their man; and the veteran Tom Cribb and Cooper did all that zeal could effect for one who was doomed to fall before the superior tactics of his antagonist.

Reynolds, in dragging M'Kay from his man, and in throwing himself on the ropes, produced a strong excitement against him, but the circumstances were not deemed unfair by the umpires, to whose judgment, of course, the whole affair was left. There certainly was no violation of Broughton's rules, nor was there any appeal to the referee. Strictly speaking, Byrne only acted the part of a good general determined to make the most of his physical resources.—*Life in London, June* 13.

Brown and Sampson.

This match, which our readers will recollect was made in February last for £200 a side, was to have been decided on Tuesday, according to the articles, within one hundred miles of Birmingham, and we ventured to hope that it would have come off in a fair and honourable way, stripped of all circumstances of suspicion or disorder, which might tend to excite new prejudices towards the already fast declining sports of the ring; but, unfortunately, we "reckoned without our host," and a new proof has been given of the degraded state to which certain classes of the Fancy have been reduced. From the concoction of the match but little interest was excited in the sporting circles, and but little betting took place—that little being in favour of Sampson,

who, we understood, was backed 5 to 4. This feeling in his favour was ascribed to his having defeated Brown in his last battle, and to Brown's increasing age, as well as to the injury which he received in his shoulder, and which, it was calculated, might operate to his disadvantage in any new exertion he might have to make with so determined a *miller* as the "Brummagem Youth." There might be other causes arising from *private* speculations, which, of course, remain secret; but whatever these causes were, they do not seem to have operated favourably towards bringing the fight to an issue; for, notwithstanding Sampson's vaunted superiority, he did not think fit to put the point to the test on the day named, thereby saving those friends who had backed him, at least from the risk of losing their money, as all bets were, of course, off. That there were good reasons for this resolution, we have no doubt; but that they will be explained, we think very improbable.

The match, we have already stated, was made at Birmingham in February, but the articles were drawn up, as we noticed at the time, with great looseness, and by a person who did not seem to understand the necessity of guarding against the subsequent objections, or, probably, who thought, if a fair and honest fight was meant, no advantage would be taken of verbal errors. Had he been dealing with the Fancy of the old school he would have been right in his conjectures, but in modern times "trickery and special pleading" have been substituted for manly feeling, and neither he nor the world must be surprised at the adoption of contemptible and fraudulent subterfuges. That Sampson and his friends were aware of the imperfection in the articles from the first is evident, and they, therefore, went on in their career with the full persuasion that, if things were not likely to come off according to their inclinations, they had it in their power at the last to creep out, as they did, and thus leave nothing to chance.

Brown, on the match being made, went into close training at the New Inn, Shipley; and Sampson, to all appearance, followed his example, by betaking himself to an inn at Perry-Bar, near Birmingham. The deposits were all duly made, and at last came the important question—not "where shall we dine?" but "where shall we fight?" By the articles it was provided "that on Saturday, the 8th of May, the place of fighting was to be named and agreed upon, at the Peacock, at Wolverhampton, at two o'clock in the afternoon, by a friend of each party," and upon this provision arose the "*mull*" to which the "no go" in the match is to be attributed. It will be seen by this stipulation that a positive duty is assigned to two mutual friends "to name and agree upon a place;" but if they cannot agree, there is no stipulation as to what is to be done to get over the difficulty—so that, in fact, they might debate for "a blue moon," and come to no agreement at all; and this, in fact, turns out to have been the case. Had the articles specified "that in the event of not agreeing, a toss should decide the difference," all would have been right; but this being omitted, it was at the option of either party to be as obstinate as he chose, and fight, or not fight, as might be agreeable to his interests or inclination. Appended to the articles was the further agreement—"Should any money be obtained for the advan-

tage of the fight in a particular place, that money to be equally divided between the men;" but this was, of course, subservient to the mutual agreement as to where that place was to be. On Saturday, soon after two o'clock, a Mr. Sankey, on the part of Sampson, met a Mr. Marshall (Clerk of the Course), on the part of Brown, at the Peacock, Wolverhampton. Mr. Beardsworth, the stakeholder, was not present on his behalf. The business was immediately opened by Mr. Marshall, who stated that Brown had been offered £50 to go to Ludlow, and asked if Sampson had any place to mention where the advantage would be equal. Mr. Sankey answered in the negative; but said that Sampson would not consent to go to Ludlow for less than £50. This was deemed unreasonable, and Mr. Marshall said if Sampson would give Brown £20 he would go to whatever place he might name. No proposition of this sort, however, was tendered; upon which Mr. Marshall said Sampson should have £30 of the £50 to be received at Ludlow, leaving Brown but £20 for his share. Still Sampson's party were inexorable—£35 out of the £50 was next mentioned; and at last Mr. Sankey, although he said he felt he was acting in violation of his instructions, offered to take £40. To this demand Mr. Marshall felt, in fairness to his principal, he could not accede; and thus the negociation broke off, no place being agreed upon, although Ludlow was named. An offer was made to toss for choice of place, whether by Mr. Sankey or any other person present does not appear; but that course not being provided for in the articles, nothing was done. From thenceforth all was doubt and uncertainty. The fancy of Birmingham and Wolverhampton were at a standstill, and rumours were pretty generally circulated that there would be no fight. Brown, Baldwin, and his friends had proceeded to Ludlow —but Sampson remained at Birmingham the whole of Monday, declaring in several sporting houses that he would not go to Ludlow unless he first received £50, alluding broadly to the imperfection of the articles of which he could take advantage, and saying that unless he received the £50, as the articles stated "that the stakes were not to be given up till fairly won or lost by fight," they should remain in the hands of the stakeholder for two years, by which time the recognizances in which he had been held at the Retford Session, for his connection with the fight between Hill and Mapping, in Nottinghamshire, would have expired. To this resolution he adhered throughout the day, and as at a late hour no new proposition arrived from Brown, he mounted his horse and returned to Perry-Bar, whither he invited his friends to dinner the next day. All idea of the fight coming off was now given up. Young Dutch Sam, Dick Curtis, Stockman, and other friends of Sampson, betook themselves to the joys of the table instead of those of the ring, and on Tuesday all remained stationary at Birmingham.

In the interim Brown and his friends arrived safely at Ludlow, where all was expectation and uncertainty; but as there was no distinct pledge on Sampson's part to come, few were sanguine in their belief that the fight would come off. On Tuesday morning at nine o'clock the Commissary and his *aide-de-camp* arrived at Ludlow, with the F. P. C. ropes and stakes, and, having reported themselves at head-quarters, were immediately ordered to form a ring in a meadow close to Ludlow

Bridge. This was done, and at a quarter to one Brown threw his hat into the arena, and having followed it accompanied by his second and bottle-holder, he remained till after one, when he announced his intention to claim forfeit. Before he returned to his inn he said, if Sampson came any time during the day, he would waive all objections to technicalities and fight instanter. Great indignation was expressed at Sampson's conduct, and maledictions "loud and deep" were poured upon him. The day passed without any further news from Birmingham, and thus the bubble ended. It has been asserted in a daily paper that no money whatever was put down for this fight. This we know, from the best authority, to be false, but as it casts an imputation upon Mr. Beardsworth, the stakeholder, who must of course have lent himself to the alleged deception, he will best know how to repel the attack; and it will be for him, acting fairly, dispassionately, and honourably, to say whether the claim of forfeit by Brown is not perfectly just. It is clear that on Brown's part there was no objection to fight—that he named a place, and most liberally offered to give two-thirds of the money he was to have received for Sampson to meet him. It is also clear that Sampson did not name any place himself, and wilfully avoided meeting his antagonist, to give him that fair and manly chance for which the match had been made, and this without any reasonable cause assigned. In an equitable point of view, this would entitle Brown to forfeit; but, as we before said, these are times when *milling* is conducted according to the niceties of *special pleading*, and it may, therefore, be expected that the fancy are again to be indulged in a display of *logic chopping* instead of *noddle chopping*. One thing is clear, however, and that is, that this additional dose of disappointment has increased the disease with which the friends of pugilism have been afflicted, and to all appearance must quickly hasten that dissolution — which by many is so "devoutly wished." Whether Sampson means or can give any explanation of his conduct, remains to be seen; but we have heard no more from Birmingham on the subject. When we left that town on Tuesday, we were informed Mr. Beardsworth was at Holyhead. Should this gentleman attempt to act in opposition to Sampson's party, he will, of course, incur great personal risk, and must, at least, calculate upon an action at law. At whatever cost, it is his duty to act honestly and fairly between the men.—*Life in London, May* 16.

EPSOM RACES.

When Mr. Maberley took these races in hand, there were but three days of indifferent—now there are four of capital sport; the Grand Stand held but forty —now it holds four thousand spectators; the pigeons were then few—now they assemble in flocks. We grieve to add, that the plucking has not proved productive in a similar ratio, for the rooks have increased at a still more rapid pace; no blame to Mr. Maberley for that, whom we strongly recommend to the patrons of York Race-course as the best qualified to raise its fallen honours.

The runs at Epsom this year were superb, and would have been more so, had it not been for the showery weather. The Derby went in the way that most of the calculators, always excepting

the losers, thought it would. Among the company on the occasion were the following :—

Duke of Portland, Duke of Leeds, Duke of Richmond, Lord Uxbridge, Lord Sefton, Lord Mountcharles, Lord Chesterfield, Lord G. Bentinck, Lord Lowther, Lord Jersey, Lord Surry, Lord Ranelagh, Lord R. Manners, Lord Errol, Lord J. Fitzroy, Sir M. Wood, General Grosvenor, Hon. E. Petre, Hon. Mr. Kennedy, Col. Udny, Mr. Fox, Capt. Byng. The Duchess of Richmond, Lady Lennox, and several other ladies, were also on the course.

TUESDAY, MAY 25.—The *Craven Stakes* of 10 sovs. each. Mile and a quarter. Thirteen subscribers.

His Majesty's ch. h. The Colonel, 5 yrs. 1
Mr. Roger's Harold, 4 yrs. 2
Mr. Gully's Clio, 3 yrs..... 3

The following also started, but were not placed by the Judge :—Sir G. Heathcote's Lyric, 4 yrs. ; Mr. Petre's The Major, 3 yrs. ; Mr. Day's Busk, 6 yrs. ; Sir M. Wood's Cotus, 3 yrs. ; Sir M. Wood's Haji Baba, aged ; Mr. Grant's ch. f. Balchin, 3 yrs. ; Mr. Wagstaff's Jay, 3 yrs. ; Lord Sefton's Juryman, 5 yrs.

Won by two lengths with perfect ease.

This is the second year His Majesty has won the Craven Stakes at Epsom, Fleur-de-Lis having beat a large field in the last Spring Meeting. The odds were 2 to 1 against the Colonel, and 5 to 1 against Balchin.

The *Shirley Stakes* of 25 sovs. One mile.

Mr. Crouch's Jenny Vertpre..... 0 1
Mr. Cooper's b. c. by Bustard or Orville—Prima Donna ..... 0 dr.

The following also started, but were not placed by the Judge :—Mr. Sowerby's Amorst ; Lord Warwick's f. by Partisan, out of Niobe ; Duke of Richmond's Confederacy ; Mr. Gardner's c. by Rubens, d. by Cracy ; Mr. Maberley's Eyrmus ; Mr. Scaith's b. f. Harmony, by Reveller ; Sir G. Heathcote's b. c. by Figaro, d. by Dick Andrews.

Produce *Sweepstakes* of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. One mile. Five subscribers.

Mr. Griffith's b. c. Thorngrave, by Smolensko 1
Mr. L. Charlton's f. by Master Henry —Dimity..... 2
Mr. Maberley's b. f. Salus, by Figaro 3

Three to one on Thorngrave ; a very poor race, and won by two lengths.

The *Tankard Stakes* of 10 sovs. each, and 30 added by the owner of Tankard. One mile.

Duke of Richmond's Juvenis, out of Pranks... 1
Mr. Apperley's b. f. School Girl..... 2
Col. M'Douall's b. f., out of Peablossom 3

Three paid forfeit ; this was even a worse race than the last, Juvenis winning by ten lengths. No betting.

The *Middleton Stakes* of 25 sovs. each, Woodcot Course ; with 100 sovs. added by the owner of Middleton.

Mr. Young's ch. f. Alexandrina, dam by Buttercup 1
Mr. Maberley's ch. f. Antigona—Ambiguity 2

The following also started, but were not placed :—General Grosvenor's ch. c. out of sister to Idle Boy ; Duke of Richmond's ch. c. Shirley, out of Favourite ; Mr. Bogbie names out of Electress. 2 to 1 against Idle Boy ; a pretty race, terminated in favour of Alexandrina by half a length.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 26TH.—The *Surrey Stakes*, 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and only 5 if declared

by the 18th of April. Derby Course.

Mr. Griffith's Musquito, 5 yrs., 8st. 7lbs. 1
Mr. W. Day's Augur, 4 yrs. 7st. 12lbs. 2

The following also started, but were not placed:—Mr. Maberley's Palemon, 5 yrs., 8st. 6lbs.; Duke of Richmond's Refugee, 3 yrs., 6st. 13lbs.

Mr. Sowerby's Toso, 6 yrs. 9st.; Mr. Maberley's Howard, 4 yrs., 7st. 6lbs.; Colonel Standen's Conrad, 6 yrs., 9st. 4lbs.; and Mr. Lucas's ch. f. "Maiden of the Mist," 4 yrs., 7st. 2lbs., paid 15 sovs. each; and four others only 5 sovs. each.

Betting—5 to 2 against Refugee (taken), 4 to 1 against Palemon, and 5 to 1 against Musquito. Won very cleverly by two lengths.

The *Gold Cup*, value 170 sovs. in specie, by subscribers of 10 sovs. each, and 20 added by the Racing Fund. The winner to be sold for 250 sovs. if demanded. Two miles.

Mr. Cooper's Merman, 4 yrs. 1
Mr. Bogbie's ch. c. Aaron, 4 yrs. 2
Mr. Brown's b. c. Watchman, 4 yrs. 3

Won by half a length.

The following also started, but were not placed by the Judge:—Lord W. Lennox's Miss Craven, 5 yrs.; Mr. Saddler's ch. g. Popinjay, aged; Mr. Scaith's b. f. Yelvs, 4 yrs.; Mr. Denison's Dolly Spicer; Mr. Ladbrooke's Link-boy, aged; Mr. Maberley's ch. c. by Middleton, out of Nanine.

The following paid:—Mr. Harris's Mazurka; Mr. Hedley's Blinker; Mr. Gully's Bigottini filly; Mr. Robert's Verderer; Mr. Sowerby's Gas; and Mr. Harris's John de Bart. Betting—5 to 2 against Merman, 5 to 2 against Aaron, and 9 to 1 against Dolly Spicer. The winner was claimed by Mr. North.

The *Woodcot Stakes* of 30 sovs. each, h. ft., half miles. Eleven subscribers.

Lord Lowther's f. Partisan, dam by Rubens, out of Penny-trumpet ... 1
His Majesty's b. c. by Mustachio ... 2
Mr. Lawrence's b. f. Fancy, sister to Fashion 3

Won by a neck only.

The following also started, but were not placed:—Duke of Richmond's Ardelia; Mr. Maberley's ch. f. Mulcy, out of Harriet; Lord Warwick's f. Partisan, out of Niobe; Mr. Rush's f. by Phantom, out of Discord. Betting—5 to 1 against Lord Lowther's, and 5 to 2 against his Majesty's.

THURSDAY, MAY 27.—The *Derby's Stakes*, of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.; for three-year-old colts, 8st. 7lbs., and fillies, 8st. 2lbs.; the owner of the second horse to receive 100 sovs. out of the stakes. Mile and half. 89 subscribers.

Mr. Chifney's Priam 1
Mr. Ridsdale's Little Red Rover 2
Lord Exeter's Mahmoud 3

The following also started, but were not placed:—Lord Exeter's ch. c. Augustus; Mr. Petre's b. c. Brunswicker; his Majesty's b. c. Sir Harry Beagle; Sir M. Wood's ch. c. The Mummer; Sir M. Wood's b. c. Cotus; Lord Lowther's ch. c. Firman; Lord Cleveland's ch. c. by Emilius; Mr. Tome's Port; Lord Sligo's br. c. Brine; Lord Cavendish's c. by Godolphin; Lord Exeter's ch. c. Red Rover; Mr. Ramsbottom's Zucharelli; Mr. Griffith's b. c. Thorngrove; Mr. Rush's b. c. by Comus; Sir D. Bird's Snooks; Colonel Wilson's Brother to Lamplighter; Lord Egremont's Brother to Grampus; Lord Grosvenor's Thermometer; Mr. Gully's Prima Donna; Lord Sefton's Captain Arthur.

Betting before starting—4 to 1 against Prima, 6 to 1 against Little Red Rover, 6 to 1 against Brunswicker, 6 to 1 against Sir Harry Beagle, 9 to 1 against Captain Arthur, 12 to 1 against

Augustus, 13 to 1 against Mahmoud, 16 to 1 against the Mummer, and 30 to 1 against Firman.

The race was appointed for two o'clock, and by that time the jockeys were ready at the starting post; but the delay occasioned by the extraordinary number of false starts (about fourteen) made it near a quarter to three o'clock before it was decided; and, to make the matter worse, the riders were exposed to a drenching storm for near an hour. The last start was beautiful: Prima Donna took the lead at a sound pace, followed by Lord Exeter's Red Rover, his little namesake lying next, with Port and Mahmoud, the others being well laid up in a body, Priam outside, nearly the last horse in the race. Prima Donna continued the running up the hill, when Lord Exeter's Red Rover challenged and went to the front; he kept there till just before the turn, and then Little Red Rover took the lead. Augustus coming up at the same time, these two maintained the running to the distance, where Mahmoud joined them; Priam had been in the rear till past the rubbing house; there Sam Day (the rider of the Priam) began to draw upon his horses, and at Tattenham Corner he was in the foremost ranks with Sir Harry Beagle, Brunswicker, Mummer, Thermometer, Brine, &c., but he waited with great patience till they got to the Grand Stand, where Augustus gave up, Mahmoud, at the same time, beginning to flag; Day then made a rush *à la* Chifney, shook off Little Red Rover after a short struggle, and won very cleverly by two lengths. Augustus was fourth, Brunswicker fifth, Sir Harry Beagle sixth, Mummer seventh, Thermometer being close with them, but all beat clear off. The Chifneys are great winners; so are Mr. Justice, Mr. Bland, Mr. Gully, Mr. Ridsdale, &c. Value of the stakes £2100. After the races, Priam rose to 4 and 5 to 1 for the St. Leger.

A *Silver Cup*, value 50 sovs., given by the Stand Committee, added to the sweepstakes of 5 sovereigns each; 3 yrs. old, 6st. 10lbs., 4 yrs. 8st. 8lbs.; 5 yrs. 9st. 2lbs.; six and aged, 9st. 5lbs. Mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. The winner to be sold for 500 sovs., &c. Two miles.

Lord Mountcharles's Rasselas, 5 yrs... 1
Col. Wilson's ch. c. by Emilius, 3 yrs. 2
Mr. Langham's b. f. Harmony, 3 yrs. 3
Lord Egremont's c. by Whalebone, 3 yrs..... 4

The *Durden Stakes* of 10 sovs. each, and 10 added: three years old, 7st.; four, 8st. 10lbs.; five, 8st. 2lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. A winner once in 1830, carrying 3lbs. extra; twice, 5lbs.; thrice, 7lbs. extra. The winner is to be sold for 150 sovs. &c. One mile.

Mr. Lumley's Goshawk, aged..... 1
Mr. Scott's Discovery, 4 yrs..... 2
Mr. Walker's Netherby, 4 yrs..... 3
Mr. Dockeray's Pilot, 6 yrs..... 4

Won easy by two lengths.

The *Denbies Stakes* of 10 sovs. each, and 10 added, for maiden horses; three years old, 7st.; four, 8st.; five, 9st. 2lbs.; six and aged, 9st. 5lbs. The winner to be sold for 100 sovs. if demanded, &c. Horses that have started four times allowed 7lbs. One mile.

Mr. Howes's Janette, 3 yrs..... 1
Duke of Richmond's Juvenis, 3 yrs.... 2
Mr. Lumley's ch. c. Miletus, 3 yrs... 3
Mr. Smith's Tancredi, 4 yrs..... 4
Mr. Young's b. f. Schoolgirl, 3 yrs..... 5
Mr. Crouch's b. g. by Anticipation, 3 yrs..... 6
Mr. Dickenson's Pauper, 4 yrs..... 7

Won by two lengths, after an indifferent race.

Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, and 50 added by the County Members;

r three years old, 7st.; four, 8st. bs.; five, 9st.; six and aged, 9st. bs. The winner to be sold for)0 sovs., &c. The owner of the :ond horse to save his stakes. wo mile heats.

[r. Tomes's Foxcote, 4 yrs. (Darling).....	1	1
[r. Hadley's Blinker, 4 yrs.....	4	2
len. Grosvener's Tantivy, 3 yrs.	2	3
[r. Colman's Bunter, 4 yrs.....	3	dr
[r. Smith's Esperance, 3 yrs...	5	br

Won cleverly.

FRIDAY, MAY 28th.—The *Oaks Stakes* of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-old fillies, 8st. 4lbs. The owner of the second horse to receive 1000 sovs. out of the stakes. Last mile and half. Seventy-seven subscribers.

Mr. Stonehewer's f. by Bustard, out of Leeway's dam.....	1
Lord Sefton's Mouche..... ...	2
Mr. Benson's Jenny Vertpré..... ..	3

The following also started, but were not placed:—Lord Jersey's ch. f. Charlotte West; Lord Queensberry's Maria; Lord Anson's Zillah; Mr. Benson's Lady Blanche; Duke of Grafton's Brambilla; Mr. Greatorex's Citron; Duke of Richmond's Janette; Mr. Sadler's Design; Mr. Payne's by Bustard, out of Brown Duchess; Lord Exeter's Schumla; Lord Lowther's Victorina; Lord Lowther's Verdict; Mr. Thornhill's Carmine; Mr. Boston's Recovery, by Centaur (Harriett); Sir G. Heatcote's by Comus, out of Jane Shore.

The delay on the Derby was at least equalled by that for this race, which was not over till twenty minutes past three o'clock.

The betting fluctuated considerably before starting, the odds closing thus:—3 to 1 against Charlotte West; 7 to 2 against Mouche; 4 to 1 against Brown Duchess; 11 to 1 against Maria; [illegible] against Zillah; 12 to 1 Brambilla; 24 to 1 against Jenny Vertpré; 25 to 1 against Frederica; and 30, 35, and, in some instances, 40 to 1 against the winner.

The running was made by Jenny Vertpré, followed by Zillah, Mouche, Leeway, and Brambilla, the others beginning to tail off very early. Jenny kept up the running with great spirit till within the distance, but two or three changes had taken place in the mean time. Brown Duchess was beat at starting, and was soon after followed by the crack Yorkshire mare. Maria, Frederica, Citron, Jane Shore, Janette, and Design, were also beat early; nor did Lord Lowther's two make [illegible] lotte West ran pretty well for a mile, and then cut it. At the turn, Leeway took the third place, which had been previously occupied by Zillah; who hung upon Carmine, forced her against a bank, and threw her down, her rider being much bruised. At this point, too, Mouche seemed to be quite done up. Jenny Vertpré kept in front till the Stand, as above stated; Leeway then went up to her, Mouche having now gained upon Brambilla, and coming up to Jenny in the last three strides, just in time to see Leeway win by two lengths, and to beat Jenny by a neck. Brambilla ran fourth.

The result was as great a surprise as the Derby last year, and particularly to Mr. Stonehewer, who testified his admiration of Edwards's riding by presenting him with five hundred pounds. He also received other presents before he dismounted. Immediately after the race, the mare was christened "Variation." Sir M. Wood, Mr. Gully, Mr. Justice, &c., are reported to be good winners on the [illegible] of the stakes, £2275.

The *Woodcot Park Stakes* of 10 sovs. each, and 10 sovs. added, for three years old and upwards. Last half mile.

Mr. Maberley's Erymus, 3 yrs., 6st. 12lbs..... 1
Mr. Gardner's ch. c. by Rubens, 3 yrs., 6st. 7lbs. 2
Mr. Moot's Naughty Tommy, aged, 8st. 11lbs..... 3
Mr. Rush's Jenkins, 5 yrs., 9st. 4lbs. 4

One paid. Won cleverly by a length.

The *Union Stakes* of 10 sovs. each; for colts, 8st. 6lbs., and fillies, 8st. 3lbs., by Middleton or Cydnus, the owner of the latter adding 52 sovs. Woodcot Course.

Mr. Maberley's Antigone, by Middleton..... 1
Mr. Young's ch. f. Alexandrina..... 2
Mr. Farrel's c. by Middleton—Naughty Girl 3
Mr. Theobold's Half-pay, by Cydnus 4

One paid. Won cleverly by a length.

Match—50 sovs. Two miles.

Lord W. Lennox's Miss Craven, 9st. 4lbs. 1
Lord Ranelagh's Queen of Heats, 7st. 4lbs. 2

Won by four lengths.

Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, and 50 added by the town; for three years old, 6st. 7lbs.; four yrs., 8st. 2lbs.; five yrs., 8st. 9lbs.; six and aged, 9st. Winners extra. Heats two miles. The winner to be sold for 200 sovs., &c., and the second horse to save his stake. Four subscribers.

Mr. Sadler's Popinjay, aged (Chapel) 1 1
Mr. Hedley's Blinker, 4 yrs..... 2 2

Won by a neck, after two severe heats.

St. Leger.—Priam is now at 7 to 3, Raby at 10 to 1, and Brunswicker at 33 to 1. Maria's running is expected to send Hassan back.—*The Spectator, May* 29.

ASCOT HEATH RACES.

In the course of the last two or three weeks various reports have been circulated respecting these races, taking their origin from the lamented illness of his Majesty. Their purport has been that the meeting would be postponed till his Majesty was sufficiently recovered to visit them. That such a thing was meditated by two or three noblemen connected with the Court, we have reason to believe, but the intention was negatived by the King himself, who at once declared that it not only should take place at the time affixed, but that his own horses should run, and all the other arrangements be carried on in the same spirit as if sufficiently well to attend personally. It was a proper compliment to pay to the sovereign, to whose special patronage and support this meeting is so highly indebted, and there can be no doubt that most of the noblemen who stand engaged in it would have consented to a postponement; but it is clear that the meeting could not have been put off, for racing engagements are positive, and any adjournment without the consent of all the parties would have been invalid—it would have opened a door to serious evils, and have enabled every person, whose horses were entered in stakes for which they had little or no chance of success, to declare their engagements off, or they might have brought them to the ground on the day fixed, walked over the course, and claimed stakes. We believe that, in e case, the Jockey Club must supported them; nor do we t that anything would justify postponement of a racing r ing, without the approbatio every subscriber to the s Since the last meeting, Lord has turned his attention to the improvement of the race-course, and has succeeded in rendering it one of the most complete

in the kingdom. Under his directions the course has been underdrained in all directions, and about £200 expended in forming a new gallop for the horses all round, to avoid having them on that part of the heath appointed to the running; it is now in the best possible order. His lordship meditates other alterations, which cannot fail of being beneficial to the sport. In the stakes appointed for decision there is a marked improvement, their aggregate value exceeding that of any former meeting by £2000 or £3000, and in this respect we would notice a superiority over most other places. The stakes are not only well filled, but also by those who can pay, most of the nominations being of the highest respectability. At other meetings it is sufficient to get plenty of names to a stakes without any care whether they are available ones. In fact, Lord Maryborough has purged Ascot Races of many of the evils that had been complained of previous to their coming under his stewardship, and is unceasing in his endeavours to promote their interest and respectability. The great attraction of the meeting, however, is lost, and there can be no doubt that the lamented illness and consequent absence of the sovereign will have a material and prejudicial effect on his attendance, for thousands have been in the habit of visiting Ascot Heath races as much to see the King as from desire to enjoy the sport. royal stand presented a woeful ge. There was no anxious out for the approach of yal procession—no grouping ctators in front of the stand enthusiastic cheering on the ance of his Majesty at the In fact, none of the attributes of a meeting which for many years has almost the exclusive patronage Royalty.

The race-course presented the same regular appearance as usual —the old regulations for the preservation of order having been strictly enforced. As a proof of Lord Maryborough's admirable discipline, we may state that the Marquis of Worcester was very politely handed across the course just before the last sweepstakes— —a constable holding each arm, and several noblemen and gentlemen in the Jockey Club stand giving additional effect to the scene by crying out, "duck him," "mind your pockets," and divers other advices of a similar nature, much to the amusement of the spectators. The Marquis bore the joke with perfect good humour. The course was kept excellently. The attendance of general company was certainly less numerous than we have seen on a first day, nor did we perceive many of the nobility who have have usually been present when the King has graced the Heath with his patronage. To the melancholy illness of his Majesty must be attributed the shortness of the following list of fashionables:—Duke of Grafton, Duke of Leeds, Duke and Duchess of Richmond, Duke of Portland, Duke of Rutland, Marquis of Graham, Marquis of Cleveland, Marquis Clanricarde, Marquis of Worcester, Marquis of Tavistock, Marquis and Marchioness of Exeter, Lord Normanby, Lord Maryborough, Lord Jersey, Lord Anson, Lord Durham, Lord Sefton, Lord Uxbridge, Lord Cavendish, Lord G. Bentinck, Lord Ranelagh, Lord H. Bentinck, Lord Mountcharles, Lord Jersey, Lord Wilton, Lord J. Fitzroy, Lord F. Cecil, Lord Warwick, Lord Chesterfield, Lord C. Manners,

Lord C. Somerset, Count Montrond, Hon. Col. Anson, Hon. Capt. Rous, Col. Russell, Col. Udny, Col. Standen, Col. Clinton, Sir I. Shelly, Sir M. Wood, Sir D. Baird, Col. Peel, Col. Crawford, Col. Clifton, Messrs. D. Radcliffe, Payne, Holyoake, Byng, Hungerford, J. Mills, F. Mills, Poyntz, Dowdeswell, Stanley, Hunter, Rush, Benson, Bulkeley, &c., &c.

The races finished at a late hour as follows :—

Match, 100 sovs. each, h. ft. Old Mile.

Lord Mountcharles' Coronet, 5 yrs. 8st. 5lbs.	1
Mr. W. Day's Augur, 4 yrs., 8st.	2

Even betting. Coronet made all the running, and, although pressed close at the finish, was never headed, winning the match by a neck only. Rode by G. Nelson; Augur, by C. Day.

The *Oatlands Stakes*, of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft. for all ages. Two miles and a half.

Mr. Cooper's Merman, 4 yrs., 7st. 4lb.	1
His Majesty's Hindostan, 5 yrs., 8st. 7lbs.	2
Lord Worcester's Maresfield, 6 yrs., 8st. 9lbs.	3
Capt. G. Bulkeley's Bustle, 3 yrs., 6st. 4lbs.	4
Duke of Portland's Theban, 4 yrs., 8st.	5
Mr. Crosby's Masaniello, 5 yrs., 8st. 2lbs.	6

Five paid forfeit; 2 to 1 against Merman; 7 to 2 against Theban; 4 to 1 against Maresfield; 5 to 1 against Hindostan. Masaniello took the lead, followed by the others at a moderate pace to the first turn, when Merman went at once to the front, was three or four lengths before the others during the remainder of the race, and won very easy by three lengths; rode by Pavis, Hindostan by Nelson, Maresfield by Robinson, Bustle by a lad, Theban by J. Day, and Masaniello by C. Day. Merman has been sold to Lord Warwick, to be delivered after this day's races. The price was £400, considerably below his real value.

Sweepstakes of 100 sovs., h. ft., colts, 8st. 8lbs. The winner of the £2000 to carry 5lbs. extra; of the Derby 7lbs. extra; untried stallions or mares allowed 3lbs. Old Mile.

Mr. Chifney's Priam (7lbs. extra)	1
Lord Cavendish's Mouse colt	2
Lord Exeter's Mahmoud	3

Fifteen others were frightened out of the field by the mere terror of Priam's name. The race created no inconsiderable degree of interest, as much from the deserved celebrity already obtained by Priam, as from the influence his running must necessarily have on the St. Leger betting. With 7lbs. extra a defeat would not have been extraordinary; but a victory with such a drawback proves him to be a horse infinitely superior to anything of his years that has appeared in public. The opinion entertained of him may be imagined from their betting 3 to 1 on him; 7 to 2 against Mahmoud; and 14 to 1 against Mouse. It was what jockeys term a "short run race," Priam got off first, but Sam Day instantly drew back, and let Mahmoud take the lead, Mouse lying third; they maintained their respective places till just past the betting stand, when Priam made a slight increase in the speed, Mouse at the same time getting up to Mahmoud; the rest of the ground afforded a pretty race for *second* between Mahmoud and Mouse (which the latter won by a head only), but Priam, in three or four strides, gave them a second edition of his Derby running, and, with nine stone on his back, won by a length with perfect ease to him-

self. Chifney intended to ride him, and had actually weighed; he subsequently changed his mind, and put Sam Day on him; he rode quite as well as at Epsom. The Mouse colt was ridden by Arnull, and Mahmoud by Dockery. Value of the stakes, £1050, including the winner's stakes. The result of this race will give a pretty correct notion of what may be expected at Doncaster.

His Majesty's Plate of 100 guineas; 4 yrs., 10st. 7lbs.; 5 yrs., 11st. 12lbs.; and aged, 12st. Four

Lord Warwick's Merman, 4 yrs. 1
Lord Mountcharles's Gayhurst, 4 yrs 2
Duke of Portland's Theban, 4 yrs..... 3
Mr. Grant's Navarin, 4 yrs. 4
Mr. Boast's Fair Play, aged 5

Gayhurst and Merman were at evens to 2 to 1 each. The former made all the running in the first round at a slow pace; at the second turn Merman took up the running, with about the same lead as in his first race; Gayhurst kept second to him to the distance, and then made his push, but was defeated rather cleverly by half a length. Rode by Paris; Gayhurst by Nelson; Theban by J. Day; Navarin by Forth; and Fair Play by W. Boast. Merman became Lord Warwick's property after the Oatlands.

Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.; for fillies, 8st. 5lbs.; untried stallions or mares allowed 3lbs. Old Mile.

Duke of Grafton's Brambilla 1
Lord Sefton's Mouche 2

Only these two came to the post out of an entry of eighteen. Betting—7 to 4 and 2 to 1 on Mouche, who, it will be recollected, beat Brambilla easy in running for the Oaks. Mouche made the running at a smart pace to the distance, when Brambilla came up; a very fine race followed, and terminated in favour of the Duke of Grafton, by a head. H. Edwards rode Mouche. Value of stakes, £1000.

Match—100, h. ft. Half mile.

Mr. Gardener's b. c. by Abjer, dam by Cervantes, 8st. 3lbs. (Pairs) 1
Mr G. Bulkeley's ch. f. Cherrymoya, 8st. 2

Won easy by two lengths. No betting.

Match—100, h. ft. 8st. 4lbs. each. New Mile.

Mr. Charlton's b. f. Inexpressible recd. Mr. Theobald's ch. f. Celerity pd.

Match—50, h ft. Old Mile.

Mr. Scaith's Wigwam (late Convert), 7st. 4lbs. (Pairs) 1
Lord Ranelagh's Queen of Hearts, 8st. 10lbs..... 2

Won easy.

After the race to-day, Priam was backed for the St. Leger, at 9 to 4, and at last at 2 to 1, to a large sum.

The accounts given on the Heath of the King's health were of the most gloomy kind, and induced apprehensions that he could not survive the day.

HORSE RACING.

The people of England, according to Fitz-Stephen, took great delight in horse-racing even so early as the time of Henry II. The citizens of London, he informs us, would go in crowds to witness the diversion. In the days of good Queen Bess, races appear to have been greatly in vogue; and it is said that the nobility expended immense sums in endeavouring to improve the breed of horses. It is recorded that the famous George, Earl of Cumberland, wasted great part of his estates "by his extreme love of horse-races, tiltings, and other expensive diversions." About the year 1600, private matches by gentlemen, who always rode upon their own horses themselves, were very common. In the reign of

James I., many public races were established in different parts of the kingdom. Races were run in Hyde-park at the latter part of the reign of Charles I.; but it was in the time of the second Charles that this species of amusement was most patronized. Newmarket, though it had been formerly famous only for hunting, now first became a place of great racing notoriety, which it has ever since maintained. Charles frequently attended this place in person, and so fond was he of the sport, he established races for his own amusement at Dacket Mead when he resided at Windsor. He also gave a silver cup, to be run for on the different courses in the kingdom, the value of which was 100 guineas. William III., who was remarkably fond of horses, was a great patron of racing. He confirmed the gift of the plates, and enacted some new regulations for the turf. George I. discontinued the plates, and gave in their room 100 guineas. In the 30th year of George II. an act was passed for putting down races by ponies, &c., "by which all matches for any prize under £50" are prohibited, under a heavy penalty. It is also there ordained that every race must be begun and ended on the same day. There are at Newmarket two courses, the long and the round; the former is four miles 380 yards, the latter three miles 1360 yards. Childers, considered the swiftest horse ever known, has passed over the long course in seven minutes and a half, the round in six minutes and forty seconds, which is at the rate of nearly fifty feet in a second! No other horse has gone over the long course in less than seven minutes and fifty seconds, or over the other in less than seven minutes. It is supposed that a racehorse passes twenty-five feet at every spring. It has been said that the celebrated horse Eclipse used to cover twenty-seven or thirty feet at each bound.—*Liverpool Albion.*

WRESTLING.

The great match, for £50, between Francis Oliver, a Cornishman, and Philip Pyle, a Devonian, was decided on Monday last, at the Eagle Tavern, in the City-road; and, notwithstanding the unfavourable state of the weather, such was the interest it excited, that from 600 to 700 spectators were present. About half-past five, the rain having abated, the men entered the ring, commenced play, and in a few minutes Oliver succeeded in gaining the first fall. In the next bout Oliver displayed one of those feats of strength and dexterity which, from their imposing appearance, always gain him so much applause. Seizing Pyle by the middle, he turned his heels over his head, considerably above his own, and then laid him rather gently on the grass; but he (Pyle) not falling precisely on his back, the exertions of Oliver were only rewarded by the applause of the spectators. In the next bout both men fell on their knees, owing to the slippery state of the grass; but Oliver quickly regained his footing, and shoved Pyle, while yet on his knees, on to his back, and, conceiving he had won the match, which was to be decided by the first two falls, quitted the ring, and refused to return, although the umpires decided the act to be unfair. The clamours of the spectators, however, became so general, that he at length thought proper to return and again set-to. Pyle, in this bout, was near making a tie with him, but it turned out to be only a foil. Pyle then commenced kicking

tremendously, which Oliver but slightly returned, and it was pretty generally thought that Oliver was getting weaker, while his opponent appeared to be im-

[illegible] of his friends, many of whom called out "Go it, Pyle—kick away;" and so he did, for a considerable time, and then took the inner crook upon Oliver's left leg, and clung to him like a leech, but was unable to move him. At this critical moment, Oliver shifted his hold lower down, to give him a greater purchase to effect what he was about to do, placed himself firmly on his right foot, and, raising his left leg, disengaged himself from the crook, and threw Pyle a most decisive fall, which terminated the match in his favour. The company then separated. The stakes were paid over to Oliver on the following night, at the house of Mr. Brown, the John o'Gaunt, Duke-street, Lincoln's Inn Fields.

Another match was to have been played on the same day at the Golden Eagle, in the Mile End-road; but, owing to the interest excited by the above match, we understand it was relinquished by consent of both parties.

The annual Cornish match, the greatest in the kingdom, being patronized by the nobility and gentry of the counties of Cornwall, Devon, &c., will commence to-morrow (Monday), and be continued for three days, at Wellington Cricket Ground, Chelsea. Seventy guineas and upwards are already allotted in prizes, to be divided amongst the must successful players. Great exertions are said to have been made by the managers for some months past to procure the best players from both counties, to gratify the noblemen and gentlemen who usually attend this match, so as to exhibit the game in its greatest perfection. —*Life in London, May* 16.

MR. KEAN'S SEVENTH ANNUAL MATCH.

Thursday last may be considered as the commencement of the Aquatic Season (and perhaps on no former occasion was it opened with greater *éclat*), it being the day on which the annual prize wherry, denominated the "Shakespear," given by Edmund Kean, Esq., who, it would appear, spared neither expense nor trouble in rendering the match in every respect worthy the attendance of those amateurs of distinction and respectability, who have generally honoured it with their presence. The prize has hitherto been contended for by seven pair of oars, but on this occasion the custom was deviated from (and, as the result proved, with great success and gratification), it being rowed for by fourteen pairs of sculls—seven boats, two pairs in each. Such distribution being unprecedented in the annals of the sports on the river, the novelty of circumstances drew together, notwithstanding the chilly and lowering weather, an assemblage of aquatic respectability, in every denomination of boats, that has been seldom equalled, certainly never surpassed, at so early a period of the season. The Emerald, manned by eight of the British firemen (the lines being taken by the able conductor of this and all previous matches—Mr. White), was again in requisition as the starting galley, and Mr. Kean and Mr. Lee having taken their seats with the well-known banner of the former gentleman flying over their heads, she was pulled up to Westminster Bridge. Several other gentlemen

followed in Mr. White's wherry, with the Union Jack hoisted in her; amongst whom where Messrs. Barrymore, Seymour, Stanfield, Tilson, and Webster. Having recently specified the conditions of the match in our paper, it will be unnecessary again to enumerate them; suffice it to state that the following men took their stations at Westminster Bridge.

SCARLET—
John Williams, Waterloo Bridge;
James Gregory, Bankside.

WHITE—
Charles Brumwell, Bankside;
Thos. Dodd, Hungerford.

PURPLE—
Wm. Rayden, Waterloo Bridge;
John Harris, Bankside.

LIGHT BLUE—
Wm. Byford, Lambeth;
Edmund Brumwell, Old Swan.

PINK—
John Becket, Westminster Bridge;
James Crawley, Hungerford.

GREEN—
James Dodd, Hungerford;
Samuel Stubbs, Waterloo Bridge.

YELLOW—
Thomas Jones, Whitehall;
James Jones, Hungerford.

On the signal being given, the whole went away in a manner as admirable as it was interesting, and afforded to the "thousands" present a treat of no mean description. Scarlet, Green, White, and Yellow were so close together in passing the Penitentiary, that one of the many sails which were unreefed on this attractive day would have encompassed the whole, and even on their shooting the bridge it was difficult to ascertain which had the lead. White, however, managed to pop the nose of their boat through a few seconds before Green, Scarlet being close on the quarter of the latter, and the Yellow boys near him. In going up, a change took place, Scarlet passing Green off Nine Elms, and eventually taking the lead from White, and the Purple heroes, who were sixth through Vauxhall Bridge, following close in rear of the lads of the Green emblem, who were third off the Red House. Light Blue had a tinge of their colour on their mugs at Battersea, and instead of overheating themselves at rowing, they pulled in at Swayne's, and perspired over the good things there provided. The others gallantly kept at their work without any alteration in position, until going round the boat off Lawn Cottage, when Purple succeeded, by dint of exertion, in cutting off Green, thus placing themselves in a situation which entitled them to contend in the grand heat. They arrived at the Red House as follows:—Scarlet first, White second, Purple third, Green fourth, Pink fifth, Yellow sixth. At the conclusion of this heat Mr. Kean and his friends proceeded to a private room, and partook of refreshments, while the men enjoyed themselves below. The light-fingered gentry made several grand and simultaneous rushes among the dense crowd, and the policemen and the disorderlies had several skirmishes. After two hours had elapsed as above described, the signal was given for preparation, when Scarlet, White, and Purple took their respective stations for the concluding heat. The tide having turned, they were started downwards. On going off, White if anything had the advantage, but Scarlet manfully exerted themselves, and shortly went ahead, going through Vauxhall Bridge about two oars' lengths in advance. Purple and White, having shot contrary arches, came in contact when rounding the pier, and before they could disengage themselves Scarlet had the lead considerably. The interest of the heat was consequently in a great measure lost,

although there could be but one opinion of Scarlet continuing the lead, even if the delay had not taken place between Purple and White. After Scarlet had rounded the boat off Lawn Cottage, they came down to the Red House, rowed alongside the excellently-built prize, when Williams jumped into her, and rowed off amidst deafening cheers, the band playing "See the conquering hero comes." Among the betting gentry, Williams and Gregory were decidedly the favourites, from the period when it was first ascertained they were to row together, and after the first heat as high odds as 6 to 1 were offered on their winning the boat. Charley Brumwell's arms were much swollen at the conclusion of both heats. Rayden and Harris did more than was expected of them on this occasion, and, by their coming in so gallantly in the first heat, proved their stamina to be of the right sort. The winning men rowed in a beautiful boat, lately built by Honey and Archer, for an amateur. Mr. Kean's celebrated canoe was paddled ahead of the match in excellent style, by Messrs. Easton and Storey, of Strand-lane, attired in uniform, and had a good effect. We never witnessed a match which gave greater satisfaction, or one more efficiently conducted throughout. It will, no doubt, be the precursor of many similar ones.

On Friday afternoon the new wherry, with the winning men in her, was placed in a four-wheeled van, and conveyed from Waterloo Bridge, preceded by a band of music, to the cottage of Mr. Kean, in the Regent's Park, when Williams and Gregory returned thanks for the patronage so liberally bestowed on them. Mr. Kean having again showered forth his bounty on the men, the whole party returned in high *spirits*, giving a call on their way back at the stage door of Old Drury, where three cheers were given in grand style. The boat at present remains within the railings of Waterloo Bridge, it not as yet being decided which of the men will take her.

THE

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ANTELOPE COURSING.

SIR,

Having frequently observed in your valuable Magazine allusions to the impracticability of running down antelopes with greyhounds, and conceiving that any communication on the subject will be acceptable, I have determined to offer you a few lines for the O. S. M., should you think them worthy of insertion. Mr. K——, well known as one of the best sportsmen on this side of India, during a residence of about three months at Point Calymere in the Tanjore Province (a place resorted to by many during the hot season), killed upwards of *eighty* antelopes with his dogs this year. Start not, gentle Editor, but check your incredulity whilst I give you the particulars, after which, should you still have any doubts on the subject, I don't mind betting you the amount of the profits of the "Magazine" (and those I take it are no trifle*) that he would do the same next year. Being much of the same opinion as most other people regarding the impossibility of catching them, he had, of course, never thought of slipping his dogs at them, until one day, whilst coursing a fox, his dogs took after a buck antelope and pulled him down. This being repeated a second time, and thus finding that they were "to be had," he made a practice of going out after them; and the same success attending him during the time he remained there, the result in the end was, as I have stated above, more than eighty killed. Many (I should think one-third) were black bucks, and the remainder full-grown does, with a few fawns. His dogs, although of the best English blood, bred in the country, are not, of course, superior to those of many other gentlemen who have often experienced the fruitlessness of slipping them at these animals, nor is the nature of the ground unfavourable to them (the antelopes), for, although the soil is sandy, it is hard and covered with grass, and they scarcely leave a mark on it with their feet. The sport is upon the whole very pretty, being a complete race, tail on end, generally for about a couple of miles, though frequently they are caught almost immediately, and as frequently beat the dogs altogether; and, as there is no turning, any number of dogs may of course be

* If our subscribers would but pay their subscriptions.—ED.

slipped. The inferiority in speed and bottom of the antelope at this particular place is only to be accounted for by the peculiar nature of the situation acting on their general *condition*. The plain on which they are caught is between the sea and a very deep jungle, and beyond that again is the broad salt swamp (as may be seen in any map of India) which runs along the whole part of the coast, lying east and west for about forty miles. The antelopes are found for a long distance up the small strip of dry land which lies between the sea and the swamp, and which, I believe, they never quit; and a very curious fact regarding them is that in these places there is not a single drop of fresh water to be found. So much is this the case, that the people who resort there for the purpose of carrying salt fish are obliged to take water with them from a very great distance. The only moisture which they can get must be, therefore, derived from the herbs which they eat, and they may in that respect be similar to rabbits, which never, I believe, require to drink. Notwithstanding this, their meat is very juicy and good to eat, and this perhaps is as marked a particular in which they differ from other antelopes as can be adduced, for in most parts of the country their flesh is generally black, dry, and scarcely eatable. In connection with this fact it may not be out of place to notice that one Strabo, speaking of the "*Kolas*" or ("*Antelope Scithica*"), says "it draws through its nostrils a great quantity of water, which it retains in its head, and which serves to supply it with moisture for many days in the desert." Concerning this fact, I don't pretend to offer and opinion. I can only say that I have seen many heads opened, but never found any water in them, and as probably Mr. Strabo never caught one himself, it may safely be conjectured that his informant was *a humbugging of him*. In conclusion, I would recommend any of your readers who may think it worth their while, when they have an opportunity, to try the antelopes which they found on the coast, which, like coast foxes, may be slower than their inland brethren.

Your obedient servant,

B.

Tanjore, Dec. 17th, 1830.

SNIPE SHOOTING.

SIR,

Snipe shooting in India may generally be said to come in about the middle of May, and of all shooting it is universally allowed to be the best. In some parts, however, these birds make their appearance nearly a month before this time, as for instance in all rice countries like the Konkan, whence, as the hot season advances, and the rice fields become parched, they are driven to the more permanent bogs and tanks, for boring ground, where they will be found merely up to the time of the setting in of the Monsoon. At the latter end of the season they are rarely to be found in the Konkan, save in a few instances, and should any sportsman feel inclined to rusticate a short time, I shall mention one, and recommend him, for snipe shooting, to take up his quarters in the southern Konkan, at Malwa, within five miles of which place is Kundlegown, the name of a village well known to most of the Konkanney shots, its neighbouring marshes affording

the very quintessence of snipe shooting. The nature of the ground consists of well-flooded rice fields intersected by small canals or ditches, which are well filled by the sea at high tides only, but never so deep as to prevent the sportsman from crossing them, unless, indeed, he be of that dissoluble nature and so indifferent in the pursuit of game as to object occasionally to wading up to his middle after it, and even for such a description of shooter there is abundance of sport. The ground being plentifully supplied with springs of fresh water, and the sea flowing into the creeks, it consequently becomes the object of attraction to all aquatic game, and more particularly the boring tribes (*Snipes*, &c.), which are seen earlier and depart later in the year from this place than any other country I ever visited. The distance of marsh extends about two miles. There is another extensive snipe ground about the same distance from Malwa, called Aari, nearly in the same direction as Kundlegown; both together, I should say, were capable of affording two days' first-rate sport per week, and throughout the season. These hints may not be unacceptable to those sportsmen who visit the Southern Konkan; and, trusting that those who avail themselves of what I have here stated may not be disappointed, I wish them every success, and remain yours,

A Subscriber.

TOUR BY NOSING TOM.

Dear Mr. Editor,

Towards the close of last month I had occasion, more from necessity than choice, to undertake a journey of some length; and although I saw nothing on my *beat* which can, from its sporting stamp, lay claim to insertion in your Magazine, you may yet, perhaps, find it convenient to set aside a column or two, if it be only for the making known that I did not travel with my eyes in my *pocket;* At last we discovered three reposing upon a ledge on the north- for I have a sad horror of your rubbish basket.

Asperæ facetiæ, ubi nimis ex vero traxere, acrem sui memoriam relinquunt, is a scrap of Latin which I have good cause to recollect, since it brought me many a sound flogging in my school-days; and it would not perhaps form a bad motto to my present letter. You can give a better translation of it than I can, so I shall proceed without further ado to my journey, the commencement of which gave promise of subsequent misfortune; for, from some mismanagement, I found myself seven hours on the back of my old gelding, by which time, the "funny" being all expended, I reached K— at "Mirk midnight," in that bungling sort of shuffle yclept "*the Woolwich.*" This was the first place with any pretension to *respectability* in the map I had adopted—a muster of miserable thatched cottages, the smoke-dried inmates renowned only for their growth of *grapes* and *cabbages.* But I had contrived to hit the wrong time of the year, and found the *grapes were sour;* as for the cabbages, they are much like their neighbours, with the disadvantage of being five times as big.

K— is not more than a morning's breathe from *Aurungabad*, a famous populous city in days of yore, but falling fast to decay for want of a little *rhino.* On the road is a ruinous old castle on the top of a high hill, and I was curious to see it; but the good people

at the gate, observing "the screw" to carry a little less meat on his bones than he might have done, and to be a trifle painted about the flanks, refused me admittance without an order from *Mr. Martin*, of humanity-act notoriety. On second thoughts I was not sorry for it, for the folks inside might with the like condescension have objected to let me *out again*.

I journeyed hence, with all the dispatch my grunting quadruped was master of, to *Nuggur;* and it is with unfeigned sorrow I am compelled to record the utter extermination of the sport which once rendered that neighbourhood so congenial to all true lovers of such scenes. The far-famed supporters of *artificial scent* have, as it were, dropped off one by one, and no one has risen up to supply their place. I visited the kennel where my ear had oft been greeted by the enchanting music of a well-disciplined pack, but, alas! denuded brats ran riot in its broad area, and sullen pestilential curs grinned at my unwelcome approach. The late spirited *owner* has selected a new "line of country" and a new "cover," and the *Priory* alone remains, as the last apple on a tree, to remind us of the days gone by.

During my sojourn here I had occasion to pass the filthy *Den* in which the *Pot Hunters* conceal their four-footed accomplices in iniquity, and was greatly surprised to observe a display of the handicraft of some *country chip*, in the shape of a huge gallows right opposite the doorway, with a "spick and span new" hempen *twist* dancing at the extremity, and altogether looking vastly mischievous and foreboding. Moreover, from the inner recesses of the den did proceed the most fearful howls and deafening clamour. Indeed, thought I, these gentlemen have at last come to a sense of their enormities, and are certainly preparing to treat *Crooked Pins* to a *Tyburn tippet*, after he has been worried into fits. But no such luck, for in a little the door opened, and a stiff unyielding bandy-legged devil of a dog was shown out by a yard of tow, and the judicious application of a little *argumentum baculinum*, by which we understand *club law*—"no compulsion, only you must"; and malgré his very strenuous and natural endeavours to unhand himself, each and all of which were *backed* by a little more of the "Tommy," he was then and there tucked up with good five feet of "empty space" to interdict his acquaintance with mother earth, and as he dangled and kicked the "rabblement" chuckled and giggled, and so did I too, for the business from first to last was enough to have convulsed a mute. The unhappy beast had to thank his good nose, and better education for this disastrous exit, for I find they hang *everything* that prefers using its nostrils to its eyes, being a less certain and less expeditious mode of turning work out of hand. The job had put them all in prime spirits, and while some extolled the haltered inmate of the *kennel*, as having made "a rare hang," others lamented that they could not treat *Nosing Tom* to a new neckcloth, and many and various were the opinions manifested as to who he might be. They little thought that he was a spectator of their proceedings, or that their exploits were to grace the forthcoming Number of your Magazine; but so it is, Sir, and the truth will creep out, that, despite of my remonstrance, the *Pot Hunters* are at their old tricks, and *Crooked Pins* drives his craft as heretofore, for

I saw him with the identical old *satchel* over his d——d shoulder, making faces at a fox-earth not a mile from the Bingar gate. I felt well disposed to kick the villain, and would have done it too, had I not feared to sully my shoes.

It was my intention to have looked in at *Sholapoor* on my way, because I fancied the good people there have said more than is altogether necessary about their hunting exploits, and are puffing themselves into fame undeservedly; but I was constrained to postpone my visit to a future opportunity, and I recollect nothing worth recording till I arrived at my destination, a flinty, barren, ill-looking Madras cantonment, on the iron soil of which *horse shoes* and *nails* are next to a spontaneous production, and everything which had breath appeared to have been bitten by a mad greyhound. This coursing *mania*, however, was less to be wondered at when I ascertained that the country produced no other game but hares and foxes, and they, to have scraped up a subsistence, must have been endowed with teeth like *files*.

I attended the *meeting* but once, and then I was wellnigh ridden over by mine "own familiar friend" *Gilpin*, who set off at positive racing speed the very instant the slips were loosed, as did all the other gentlefolks with him, who had been on the look-out for a start, and seemed to be riding in a clump, straight away from all mortal "varmint." They say, and very justly too, "that there is a place for every man in the field;" and as I did not intend to travel in the *hind boot*, I put in the "Brummagems," and soon found mine. But I was so mystified by the terrific *pace*, that the thing appeared more like a dream than a reality. It did not require long at this rate of going to head the dogs, and their game too, and the *tit* on which I operated, not comprehending any more than your humble servant what was to come of all this *screwing*, overshot the mark by some hundred yards, and before I could "*Bout ship*," Gilpin's clasp knife had taken liberties with Reynard's posterior decorations, which had charged masters, and now ornamented his *button-hole;* he was sadly puzzled to know the meaning of all this, and all who had any pretension to the *lead*, and many of those who had *none* were at high loggerheads, when my friend, assuming a *lugubrious* turn of feature at my ignorance, set me all straight with the information that they had been "riding for the *brush*," which had fallen to his share as first *in at the death*—"wouldn't give a damn to see a fox *hunted* to death in a *trot*."

We sat down to dinner, and the cloth was no sooner removed, than *matee* (who, by-the-by, was not the highest *caste* man I have yet seen) introduced, by way of dessert, a large board, on which "a matter" of fifty *tails*, and as many hares' feet, were stuck about in fanciful groups like the figures on a counterpane. This was passed round to an admiring yet envious company, who bit their nails, and evidently regarded my friend *Gilpin* as nothing inferior to *Dick Knight*. In fact, if to-day's may be considered a specimen of his customary pace, I should pronounce him a difficult man to *pound*.

I can now comprehend the meaning of D——h's "dark letter" in No. 3 of your Magazine, and am,

Yours obediently,

NOSING TOM.

Neilgherry Hills, 1st Oct., 1830.

THIRD DEESA MEETING.

SIR,

The third meeting of the Deesa Races terminated this morning, after excellent competition for nearly every Plate and Purse, and, taking into consideration the remote corner in which they took place, may be fairly pronounced "good."

Of course the secretary has sent you an account of the running, winners, &c., &c., but I think a little may be said, nor be deemed by your readers intrusive, of the course, horses, and some particular races.

The Deesa course is one mile and quarter and 119 yards long, of a good shape, but the nature of the soil renders it unfavourable for any pace, the horses not being able to get proper footing in the loose sand; the undulating ground, perhaps, adds to the interest, and in some measure compensates for the hardness of the soil.

At the beginning of the races we had every promise of first-rate sport, with such horses as "Paul Pry," "Chapeau-de-Paille," "Box-keeper," "Omra," "Master Henry," "Infidel," "Post-boy," "Jesuit," "Spectator," "Nobody," "Ugly-mug," "Sir Kenneth," "Regent," and "Wildrake;" with many, and some of them very promising, maidens; but the event showed how little dependence can be placed on travelled horses. For, with the exception of "Paul Pry," who was not in training, and of course did not start, "Omra," "Wildrake," and "Infidel" were the only three "right;" the unfortunate deaths of "Chapeau," "Box-keeper," and "Emigrant" left "Regent" alone in one stable; sickness and accidents made equal havoc in some others. So that "Lunatic," a maiden of the season, remained, almost the only horse in tolerable order, decidedly the favourite on the course.

Heavy betting created a great deal of interest on the event of the first maiden. But it turned out a mere canter in 4m. 18s., for "Lunatic."

A grey colt, named "Outlaw," entered for the second maiden, and won easily, Mr. Buckle's horse breaking his pastern, and half killing his rider in the second heat. "Outlaw" in appearance is perhaps as fine as any Arab that has turned up for many years: colour, "dark grey," standing 14h. 3in. or 15 hands, and has one of the finest fore-hands I have ever seen; his hind-quarters are rather coarse, and droop very much, but the position of the hind leg is superb; he is now rising five, but, although he has twice won, yet his not having had a decent nag against him leave us still in doubt as to his actual powers.

The Harmonic, however, offered fine sport, "Ranter," after three well-contested heats, carrying off the plate. "Regent" felt much inclined, the last heat, to push his nose first. Time 4m. 20s., carrying 12 stone!

"Omra" won the Give and Take, and, although a very fine horse, many thought he must feel his legs, which did not appear all right; he, however, again showed himself for the 21st Regiment Plate, carrying 9st. 10lbs., and proved that his legs were yet serviceable, and himself a good blood horse, winning two well-contested heats.

"Wildrake" on the same day got a cruel beating from "Infidel." He won the second heat in two

minutes, having lost many lengths in the start.

As "Regent" on the fifth day had carried off the Deesa plate from "Lunatic," "Omra," "Ugly-mug," and "Wildrake," a very great deal of interest was concentrated on the Winners' Handicap, the sixth day, for which "Lunatic," "Regent," and "Ugly Mug" entered, weighted as follows: the two former 8st. 7lbs., and the latter 8st. 3lbs. Bets running even on "Lunatic" and "Regent" and 2 and 3 to 1 against "Ugly Mug." The race came off much to the satisfaction of "Lunatic's" backers, he winning easily by some lengths.

"Lunatic" is a large chestnut, standing about 14h. 3in., five years old, very blood in appearance, which, as we hear he is going to Ahmedabad, will soon be put to the proof.

The Tattoo Plate, like all pony races, created great amusement. "Jack Cade," as unsuccessful as his ancestor of yore, bolted over the country, and only made his appearance at the stand when the others were about to start for the second heat. The stand, by-the-by, is a large and cheap building, erected on pillars 12 feet high, not particularly ornamental, but fully answering the purpose required; the funds would not admit of any superior architectural taste being displayed. The band also was in daily attendance, and the presence of the ladies, together with a large assembly of gentlemen, soldiers, and natives, gave a delightful finish to the joyous scene.

Thus have the Deesa horses, for the first time in three meetings, won a race of any note, and I sincerely hope that the sporting feeling always evinced there will be equally well rewarded the next season. Our Bengal friends, too, at Neemuch and Cawnpore, talk of paying us a visit then, and they will do well by changing deadly Mhow jungles for the healthy and pleasant journeys of Deesa, and afterwards to visit Ahmedabad, at both of which places they will always be sure to find *the proper turf feeling*, and a *good place under the Malagam.*

Yours,

"TURF."

Guzerat, 1830.

SCALE OF WEIGHTS FOR WHIM PLATES.

SIR,

I have much pleasure in sending you a scale of weights for Whim Plates, which ought, I think, to be adopted; the present system has but one recommendation, and that the old one for all subjects, viz. that it is as fair for one as another; however, even this applies only to owners, as for horses it is as unfair as anything can possibly be, giving all the advantage to the aged horse and weighing them beyond their power.

The plan is to make a horse carry the weight for his age: for seven years 9st., for six, 8st. 12lbs., for five, 8st. 5lbs., for four, 7st. 12lbs., and for three, 7st. 5lbs., to add one pound for every one-eighth of an inch from 14h. to 14h. 1in., and half-a-pound for every one-eighth after that weight; to deduct one pound for every one-eighth from 14h. to 13h. 3in., and half-a-pound for every one-eighth below 13h. 3in.

It is at least worth trying, as it must always "be as fair for one as the other." The scale is so

simple that it hardly deserves a place in the Sporting Magazine, but it will be the best means of attracting the attention of the public to the plan. I hope it will be in time for the Magazine, which was advertised to appear early in November last.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Yours obliged,
R. D. LUARD,
Sect. Poonah Turf.

Poonah, 7th Dec., 1830.

				3 Years old.		4 Years old.		5 Years old.		6 Years old.		7 Years old.	
hds.	in.	st.	lbs.	st.	lbs.	st.	lbs.	st.	lbs.	st.	lbs.	st.	lbs.
13	0	7	8	5	13	6	6	6	13	7	6	7	8
13	0⅛	7	8⅛	5	13½	6	6½	6	13½	7	6½	7	8½
13	0¼	7	9	6	0	6	7	7	0	7	7	7	9
13	0⅜	7	9½	6	0½	6	7½	7	0½	7	7½	7	9½
13	0½	7	10	6	1	6	8	7	1	7	8	7	10
13	0⅝	7	10½	6	1½	6	8½	7	1½	7	8½	7	10½
13	0¾	7	11	6	2	6	9	7	2	7	9	7	11
13	0⅞	7	11½	6	2½	6	9½	7	2½	7	9½	7	11½
13	1	7	12	6	3	6	10	7	3	7	10	7	12
13	1⅛	7	12½	6	3½	6	10½	7	3½	7	10½	7	12½
13	1¼	7	13	6	4	6	11	7	4	7	11	7	13
13	1⅜	7	13½	6	4½	6	11½	7	4½	7	11½	7	13½
13	1½	8	0	6	5	6	12	7	5	7	12	8	0
13	1⅝	8	0½	6	5½	6	12½	7	5½	7	12½	8	0½
13	1¾	8	1	6	6	6	13	7	6	7	13	8	1
13	1⅞	8	1½	6	6½	6	13½	7	6½	7	13½	8	1½
13	2	8	2	6	7	7	0	7	7	8	0	8	2
13	2⅛	8	2⅛	6	7⅛	7	0½	7	7½	8	0½	8	2½
13	2¼	8	3	6	8	7	1	7	8	8	1	8	3
13	2⅜	8	3½	6	8½	7	1½	7	8½	8	1½	8	3½
13	2½	8	4	6	9	7	2	7	9	8	2	8	4
13	2⅝	8	4½	6	9½	7	2½	7	9½	8	2½	8	4½
13	2¾	8	5	6	10	7	3	7	10	8	3	8	5
13	2⅞	8	5½	6	10½	7	3½	7	10½	8	3½	8	5½
13	3	8	6	6	11	7	4	7	11	8	4	8	6
13	3⅛	8	7	6	12	7	5	7	12	8	5	8	7
13	3¼	8	8	6	13	7	6	7	13	8	6	8	8
13	3⅜	8	9	7	0	7	7	8	0	8	7	8	9
13	3½	8	10	7	1	7	8	8	1	8	8	8	10
13	3⅝	8	11	7	2	7	9	8	2	8	9	8	11
13	3¾	8	12	7	3	7	10	8	3	8	10	8	12
13	3⅞	8	13	7	4	7	11	8	4	8	11	8	13
14	0	9	0	7	5	7	12	8	5	8	12	9	0
14	0⅛	9	1	7	6	7	13	8	6	8	13	9	1
14	0¼	9	2	7	7	8	0	8	7	9	0	9	2
14	0⅜	9	3	7	8	8	1	8	8	9	1	9	3
14	0½	9	4	7	9	8	2	8	9	9	2	9	4
14	0⅝	9	5	7	10	8	3	8	10	9	3	9	5
14	0¾	9	6	7	11	8	4	8	11	9	4	9	6
14	0⅞	9	7	7	12	8	5	8	12	9	5	9	7
14	1	9	8	7	13	8	6	8	13	9	6	9	8
14	1⅛	9	8½	7	13½	8	6½	8	13½	9	6½	9	8½
14	1¼	9	9	8	0	8	7	9	0	9	7	9	9
14	1⅜	9	9½	8	0½	8	7½	9	0½	9	7½	9	9½
14	1½	9	10	8	1	8	8	9	1	9	8	9	10
14	1⅝	9	10½	8	1½	8	8½	9	1½	9	8½	9	10½
14	1¾	9	11	8	2	8	9	9	2	9	9	9	11
14	1⅞	9	11½	8	2½	8	9½	9	2½	9	9½	9	11½
14	2	9	12	8	3	8	10	9	3	9	10	9	12
14	2⅛	9	12½	8	3½	8	10½	9	3½	9	10½	9	12½
14	2¼	9	13	8	4	8	11	9	4	9	11	9	13

				3 Years old.		4 Years old.		5 Years old.		6 Years old.		7 Years old.	
hds.	in.	st.	lbs.	st.	lbs.	st.	lbs.	st.	lbs.	st.	lbs.	st.	lbs.
14	2⅜	9	13½	8	4½	8	11½	9	4½	9	11½	9	13½
14	2½	10	0	8	5	8	12	9	5	9	12	10	0
14	2⅝	10	0½	8	5½	8	12½	9	5½	9	12½	10	0½
14	2¾	10	1	8	6	8	13	9	6	9	13	10	1
14	2⅞	10	1½	8	6½	8	13½	9	6½	9	13½	10	1½
14	3	10	2	8	7	9	0	9	7	10	0	10	2
14	3⅛	10	2½	8	7½	9	0½	9	7½	10	0½	10	2½
14	3¼	10	3	8	8	9	1	9	8	10	1	10	3
14	3⅜	10	3½	8	8½	9	1½	9	8½	10	1½	10	3½
14	3½	10	4	8	9	9	2	9	9	10	2	10	4
14	3⅝	10	4½	8	9½	9	2½	9	9½	10	2½	10	4½
14	3¾	10	5	8	10	9	3	9	10	10	3	10	5
14	3⅞	10	5½	8	10½	9	3½	9	10½	10	3½	10	5½
15	0	10	6	8	11	9	4	9	11	10	4	10	6

ANOTHER DAY WITH THE NUGGUR PACK.

SIR,

I think I see you going about to lay this on the shelf, fancying it another horrible production of Nosing Tom's. But you are mistaken. What I am about to state is nothing but a mixture of straightforward ideas and matter-of-fact circumstances from the pen of an unprejudiced man; by-the-by, report said N. T. was *burked*, but that cannot be true, as it appears he is still able to come up *to the scratch*, and it is to be hoped that another extract from his valuable, satirical, critical, sentimental, nonsensical, or whatever you like to call it journals will shortly grace the columns of the O. S. M. But enough of this preface; to the text.

I was marching through Ahmednuggur (vulgarly called Nuggur), as most subs do, with nothing in the shape of horseflesh, save and except a horse and a tat, the former taking wonderfully after Pharaoh's lean kine, and appearing marvellously afraid of his hind legs treading upon his fore, when as I was sitting comfortably at tiffin with a friend, anticipating with heartfelt pleasure a beautiful glass of Hodgson—I was even about to raise it to my lips—when, to the great detriment of my nervous powers, an *apparition* entered the room. Down fell the tumbler, and poor Hodgson was sent "to waste his fragrance on the desert air." I looked at my friend (who had just finished his) with a mixture of horror and amazement, which, as you may suppose, was increased when he burst out into an immoderate fit of laughter. I shall endeavour to describe the fiend, Mr. Editor, that so decomposed me, as also his errand.

He was of the middle stature, but stout, with thick bushy hair, not *hanging in graceful ringlets over his alabaster shoulders*, for it had cut all connection even with his neck, but exposing itself here and there in gristly tufts, wherever it might have escaped from the rags of his quondam puggree. And then his gait—and his eye. But I will sum up his appearance in a few words. He was a dirty-looking, cock-eyed sable imp. A regular Polyphemus from the infernal regions. And in his hand

he held—not a trident, nor a pitchfork, but, if possible, a dirty *scrap of paper.* And on it was inscribed—what? not the Lord's prayer backwards—no, nor do I know to this day what it was, for it was penned in a cruel queer fist. Thus much I deciphered.

"*The dogs will meet this afternoon at some hour or other, at some Tomb or other.*" Where this Tomb was or is I have no idea, for I saw nothing of it. By this time I had gained courage enough, not only to look my sable friend, without fear, in the face, but also to put some questions to him. He was apparently *a man of some information;* he told me he was *head coota walla to the Nuggur pack,* and gave me more intelligence as to the time and place of throwing off than I could get out of the circular. Bhooatcha, says I, the Nuggur pack—well, I had heard a great deal about it, and I wished to know more of it, so I determined upon knowing the spot.

At half-past four precisely *(according to Cock-eye, mind you)* my prancing Rosinante was brought to the door. Europe tops I had none, my cords were dusty, and my toggery altogether out of order, to go before the observation of the knowing ones. I made up my mind to start an emblem of innocence, and so did my nag, for he stood with one foot by at least half an inch off the ground, I suppose to avoid crushing some harmless reptile that might be lurking there. I nevertheless mounted, and, after riding less than half a mile, my ears were saluted by that yelling so beautifully described by a writer in the O. S. M., who subscribes himself Nosing Tom; not many more paces brought me up with the far-famed pack. In about three minutes more we came to a place which I thought smelt plaguily strong of assafœtida, and here a small jockey-looking personage met us at a hand gallop, who I afterwards discovered was one of the whippers-in; according to his account Reynard had gone off well to the right. The huntsman gave a knowing nod, without uttering a syllable, three whippers-in cracked their castigating implements at once, and in less than no time, we were off, Lord knows how fast.

Now, Mr. Editor, I am not a man of much observation, nor am I given to criticising; but eyes and ears are given to us to see and hear with, and mine had damned hard work of it that afternoon; for what with the yelling of the riders, in number from eighteen to twenty, and the perfect mixture of dogs and horses, the only thing that puzzles me is that the dogs ran at all; many of them actually stopped and turned round when well on the scent, thinking the huntsmen were speaking to them. However, they went away at a cruel sharp pace; and seemed to take rather more interest in it than those gents who rode in among them shouting and hallooing, as if they were beating a hog out of a sugar-cane field. One, in particular, could not escape observation; he had apparently just turned out of a band box. He wore, I should think from the appearance of it, one of N. T.'s helmets, a long blue-striped coat, cords, and top-boots, all of which *articles* appeared to have very lately made their escape out of a Europe tin case. He, I remarked, had just ridden over one dog, which took devilish good care to expose him to the field at large, not only by a hideous yell, but, alas! by a *hop and go*

one motion, which I firmly believe was the result of a broken leg. Soon after this we had a short check, which the *helmet-headed gent* was quite ignorant of, for, although he was not galloping, he was to be seen very contentedly trotting in the midst of the pack, ever and anon looking down on either side—it struck me at his top boots—nor did he discover they were at fault until two or three more had suffered. He, however, was not the only one. Some were amusing themselves by riding against one another, and attending to anything but the run: among these, some were adorned with *green baize coats.* I wonder what the above-mentioned *sporting characters* go out with the dogs at all for; Lord knows, and they ought to know that they can all gallop their horses to their heart's content, either along the roads in Camp, or across the country, without going out to spoil the sport of those who really enjoy it. But I am digressing.

The scent was again very prettily picked up, and away we went at the same merry pace. We had now been running for upwards of twenty minutes with only one short check, and that in my humble opinion not the fault of the dogs. The fox was now viewed by the huntsmen, &c., though not by the pack, when, to my utter astonishment, no sooner did *he with the helmet* and two or three others twig him, than they crammed in their rowels, shot ahead, and seemed to all intents and purposes themselves in the scent. As luck would have it, a nullah concealed the game for another ten minutes, when it was beautifully run into, after as brisk a sport as ever I wished to see in half an hour. The *bellows* of the cattle and gory spurs of the riders gave one some idea of the rate we had been going at. So much for the run. I went home contented, and on the whole much pleased with the Nuggur pack. With all due deference to the master of the ceremonies, the mange seems to have crept in among them, and they do not run together so well as one might wish. Time and trouble will, however, rectify these errors I hope; as it was, they exceeded my expectations, and gave me infinite satisfaction.

They must be a source of great amusement at an out-station, or rather a large station, like Nuggur, *especially to the Griff*, and that they may continue to afford as good sport every day they meet, is the sincere wish of your humble servant,

STRAP.

LONG ROAD MATCH.

SIR,

I think the following long road match, which beats the Major-General hollow, is hardly equalled in the annals of Indian Sporting. If you deem it worthy of a place in your valuable Magazine, by inserting it you will oblige

Your obedient servant,

LONG.

The match was made between Mr. O.'s white horse against any horse in Mr. J.'s stable, to be run on the 19th of Sept., the distance to Uscottah and back, which is thirty miles. From various causes Mr. J.'s stud became incapacitated, with the exception of one, a bay galloway standing 13h. 2¾in., which Mr. J. determined

running rather to prevent a disappointment than from any hope of winning. They started at 8 minutes past 5 a.m., reached the Fort gate at Uscottah, and returned to Ulsoor bridge Artillery lines, the galloway running in at 46 minutes past 6, performing the distance in one hour and 38 minutes. The little horse came in quite fresh, and certainly appeared able to have gone ten miles further at the same pace. The grey was beaten by 100 yards. He has been known for some time to be one of the best bottomed horses in India; he is a stud bred horse, with a good deal of Arab blood. The galloway is a slight made animal, with a goodish quarter, and remarkably high bred; he was always supposed to be a weed till this trial of bottom, which proves the old proverb, "there are as good fish in the sea as e'er came out o' it."

Bangalore, Nov. 20th, 1830.

SONG.

BY RICHARD NORMAN, EARTH STOPPER TO THE LATE MR. MEYNELL.

TUNE—*Ballinamora Ora.*

This morning at work, sowing out of my hopper,
Troth, who should come up but Dick, the earth stopper;
Now, hark ye! says he, I think these be hounds;
Odds-bobs, they be *Meynell's!*—I hear his word "zounds!"
Chorus—With my Ballinamora ora
The Hounds of Quornden for me.

If we head him he'll damn us—a view! Tallyho!
Whilst the hounds ring the scent from the valley below;
All carrying ahead, sir, like pigeons in flight,
And beating the red-coat almost out of sight.
The hounds, &c.

From *Bill's den* they come and to *Enderby* go,
Then let us observe who rides over them now.
And I think, my dear Squire, you may cease your alarm,
For by gosh there's no rider can do them much harm.
The hounds, &c.

The first in the burst, see yonder comes *Maynard,*
Taking all in his stroke, yet obliged to strain hard;
And next him, on *Marquis,* there's dashing *Charles Wyndham,*
At a mortal great stride, leaving hundreds behind him.
The lads, &c.

See, funking his soul out, *Sir Featherstonhaugh,*
Though thin as a thread and as light as a straw;
And screwing behind him, there's *Fisherbert Dick,*
His horse half done up, looking sharp for a nick.
The lads, &c.

Next *Dick Knight* and *Smith Asheton* we spy in the van,
Riding hard as two furies, at catch that catch can;
"Now, *Egmont*," says Asheton; "Now, *Contract*," says *Dick*,
"By George, these great *Quornites* shall now see the trick."
The lads, &c.

Look—smack at a yawner rides *Winchilsea's Peer*;
So sure to be thrown upon *Pyramid's* ear;
And at the same place jumps *Charles Smith Lorraine*,
He's off! no, he's not; he hangs by the mane.
The lads, &c.

There *Villiers*, *Bligh*, *Forester*, *Cholm'ley*, and all,
Get shopp'd by *Lorraine*, and in they all fall;
And sweaty *Morant*, that red-headed b—ch,
With *Glyn*, *Peyton*, and *Foley*, are left in the ditch.
The lads, &c.

Then see the *Prince Orleans*, who's *à la distance*,
(Soon without his d—d head, which is *freedom in France*,)
Alas! long before they reached *Enderby Hill*,
Monsieur blew his *orse to von total standstill*.
The lads, &c.

Now, sobbing on *Monarch*, comes jolly *Tom Blower*,
Spurr'd from shoulders to flank, going slower and slower;
"Your servant, great French Prince—dead beat—lost a shoe,
Thank God, I'm not last—see, see, *parlez vous!!*"
The lads, &c.

Next, half up the hill, stops heavy *Debrew*,
His horse taking root, and himself in a stew;
And further behind still stops *Whitbread* the Brewer,
Who, lost from the first, has made the grand tour.
The lads, &c.

Tom Grosvenor and *Bob* now most desp'rately flag,
And *Somerset Charles*, on his new staring nag,
Which, tho' he's so done that a toe he can't wag,
Yet of him to-morrow *Lord Charley* will brag.
The lads, &c.

Next vaulting *Tom Graham*, on a horse, taking whim,
So plunging and prancing, like the *George* at an inn,
Comes spank through a hedge, with a thundering crush,
And leaves half his brogues and his shirt on the bush.
The lads, &c.

See next, with a star on, there's *Bassador Gordon*,
Who wears on his shoulder a fine flaming cordon,
And racing against him, behold master *Stair*—
Why, old nicky himself never saw such a pair.
The lads, &c.

Then whence these three goose-drivers all in a row,
Who are leading their nags on the furlongs below?
'Tis *Cranberry*, *George*, and *St. Le-Hedger* from Grantham,
Who always get dosed to a *sufficit quantum*.
The lads, &c.

Then far in the rear observe *Saville*, forlorn,
All legs, laps, and lappets, brisk sobbing on *Roan*;
How he sticks in the mud!—whilst *Rutland's* great duke,
With *Brummel the Beau*, are in *Sysonby* Brook.
The lads, &c.

Next a tickle-heel Sportsman, called *Heyrick the black*,
We descry in the vale, half a league from the pack;
And further beyond him see *Heyrick the white*,
A Sportsman by System, who never rides right.
The lads, &c.

Then last in the cluster see *Wor'ster* and *Muster;*
Now Wor'ster sets Muster, and Muster sets Wor'ster;
Now Muster seems burst, Sir, and Wor'ster gets first, Sir,
Such fumblers as these are not worth a crust, Sir.
The lads, &c.

But *Bob Lee*, where's he, with woodfisted *Cox?*
They'll tell you they've stopped, having viewed the run fox;
Now, with "ware poison"—"ware poison"—hear *Conyers Jack*,
Both rating, and whooping, to check the staunch pack.
The lads, &c.

(*The tune changes to the Duke of York's March.*)

Now, cheering all nature, *Squire Meynell* we spy,
And thrilling each heart with his "Hark to the cry;"
Look how he caps them on, and hear how he screams,
And make the whole world glow in rapture's extremes.

Chorus.

See, see them all spread,
Lord, what a noble head!
Tallyho! the hounds in full view, tallyho!
Now how the scent they drive,
No horse can with them live;
Hark away! hark away! they to *Enderby* go.

Then as we trudge home we pass *Master Swaddle*,
Whipping *Pastime* before him, and carrying the saddle;
"Good people," says he, "I'm afraid she will die,
Though I've bled her myself in her mouth and her thigh."

"Now let's to this ale-house," says *Dick*, "for a while,
And drink our old master, in a cup of the mild;
And as we sit boosing it over the fire,
Toast happiness, health, and great sport to the Squire."

STALLIONS FOR ENGLAND.

SIR,

In continuation of the remarks I have already troubled you with regarding the proper kind of Arabs that should be sent to England for the purpose of breeding, I have now to call the attention of your readers to the observations of the last English Sporting Magazine, on this very subject, by a sporting character formerly known in the Deccan, and they will find that he entirely answers in opinion with me as to blood and figure, and the stallion that must alone answer a good breed. Since your last number has been in circulation, I have heard the topic discussed in several quarters, and I rejoice to find that I am borne out in my judgment by the concurrence of so many people of experience. I trust this will open the eyes of persons at home to the utter uselessness of attempting to ruin racing stock, from the cart-horse blood of the Persian and Turkomann.

With respect to the proportions which I sent to your No. 9, I find that your reviewer Stephen has detected some errors, which of course he takes his opportunity to sneer at, but, like all critics who do no more then seize upon the first *appearance* of a blunder without pausing to reflect upon the likelihood of being themselves mistaken, he has committed himself sadly. He selects the measurement of Harlequin to ground his triumph on, and starts by saying that as he is frequently called "a great horse," that he must necessarily be a large animal—does not know that a dark horse may be a white one, and that "*Little* Tough" is alone "a *great* horse;" but he evidently knows nothing of horses or racing, and therefore would do well to remember the maxim "no tutor," &c. The measurement he criticises is in the depth of fellers, and from the fellers to the ground, making Harlequin's croup height sixteen hands one inch and three quarters. This would indeed have been strange even in a horse of fourteen hands two inches, as Stephen calls him, though Harlequin in reality stands much higher behind than at the wilken, but the fact is the depth of the feller was not taken in a straight line to be added to the distance of his belly from the ground, but the string was placed on the middle of his back, thence round his ribs to the centre mark of his belly, and thus making thirty-four inches. He is quite right about the extract from "Recollections of Life in India," and I thank him for the medium of praise he has so sparingly dealt out.

The letter from Nosing Tom, in which the writer attempts to identify me with Stephen, is beneath my notice. But to return to my subject. A stallion has lately been sent to England, whose blood is of the finest kind, and whose make is most beautiful. I allude to *Signal*, late *Antelope*. His owner has really, in my opinion, conferred an invaluable benefit on our native country by the exportation of such a gallant animal, whose blood will enrich the veins of his breed out of English mares, and ensure a racing progeny. Old Harlequin, I understand, is destined to Van Dieman's Land. I wish he too had gone to our own country. I see that in the English S. M. Nimrod mentions Paragon, who was sent from Bengal, and thinks him much too small; he was, I believe, fourteen hands and an inch or about that, but he need

not be alarmed about want of size while he has caste and performance to carry him through the ordeal of public opinion. I hope soon to see this subject so important to breeders in better hands, and to hear what the turf characters in England begin to think of real Arab blood; in the mean time I take my leave, wishing you luck in your next number. I remain yours obediently,

S. Y. S.

WITH RED, RED WINE.

Wine! with wine, with red, red wine,
All the joys of life are mine!
Fools may strive
With wealth to wive,
Gain they gladness by it? Never!
Wiser souls
Will wed their bowls
That charm to-day and cheer for ever!

Beaded bubbles on the brim
Of my golden goblet swim;
They may burst
The brightest first,
Stil the draught's as rich in flavour;
But when in hearts
Love's bubble parts,
The life-stream turns to gall for ever.

Love may gild the passing hour
In the thrall of Beauty's bower,
But the breast
Of love possess'd
Soon grows cold and seeks to sever;
While day or night
In gloom or light
My goblet glows as sweet as ever.

S. Y. S.

THE FORT ADJUTANT'S MARK.

SIR,

Every trade has its mystery, and certainly the noble business of training is not behindhand with other crafts in that particular. I have been many years on the turf, and am likely, if I live, to be many more, for I admire that most splendid of all animals, the horse, and I rejoice in the festivities and enthusiasm of a race meeting. No sooner has one season concluded than I long with feverish anxiety for the training to commence for the next, and few employments are more interesting than to watch the gradual improvement in a good steed, to see flesh and fat gradually falling, and, in the same progressive way, to observe bone and muscle stealing into their proper places, while galloping bumps develop themselves, and racing points come out in good form and fashion. Then the impatient restlessness attendant upon the first trials! the dreamy hopes of two fifty, or three fifty-nine; even the infatuation that in spite of our better judgment will force itself upon the mind; of coaxing a few more seconds out of the pet of the stable, though his best effort may have only enabled him to knock off his mile and a half in the desperation number, namely 3m. 33s. and the unwillingness with which at last the fatal acknowledgment is breathed forth "well he is not *very* speedy, but his bottom *must* be good, and let it but come to heats and all will be right." All this, I maintain, has something interesting and exhilirating in it, and contributes to the happiness and amusement of

our monotonous life in India. Such being my feelings, you will not wonder that I have been desirous of possessing myself of the science and skill of those who have wiser heads than my own, whose longer experience in turf matters induces me to examine into the plans and methods they adopt to bring their horses to be put in proper running order. Besides this, I have, of course, not neglected to notice the training system of those who have generally proved unsuccessful, to contrast their practice with the lucky trainers, and to draw my own conclusions, which is, that the former try to train every horse on the same principle, regardless of constitution, of conformation also, while the latter adopt their course of training to the size, strength, health, and caste of the animal. Will this not open the eyes of some? let them reflect, and reconsider the subject with the seriousness so important a point desires, and their racing book will close more flourishingly—but this is foreign to my subject.

I began by stating that every trade possessed its own secrets, and was completely convinced of this the other day, while sauntering through the stables of * * * when close to one of the Pinjerees I observed him in eager conversation with a red, square-faced, and square-bodied gentleman, in white tights, and yellow tops, red plush waistcoat, and bottle-green hunting frock. He was recommending a horse in very earnest terms of praise, and ran through the usual slang of the yard in his favour, concluding, as I approached by, "but Is needs must hown, sir, that he *his* a *little* pokerish about the pins, but then, my heyes, sitch a h — * * * W—h—e—w—! Well, well," cried my square friend, after his long whistle, in a tour of impatience, "I don't care a damn for his pins, nor his poker, but tell me, has he got the 'Fort Adjutant's mark?'" "What in the devil's name," thought I to myself, "can be the Fort Adjutant's mark." I listened in breathless silence for the stablekeeper's reply. "No, sir," he hesitatingly said, and shook his *pimple* (it hadn't come to a head) as though he fancied there was something in it; "no, sir, I can't exackly declare as 'ow he 'as."

"Then," rejoined the square personage, "don't bring him out, for I wouldn't cast my eyes over him," and away he went. I immediately advanced to the stablekeeper, and inquired the name of this searcher after the Fort Adjutant's mark.

"Why, sir, that's * * * * * * the great racing man, who wins more money than all the others on the turf doubled up together. He knows to a T when he's got a flat with his mouth open, or a duck with his tail up." "Is he reckoned a good judge of a horse?" said I. "His he not—why, bless you, he makes a fortin by his pick, though to be sure he's a leetle foolish about the Fort Adjutant's mark." Here the stablekeeper was called away. "This, then," I said to myself, "is the true cabalistic sign by which to select a real flicker. This is the mysterious "open sesame" that admits each Ali Baba of a purchaser into the speed and spirit of a *Bundoola*, the courage and pluck of an *Emilius*, and the galloping gift of a *Goblin Grey!*

I had some trouble to find out this celebrated mark, and should still have been in the dark had not a kind communicative friend the other morning pointed it out in the horse I was then riding—it being nothing more than the white marks above the hocks,

caused by an injury from rope rubbing. After this mighty piece of information I have been much mortified on finding that as many good horses have not had it as there have been good ones that had, and therefore my expectation of being certain of securing a real trump by selecting my purchase with this sign of goodness upon it have been entirely upset, and I am still as much in doubt about picking up an out-and-outer as ever. For the information of those who do not attend much to these matters, I send you a list of the great horses with and without the sign, and if this does not puzzle the people to decide for or against the Fort Adjutant's mark, then have I taken all this trouble for nothing. I should like to know why it was so called; can any of your correspondents inform me? Another sign has lately appeared in the four or five dots burnt in upon the gaskin. Little Tough has those, and, I believe, Pyramus.

I cannot help thinking that they follow too much the Cavalry coaxing system, and really "make much of their horses," not in raising money, but in raising fat; they must, I think, be afraid of coming under Mr. Martin's act, and feel alarmed about starving their nags, or perhaps like the man who indulged his spouse in the propensity to which she was unhappily addicted, and gave her as much as she could drink, that people might call him a humane man who loved his wife.

Your obedient Servant,

MARK!

CELEBRATED ARAB RACERS WITH AND WITHOUT THE FORT ADJUTANT'S MARK.

With the mark.	Colour.	Without the mark.	Colour.
Bundoola	Iron grey.	Antar	Light grey.
Champion	"	Antelope	"
Corinthian Tom	Chestnut.	Barefoot	Mottled grey.
Creeper	"	Brilliant	Bay.
Cupid	Grey.	Blackfoot	Dark iron grey.
Emilius	Iron grey.	Chapeau de Paille	Lt. grey, nearly white.
Esterhazy	Dark nutmeg.	Don Juan	Bay.
Gaslight	Light grey.	Don Giovanni	Light grey.
Giraffe	Iron grey.	Fitzjames	"
Honesty	Light nutmeg.	Goblin Grey	Iron grey.
Henry	Iron grey.	Harlequin	"
Harmonica	"	Houndsfoot	Bay.
Ivanhoe	Bay.	Omra	Light grey.
Jereed (Le Roué)	Iron grey.	Paul Pry	Dark chestnut.
Little Tough	Chestnut.	Red Gauntlet	Chestnut.
Norman	Light grey.	Robinson Crusoe	"
Pyramus	Mottled grey.	Shamrock	Grey.
Salonica	Dark nutmeg.	Slyboots	Very light grey.
Valentine	Mottled grey.	Wildrake	Bay.

THE POONAH RACES.

Well, Mr. Editor, the Poonah Races are over, and cups, plates, and purses have been carried off to Bombay in great plenty, and with little trouble; but I like this. I like to see those sporting characters win who have spirit enough to send their horses where they may meet with their match, instead of nursing them at home for the sole amusement of the locals. Fantail, under the name of Blueskin, soon got over the illness that lost him the Claret Stakes to Frederick, and the triumph of the latter was neither

long, nor likely to be so, even in the opinion of those who thought highly of his honesty. The cocktails were completely floored, and why people with untrained horses should indulge in the most distant hope of success is to me a perfect riddle. The best horse in the world cannot travel any distance at any rating pace with a chance of winning. Look at the English horse Haymaker on this heavy course, that seemed more like a ploughed field than anything else; his huge legs could not get out of the dirt —and though, when over-lifted, his striving was enormous, yet the exertion of extricating his hoofs from the soft soil overpowered his strength, and he failed from the first. Rocket, the little hag that took away the Beaten Plate in three heats, showed great courage and tolerable condition, though the stables she came out of were in a deplorable state. I fancy there were more horses "*out of the coach*" this season than has been known during any former meeting. The Poonah-bred Sorcerer colt Sebastian looked well, but was led limping to the post when he started for the Champagne—though he won it with ease, and not assisted by the whip I should (in contradiction to the Turf Secretary's description) certainly say, unless he calls the flourish which the jockey, in the exuberance of his joy at winning, gave, as he was running up to the ending-post, a taste of the whip. He came out no more, and therefore little is yet known of Sebastian's qualities as a racer. The Melodist colt ran handsomely, but it would have been more prudent for him to have secured the Colt's Plate, rather than try his strength against the best horses. We are to have a new course immediately, the old race Bungalows having been sold by public auction for 1200 rupees, and a subscription is proceeding prosperously. The bill of fare for next year promises well, and if the handicaps be but as judiciously made as those of the season just concluded, we shall certainly have great sport. What a disastrous meeting at Deesa people appear to have had! Out of nearly sixty horses at one time in training, how few came to the post. I have heard that most of them fall off in condition, from constantly passing quantities of slime and an appearance of a glutinous substance covering the fœces. The best remedy for this dreadful complaint is very simple —being only chalk finely powdered and boiled to the consistence of oatmeal porridge—a pint to be given every morning fasting. I am sorry to find that zealous supporter of sport in all its varieties, Captain C., has been so great a sufferer in the loss of that prime old horse Boxkeeper, and Chapeau de Paille, besides three other valuable racers—this is a dreadful blow, but he has too much spirit to sink under it. Many of your readers, including myself, would be glad to see an account of their illness, death, and post mortem appearances. A hint, of much service, might probably be gained by such a description, to the benefit of us all. Should this meet his eye, I trust he will oblige us. I hope the Bombay Stewards will take the fillip given them the other day in the Courier, about their dilatoriness in publishing their Prospectus of next year's races, and that they will follow the example of the Poonahites and be in the field at an early period.

Your well-wisher,

O.

SONG.

The claret stream is blushing now,
Each cheek with pleasure flushing now,
Then pledge me, pledge,
To the goblet's edge,
While the wine through each vein is gushing now.

Oh! drink while heaven allows, my friend,
And the moon her young arch bows, my friend!
Repentance may
Come back with day,
But at night we will break our vows, my friend!

The lover his flame is showing now,
And the maiden's cheek is glowing now,
But we, more wise,
Shun woman's eyes
For the light of the red juice flowing now!

Then swift shall the moments roll, my friend,
As deep we drain the bowl, my friend,
And the sun of wine
Shall arise to shine
Through the sorrow that clouds thy soul, my friend.

The boar from his covert is breaking now?
Each huntsman's spirit awaking now,
Then who, ho! who
Would not pursue
As o'er the wide plain he is taking now?

This—this is the moment so dear, my boys,
To the brave soul that laughs at all fear, my boys,
When swift as the flight
Of Heaven's bolt of light
Is the strife for the glorious spear, my boys!

The cany jungle is crashing now,
'Neath the feet of the hot steed dashing now,
And dearer we prize
Than beauty's eyes
The gleam of the long spear flashing now!

There's a bliss in the scholar's lore, my boys,
In wine and in golden store, my boys,
But the joys of the whole
Do not thrill to the soul
Like the rush of the charging boar, my boys!

P.

SECOND DOOHLIA MEETING.

SIR,

The excellence of the preceding year giving promise of future success, and the noisy prophecies of the "gentlemen" who *knows* everything, that some were to be there who had never begrudged their last sleeve-button on a "maggot race," had already caused the daily routine of business to rise to an alarming height when it wanted yet many days of the second Dhoolia Meeting. Nor did the event prove that the *Cabinet* had chaffed of matters with which they were altogether unacquainted, for certes, the pickings of the last year had not failed to *magnetize* a few who avowedly live "from hand to mouth," and are perpetually on the lay out for a glimpse of *sunshine*. But these again had forgotten to remember that *experience*, like a good oculist, seldom fails to improves men's darkened vision, and they were therefore not a little in the *cellar* to perceive, an awkward clause or two, cut, dried, and prepared for the prevention of mischief and the provision of all marplots to fair sport. No harvesting; none of your scraping in half stakes; not a rap to be earned at walk, no—not a stiver; and, what made matters worse than all, a likely few, ready to sport a toe at a gallop.

At the sister station the heavens had *bottled up* to within a month of the time of running, when, unable longer to contain themselves, they dispensed their favours at "no allowance." And thus the great *Malligaum* stables, being perplexed by the slushy, soapy, and uncomfortable state of the ground, were driven *par necessité* to the "Highways;" but, as is usual on these occasions, they turned out an unprofitable *spec* to all parties, saving the blacksmith and the ironmonger, and, inconvenient though it certainly was, such lawless practices were speedily put a stop to. At the great *emporium*, however, all was as it should be—the course in prime order; not quite so dry as a brickbat, but just dry enough to be useful; and no pains or expense were spared to give things a *dash* of "the ornamental." Under these circumstances, then, it is not so very marvellous, after all, if some people *did* look a little funny, as they ventured the last "feel" at the legs of their live lumber, and then turned their heads towards DHOOLIA.

Others there were with a happy contempt for despondency, who scoffed at all minor difficulties, and, trusting to luck and discrimination to embark their "little savings" in speculation, and had already made a fortune by a raffle ticket or a still more judicious dabble in a lottery; whilst some of the least ambitious had an eye only to a *swap*, and trusted to the market for *their pickings*. But not a soul forgot his china book, for this little article is as essential to an aspirant to turf honours as sulphate of silver or oil of brimstone to the completion of the mysterious *chimea*.

Matters were in this state, when the 8th of November dawned on a motley group of purple-nosed-frost, bitten gentry, who had been for the preceding two hours in and about the stand, quietly "sucking" mocha and other "tasty lap," and denouncing the officious wakefulness of their domestics.

The Maiden Sweepstakes, one two miles heat, 8m. 7s., had but four subscribers, and "Landscape," who was the favourite at great

odds, turning out "a rumper," was *drawn*. The Dwarf was too indisposed with gout to make his *début* in public, and left the Prince and the Bridegroom to settle matters in their own way. The former of these ran sole monarch to the distance post, and secured to himself many staunch supporters; but the knowing ones were in the wrong box for once—Bridegroom usurped the lead, won easy in 4m. 30s., and floored the Royalists.

Rough Robin, Lady Jane, Ruby, and Brownlock, ridden by their respective owners, were in the lists for the Welter Stakes, 11st., one mile, and took four heats to settle their disputes. In the first, Rough Robin and Brownlock went off at a score; the Lady sporting her leg to the distance gallanted by the Ruby. At the half mile post Brownlock headed, and Rough Robin dropped like a shot, when loud cries of "Get out of my track, get out of my track," extended faint hopes to Ruby's friends that he might yet prove himself the *gem;* but the dream was a transitory one, and Rough Robin cantered in. Second heat, Rough Robin off at a score, Brownlock and Ruby all nowhere, but striving for the lead. Robin had it, and the Lady was not far behind him. Third heat, Robin went away as before, the rest in a lump; at the half mile Lady Jane headed and won easy. The fourth in like manner. Time 2m. 12½s., 2m. 12s., 2m. 15s., 2m. 18s.

On Wednesday, the 10th, the Prince (carrying 9st. 4lbs.) toddled off with the Give and Take in two stupid heats. Cyrus (8st. 7lbs.), his only competitor, came to the post with a screw loose, and had never even the shadow of a chance. South America to an Havannah cigar.

Mr. Smith's grey pony, who shall be nameless, had the twofold satisfaction of *capotting* Piquet and showing out Mr. Snooke's Bustard (who made a noise at the preceding meeting) in two heats for the Galloway Plate, 8m. 7s., one and a half miles. It was never satisfactorily determined whether Bustard shaved his *distance* close intentionally, or because he could not help it, but he looked vastly like a dirty old Monmouth-street Boot alongside of a new Hoby, and had scarcely one-sixth of an inch to swear by. No time taken, and no wonder; sights like these are not always to be seen.

The Asseer Plate, weight for age and inches, one three mile heat, was most lazily and uninterestingly contested by the Prince, the Bridegroom, and Mr. Smith's grey pony, on the third day of the meeting. The former picked his road, and shook his tail in his companions' faces; 6m. 40s.

The Pony Plate, one mile heats, catch weights, concluded this day's sport, and more "flash was pattered" and more business done on it than on any of its precursors. Thistle, Bantam, and Pet, *late* My Aunt, had met on a former occasion, but with different success. First heat won easy by Thistle, Bantam saving distance, which, together with his known bottom, procured him many backers. But *chaffing* won't always win, as was proved by Thistle having all his own way, though with a bad start.

The fourth day's turn out was on Monday, the 15th, when Marksman, an exceeding likely horse, and looking vastly like a winner, showed the Bridegroom and Brownlock the road round for the first heat of *Khandes Cup*, 10m. 7s., one and a half mile, gentlemen riders. He had not, however,

gone quite quick enough, and was brought to the whip to win. Brownlock saved distance. The second heat, Brownlock and Marksman rated it well together for a mile, when the former gave in and cantered home, the Bridegroom not in the way. Marksman's jockey was elegant, and evinced a perfect acquaintance with his *craft*, though some supposed he had waited a little too long in the first heat. George Barwick was one of that opinion, and was observed to be very busy with his legs.

Rough Robin, Pantagruel, and Ragamuffin came to the scratch for the Hack Plate, 10st., one and a half mile heats. Gentlemen up. The winner to be sold for 400 Rupees; it did not therefore require the aid of *two eyes* to define what Ragamuffin, the veriest prince of scrubs was *driving at*. Unexpectedly, however, Pantagruel came down with "the dust" for a post entrance, and took Rough Robin away at such a pace, that "the beggar" vanished behind the distance. This may in some measure, perhaps, be attributed to the inexperience of the *jock*, for *riding* is one thing, and *horsemanship* another. Three greater brutes never started.

On the last day of the meeting, the Winners' Plate, a forced Handicap, two miles; and the Beaten Plate, half mile heats, were worked off. For the former, the Prince and Marksman from one stable, and the Bridegroom and Lady Jane from another. The Prince jumped off at score, and reached home some lengths ahead; Marksman held hard to the Bridegroom, and Lady Jane bringing up the rear. Some of the Johnny raws who had just enough of wit to perceive that Marksman was not allowed to win were highly incensed, and vented their indignation in loud cries of "Shame, shame!" accompanied with groans, hisses, and expectorations.

The Beaten was hardly deserving the name of a race; it is true that Brownlock, carrying 10st. 7lbs., beat the three-cornered brute Pantagruel, who served Ragamuffin so coarse on a former occasion; but what of that, *Panty* could not "hold a candle to him."

On the second day of meeting, Mr. Smith's the Count took the conceit out of a chestnut pony got by a Musquito, out of the Barbary Ape, a perfect nondescript, with a head like the gable end of the *Damaun* cathedral, and not a vestige of a tail. On the following day, the Count beat Mr. Rawson's Robinson Crusoe, the epitome of a Teetotum; and on the 15th Mr. Rawson's Pet, *late* My Aunt. The Count wheedled My Aunt into a *match*, and she lived with him a short time; but, gay deceiver like, he first showed his *tail*, and then ran away and left her.

The second Dhoolia meeting concluded with a match for four miles between a G. C. pony, Tom, and Mr. Snooke's *Soapsuds*. Tom started with positive orders not to allow his opponent to head him more than half a mile; but Soapsuds lathered away, and at the end of two miles compelled Tom to leave off business. *Master Charles* held the *ticker* till it wanted only three minutes of the *quarter*, when his patience failed him, and he shut up shop too.

May the third meeting surpass its predecessors.

SCARLET.

THE MISERIES OF HOG HUNTING.

SIR,

If the following production of miseries, or miserable production, is worthy of a corner in your Magazine, it is at your service.

Accidents will happen in the best regulated families, so they will in the best regulated sports, and variety is pleasing, they say; and as these misfortunes evidently add to the variety, ergo, according to Cocker, they must also contribute to the pleasure of the sport. Not that I mean to say a broken neck, or collar bone even, would be very pleasing to a sporting cove, or any other cove: God forbid! but those little mishaps and crosses with which a sporting life is so fraught cannot but add to the amusement and conviviality of the party. I have, therefore, endeavoured to commit a few of them to paper, and should they be wholly uninteresting to the older classes of your sporting readers, whose day has gone by, to them it may be amusing to call to mind the fun of which they were once partakers. That class who are now at the zenith of the sport may turn over these leaves as containing nothing but commonplace circumstances, which they see every day; but those whose lot it never has been, or ever will be, to follow the mighty boar "o'er hill and dale, through brier and bramble," will, I have little doubt, find them both amusing and instructive.

Miseries.

Arriving at your ground, sharp set, and elated with all the pleasing anticipations of a hearty breakfast and a good day's sport, previous to the former pleasing pastime you leave the party to take a look at your cattle, and to your horror find the favourite of the stud, through the negligence of your *Ghorawalla*, has got a thorn in his leg, which is swollen like a pudding, and renders him unfit for hunting for some days.

In a contested spear, coming to a patch of jungle which the pig goes through, but which at the same time is not ridable, you turn on one side and your adversary (if I may use the expression) on the other, the hog turns with him, you are thrown out, and before you can make up your lost ground, the job is done.

Getting your game on a small *maidan*, after a long split over the hills, your only prospect in front another awfully steep one, expecting to skiver him every second, you cram in the rowels, and at last have the inexpressible satisfaction to see him ascend the hill within a spear's length of you, and find your nag so distressed that he has not a go *in him*.

Reaching over (rather too eagerly) to give a tremendous poke, one of your stirrup leathers breaks, your spear finds it has no chance with the stones, and a friend *not a hundred miles off* saves you a great deal of trouble and exertion, by allowing his weapon to bury itself in *something softer*.—After a short run finding your horse minus a shoe, no *nalbund* within a day's journey of the place.

By some unlucky chance getting a spill, your horse absconds, and you are compelled to walk a matter of four or five miles in the heat of the sun. Perceiving a formidable-looking animal in the distance, a council of war is held, and the majority give it in favour of a *large duca;* the spurs are

immediately in requisition, and upon coming near enough to observe him more fully he is discovered to be a *large jackass.* —Riding a pig singlehanded, you make your spear and a part of him "*where wound was never mortal*" acquainted with one another; the bamboo breaks short off, and the consequence is that your friend, elated by the external flow of gore, as well as the internal twitch of the cold steel, legs it like a four-year-old; you luckily fall in with a beater with a spare spear, but before you can get another drive at him he is lost in the jungle.

Making your *début* in the field, a fine fellow is sent to the shades below, being the first wild hog you have ever seen. You commence examining him from tail to snout, making sundry griffinish remarks, and asking divers green questions, such as, What are those long yellow-looking curly things sticking out on each side of his mouth? What frightful animals they are! Where do they sleep at night? What do they live upon? These questions are only answered by a titter from the older hands, one of whom dismounts, and calls out, Who's got a knife? Upon hearing this question your mouth begins to extend itself, your bridle drops from your hand, and you are all anxiety and attention. A large clasp-knife is at length produced, and handed to the man who dismounted; he immediately commences making sundry large incisions, not a great way from *the tail* of the animal. You say to yourself, What the devil can he be at? and draw closer to the operator, who apparently handles his knife with great dexterity. Here you remain as it were riveted to the spot, until your olfactory nerves warn you to retire. This you cannot prevail upon yourself to do, seeing your companions take it so coolly, who in fact almost seem to enjoy it. While in this teasing, or pleasing, suspense, you every now and then lean over, to observe the process that is going on; at length you behold something of a *round flabby appearance* in the hand of the operator, and before you can ask the question, what's that? find yourself nearly deprived of one of your daylights by the said *circular missile.* Without waiting to wipe away the *glutinous substance* from your peeper, you dismount for an explanation; but being told that it is the *Dustoor*, and that all new hands are served in the same way, you are with difficulty compelled to join in the laugh, and content yourself with vowing vengeance against the first unlucky Griff who may have the misfortune to be of the same party with you, on a similar occasion.—A favourite horse just on the point of *going out*, not a phleam or lancet within twenty miles, you commence hacking with a blunt penknife, and have the mortification of cutting a hole something less than an inch in diameter, previous to touching the vein.—Riding a violent horse, and breaking your curb chain. —Your pig takes up a steep hill; as a matter of course you follow, but before you are half up find yourself slipping over the rump, saddle and all.

I have now given you, Mr. Editor, a very small portion of the miseries which befall all those, more or less, who are partakers of the sport in question; should they be acceptable, I purpose sending you a few more for No. 12. Of the pleasures of hog hunting I shall say nothing, "inpinentia docet." It would be superfluous in me to attempt to explain the

sensations of the huntsman at the burst of the pig, after the feeling and sportsmanlike description of Nimrod in the East—suffice it to say it is the King of Sports. From the first start, until the pig is killed, it brings into action all the mental and bodily faculties of which man is possessed: for instance, after the day's work is over, you hear many keen hands asking who that was that rode so infernally hard against them. Perhaps at times they were abreast of one another, but their minds were so filled with the idea of *pork* that they actually could not draw their attention from the pig to take a *dek* at each other. This I have witnessed frequently. Of the action of the bodily faculties little or nothing need be observed: everybody knows how a fellow clings to his nag before he is compelled to bring his head in contact with the Deccan stones.

I am, Sir, yours, &c., &c.,

A DECCANY.

January 17th, 1831.

X. TO THE EDITOR.

To the Editor of the Oriental Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

The importance of the table of dimensions, given by S. Y. S. in your 9th number, must be apparent to every sportsman. It is evident, however, that your valuable correspondent, in framing it, had merely considered the external form of the horse, whereas the structure of the frame, or skeleton, demands more particular attention. I beg therefore to suggest that the following measurement ought principally to be attended to, in framing a correct table of equal dimensions, viz. :—

1	length of a line drawn from point of shoulder to upper point of shoulder blade.
2	,, ,, ,, shoulder blade to point of hip.
3	hip to point of buttock.
4	buttock to point of buttock.
5	buttock to point of elbow.
6	elbow to point of shoulder.
7	elbow to point of knee.
8	knee to point of heel.
9	knee to point of hock.
10	hock to point of heel.

The angles formed by the declensions from the perpendicular of the first and third above-named lines, and the angles formed at the junction of line 3 4-9 and 10, and also of 1-6 and 7.

The following points, also of importance, ought not to be omitted in a table, viz. :

Height of withers above the upper point of the shoulder blade and hip.
Depth from point of hock.
,, ,, elbow.
,, ,, knee.

Attention might also be turned to the dimensions of the fetlock, and angle formed by the postern.

The depth and breath of chanade, as being of importance to the true courage of the head, ought also to be given.

Many of S. Y. S. measurements should also be taken, and perhaps good judges may fix on others equally important.

The framing of any table of dimensions is, in my opinion, a point of so much importance as to call for attention at every race meeting, and I think, with a

view towards framing one correctly, it would be advisable to adopt measures to ascertain the principal dimensions of every horse brought to the post, as regularly as his age and height are now ascertained.

It is evident such a table would be more generally useful if the same measurements were made at every race-course. Thus also a horse might be traced from one quarter of the globe to another, and a correct idea formed of the change which age or training causes in the original figure of the animal.

The measuring rods to be employed might be constructed similar to those used in England by gaugers, as it is plain that correct measurement cannot be attained in using a string. The race season on this side of India is now at hand, and it is not yet too late for the influential members of every course to establish some general rules on this subject, if it appears to them worthy of attention.

I am, Sir, yours obediently,

X.

THE REGATTA.

Ho! hearty steeple chasers—
Ho! gallants of the turf;
Come, see our ocean racers—
Our leapers of the surf!
See the foil'd waves, split and blazing,
Round our bows untired and free;
Leave your wearied steeds a-grazing,
And come with us to sea.

Ho! sporters of the fancy,
Leave—leave your bloody cheer,
Your ring's compass unchancy,
For that we're boxing here;
Our sea champion, you'll find her
Cross buttocking the wave;
The wave will rise behind her,
Nor feel the fall she gave.

Blithe brethren of the angle,
Leave trouting-pools, and come
Where shoals, like rainbows, spangle
The whale's and craken's home.
Leave silken tackle tender,
And rush-like rod, so fine,
Come, feel a shoulder-bender—
Tug at a ten-hook line!

Leave, bucks, your dainty dresses,
Uncurl your hair again,
Or bring your woman's tresses,
Our spray will make you men;
Come, leave that trick of toilet,
The glove, upon the strand;
Our tarr'd tackle would soil it,
Come, men in heart and hand!

Leave, scholar, in the study,
The Ithacan to sail,
The type-storm ne'er will ruddy,
Like our breeze, thy cheek so pale.
Leave, Doctors of Divinity,
Leave, Doctors of the law,
The land a day in unity,
Split seas instead of straws!

But whether Scholars zealous,
Or bucks, or Bloods, ye be,
Leave, all who are Good Fellows,
No jot of jollity.
For wit, like wine cups flowing,
And manly mirth and glee,
Set life at ten knots going,
Then come with us to sea.

A fresh breeze on Wednesday produced some good sport, at the first Meeting of the season; and at 4 o'clock the little squadron started, and were led round the buoy by the *Lady Castlereagh*. She resigned her place, however, at

the red flag to the *Queen Adelaide*, who, either from motives of loyalty or want of speed in her competitors, was allowed to bear away the prize. The dead beat from the red flag to the goal was admirably contested, and her Majesty was close waited on at the winning post by the *Helen Blue Bell* and *Red Rover*. The rest arrived in much admired *order*, as per annexed list:—

Queen Adelaide	1
Helen	2
Blue Bell	3
[illegible]	–
Thistle (Cornwallis)	5
Flying Fish	6
Highland Lass	7
Lady Castlereagh	8
Tam O'Shanter	9
Emily	10
Loon	11
Smoker	12
Tarapin	0
Black Joke	0

SELECTIONS.

CHAMOIS HUNTING.

It is impossible to describe the fascination which the Chasse aux Chamois seems to possess for the inhabitants of Switzerland and the Tyrol. It is well known that the braver spirits amongst them sacrifice to it much of their time, their money, and very often their lives; particularly where the mountains are dangerous, as, for instance, the Glärnisch; it is a fact that few chasseurs die in their beds. I own I cannot feel much surprised at this infatuation, if such it be; for Dowlander as I am, I have felt, deeply felt, a portion at least of the same enthusiasm.

One of the earliest books that I can remember to have made an impression upon my youthful imagination contained a description of this very sport. I have entirely forgotten the title of the work, but can only remember that it told of hairbreadth escapes and adventures wonderful; "of ontres vast and deserts wild; rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven; of the coolness and intrepidity with which the hunter sprang across the yawning chasm, and of the unerring certainty of his rifle."

My mind was even then fired by the account, but I little thought I should ever myself become an actor in such scenes. I have now been out nearly fifty times chamois hunting, and can bear my personal testimony to its being the most spirit-stirring sport with which I am acquainted. If I could but convey to the reader even a small part of the enjoyment I have derived from it, I should not despair of powerfully exciting his interest; but so much of the pleasure depends, above all, upon the wildness and magnificence of the scenery in which alone this sport can be pursued, that a much more experienced pen than mine would find it difficult to convey a just idea of its fascination and delights. At any rate, however, the attempt to retrace adventures that are past cannot fail of gladdening my own memory with some faint reflection of the enjoyment they once gave me, and may possibly be of use to those who shall hereafter be smitten with the love of that most perilous, but most alluring, of all diversions.

I had passed the summer of 1821 in making the common tour of Switzerland without having seen a chamois, except on the table; and, two years after, wishing to see something of the more hidden beauties of that delightful country, I agreed with a friend to explore the Grisons. None of the

Zurich guides who were at home, liked to accompany us; in fact, none of them knew anything at all about that interesting district of their native land. We therefore determined upon making Coire our head-quarters, and providing ourselves with the best guide to be procured upon the spot. We had made an excursion to the extraordinary and very romantic Baths of Pleffers; had accomplished the dangerous but highly interesting passage to the source; and, after partaking of the wretched "accommodation" of the hospitable monks, had, on the following day, returned to Coire over the summit of the Calanda Berg, which is about 9000 feet high, and commands one of the grandest panoramic views of mountains to be seen in Switzerland.

It had been a stiff day's walk; and, after dinner, we were leisurely strolling outside the town, to enjoy a fragrant cigar and a most lovely sunset, when a man overtook us, whose quick, springy step told he was a mountaineer, and was making for a distant home. He had his pipe in his mouth, his rifle slung at his back, and a pouch of undressed chamois skin at his side. Having entered into conversation with him, we soon found that he was a chamois hunter, that he had been out that very morning and had seen a chamois, but from an injury to the lock of his gun had not been able to get a shot. To repair this he had come down into Coire, and was then on his return home. Being much pleased with the man, as well as warmed with his description of the sport, we eventually engaged him to accompany us on our tour. His name was Franz Joseph Hoderas, of Domleschg; and although, perhaps, Switzerland may boast better chasseurs, I will here say that she cannot produce one more honest, more obliging, or better-tempered—and withal, no contemptible Gäms-jäger. We took him up the next day at Domleschg, on our way through the Via Mala to Splugen.

It is not my intention to attempt a description of Switzerland, or I could not pass off the splendid scenery of this day's journey without offering a tribute to its "beautiful horrors." There is a tolerably good inn at Splugen; but after examining the celebrated road over this pass of the Alps, we went on to Nufemen, where the hostess did not seem so much accustomed to receive strangers. The next morning we proceeded with Hoderas to the village of Hinterrhein, situated about one hour and a half above Nufemen. Here we found three chasseurs; and having arranged a *partie de chasse* for the next day, with the best of them, named Christian Loritz, we returned by a considerable *détour* through the mountains that enclose the valley of the Rhine, with some faint hopes of finding a chamois. We were most agreeably surprised by meeting with one; but he perceived us before we saw him, of which he gave us notice by a peculiar shrill whistle. It being the heat of the day, he was lying on the shady side of a very lofty and precipitous rock. As he did not appear disposed to quit his stony couch, unless alarmed by the nearer approach of danger, Hoderas and I made a circuit under a range of cliffs, so as to arrive unperceived within shot. Leaving my friend in full sight, to occupy his attention, I reached a rock within 120 yards of him; but, although I knew exactly where he was, I could not distinguish him until he jumped up

on becoming aware of his danger. As he mounted rapidly from crag to crag, he stopped for an instant on the point of a rock to look down at us, when I attempted to shoot; but the gun missed fire. My mortification is not to be described. I must here observe that this summer, having no rifles of our own, we were necessarily dependent on the artillery of our attendant's chasseurs, which was generally in such very bad order that we thereby lost many good opportunities.

Unsuccessful, however, as had been this day's attempt, the very sight of a chamois had greatly increased our keenness for the sport. We went on to Hinterrhein, where we found Loritz ready for us. He first conducted us, for three or four hours, up the stream of the Hinterrhein, through a wild valley that bears the appropriate name of "Hell," until at length we reached the foot of the magnificent glacier which gives birth to the southern branch of that celebrated stream. It is a source worthy of so noble a river. The glacier descends from a semi-circular range of grandly-formed mountains, among which the Vogelberg and the Moschel-horn are the loftiest and finest. At their feet it swells into a vast basin of dazzling snow, from which a large branch extends deep into the valley we had traversed, and terminates in an immense wall of ice, 600 or 700 feet high, from beneath which, by a crystal arch, issues the infant Rhine. Along this glacier we walked for about an hour and a half, and at its upper end discovered a herd of about fifty chamois feeding. They were so placed as to render it impossible to reach them without being seen. We therefore watched them for a considerable time, in the hope that they might move to a more favourable position. Finding them, however, stationary, we posted ourselves in the spots where the chasseurs thought they were most likely to pass, and then dispatched our Coire guide to approach them from the opposite side. Directly they perceived him they made up the mountain towards my friend, who fired, and killed one. They then came towards me, when I got two shots, but, from anxiety and inexperience, I believe I missed them both. On the other side, my friend's chasseur (intentionally as we suspected) had rammed down the ball without any powder, or else he might have had several more shots. In fact, they were so placed, that we kept driving them from one to the other; and often as our chasseurs had been out, they agreed they had never seen such a favourable opportunity for two or three experienced hunters to kill a great number.

Having gutted our chamois, which proved to be a doe, of about thirty or forty pounds' weight, we hurried back as fast as we could, but were soon overtaken by the shades of night in the most horrible and dangerous paths, and did not reach Nufemen till eleven o'clock, having been out eighteen hours. I have been thus minute, not only because it was our first expedition, but also because I consider Hinterrhein as a very eligible situation for the sport. There are plenty of chamois, and Loritz is a man that may be depended on for honesty, courage, and knowledge of the chase, but then he unfortunately speaks only a bad German patois. We made another unsuccessful attempt in the same neighbour-

hood, and then proceeded into the almost unknown valley of Avers, where I believe we should have had capital sport, if we had not been anticipated by a strange chasseur. I there killed a chamois that he had previously wounded.

After passing a few days in the Engadine, we next determined on paying a visit to the most celebrated chamois hunter of that neighbourhood, concerning whom we had heard the most extraordinary reports. His name is Jean Marchietti Colani. He keeps a miserable little inn on the Bernina Mountain, which is an unfrequented passage from the Engadine into the Valtelline.

The accommodations were wretched; but we were induced to remain there three days from knowing that we were in a spot abounding in chamois, and with a person the most capable of showing us good sport if he chose. He evidently at first received us with the suspicions of a bad conscience; and it was not almost until our departure that these suspicions seemed to be entirely removed.

Marchietti is certainly no common man. His bad, no less than his good, qualities distinguish him from the herd by whom he is surrounded. As a chasseur he is unrivalled. His father was a celebrated Gäms-jäger, and early initiated him into the mysteries of the chase. Marchietti assured me he had killed a chamois before he was twelve years old; and believed he had altogether shot above fifteen hundred during his life. He once killed seven in one day, having surprised them in a sort of cul-de-sac, from which they could not escape, except by forcing their way close by him; which at last despair emboldened three or four of them to effect.

Having thus been brought up, as it were, amongst chamois, and being passionately fond of the chase, he has acquired a perfect knowledge of their haunts and habits, together with the best modes of approaching them. It is from him that I obtained a very great portion of the little lore I possess upon the subject. In person Marchietti is somewhat under the middle size, but remarkably strong built, muscular, and active. He is so good a shot, that he is never allowed to shoot for any prizes in his neighbourhood. There is, indeed, a general belief that he uses enchanted balls; and he is universally styled the "Hexenmeister," or Master of Witches. No one doubts that he has sold himself to the devil, who will claim him in due time. In addition to this assistance from the Evil One, he has a most excellent double-barrelled rifle, and a very good English telescope. Nor does his genius alone display itself in chamois-hunting. Being far from any town, he is obliged to unite all trades and professions in his own person; and is acknowledged to make everything to which he turns his hand, almost without tools, much better than any smith or carpenter with all his implements and appliances to boot. He has a smattering on almost every subject; but, having had no benefit from education, exhibits the melancholy picture of a strong mind struggling in vain with fetters of ignorance, through which he is anxious but unable to break. He is also, unfortunately, a man of very strong passions, which, as may be supposed from his want of education, are under no control of principle. Long and black is the catalogue of crimes laid to his charge, comprising every offence in the decalogue. It is certain he has two

wives, and large families by each. Not long ago he tried the experiment of living with both under the same roof; but Colani soon found this too much even for him, and he was obliged to coax or frighten away one of them. It seems equally certain that he has shot at least one Tyrolean before witnesses; and his neighbours add from twelve to twenty more murders, for which he has to answer. There is a room in his house ornamented with Tyrolese guns, knives, &c., which certainly favours the accusation, as he was never known to *purchase* anything of the sort, and I do not think they would be given him for love. That he is an unprincipled character I have no doubt; but at the same time the devil may be painted blacker than he really is. Residing, as Marchietti does, upon the confines of Italy, the Tyrol, and the Grisons, the surrounding mountains, which we consider his own, would doubtless be much poached unless he had found the means of impressing his neighbours with a salutary terror.

He is well aware of the character he bears; and being a clever fellow, and finding it useful for his purposes, manages to keep it up very well. He assured me that he should never think of spilling human blood to preserve a chamois (for which, by the way, I did not give him implicit credit); but that, at the same time, if ever he learns that any stranger has been shooting upon the ground, which, by common consent, is called his, he quietly drops a hint that if the intruder be found there again he will be heard of no more. Such is the idea entertained of this very remarkable personage, that a poacher is as rare in the wild district which he inhabits as in the best preserved manor of Norfolk. Upon these mountains he calculates he has about two hundred chamois, which annually produce him sixty kids; notwithstanding all Marchietti's protestations, woe be to the interloper who touches one of them! To show the man's character, I will only mention that he had actually formed the project of seeking an interview with Napoleon, from an idea that they were kindred geniuses! All his preparations for leaving his retired nook were indeed made, when the Russian reverses overthrew this, as well as still mightier schemes. With Marchietti's ambition and natural abilities, I have little doubt that, if he had lived within the sphere of the French Revolution, he would have fought his way to a Marshal's bâton, unless he had been killed in the attempt.

But enough of one of the most extraordinary characters that have fallen under my notice.

We accompanied him twice to the chasse. The first day he took us to the southward, to a place which he called, not without reason, "Le Monde perdu." It is an elevated mass of the rocks, surrounded on all sides by glaciers. From it there is a magnificent view of the real Bernina, and its adjoining mountains, together with the vast glaciers which descend from them. The view formed a worthy pendent to that of the Möschel-horn, and the Rhein Gletscher, above Hinterrhein. The height of these mountains has never been properly ascertained; but if Colani's inn be, as it is said, 7000 feet above the sea, they cannot be less than 13,000 feet high. They are covered for several thousand feet with a thick mantle of perpetual snow, and their summits are in general finely formed. To arrive at this "Monde perdu" we had to cross a considerable

glacier. Its inclination not being great, the clefts were not wide, and were completely concealed by lately fallen snow. Into one of these my friend unfortunately fell. I shall never forget my sensations when, upon hearing Hoderas exclaim, "Der Herr ish hineingefallen!" I turned hastily round, and where I had but one instant before seen my friend, saw nothing but an even surface of dazzling snow, with only his mountain pole standing by the spot where he had disappeared. It would be vain for me to attempt to describe either the acuteness of my agony, or even the very nature of the feelings I experienced in that moment. It is not like a common death, where the means of destruction, or the inanimate corse, are visible, and the mind is, to a certain degree, satisfied, by tracing the connection between cause and effect; but here it seemed as if he had been at once mysteriously swept from the face of creation!

I instantly ran up, though without the slightest hopes of his safety, as these crevasses are usually several hundred feet deep. To my unspeakable delight, however, I found that he had stuck fast about six or eight feet below the surface. All glaciers, from being on an inclined plane, are crossed by clefts, or crevices, of various length, wide in the middle, and of course narrow toward each end. My friend had providentially fallen in just at the termination of one of these fissures; had he crossed it but a few feet on one side, he must have sunk to an unknown depth, and, if not mercifully killed by the fall, must have perished by a most miserable and lingering death, between cold and hunger. There, however, he was sticking fast between two walls of thick-ribbed ice, without the power of moving hand or foot. I do not think it would have been an easy job for me and Hoderas to have extricated him from his cool lodging, but fortunately we had in Marchietti the very man for such emergencies. He was at some distance when we let him know what had happened. "Can you hear him?" was the characteristic rejoinder of one not unaccustomed to such adventures. "Yes." "Can you see him?" "Oh yes, he is only a few feet beneath the surface." "Oh, very well; wait then till I come." And accordingly he came at his usual pace, and having made steps on each side of the crevasse, descended within it, fastened a knotted handkerchief round my friend's hands, and then raised him up as easily as I would an infant. I must own I was not yet so thorough a Gäms-jäger as to feel unmoved at his providential escape—the recollections of that scene are stamped indelibly on my memory as long as memory holds her seat. It may well be supposed that this accident chilled our enjoyment for that day. We however continued our sport, and soon after found three chamois; but Marchietti so placed us that they never came near us, whilst he went and got a shot, which he of course killed. His excuse was, that the place where they were was impracticable for us; and in truth it was a most uninviting precipice. To prove to him, however, that he need not on that account have monopolized the shooting, I descended the crag with him to get the animal, and had ample opportunity for admiring his extraordinary activity. In one place he took off his shoes to clamber gratuitously up the face of a rock, solely, as I believe, for the purpose of astonishing me; and certainly nothing but a chamois could have followed him. The next day we went to the

mountains to the northward of his house. These are his especial preserve. The chamois, like most animals, are very fond of salt, which Marchietti is in the habit of putting every month in the clefts of a certain rock, that is absolutely licked quite smooth with their tongues, and the ground covered with their ordure. In this neighbourhood there are always sure to be some chamois; but he never shoots them here: he watches them off to their feeding ground, and there kills them at his pleasure. We this day saw above forty in several herds, but could not get a single shot, partly from their being so placed that we could not approach one without exposing ourselves to some others, who would have alarmed the rest, and partly from a sudden change in the weather. We lay watching them for three hours through our telescopes, and I was highly interested by this insight into their habits, and Marchietti's observations thereon. On a sudden the different herds manifested great restlessness; and after a short period of agitation, all moved off, but not so rapidly as when alarmed by man. Although the day was most beautiful, Marchietti was convinced from their manner that the weather was going to change, and urged our instant return. He took us back at double quick time, but long before we reached home we were deluged by a violent thunderstorm.—I must not here forget to mention, as a favourable trait of human nature, that our Coire guide, Pfister, whose good humour and ever-ready joke we had often had occasion to admire, displayed to-day a degree of courage for which we had not given him equal credit. Though by no means approving in his heart either the fatigues or the dangers of chamois-hunting, and above all things dreading Marchietti Colani, he insisted upon accompanying us to the chase, solely, as we afterwards found, from a conviction that four of us were by no means more than a match for the "Hexenmeister."

Poor Pfister! wonderful, I doubt not, are the records of thy adventures with us, which thou hast since dealt out to gaping boors at many a Wirthshaus, wherein thy spirit so much delighted! and greatly could I wish to be an unseen auditor of thy marvels.

And here I must take my leave of Jean Marchietti Colani. If any one desires to become acquainted with, perhaps, the very best chasseur, and one of the best shots in Switzerland; if he wishes to be initiated in the habits and history of the chamois, and to learn the best modes of approaching and shooting them; I advise him to make friends with mine host of the Bermina Berg, but at the same time I warn him most strongly to beware of putting himself entirely in his power.

Having thus recorded one or two chases in which I was unsuccessful, I perhaps may be permitted to mention briefly some where my exertions were better rewarded. The autumn of 1825 I again passed in Switzerland, having spent the intermediate summer amongst the Pyrenees, where I had much improved my acquaintance with chamois hunting.

I this time directed my principal attention to the great southern chain which divides Switzerland from Italy, and to the different valleys which intersect its northern and southern sides. This is the highest ground in Europe, comprising the Mont Blanc, Grand St. Bernard, Matterhorn, and Monte Rosa. It also contains

some most magnificent scenery, as well as primitive and very interesting inhabitants; but I do not think the district has been by any means so much explored as it deserves. After a short excursion amongst the mountains near the Gemmi, where I should have had capital sport if the weather had been favourable, I made my way to Chamouni, and there trained myself for more arduous enterprises by a few *petites courses* in the neighbourhood. I one day went to the "Jardin," an elevated plateau so named, which is covered with a little herbage during three or four months of the summer, and is on all sides surrounded by bare rocks, or eternal ice. It takes about four hours and a half of fair steady walking to reach it from Chamouni; and as there is nothing that can be called danger in the excursion, it is well worth while to make it, both for the splendid views it affords of Mont Blanc and the neighbouring Aiguilles, and also for the excellent opportunity it presents of tracing the origin, progress, and termination of glaciers.

The next day I mounted the Brevent, from which is the best view of the chain of Mont Blanc to the North, as that from the Cramont is the best to the South. An additional interest was given to it that day from its having been chosen by two English gentlemen (Dr. E. Clarke and Captain M. Sherwill) to attempt the ascent of the mountain monarch. I had seen them start from Chamouni at seven o'clock; and from the summit of the Brevent watched them for hours through my telescope, until they reached the Grand Mulet, where they were to pass the night. The next morning I followed them with my glass till they arrived at the top, except for about an hour and a half that they were invisible to us in the plain, while traversing the Grand Plateau. So nearly is the real summit seen from Chamouni, that when they were walking backwards and forwards on it, we could just distinguish their hats. After watching their descent, I set out in the afternoon on my tour of Mont Blanc; and this time, alas! was condemned to be companionless.

I passed by the Col de la Forclaz to a clean little inn, kept by a Frenchwoman, outside the town of St. Gervais, and about a quarter of an hour from the Baths. Next morning I called upon two chasseurs, that lived in a hamlet about an hour from the inn. Their names were Jacquet; one, Dit le Gris—the other, Massime. Being much pleased with their manner, I immediately arranged a chasse with them. The younger was dispatched to Contamines to purchase the necessary provisions, while the elder accompanied me in a long circuit through the mountains, where we were disappointed in our expectation of meeting with chamois, and towards nightfall arrived at a very elevated collection of chalets, called, I believe, Armansatt. There I supped and slept. My humble couch was nothing but a sheet thrown over some clean hay, in the only room of the cottage, which served for eating-room and sleeping-room to the guides and the family, as well as to myself; but seldom have I slept more soundly, or been more unaffectedly pleased with the manners of my companions, and their good-humoured alacrity to do everything in their power for my accommodation.

The next morning, long before the sun had given the slightest hint of his waking, we were *en marche*. Le Gris was sent round by a distant and very difficult

pass, while Massime and I scrambled through some very likely ground, but only saw one chamois, at which we could not get a shot. Le Gris saw six, and wounded one, which however escaped. After joining forces, we traversed a long line of most chamois-looking country, without success: till at last, when we were almost beginning to despair, we, to our great joy, discovered a herd of about twenty, feeding near the head of a glacier. They were awkwardly placed, and in the wildest spot imaginable. However, after a good deal of manœuvring, being favoured by a drizzling rain that partly concealed us, I succeeded in getting a shot at about eighty yards. The instant the smoke cleared away, to my unspeakable delight I saw the animal floundering on its back with its *quatre pattes en air*. It is quite impossible not only for me to describe, but for any one even to imagine, my unutterable ecstasy at that moment. I much fear I may have been guilty of some fooleries on the occasion. The two Jacquets meanwhile got shots at the frightened chamois, that were jumping all round us, but missed. My prize turned out to be a doe, and weighed 35lbs. after being gutted. We washed it at the glacier, which we followed into the valley. They called it Trelo le Grand, and it is one of the finest I have seen, both for depth of snow, variety of fracture, height and colour of its icy pyramids. The evening was bad, and the accommodations at Nant Bourrat wretched; but my success made me despise any such trifling considerations. The next morning I walked over the mountains to the chalets of Motet, and got one very long shot at a chamois, which I missed by less than an inch. I will not detail any of my other adventures in that neighbourhood; but before I take leave of guides, would beg to recommend most warmly the two Jacquets to any one who wishes to partake in this sport. I feel confident that they may be depended on for honesty, civility, alacrity, and *bonne foi;* they are excellent chasseurs, and most good-humoured and intelligent companions. Moreover, they speak good French, which very few of the Jägers do; and their hunting country being so near Chamouni, may be reached without difficulty.

The next spot to which I shall conduct my reader is the vale of Macugnaga, on the Italian side of Monte Rosa, celebrated for its mines and the beauty of its women, but esteemed by me for the splendour of its scenery and the number of chamois in its mountains. I lodged for four or five days in the vile cabaret, kept by the hunch-backed, dirty little fellow, named Gaspar Verra. I engaged one Martinal, the best chasseur of the country, who, for an Italian, turned out a better sportsman than I had expected. He was, however, too much given to boasting, and wanted to persuade me he had killed 3160 chamois and 2000 marmots, besides I know not how many eagles. This is a palpable exaggeration, I believe. There are few places that abound more in chamois than this. The first day was unfavourable, and the next morning was so doubtful, that we could not start early; but whilst we were deliberating in the inn yard, we with our telescopes discovered a herd feeding in a favourite spot, about an hour's walk above us. This was, of course, enough to determine us, and about twelve o'clock we set out after them. They were so placed, that we found it impossible to get a good shot. I fired twice, but at great distances.

Martinal would not shoot. We then separated, to return home by different routes. I had not left the place half an hour when, upon looking back, to my great astonishment, I saw four chamois come upon identically the same spot, which, as I have said, was a favourite feeding ground. I immediately got back to my old post, but found the same difficulty in approaching them. I got a long shot, which I have every reason to believe I hit, as the chamois (a young one) left its mother and the rest, and came limping towards me. I got a second long shot, which, I think, killed it; but there were so many bushes and crevices amongst the rocks, that I could not find it. Therefore, hearing the Ave-Maria, and knowing I had a long way to go through a pathless wood, I was reluctantly obliged to give up the search. The next morning we were off, long before sunrise, to some mountains adjoining the chain of Monte Rosa. We saw several chamois, but got no shots at them, owing, in my opinion, to the unskilfulness of my companion. At last we discovered three reposing upon a ledge on the northern face of a very lofty and most inaccessible rock. Martinal and I posted ourselves in almost the only pass, and then directed my guide to show himself on the opposite side.

As we expected, they came running towards us. I had promised Martinal to let him shoot first. He did so, and missed. The chamois then sprang up the face of the crag, with astonishing agility. I was seated on the ground, resting my elbow upon my raised knee, when, observing that the two first stopped for a moment on a rock that lay in their path, I kept my aim upon the spot, assured that the third would do the same. The instant he appeared and looked round I fired, and hit him very near the heart. He made an effort to follow the others, but feeling himself unable, stopped and began to crawl slowly along a ledge of rock. As he was going into a very dangerous place, where we should have had great difficulty in getting him, I mounted, out of his sight, to within fifty yards of him, and brought him down by a second shot. I then went to fetch him, and think I never was in such danger. The place where he lay was a broken and very precipitous crag, covered with icicles formed by the dripping from the snow above, which melted in the sun, and became congealed in the shade below; but what caused my chief danger was that, from excessive delight, every nerve and fibre of my frame trembled to such a degree, that I scarcely could keep my footing. I kept gaily rolling my prize before me, down a watercourse, until at last he rolled farther than I intended, and went over a precipice two or three hundred feet high, which by no means improved his appearance. Independent of my sport, I enjoyed some splendid views of Monte Rosa, &c.; but must confess that, after all, I am somewhat disappointed with this queen of mountains, when viewed close. Her fame, and perhaps the name, together with the royal show she makes from the Duomo at Milan, or the chain of the Gemmi, had raised expectations which, now that I have seen her quite close on all sides, a nearer approach has not altogether realized.

THE

ORIENTAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

No. 12.—MAY, 1831.

BEAR FIGHTING.

But as for our part, we shall tell
The naked truth of what befell,
And as an equal friend to both
The knight and bear, but more to truth,
With neither faction shall take part,
But give to each his due desert.
HUDIBRAS, P. I. Can. 2.

SIR,

I am sorry to observe in the advertisement of the forthcoming number of the O. S. M., mention made of only 12 original articles. I hope that this is not a symptom of declining interest in the subscribers to its pages, but a fear that it may be so has induced me to add my mite towards the continuance of a publication in which I have always taken an interest. In your previous numbers, there are many accounts of desperate doings and of narrow escapes in encounters between man and beast, but in no instance do I recollect of such determined courage and presence of mind as were exhibited in the encounter of which I am now endeavouring to give a correct relation.

Major R——, an officer in the Madras service, who was lately stationed here, had gone out lately to a jungle at some distance from the cantonments, to look for a bear, of which there are great numbers in this neighbourhood. I may here mention that those which have been killed here have always been found unusually large and savage, and in several instances have commenced the attack without being previously molested. After beating a nullah for some time without success, he was suddenly attacked by an enormous bear, which rushed from a thick patch of jungle a few paces from him.

He had just time to raise his rifle and to fire, before the bear was aboard of him: he missed, the beaters bolted, and the only resistance he could make was to charge with the muzzle of his rifle against the bear's breast as he reared at him. This he did with so much force as to wrench up the elevation rib from the barrels (it was a seven-barrelled rifle), and a quantity of the animal's hair was afterwards found sticking to it. The bear directly seized him by the arm and he was left without bottle-holder or second to mill a brute, who was not likely to fight fair, at least according to the rules of modern pugilism.

The major is a man of immense strength, and hits with the impetus of a sledge-hammer: with one

hand he battered Bruin between the eyes, and with his feet kept up a most vigorous cannonade against his bread basket. The bear constantly shifted his hold from one arm to the other, but the iron knuckles of his antagonist prevented him from retaining his gripe long enough to break the bones, and at last both fell together, Bruin uppermost. The gallant resistance which the major had hitherto made was now getting more feeble; he felt the hot breath of the bear blowing on his face, as his grey muzzle was thrust forward endeavouring to seize him by the head, which he defended as well as he could by repeated blows on the brute's nose. In the scuffle they had both rolled to the edge of the raome, and the final act of the tragedy seemed approaching, when the major gathered himself up for one last effort, hit right and left at his friend's head, and at the same moment drawing his knees to his chin, kicked out with such strength, that he fairly canted the bear into the nullah, and had the satisfaction of seeing him roll to the bottom. Upon rising and shaking himself after so extraordinary an engagement, Major R—— found that he had escaped with much less damage than he expected: his arms were terribly torn, but he was able to walk some distance to his palankeen, and is now perfectly recovered.

As to Bruin, although the cross buttock which decided the day might have been rather a rough one, I do not suppose that he suffered much, at least he was never more seen or heard of.

Extraordinary and almost incredible as the above statement may appear, there is not the slightest doubt of its truth: it certainly sounds like a traveller's tale, but I pledge myself for the veracity of the principal facts, although perhaps I may not be perfectly correct in some of the minor particulars. I feel that an apology is due to Major R—— for publishing this account without his permission, but it ought to be made public, if it be only to show that a good heart and strong arm may save a man's life when a seven-barrelled rifle has failed.

D.

Dharwar, February 7th.

WILDFOWL SHOOTING.

MR. EDITOR,

Excuse my troubling you with these few lines, as, being somewhat addicted to shooting, I cannot refrain from giving my opinions on that branch of it which in Great Britain we call *punting*, and to which the wildfowl shooting of this country so widely differs. A small canoe, from 15 to 20 feet long, hewn out of the trunk of a tree (generally the Mangoe), in most cases supplies the place of a punt, and will hold three persons comfortably, two working it along and the sportsman at the head, clad in a dark dress, and a good substantial gun in his hand; in this manner, with a little caution, easy access may be obtained to the wildfowl of India. In large tanks which are partially fordable, as is sometimes the case, I have frequently known sportsmen wade above their middles for half a day together after the birds, a practice which I have myself followed, but can in no wise recommend for getting access, for comfort, or for health.

Instead, however, of the common canoe used by the natives, I beg to suggest to those who are in a duck shooting country, a craft of a more portable nature, in fact, a mere framework covered with hides, painted or tarred, and outrigger to keep it steady in the water; this might be carried to any distance by four coolies, with little or no extra expense, and would be found a most useful appendage to a sportsman's establishment.

I cannot conclude these remarks without reverting to such points as I consider very material to the wildfowl shooter regarding the best sized shot for duck, as I strongly suspect that most of us have been and are greatly deceived in shooting with No. 5, which I am bold enough to affirm is at least four sizes too small. It is upon trial alone that I ground this assertion, that having for some time past discontinued No. 5 for No. 1. B. B. and even slugs, I have since made much longer and better single shots than formerly; and although it is probable that half-a-dozen grains of the smaller size may reach the object, still at long distances (as in duck shooting), to bring it down they are wanting in strength that which a single grain of shot of a larger size will easily accomplish.

Yours faithfully,
RAMROD.

Dooab, February 28th.

QUERY.

SIR,

Doubts having arisen as to the particular mode for measuring a Race-course correctly, whether the inner ring itself should form the measuring line or if any distance from it should be taken, I shall feel obliged to any of your sporting friends who can inform me on this point, and if there are any general rules laid down, and where they are to be found.

Yours,
BO PEEP.

ON THE DISEASES OF HORSES, AND THEIR REMEDIES.

MR. EDITOR,

I am forwarding you my last letter. I have tried the Croton and Pullas Papra purgative on six or seven horses, and invariably with good effect; the dose I now am led to prefer is as follows:—

Croton beans whole, five.

Pullas do., from ten to fifteen, according to the size and strength of the horse.

The advantages of this purgative are, 1st, certainty of operation in from 7 to 30 hours.

2nd. Facility of administering, as it requires no balling iron, but may be given by any horsekeeper as a common mussalla, and, as I before stated, if mixed up with coarse sugar or jagrey, the horse will generally eat it with pleasure.

3rd. It does not bring on spasm, which aloes and calomel sometimes do; and 4thly, which is no trifle, Mr. Editor, in these hard times, the dose may be made in every village for about one anna at most.

One tablespoonful of bhung, with as much pounded ginger,

will stop the purging, and bring the horse to his food.

RUNNING THRUSH.—I was once about to send above a hundred miles for tar and turpentine, the usual remedy with Europeans, when a native horseman observing my anxiety, laughing, told me he would with my permission cure the whole four diseased feet in less time than the medicine I required could be sent me. I had cut away the rotten parts of the frog; he applied for the first two days the fine prepared slack lime or chunam, as sold by the Tumooleys or beetul sellers, mixed into a thin paste with sweet oil; this appeared to cleanse the frog without materially checking the discharge. On the third and subsequent days the chunam was mixed up with water to the consistence of cream, and applied by pressure with a blunt-pointed stick, well into the part; on the seventh or eighth day I considered the horse perfectly cured, and put him to work.

This remedy I afterwards found useful in sores, at least such as required dry healing applications.

Teak wood tar, or the oil extracted from the red hearts and knots of well grown and partially seasoned teak, is another native remedy for thrush, wounds, sores, and cracked heels; this is, I understand, obtained in Malabar, in a very pure state. In the Moofussil it is generally prepared by previously soaking a quantity of well selected chips in sweet oil for some days, and afterwards put in a large earthen pot, the mouth well stopped and luted with clay, in the bottom of which a small hole is left; a fire is then made round the sides of the vessel, and the oil is received in a lota placed in the ashes under the hole. A medical gentleman to whom I showed some of this oil mistook it for real tar; the natives use it in Burzauttee. I know its value in cracked heels and as a *hoof ointment.*

BURZAUTTEE.—A very intelligent native farrier declared to me that he had been most successful in the treatment of this disease by using the knife boldly and dressing the sores with about nine parts of the teak wood oil, with one part of croton oil; internally he gives blue stone slacked in lime juice and rubbed for several hours in an iron mortar until it forms a glutinous paste; he commences with half a tola, and gradually measures the dose to three, carefully watching the effect; he thinks the disease caused by animalculæ, as in many of the large pieces of fungus he cut away their existence was manifest.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

HUBBEEB UL HISSAN.

MEERUT RACES.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

When your Magazine was first established I was very much afraid it would soon have fallen to the ground, from the lack of matter sufficiently interesting to fill its pages, but glad am I to find you have so many staunch supporters of your valuable and interesting little work, and I trust they will still continue their contributions; and although you may not at present stand in need of a Maiden Contributor, nevertheless should you think the accompanying account of the Meerut meeting of January, 1831, worth inserting, it is very much at your service.

The Meerut meeting was on

the whole much better than had been anticipated, but several screws loose prevented so full an entry of horses as there otherwise would have been. Mr. Bacon's horses ran under great disadvantages, they having just arrived from Cawnpore, a distance of between three and four hundred miles, whereas Mr. Houston's were trained on the spot and kept quite fresh for the meeting; however, notwithstanding the disadvantages under which Mr. Bacon's horses laboured, I must say they appeared in much better form than any other horses that were brought to the post, and to which circumstance he must attribute his winning the Civilians' Cup on the third day, for condition, and condition alone, carried Bustard through that race; bad training and still worse riding lost it to Mr. Houston.

Hoping you may never be in want of contributors, and wishing your little periodical every success, believe me, your constant reader, and well wisher,

FAIR PLAY,

Not 100 *miles from Meerut.*

January 31*st*, 1831.

FIRST AHMEDABAD MEETING OVER A NEW COURSE.

The increase to the European population consisting of many known sporting characters, held out great expectations of an interesting meeting, to see the first *Course* cut up at Ahmedabad. A strong and successful stable arrived just in time for the soup, and the dessert containing some *titbits*, though the season was too late for ices, promised to finish the entertainment in good style. Most of the horses of the different stables looked in excellent condition, and several matches, trotting and others, were on the tapis amongst the sporting lieges, although some of these, from the evaporation of nocturnal spirits, so common on these occasions, ended in smoke. Some conversation took place between Matilda and Doctor O'Toole, but the lady got nervous (we suppose) at the doctor's extraordinary appellative, and, in spite of the additional incentive afforded by an offer of 2000 Rupees, jilted him the night before the match.

The hopes of connoisseurs were in some measure damped by the illness of two of the best of the southern horses; but the meeting nevertheless opened well, and was carried on throughout with spirit and interest. The time is as good as our neighbours have ever accomplished, and, although the lateness of the season precluded anything like elasticity of turf, gives a fair promise of improvement. There was no such thing as the "Bull-in-china-shop" system, as of late too much the case, and on the occasion of one of the first plates being decided in a different manner from what had been expected, the very pithy observation from an old sportsman was elicited of, "at all events, none of that money goes to P—a."

Both the stands were full each day, and the course was crowded with the native population from the city; so that the only thing wanting to complete the scene was the encouraging presence of the fair sex, to whose approving smiles the owners of winning horses cannot be altogether indifferent.

The Ball (as the Morning Post has it) opened with a Maiden Sweepstakes, which brought out

three different ones, and of these Bustle, a small nag out of the Poonah stable, was the best. A fine looking horse, with an extraordinary name, was the favourite at starting, and it was supposed by some that he would establish the superiority of a *milk and water* diet over the old-fashioned system of hay and gram. But it turned out *vice versâ*.

Two old horses, Postboy and Wildrake, next contended at whim weights. Wildrake has a temper of his own, but in this instance the appearance of a huge hunting whip in his immediate vicinity overruled his objections to the turf. He won the first heat in a common canter, and could have won the second at a walk had he been so inclined. Postboy landed at the stable door dead lame.

Another maiden race was run on the second day, and brought before the public a name once bright in racing annals, but in the present instance not likely to immortalize the owner, having only beaten two that were proved on Monday to be barely worth beating. Red Jacket cut a sad figure, and was a long, long way behind.

A good heavy plate, three mile heats, was contested by Paul Pry and Wildrake, and won easy by the former in 6m. 4s., although Wildrake was in the best of humours. One *Draysman* started too, but found *one* round as much or more than he could manage; 6m. 4s. was not a pace at all suited to his capacity.

The third day brought in contact the winner of the first maiden; Lunatic, a very stylish new one, and Minstrel, a musician who started to the tune of "Off she goes," but was unable to be present at the post to greet the winner with "See the conquering hero comes." If our bard cannot keep better time than this, he should stay at home; he might turn the hurdy gurdy to a bear, but I doubt he will never contrive to play first fiddle.

The Hunter's Plate with eleven stone up was won by Oomrah, who contrived to get through his work in 4m. 13s., beating Regent, who had once or twice cut a fair figure on other courses. Infidel, whether from want of *faith* or want of ability to proceed, shut up after the first heat.

Decidedly the best race during the meeting was for the Cup given by the Turf Club, and various speculations were afloat, why Paul the Great (and the good also) was not forthcoming when it was a race involving reputation. Oomrah, who had been claimed by the owner of Paul Pry, on his winning the Hunters, was his proxy, and won the first heat, though by no means the favourite at starting. Lunatic, concerning whom reports of his being a kill-devil were abroad, was backed by many at evens to win, and his coming in second the first heat lengthened several faces. He was first the next time, and the very contented face of a veteran in the art proclaimed that "Rum had riz." He could not do the trick, however, and the race was carried by one that was thought very poorly of at the beginning, but proved beyond doubt that the knowing ones were out of their know.

There was no other race of interest until it was announced that Goblin Grey, of illustrious Bombay memory, who had won the great Sweepstakes last year, at the Presidency (and not that alone, but half the other Plates besides), was again to show forth. Without an expectation of the sort, however, he was beat, and only those who knew he had been wrong, very wrong, when he ar-

rived here, particularly when known first-raters were not in the race. To describe the scene that followed the defeat of this horse for a £40 Plate is impossible;—a "sure thing" turning up the wrong way is pretty certain to floor somebody, and on this occasion Goblin's friends were sadly in the *mud*.

Another race that day gave the spectators an opportunity of witnessing four beautiful heats (one a dead one), which terminated in Regent's favour. A race in which all winners were compelled to enter closed the scene, and proved either that the horses were not up to their weights, or that those who handicapped them were not up to their business; for Lunatic, who had been beaten by Master Henry the day before, ran away from him the second heat, and won without an effort. The glorious uncertainty!!

Several good Sweepstakes are made up for next year—the course is about to be improved,—and Ahmedabad promises to be one of the best places of resort for turf amateurs in our quarter of India.

OBSERVATOR.

WOODCOCKS IN INDIA.

SIR,

I have never yet heard of a woodcock having been seen in this Presidency; indeed, I believe that, excepting at the Neilgherry Hills, only one or two have been heard of in India. That these rare birds do, however, sometimes visit this corner of this vast country, the fact of my having shot one the other day will prove. I found it in a grassy plain, near the village called Gargaum, in Curmullah, and a finer or heavier woodcock was never seen. As some persons may be disposed to doubt this circumstance, I may as well add that a gentleman of the *most undoubted veracity* was present when the bird was killed, and that four other gentlemen of the Sholapoor Hunt saw it immediately afterwards.

Yours, &c., &c.

H. W. R.

Mhole, 4th March, 1831.

To the Editor of the Oriental Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

Want of leisure has prevented me from appearing in either of the two last numbers of the O. S. M.; I have also deferred sending a contribution which I had prepared for your next number, seeing the necessity which exists of saying a few words on three letters which have shone conspicuously in the pages of the Bombay Courier, a publication which I was not before aware was the place for challenges; and finally, such a glorious wind up as the letter of your most sporting correspondent "Silledar."

In the whole of these three sporting letters, the Ahmednuggur Hunt and myself flourish more or less, myself most particularly in that last most clear, most concise, most classical, and most good-humoured production!

When I first became a contributor to your Sporting Magazine I indulged a few, perhaps, unwarranted hopes that, by occasionally turning out an article

that could absolutely be read through without performing the part of an opiate on the reader good-natured enough to give a man fair play, I might at length, by dint of no ordinary exertions, attain that ill-inspiring and high-sounding title of a "valuable correspondent." Such fond hopes I confess to have cherished: perhaps it was vanity alone that urged me to seek the meed of praise from the readers of a sporting periodical, for which I desire to have been debased. Great God, then, what were my overjoyed feelings when, on reading the letter of your impartial correspondent, I found myself triumphing over the whole of my envious competitors, in the pages too of a public newspaper, as the hero of all heroes! The accomplished artist of a kidney omelette tossed up, too, in the magical apparatus of a travelling cook-shop!!!

I feel, Sir, that elevated as I am to the highest pinnacle of glory, from which stronger heads than mine might shudder to look down, a more prudent course would be to retire at once from a field in which I have lived but to conquer, but having pledged myself to say a few words on these *sporting*—every one must allow them to be so—letters, I am bound to proceed; but first and foremost I will give in nearly a dozen words the history of the challenge alluded to in the first letter in the Courier, and leave every one to judge for himself whether there was any necessity or occasion for the production of "One as can go it."

Now for the history. At a dinner party at Poonah, during or immediately after the races before the last, a member of the Nuggur Hunt told another member of the same Hunt that he, and three other gentlemen whom he would select, would ride, either for money or not, against any four members of the said Hunt. This message was conveyed to the secretary by the member whom the challenger had addressed, on his return to Nuggur. The secretary wishing to know from the challengers themselves whether they were really in earnest, and desiring to have so extraordinary a message on paper before he should write to inform every member of it, dispatched a letter with all speed to Poonah; an answer to this letter arrived in a few days, in which the challenger said the whole thing was intended as a joke, and wondered how it could have been understood to be otherwise. Here ends the history of the origin, it is said, of the letter in the Courier, and I leave it to every one to judge for himself whether after that answer there was any necessity for any members of the Hunt themselves to challenge men to ride *for money*, an act in my opinion as unsportsmanlike as it would prove destructive of every pleasure to be derived from the noble diversion of hog-hunting.

As for the challenge by "One who can go it," it would appear to have been made by one person, there being only one signature to it. My own conviction is that there are more than one, though not more than three at the very utmost. However, more than one or less than three, of this I can speak with certainty, the secretary was never in any way applied to, nor did the Hunt itself ever hear a word about what was going to take place till the Courier published the challenge.

Every man may entertain his own opinions on every subject, and my firm conviction now is that the *acceptance* of the challenge in a subsequent Courier

was a *hoax*. Whether this hoax will have the effect of preventing others from taking up the gauntlet, time will show. All I know is, that if the meetings of the Hunt, hitherto held for sport only, are to be in future the scenes of men riding against each other for *money*, I for one will bid adieu for ever to the plains of the Godavery, though the very name of them conjures up the fondest recollections of unrivalled diversion, most perfect good fellowship, and, above all, a pure unalloyed feeling for sport, and *sport alone!*

I am come to, I trust, the first and last production of "Silledar." If he is what his name would indicate, I would recommend him for once, and for once and for all, to drop the pen, and stick to his sword. With one he may do something, but, alas! his letter denies all hope of success with the other. I really, in taking any notice of his letter, am running no small risk of being branded with presumption as wishing to appear to understand what generally is thought to be unintelligible; I must beg, therefore, to explain that a very great part of it is quite above my talents and comprehension, and that a *guess* at the intention of the writer in the other parts enables me to notice it at all. The sum total, then, of my guess is that where my friend "Silledar" expected to find a *host* he found a *bechoba*, and there my guess ends as to that part, for the Lord help any man that strives to unravel the mysteries of the next sixteen or eighteen lines. He then proceeds to talk of "benefit to brother members," which most probably refers to something in the unintelligible fact above. We then come to a glorious non sequitur, running thus, "I am not a subscriber to the O. S. M., *nor* am I anxious to continue a member of such an ill-conducted and mere nominal affair as the Ahmednuggur Hunt." Next comes a long rigmarole in which he gives members *information*, which in the same breath he admits they are in possession of, and here my friend seems quite exhausted with the eloquence he has displayed, for I find he is so done as to take to copying a memorandum book! Having got through so much, and making due allowance for the overcome state in which he must have been when he wrote, we find one paragraph containing the following connected expressions and sentences. These are—the feats of his chuprapi—breaking of legs —want of cattle—dictates on condition, training; hunting—two or three screws, with a well cushioned nibbs, culinary apparatus, and a kidney omelette (as he himself expresses it) well *saiffleed*. The letter then ends with a few words of a Latin quotation, which has the advantage of being quite new, and something about a challenge (though which I can't make out) being either a hoax or not a hoax—it may be either to me, for I can't make out head or tail of it.

And now, Sir, in bidding Silledar adieu for ever, let me implore your assistance in dissuading him from withdrawing himself from the Hunt. You recollect the fate which Mr. Hoby, the boot-maker, clearly saw impending over his shop when Ensign —— threatened to withdraw his custom. "Shut up the shop, Tom," cried he; "we are ruined. Ensign —— has withdrawn his custom!"

Alas! what must be the fate of the Ahmednuggur Hunt when Silledar withdraws his name! I shudder to think of it! a Hunt which has existed for within a

few months of twelve years, to be broken up at a minute's warning by the retirement of a single member! alas! alas!

I have hardly spirit to sign myself

NIMROD IN THE EAST.

April, 1831.

"FOLLOW, FOLLOW."

TUNE—*Lilla's a Lady.*

Come away, jolly sportsman, the jungle is nigh,
We're determined to stir the grey bear from his sty;
He's the fiercest in fight,
He's the fleetest in flight,
Then follow, follow, follow, all fearless—
Yes, follow, follow, follow with me.

Tho' greyer than badger, tho' swifter than deer,
Tho' fiercer than wolf, who the devil would fear?
His strength and his size
Will but gladden our eyes,
Then follow, &c.

There are fifty blood beaters, all true to their trust,
Let us give them the signal, and find him we must;
Halloo! that's the sound—
Holy Jove! there, they've found!
Then follow, &c.

Yes, hark to the crash and the rush that he makes,
And see from yon corner how boldly he breaks;
Now, my lads, do your best,
Screw your nerves to the test,
And follow, &c.

Right over the nullah! he bounds like a buck;
Dash into the river! he dives like a duck;
Not the leap nor the swim
From our spears shall save him,
Then follow, &c.

Now breathless, o'ertaken, he musters his might,
Ride up, gallant hunters, and finish the fight,
In his blood and his foam
Let him charge and charge home!
Then follow, &c.

And now, the sport ended, we'll quit the broad plain,
And round our full bowls ride the chase o'er again;
Then dream through the night
Of the next day's delight;
And follow, follow, follow, all fearless—
Yes, follow, follow, follow with me.

S. Y. S.

HOG HUNTING NEAR POONAH.

SIR,

It must be surprising to you, while every other station of this Presidency sends its contribution of hog-hunting *staves*, Poonah, formerly the *crack place* for this noble sport, should now be behindhand; but the fact is that Poonah is no longer the place it was. The lads of the Union, Spear, and other Hunts made so good a use of these weapons, that the bristly race is almost exterminated from the vicinity. The jungle of Rasabosah, Mhole, Core, and Alunder are no longer a certain find; indeed, for the last two years not a single hog has been killed at the two former places, consequently the few men who are hog-hunters here are obliged to go 60 miles, to be at all sure of meeting with sport. Notwithstanding this, we managed to dispose of 104 hog last year, and expect to double that number this year, as we have made a tolerable beginning. Our ground has generally been the tanks of the Beema (both the Poonah and Nuggur) and the Ghaunts near Poonah, and bad enough it is, for we have hills, thorns, and nullahs, and (what are worse here than anywhere else) stones, which to an inexperienced horse are "the devil," and, in case of a fall to the rider, rarely fails to leave their mark on him—I speak feelingly. So much for the country: as to the sportsmen, few as they are, I could mention some workmen who would perform well in any country, and whose style of *settling a hog* Nimrod himself would contemplate with perfect satisfaction.

I have the pleasure to add that the Poonah lads have killed 51 hog since the beginning of the present year, 35 of which were killed by the last party on the following dates:—

February 9th, at Nimbowree, 62 miles from Poonah, in the Nuggur country	2
10th, at Sepoorah, 5 coss further ditto	7
11th, at Hingnee, 5 coss ditto	7
12th, " "	1
13th, at Oomrud, 4 "	1
14th, " "	7
15th, " "	1
16th, Kurmullah, 5 "	13
17th " "	2
Total	35

Besides this, while the horses and spears are resting, two of us have been using our guns, and the result has been two hundred and fifty-nine head of game of different sorts.

I am, &c.,
H. W. R.

Poonah, March 15th, 1831.

PERFORMANCES OF SACKCLOTH.

I think, Mr. Editor, that an account of the performances of Major Looney's "Sackcloth" at the last Madras Meeting may find a corner in your Sporting Magazine, at any rate they are worthy of being therein recorded.

"Sackcloth" is a dark iron grey horse, nearly 15 hands high, with a fine forehead, but remarkably straight in his pins; in fact, it may almost be said that he has no bend in the pastern. His quarter is splendid and of immense strength. He has a deep jowl and beautiful eye, and is a perfect Arab in temper.

He first appeared for the second maiden, two mile heats, 8st. 7lbs., at the Madras Races, January 18th,

1831, against Mr. Fox's Glendower and Mr. Egremont's Edwy. The first heat he led throughout, and won easy in 4m. 3s. The second, Glendower took him off at a good pace, but could not head him; at the mile Edwy ran up and took Glendower's place, and with as little chance, Glendower again making a push at the distance. "Sackcloth" still kept his advantage and won easy, in 4m. 1s.

This was conclusive as to his being a good one, the two horses having done their best against the common enemy, without the smallest chance of success.

He next appeared on the 22nd, for a Sweepstakes, 1½ mile, 8m. 4s. with Fitz Orelio and Tofino. "Sackcloth" and "Fitz" rated it from the post at a tremendous pace, and "Sackcloth" won easy in 2m. 58s., Mr. Fox's Tofino cutting but a sorry figure against the two clippers. This made people open their eyes, Fitz having won the first maiden three miles in 6m. 45s. first heat, and 6m. 24s. the second.

On the 27th he started for a Sweepstakes, two miles, 8m. 7s., opposed by "Knave of Trumps" and "Glendower." The Knave did his best to make a race of it, but "Sackcloth" won very easy again, in worse time than the second maiden.

On the 29th he was once more at the post, with little Edwy as a competitor. A Sweepstakes 2½ miles, 8m. 10s. The gallant Edwy rated it alongside of him the whole way at a killing pace, till the last hundred yards, when "Sackcloth" went out and won positively easy in 5m. 3s.

Edwy in this race proved himself a trump, but more than a trump was required to beat the big one.

An hour afterwards he appeared for the Civilian's Cup, 1½ mile and a distance, with 8st. 10½lbs. on his back, against Dreadnought and Honesty, each carrying 8st. 12lbs. Honesty had the post, and went off at a slapping pace, and kept it up to boot. Sackcloth well on his quarter. At the distance, for the first time in his life, Sackcloth was pushed out and touched with the whip; he answered immediately, and won the race by a length and a half in 3m. 11s.

This time is unparalleled when we consider that he had just won a severe 2½ miles race in 5m. 3s. with 8st. 10½lbs. In half an hour after he walked over for a three-mile sweepstakes, thus winning six times during the meeting, and five of them contested races. He is now the property of Gen. McDowall, and is one of a stud of eighty. His late owner, no doubt, though, will manage to give him a maiden licking next year with Emilius. "Honesty" has just been sent to England, and I think your correspondent S. Y. S. must allow that in him they have a stallion of blood, make, and strength—his speed and bottom are recorded.

Yours,

NECK AND NECK.

Madras, 28th March, 1831.

THE STEEPLECHASE.

This dangerous and delightful amusement, so much in vogue among the crack sportsmen of England, seems to have found no supporters or patronisers in the East, and I am the more surprised at this neglect of such an excellent kind of sport, since the Deccan can

certainly offer many grand spots for the trial of nerve and the exhibition of good horsemanship, and as certainly lots of dashing riders to evince their courage as well as their judgment and skill. I wonder then that some of these *choice spirits* have not thought of good round Sweepstakes for a Steeplechase; and, if this should meet the eye of any of them, I trust something may be done towards having a little amusement in that way. I am confident it would be more satisfactory to witness the gallant riding of four or five real good ones across a bad country in a crow-flight, than to toddle after a mongrel pack of curs trotting an assafœtidaed fox to death. For my own part, though somewhat too bulky to get over a rough road very cleverly, yet I would gallop many a long mile to witness a good steeplechase, and what would the Deccanites say to one from the Gibbet hill or Scindia's palace, up to *the top* of Parbuttee, fifty rupees each rider, and the last to pay the second rider's stakes. Put this into your next number, if you please, and if this succeeds, and the gentlemen will give *us* Bombayites a timely notice through the Courier or Gazette, they may depend on having three or four of us among them. Good-bye, Mr. Editor, and be at your post by the first week in May, and you will revive the confidence and good will of the subscribers and contributors of the O. S. M., now so much weakened by so many disappointments in the issue of the quarterly numbers from the press.

Yours faithfully,
STEEPLE.

KURNAUL RACES.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

Should you think my former communication worth inserting, you will probably give the following account of the Kurnaul meeting, 1831, a place in your amusing periodical.

The Kurnaul Meeting commenced on the 9th February, with the Give and Take, heats R. C. (one mile and a half and 15 yards), for which the Confederates' G. A. Marmion, at 8st. 6lbs. (jockeyed by his owner), Mr. Parry's G. A. Savadah, at 7st. 12lbs., and Mr. Bacon's C. A. Creeper, at 9st. 7lbs., made their appearance. Creeper, who unfortunately broke a blood vessel during the first heat, the favourite, and had it not been for the accident would probably have won the race, for it was evident from Marmion's running that he had trained off since leaving Meerut, or he had never have allowed an inferior horse like Savadah to win the first heat in such bad time as 3m. 7s.; he managed however to win the second and third heats with apparent ease, in 3m. 8s. and 3m. 11s. The second race was for Maiden Arabs, weight for age, heats two miles, which Mr. Houston's G. A. Tyrant, five years old, at 8st. 7lbs. (Rammoola), won at two heats, with the greatest ease, beating Mr. Stalk's B. A. Cock Robin, 8st. 7lbs., and Mr. Ceto's B. A. Good for Nothing, 8st. 12lbs., in 4m. 15s. and 4m. 25s. Third race, Mr. Clinton's bay pony Varmint, 7st. 7lbs., beat the Confederates' G. P. mare Padrina, 8st., in a match twice R. C. Padrina from an accident was unable to train, or the result might have been different. Fourth race, the Ensign's roan horse Half Batta (owner) beat the Confederates' dun pony Tickle Toby

in a match R. C. Tickle Toby had no chance at any part of the race. —Second day. First race, for the General's Purse, heats R. C. The following horses were entered:—the Moss Trooper's C. A. Chester, 9st. 9lbs., Captain Duckett's G. A. Hudibras, 9st. 9lbs., Mr. Mootee's G. A. Ecarte, 9st. 4lbs., and the Confederates' C. G. Rufus, by Slender Billy, 9st. 6lbs.; but an objection being made to the Moss Trooper's horse, in consequence of some mistake in the nomination, Hudibras, Ecarte, and Rufus only came to the post. The first heat was beautifully contested, Hudibras winning by a length, and Ecarte beating Rufus by a nose, in 3m. 15s.; had not Rufus, however, endeavoured to bolt, by which he lost nearly 100 yards, there is little doubt but he would have won the heat. The second heat was well contested between Ecarte and Hudibras, the latter winning by half a length, in 3m. 13s. For the Galloway Purse it was no race, Mr. Parry's G. A. Savandah, 8s. 5lbs., beating Mr. Mootee's G. M. Wagtail in a canter, in 3m. 20s. Third race, the Ensign's roan horse Half Batte (owner) beat Mr. Clinton's G. H. Nosey in a match, 1 mile, won in a canter, time 2m. 15s. Same day, for a Handicap Sweepstakes, two miles, the following horses started:—Mr. Houston's G. A. Tyrant, 9st. (Rammoola), M. Ceto's B. A. Good for Nothing, 7s. 12lbs., Mr. Stalk's G. A. Sampson, 8st. 2lbs., and Mr. Bacon's G. A. Popinjay, 8st. 7lbs. The race was Tyrant's the whole way, he winning easy by a couple of lengths, in 4m. 13s., Good for Nothing second, Sampson third, and Popinjay fourth and last.—Third day. First race, for the Maiden Country Bred Purse, heats R. C., the Moss Trooper's C. C. Rob the Ranter, 7st. 7lbs. (Rammoola), beat Mr. Bacon's B. F. Caifacaratadadara at two heats easy, but in no time, Rob being lame and the Filly trying to bolt. For the Pony Purse, heats one mile and a quarter, a splendid race was anticipated between the two famous ponies, Stargazer and Zarah, but Zarah unfortunately being amiss, was unable to make her appearance. Mr. Parry however (perhaps depending on the glorious uncertainty) ventured to enter a pony called Black Sally against the noted Stargazer; and although Stargazer cantered in front the whole way, coming in first by several lengths, he was declared distanced in consequence of his owner carrying above his weight and not declaring it. Third race, the Ensign's roan horse Half Batta (owner) beat Mr. Lawrence's B. H. Ginger Pop R. C. in a canter, after which came the Station Cup, twice R. C. and a distance, and from the number of horses entered (eight) a good race was expected, but from accidents in training three only made their appearance at the post, viz. the Moss Trooper's B. A. Stanley, 8st. 7lbs. (Pamchoo), Mr. Ceto's B. A. Good for Nothing, 8st. 12lbs., and Mr. Benjamin's G. F. Emerald, 6st. 10lbs.; even betting between Stanley and the Filly, and almost any odds against Good for Nothing, who had not been in training a month. The horses passed the stand well together, but the race was between Stanley and Emerald; the latter appeared to be winning easy, when unfortunately within a few yards of the distance post bolted, by which accident Stanley was enabled to win, greatly distressed, in 6m. 51s., Good for Nothing just saving his distance. Stanley, I hear, had been amiss several days previous to the race, but had not that been the case, I doubt whether

he would have been able with 8st. 7lbs. against 6st. 10lbs. to have done much against the Filly, for two stone difference in weight must tell, especially in so long a race.—Fourth day. First race, for the Arab Purse, heats two miles, five horses started, viz. Mr. Houston's G. A. Tyrant, 8st. 7lbs. (Rammoola), the Moss Trooper's C. A. Chester, 8st. 12lbs., the Confederates' G. A. Marmion, 8st. 12lbs., Mr. Bacon's C. A. Sinner, 8st. 12lbs., and Mr. Parry's G. A. Savadah, 8st. 12lbs. Marmion the favourite at 12 to 8 against the field, but the favourite is not always the winner, Marmion being dead beat both heats half-a-mile from home, and the contest being between Tyrant and Chester, which latter ought to have won the first heat, but his jockey was asleep, Tyrant winning it by a length in 4m. 10s., and the second heat easy in 4m. 13s. Marmion third both heats, Sinner fourth, and Savadah fifth. This is not like Marmion's running at Meerut, but if reports are true, which state that Marmion met with an accident, and was obliged to run in a bar shoe, this, combined with his having trained off, will in some measure account for his bad running; he is a good, honest little horse, and, if I mistake not, will next year turn out a regular clipper. I almost forgot to mention a very pretty bit of running on the third day, viz. between the Ensign's horse Half Batta (who, I hear, for his performances is to be hereafter named Full Batta) and Mr. Mootee's G. H. Jem, 9st. 7lbs. each, half a mile; both got a beautiful start, ran neck and neck the whole way to the distance post, when both were brought to the whip, and a beautiful race terminated in favour of Half Batta by a nose in 1 minute. After the Arab Purse on the fourth day, a Sweepstakes, half a mile heats, 8st. 2lbs. each, came off between Mr. Bacon's G. A. Popinjay (R. Ross), the Moss Trooper's Br. Country Horse Dourgun Saul, and Mr. Stalk's B. M. Toddles. The first heat a beautiful race, and won by Dourgun, by a short head, in 1 minute; the second and third heats won easy by Popinjay, in 1 minute and 1m. 2s. The Ensign's horse Half Batta beat Mr. Clinton's G. H. Nosey in a match, quarter of a mile, owners riding, in a canter, in 31s. After allowing him a little time to breathe, he started again for another match against Mr. Taffy's Bk. H. Black and all Black, 10st. each, R. C., and again proved successful, winning his race in a canter. The fifth day's racing commenced with a match between Mr. Ceto's B. A. Good for nothing, 8st. 12lbs. (an amateur), and Mr. Stalk's G. A. Sampson, 8st. 12lbs.; from the running of these two in the Handicap Sweepstakes on the second day, at 4lbs., it was evident to those who were not absolutely blind that one stone would make it a hollow thing, but still there were some who were griffs enough to back Sampson, and suffered for their folly, Good for nothing winning in a common canter the two miles in 4m. 16s., not so bad for a horse almost untrained. Second race, Mr. Mootee's G. A. Ecarte (R. Ross) beat the Moss Trooper's C. A. Chester, in a match, 11st. each, R. C., easy in 3m. 12s. Chester the favourite before the race at 2 to 1, and during the race at 5 to 1. A match made last year, and which was to have been run on the third day, between the Confederates' C. A. Tom Tit and Mr. Stalk's C. A. The Disowned, 8st. 7lbs. each, two miles, was off by mutual consent, both horses being amiss. For a

Handicap Purse, R. C. and a distance, 10 horses were entered, and 7 only started, viz. Mr. Benjamin's G. F. Emerald, 8st. 6lbs. (Ross), Mr. Houston's G. A. Tyrant, 9st. 5lbs., the Confederates' C. A. Tom Tit, 8st. 7lbs., Mr. Bacon's C. A. Sinner, 8st. 10lbs., Mr. Stalk's B. M. Toddles, 7st. 12lbs., the Ensign's horse Half Batta, 6st. 5lbs., and the Confederates' C. G. Rufus, 8st. 4lbs., who soon lost all chance of winning by bolting to his stable. The race was well contested between Emerald and Tyrant, the former winning with little to spare by half a length in 3m. 27s. Tom Tit third, Sinner fourth, Toddles and Half Batta, though not placed, fifth and sixth. Thus ended the Kurnaul Meeting of February 1831, and I hope next year the racing men will be more fortunate in their stables, and renew the sport with redoubled vigour. It appears the Confederates have great confidence in the powers of their horse Marmion, they having backed him against Mr. Bacon's G. A. Lancer, 8st. 7lbs. each, three miles, for 5000 rupees, to be run on the first day of the next Meerut meeting. Hoping the best horse may win, and wishing your Magazine every success, believe me, dear Mr. Editor, your constant reader and well-wisher,

FAIR PLAY,

Not 10 *miles from Meerut.*

April 2nd, 1831.

A PONGO PICNIC.

SIR,

The greater number of your readers are no doubt aware of the many thousand pleasurable anticipations which the promise of a *picnic party* never fails to awaken in the bosoms of even the most home-loving people, and they who are sportsmen in the truest sense of the word will, I am confident, give me their commiseration when they read my miserable story and are told that, though no longer a *youth*, the *spirit* of sport still flourishes and blooms in my remembrance, and clings round my heart with a tenacity which not two-and-twenty years of hot service have weakened, nor the loss of *half tentage* can untwine from its hold, nor *threatened reductions* can loosen in its attachment. I cannot, however, help fancying (I hope it is only fancy) that

> Sport, and all its varied charms,
> Its follies and its freaks,

is in its decline, and that the zeal and perseverance which once distinguished the true hog-hunter from the mere *amateur* are sinking into a feeling that assimilates such widely different characters, and that the few parties that now take place are caused less from a love of sport than by a desire to escape from the bore of office work or the monotony of drill parades. But I wish not to show myself to your readers as a "*Laudator temporis Acti*," however much I may be so in heart, and therefore "*revenons à nos moutons.*" I was dealing out my praise of *picnics* in general, and spoke of the revulsion of feeling, which the one I have just returned from had occasioned, turning hope into disappointment, and changing the reality of enjoyment into a mere mockery of pleasure —still, though unlike what I had always seen of picnic parties, there was much to be amused at, and much to be pleased with,

for the ridiculous is almost always diverting, and even absurdities sometimes afford as much fun to some as real good sport does to others.

I will mention the various incidents of the day, and leave your readers to judge for themselves—but first I must describe what sort of animal a *Pongo* is—yet, no—I may not make the attempt for fear of offending that very respectable and numerous class of people—for the *Pongoes* are, I really believe, descendants of Adam, though so much of the monkey peeps out in their feature and form, that the eye of the observer instinctively glances down to look for their *tails*, and the mind naturally enough is brought to conclude, from the absence of that appendage, that *docking* has been resorted to, and that, like "*business ponies*," they only carry a remnant! I will not be more minute in my description, lest any one should fancy I meant to be personal, an intention which I positively disclaim; so that if any of my neighbours should think him alluded to, and cut me in consequence, I shall certainly ask for his reasons, which will not convince me of the correctness of the application, unless he should show me "*his stump*," when I shall be most willing to make the "amende honourable" to him, and to his whole tribe also, if called on so to do.

Well, Mr. Editor, to proceed with *my tale*, and leave the *Pongoes* to arrange *their tails* as they can.

It was a fine, cool, breezy morning, and our party were in high spirits, and with guns, greyhounds, fishing rods, and hog spears, we wandered over the beautiful plain extending from our rendezvous to the spot where our tents were pitched. We had of course formed a line, separating from each other about 60 yards, and as there were ten of us, we covered a good space of ground, and in a very short time up started a hare. Now, I had not seen a course for some years, and was exceedingly surprised to find two brace of dogs had been slipped at the unfortunate puss: in days of yore this would have been called down dreadful punishment on the back of the offender who had slipped the second brace, but on this occasion no oath was sworn, no vengeance vowed, no remark was made; away went the four dogs, leaving the whole party to follow, which they did at a very leisurely pace, one or two of the gentlemen observing to me as I was pushing by them, "Oh, don't ride, they will soon turn her round *if they don't lose her!*" However, ride I did, and witnessed the chase, which after being continued in a straight line for about a mile took a direction to the right, and the rear dogs, cutting across, contrived to get up and turn the hare. This gave an opportunity for all four to join and to have a fling in turn at the poor animal, who, however, contrived for some time to baffle them with ease, and the running was pretty enough, when, after going about half a mile in this way, we had gradually skirted round the main body of the party, and to my horror I heard several voices exclaim, "A beautiful chase—*slip another brace*,"—and, by G—d, Sir, another brace were slipped!!! Six to one settled the matter, and poor pussy was picked up for a stew! The dogs were caressed as though they had accomplished wonders, and "*the Pongoes*" said it was "*devilish good sport.*" Shortly after, a herd of antelopes broke

through our line, and one of this *new race* dismounted, took his double-barrelled Joe Manton, loaded with ball, and gave a deliberate shot at a buck as it bounded to the rear. The ball missed its object, and striking on the very top of a rising ground just as the head of the rider next to him appeared above it, frightened him out of his two senses and a half, so he dismounted for a time. 'Twas alarmingly near producing "*a Pongo funeral.*" At this instant, however, a fox was hailed at some considerable distance, and to lay the dogs in would require real hard galloping, but this did not suit "*the Pongoes,*" so they *trotted* round him without slipping, until they came *pretty* close, and then "Chor da!" was vociferated by nearly all the party, and *every* dog in the field (four brace and a *long-legged* terrier) were at their speed in a moment! This sight almost killed me! I was thunderstruck and disgusted, though I still could not help laughing at the absurdity of the affair, when the fox began to play his tricks, for doubling and stopping, and turning, and twisting, brought the greyhounds into a cluster, knocking each other over, running in each other's way, *yelping* too like curs, and doing anything but catching their fox, who, amidst the confusion of dogs and horses jumbled together, had cocked up his brush and disappeared in his earth. Then ensued a scene I have never even heard of before; most of the party dismounted, and while some thrust bamboes into the holes (of which there were two), others hallooed into them with all their might, and one or two *danced* over the spot where he was supposed to be; but all to no purpose—Reynard would not stir. At last, one of the pokers declared he *felt* him *biting the end of the bamboo.* Oh! then came the rejoicing, and more yelling and more hallooing, and *digging* was commenced, but the ground proved too rocky for that work, and after an hour and a half's toil and trouble they determined to *blow him out*, and, "*risible dictu,*" *four* barrels loaded with No. 5 were discharged smack into the holes, two into each; out came—not the fox—no—*the smoke*, and so it ended in *that* only, and we left the poor devil to ruminate upon what had happened to him and his apartments underground, and to bless his stars that he was only pursued by "*a Pongo party.*"

It would take up too much time were I to describe the thousand and one incidents of this sporting day, else I should, I think, divert you and your readers by telling you how gallantly four of "*the tribe*" amused a couple of fine large wolves for half an hour, when the animals took leave of them at a very easy pace, and the hunters (Shade of John J——s, *hunters!*) cantered off to the tents, while another set pushed after a black buck, for they said they were sure he was lame, because he was quite the *last* of all the herd, and could only *trot:*—no venison for that day!!

The party unoccupied by the wolves and the deer, consisting of four, in the mean time beat along the plain towards a patch of low jungle, when being sure of finding hares, and as sure that the only brace of dogs they had with them could not catch them, three Pongoes dismounted and took their guns, and one remained on horseback "*to look out!*" Well, Sir, *fourteen* shots they fired at nearly as many hares in the jungle, and, like Novice of your No. 7 at the Mallee's grey cat, "they *could not touch a feather.* At last, however, close to the edge of the

bushes out dashed a fine grey hare, and taking fairly into the plain the dogs were slipped, not however before a brace of barrels from one "Pongo" had warned her to be off sharp. A loose dog, and limping on the plain, chanced to see her as she came towards him, and he made a rush for her scut, which she very cleverly and carefully saved from his teeth, and turned back to the bushes with the dogs close to her, and skirting the jungle patch she was saluted with the double barrels of the other two shooters, the mounted "*Pongo*" all this time riding and shooting like a madman, but in spite of the dogs and the rider, in spite of the shot and roaring, off went pussy and never was seen again.

By this time the heat was excessive, the greyhounds fagged to death, the horses tired, and ourselves hungry; so we rode for the tents at once, where we found the "*wolf-hunting Pongoes*" taking a snack before breakfast at the grapes and figs, and one of them we saw finishing a *whole tongue* with his own teeth! To have witnessed their feats when breakfast *was* brought you would have fancied that they had not taken a meal for a fortnight; there they were, with rice and eggs, mutton chops and fish, cold fowl and hot beefsteaks, Kedgeree and Kabobs, and Chutnee; for, as an old friend of mine once justly observed, "I would not give a d——n for Kabobs without Chutnee!" all, everything, went down their throats in rapid succession, and at last, like the poet's unsubstantial pageant, "left not a rack," (except, I believe, the toast rack) "behind."

Well, breakfast being concluded at last (it lasted nearly an hour), we began to look about for some amusement to while away the tedious time 'twixt that and tiffin, and cards were called for. *There were none!* Oh, distressing, doleful, dismal news! no cards, and no going out of the tent from the excessive heat; 'twas the end of March, under the fly only of a subaltern's tent, and not a tree near that was high enough to hang a lizard. No cards! and three long hours before the midday meal could possibly be ready! What was to be done? sleep!—yes!—we lay down and slept—then tiffed; many as though they never expected to get a dinner again; and some servants during our slumber having been ordered to secure some sparrows alive, and as they had luckily succeeded, out went six of the "*Pongoes*," tied a tent rope to a hat by way of a trap, and three rupees and a half were (after a spirited contest) lost and won on a Sparrow Match! ! !

We now ordered our horses; for the gusty wind was whirling the dust in eddies over the plain, dark clouds had assembled in huge masses to the west, threatening a storm, which as we approached home came down with great violence and drenched every soul to the skin: severe tumbles, occasioned more by the spur in the *head* than the spur on the *heel*, were our only *amusements* during our gallop, and as no serious accident had happened, we met again at the well-furnished dinner table, of our host of "the picnic," and the events of the day were discussed over some dozen bottles of "Renny and Bell," as eagerly and proudly as the jovial members of the old Bristly and Union Hunts used to exult over theirs in former days and hail their successes in plain Hodgson. Spirits of those I loved and admired! proved gallant hearts of the Deccan's

proudest days! I deprecate your censure, while I blush for thus associating even the *remembrance* of your glorious deeds with the puny performances of these "*Pongoes*," to which indeed they bear as much resemblance as would the wars of the cods to the battle of the frogs and mice—and yet they call themselves *Hunters*. But never mind that; the party caroused merrily and happily, and happier and merrier people I have seldom seen. I left them at an early hour of the dark hours, and next morning, long after cock-crow, I passed through the dining room to mount my horse for my usual constitutional gallop, and saw the Pongoes located as follows:—three *under* the table; one *on* it; four on couches; and one, "*the noblest of the flock*," sitting fast asleep, with an empty wine-glass fast held in his fingers. "*Go to bed, old boy*," said I, as I slapped him on the back; "*go to bed.*" "CLARET, IF YOU PLEASE," mumbled he, "*and here's to you!*"

And thus ended the "Pongo picnic."

E. E.

SONG.

Oh! we will run through pleasure's round,
Beyond the grasp of care;
And where the god of mirth is found,
Unfailing, worship there!
To *one* pursuit then shall we bind
The true-born sportsman's soul?
No, never, while his ample mind
Can circle through the *whole!*
Then let each pleasure have its zest,
Give every sport its due,
And be one brimming toast addrest
To racket, quoit, and cue!

Some love to urge the high-train'd steed,
And the flight of wind outrun,
While others wing the arrow's speed,
Or point the levelled gun!
And often where the ball-room beams
The child of fashion flies,
Where the music streams and the high hall gleams
With light and with woman's eyes!
Then let each pleasure have its zest,
Give every sport its due,
And be a brimming toast addrest
To racket, quoit, and cue!

Some turn away in cold disdain
From beauty's breast of snow,
And haste to their much loved jungle plain,
To lay the wild hog low—
From pleasure's crowded halls they fly,
Where woman's cheek is blushing,

And deny that its finest tints can vie
With the sight of the grey boar rushing!
There is a zest by all possest,
Then give each sport its due,
And let a bumper be addrest
To racket, quoit, and cue!

SIGMA.

STABLE TRICKS.

SIR,

The march of mind, which is the fashionable phraseology of this fashionable age, and more especially of this most fashionable Island, has beyond a doubt extended its "advance in line" to this blissful country, which fact is, in my opinion, undeniably established by the institutions of our Native School, the erection of the Town Hall, and the Mint, and the imposing approach to perfection of our literary society, and those improving twin associations, the Horticultural and Agricultural:—how refreshing to all, however, it would be if the Presidency influentials could get up a Full Pattacultural or Full Tentage-cultural institution. But that would only tend to show the march of money, and the Lord knows—at least every subaltern does—that *that* march has been made long ago, for while mind has marched *on*, money has marched *off*—"Eheu, prisca dies."

Well, Sir, 'tis no use grumbling, except that a growl now and then is to the mind like phlebotomy to the body; it relieves us from a repletion of grief—or, like the present system of reduction to our purses, relieves them from repletion also. But to return to my subject. Among the marches which this progress of civilization has brought into India, there is no doubt that one practice has been established in our colony, which hitherto had been confined to the more experienced traders in the mother country, and the lands adjacent—I allude to what may be termed Stable Science, or rather "Stable Tricks,"—that system of fraud and deception so long and so successfully practised by stable functionaries in England.

I fancy I shall stand uncontradicted when I assert that as much trickery, knavery, falsehood, and deceit are to be met with and guarded against in the stables, commonly called Bombproof, at this Presidency, as in those of the most desperate dealers or veriest sharpers in Europe.

I will ask any gentleman in the habit of making purchases in this island, whether I am not correct in saying that the generality of Arab dealers are quite as much awake to *Bishop-ing* and other fraudulent practices as any "swell cove of the horse fair" in the world? By-the-by, I suppose almost all your readers know that *Bishop-ing* means the operation of burning the teeth, to resemble the marks by which the age of horses are determined; and I saw, this very morning, a large flea-bitten grey with a seemingly six-year-old mouth (and called six by the Arab dealer) as nicely *Bishop'd* as could possibly be done, and his tushes very prettily filed down to a length corresponding with his assumed age. It would have taken in ninety-nine men out of a hundred,—an experienced friend pointed it out to me. How many blood and bone

spavins are mere bruises, or knocks in the boat; how many glandered animals have only a temporary cold; and how many farcy buds are mere tick bites!!

Take a good likely-enough horse out of his Pinjeree, and hear what a pedigree the owner will forge for him extempore, and favour you with a long tirade of performances up the Gulf that would rival Pyramus in his 3m. 22s. over the Calcutta course. I am certain that I have been assured fifty times that the nag I was pricing had run down antelopes in Arabia, as easy as he could the goats in the stable-yard, and had beat every horse that he had been tried against; and once (I blush while I write it)—but only once—I was completely taken in, and was really simple enough to act in most positive and direct opposition to my own *rules* and ideas of choosing, and in spite of my deep-felt dislike to the animal, pointed out as having been kept purposely for me. I bought him at a larger price, merely because the dealer took his oath, swore by his prophet (profit he meant) that he was the fastest horse ever had been known, and of most unblemished pedigree. "But," said I doubtingly, "how does he gallop?" "Did you ever see a bullet go out of a gun?" was the metaphorical reply. Well, this bullet knocked me down, and I was hit all over. Yet, when I looked at the creature, I saw only a stout, beastly-fat, punchy thing, fourteen one, with a rump as round and as large as a gram-kettle, with a channel that would not hold a tobacco-pipe, and his *pippin* not so big as a stopper, and sunk like a bullock's almost out of sight; hind legs crooked in the wrong places; the chest, though very broad, seemed to roll over or rather grind on the elbows of his four legs, so completely under him were they placed; then there was a hollow back and a straight shoulder, and, to my utter abomination, a fat and *apopletic neck.*

His only redeeming points, in my opinion, were a fine, bony, though long head, an eye as dark and bright and beautiful as the gazelle's, magnificent hocks (a really grand point), good width over the loins, and great girth, with a glove-like skin and hair as fair and silky as a lady's love locks.

"If he does not beat Bundoola I'll take my oath to cut off my right hand," said the dealer.

"That certainly," said I, "is a bloody proof of your high opinion of him, provided you are in earnest, but instead of mutilating yourself as you so agreeably propose, suppose you agree to take him back if, after a month's training under my own eye, he does not run the mile and half with 8st. 4lbs. in 3m. 3s.

"Yes, by my eyes, I will agree," said the dealer, "if he is not injured."

Well, this was settled. I trained, and I tried him—I was astonished—he ran it—in 3m. 3s.? No! exactly 3m. 30s., but proving next day *dead lame* from his *extraordinary* exertion. The buffalo-brute remains in my stable, as the dealer intended he should, and the dealer's right hand remains where nature intended the limb was to hang.

So much for trusting to what the Arab dealers will swear to.

Another system much in vogue just now is *trialing* in private. It is notorious to every gentleman on the turf that the dealers have their own private trials on the beach, and sometimes on the ground, by which, of course, a favoured few *profit a little;* whilst the up-country gentry must pick

and choose for themselves in the dark.

Now, Sir, I should like to know if a man should purchase a horse upon the appearance and the voluntary oath of a natural dealer that he had *never* tried him, that he was a fresh five-year-old, and that his blood and cast were both of the purest Arab, and if the said horse should prove to be half Persian or Turkomann, or all either and not Arabian, aged too, with a Bishop'd mouth, and *had run* a trial in Bombay on the sly (and a d—d bad one too)—should this, I ask, be brought home to the *seller*, what reparation or satisfaction could the *buyer* obtain? what would be the law in such a case? I ask for true information, for I own I long to give one or two of these stable gentry a *trial* in the *course* of law and see what they could *do it* in.

Yours faithfully,

O.

THE BISON.

Sir,

In requesting you to publish the following rough notes of a shooting party in the Dhudelly Jungle, I have no intention of showing the list of killed as a specimen of brilliant sport, but merely to vary the contents of your next number, and give a short description of an animal little known. I allude to the Bison, which some maintain to be a wild buffalo, and others the common cow in its natural state, from both of which animals it is quite distinct. We shot three—two cows and a bull—and if we had been so inclined, I believe we should have found no difficulty in killing thrice the number, of which the best proof is that we declined firing on several occasions when a herd was within 30 yards.

The bull was a magnificent animal, and if he had been found in a plain instead of a very thick jungle, would have avenged himself before he fell. He was shot in the act of charging, when a single ball behind the shoulder dropped him dead. A cow which was feeding by him was also killed by one shot from the same gun, and a third had been dispatched the day before by one ball. When I mention that nine shots, several of which entered the forehead, were fired at one bull last year before he fell, and that it is very unusual indeed to floor a bison without several shots, this was either very lucky or very scientific ball practice.

The measurements of the bull were as follows:—

	ft.	in.
Height at the shoulder....	6	1
Ditto highest ridge of the back	6	5
Girth of fore leg above the knee	2	0
Length from nose to insertion of tail	9	0

The jungle is so very thick, that with the assistance of a good shikarree to track, there is little trouble in getting shots at bison.

They commonly go in herds of seven or eight, and at a distance, among long grass, might be mistaken for buffaloes. The bulls have a small hump over the shoulder, and both bulls and cows an extraordinary rise of the backbone, which terminates abruptly about three feet from the tail. I have observed nothing similar in any other animal, and it may be the peculiar mark of the genus. The height of the ridge averages about four inches, and gives a strikingly awkward appearance to the animal. The horns are short, but very thick at the base,

and pointed at the tips; the forehead broad, and the skull between the horns rises up in an arch to the height of several inches. In both sexes the legs are white to the knee—the limbs very short and muscular. The bull has immense folds of thick skin on the neck, and carries the head low. The colour is black, inclining to chestnut; the hair very thin, except on the belly, where it is thick and curly.

Not being a naturalist myself, I can give no better account of this fine animal, which I believe is found in very few parts of India. Besides the three bison we shot four spotted deer, one samber, and an antelope.

Before closing this letter, although the subject is not apropos, I must advert to the article on snipe shooting in your last number. A subscriber tells us that snipes generally come in in the middle of May; in some places, such as the Konkan, nearly a month earlier—that as the hot season advances they retire to permanent bogs and marshes, where they are found till the setting in of the monsoon, and in the Konkan they are rarely found at the latter end of this season.

Will your correspondent be kind enough to inform us in what places snipe are to be found at the seasons he mentions? I have shot over almost every good snipe ground between Vingorla and Bancoote, and on the islands of Salsette and Karinjar, but I never found a snipe before the 2nd of October or later than the 28th of March; and from my own experience I should certainly say that before November, and after February, snipe shooting in the Koncan is not worth the trouble of loading your gun.

As I am particularly fond of snipe shooting, I shall be only too happy to find that I am wrong and your correspondent right, for I may then shoot snipe all the year round.

D. D.

Dharwar, April 20th, 1831.

SONG.

I know where the nectars of earth are bright,
  Each sorrow to beguile—
Where they blush and sparkle like the light
  Of brilliant Beauty's smile!
    Then pledge me now,
    While the fates allow,
In wine—red wine, to the goblet's brow!

I know where to search for pure Bordeaux,
  And for Naples' holy wine,
I'll give thee to quaff of the grapes that grow
  On the purpled banks of Rhine.
Come hither—come hither, and we will seek
  For each juice of brightest dye,
That can light up a bloom on Care's pale cheek,
  Or kindle his leaden eye!
    Then pledge me now,
    While the fates allow,
In wine—red wine, to the goblet's brow!

The visions that oft to worldly eyes
  Clothe things in the fairest shape,
And in hope's bright hues—oh! they arise
  From the magic of the grape!
The phantom miseries that appal
  The Hypochondriac's soul,
We'll quickly exorcise them all
  With the spell of the deep red bowl!
    Then pledge me now,
    While the fates allow,
In wine—red wine, to the goblet's brow!

We will not wait till life's decay
  To pluck its fairest flowers,
But rifle their sweets while the dawning day
  Of careless youth is ours;
    Then pledge me now,
    While the fates allow,
In wine—red wine, to the goblet's brow!

SIGMA.

To the Editor of the Oriental Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

As I believe it was your wish to expose either deceit or error wherever it is found connected with sporting subjects, I take the liberty to quote an article from the English Sporting Magazine for September, 1830, and to make a few remarks upon it.

In page 257 of that number, there is the following article:—

"THE ARAB SIGNAL."

"Signal is a very valuable and high bred Arabian horse, sent from India to the Honourable Arthur Cole, by his friend and late confederate on the turf, Captain MacLean, of H. M.'s 12th Light Dragoons, accompanied by the following character:—'This little horse, Signal, has never been beaten, and is warranted sound and free from vice; he is five years old off, and just 14 hands high.'"

Now, I believe it was never intended to keep it a secret that this same horse Signal was the horse Antelope, formerly the property of H. G. Oakes, Esq., of Bombay, and sold by that gentleman in 1827 to Captain MacLean of the 13th Dragoons; taking this therefore for granted, I have the following remarks to make on this short character of Signal.

This character contains four distinct assertions.

I. That this little horse Signal has never been beaten.

II. That he is warranted sound and free from vice.

III. That he is five years old off.

IV. That he is just 14 hands high.

As to the first assertion, a reference to the records of the Poonah race-course will show that Mr Oakes's horse Antelope, running under the name of Mr. H. Gordon's, was one of the many beaten by Captain Mansfield's horse Elfin, for the great Maiden Sweepstakes of 500 rupees each, P.P., 11 subscribers, at Poonah, December, 1826.—Antelope nowhere.

As to the second assertion, little requires to be said, because a horse may be warranted sound and free from vice, and be neither the one or the other; one thing is certain, that unsoundness in one of his feet prevented Antelope from starting again that meeting at Poonah, or in Bombay.

The third assertion is, that he is five years old off. I do not remember what Antelope was aged that meeting at Poonah, in 1826; suffice it to say, he was upwards of four years old, as he did not run as a colt. In the extract from the Madras newspapers, quoted in the English Sporting Magazine, it is stated to be January, 1828, when he first won at Madras, nor did he then run as a colt.

As to the last assertion, that he is 14 hands high, it is quite possible that it may be true; he did not however measure that at Poonah, at the meeting above quoted, but under it.—From this it will be seen that two out of the four assertions in this horse's character are grossly incorrect, and likely to mislead the sporting world at home. If therefore you have any fellow feeling with our brethren in England, the publication of this may not be without its effect.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your constant reader, and

Obedient servant,

WITNESS.

ARSENIC, A MEDICINE FOR HORSES.

SIR,

An ardent admirer of that noble animal, the horse, and conceiving that every instance of a nature tending to preserve his general utility ought to be made public, I beg to subjoin the following remarks on the benefit to be derived from the use of arsenic in getting horses into condition, which, from whatever cause, may have become, from the want of it, either useless or nearly so.

Experience of its benefits in four cases in my own stable is the groundwork on which I go, and which causes me to intrude my remarks on the sporting public. Three of the four were horses of a middle age, *i.e.* neither of them exceeded eight years of age. The fourth was a horse whose age no one could tell, and which even the dealer who sold him did not pretend to know. I more especially allude to the latter, because I knew him almost from the time he was brought out of the Bombproof, and that he had undergone, like many other good horses, a great deal of the worst usage, and that too for a continued length of time. To such a state of weakness and positive wretchedness had he been reduced, that he was made a present of to me, under the idea of his being totally useless; and to show how nearly that idea approximated to the truth, I have only to observe that he could with difficulty drag *an empty Nibbs* for a stage along the road. I was aware, however, that he belonged to that extensive family the "*has beens*," and also of the manner in which he had been brought now to claim alliance with it. I therefore took him as a good subject, on which to try the effects of arsenic, not, I confess, with any very sanguine expectations of a successful result.

When he reached me, he was thin as a skeleton, his bones all but protruding through the skin, lame, all of his legs round as posts and full, hide bound, and with a staring, dirty, unhealthy coat, dull as a stone, and his bowels in the greatest state of weakness and foul to a degree. In short, he would not have fetched sixpence at any tan-yard in England. I first turned him into a loose house by himself, and for six weeks all he got was a gentle dose of physic; in about a month, good grooming, and green food in small quantities, at first. At the end of about two months, all the difference I could perceive in him was his skin a little looser and his coat cleaner, and that he was not so foul. I then gave him another dose of common physic, a little stronger than the first, but still mild, on account of his weak state, and after it had set about ten days I commenced giving him arsenic. I began with five grains in his grain, giving it every second day, and gradually increasing each dose by two grains, until I got up as high as 15 grains, which dose I gave him three times following, and then stopped. I now waited for a fortnight or so, to see what effect it would produce, and at the end of that time all I could perceive to have been gained was a healthful action of the bowels and digestive organs, clearness of the legs, and healthy fresh appearance of the skin. His appetite was good, and he now began to look out for his grain at the stated times, whereas formerly it seemed to be a matter of total indifference to him. He had green meat now given

him entirely, and regular walking exercise.

So far I saw I had gained one important step towards recovery, or I fancied I had, in the altered state of his bowels and legs. I made up my mind, therefore, to commence again, and see what a repetition of the doses would do; accordingly, after the lapse of three weeks, or it might be a month, I began with 8 grains, gradually increasing as formerly till I got up to 20 grains. All this time I kept a most vigilant eye on him, knowing the treacherous nature of the medicine he was getting. I now set myself again to watch the effects of this second course, and though the effects were slow in developing themselves, they were equally sure. At the end of a month, his loins were pretty well covered with flesh, and his quarter began to assume a rounder shape. His coat was bright and shining, his general appearance was completely changed; his food seemed to tell on him, his spirits at exercise improved, and he was altogether a different horse. I now gave him a little gentle harness work, on which he continued to thrive and throw up flesh, and in the course of nine months from the time he first came into my hands, he became round and fat as a pig, in which state he now is, as many of my friends can testify. He has done his regular term of work with the other horses, in the Nibbs, and I have driven him myself 24 miles without a halt. I have since sold him, and he continues to work and keep his condition with apparently a new lease of life.

The course pursued in the other three cases I have above alluded to was the same, with this exception, that being younger and fresher constitutioned horses, and not so far gone, one single course of arsenic was found to be sufficient. Two of them I now have in my own possession.

The effects of arsenic are slow, and it is a most dangerous medicine, and if the horse is not attentively watched whilst under its operation, it may act in a fatal manner. If, however, the patient is properly attended to, the symptoms of danger are easily perceived, and, if prompt remedies are used, may be averted. When it disagrees with a horse, it shows itself in purging, loss of appetite, dulness, shivering, and staring coat. Its remedy is simply a bottle of castor oil, the medicine itself, of course, to be stopped, and bran mashes for a day or so. When on the contrary it agrees with a horse, it invigorates the whole frame and constitution of the horse. The method of administering it is simple in the extreme, and exercise, and even moderate work, tend to assist its operation; but good feeding, in point of quality I mean, is indispensably requisite.

Hoping the importance of the subject will prove my excuse for so long intruding myself on the notice of your readers, and occupying so large a portion of your magazine,

I am, Sir, yours,
PHILO VET.

P. S.—It has often occurred to me that the use of arsenic in the kennel, given of course in very reduced doses, might also be attended with similar results. I do not myself keep dogs, or I should have tried it most assuredly. Perhaps, however, some of your readers who do may be inclined to try its effects and to let us know the result.

Yours, P. V.

SELECTIONS.

HUNTING.

'————Delightful scene!
Where all around is gay—men, horses, dogs;
And in each smiling countenance appear
Fresh blooming health and universal joy."

SOMERVILLE.

It is somewhat remarkable that in a country where the art of hunting is better understood, and where the hounds and horses are allowed to be better than in any other; where the Press is in one continued labour with opinions of almost every kind, from the most serious and instructive, to the most ridiculous and trifling—whose authors sometimes hunt, and whose sportsmen write—that so little should have been said upon Hunting, where the practical part is so thoroughly known, so perseveringly followed. France, Germany, and Italy are also silent upon the subject, though each of these countries has had its Nimrod; Naples (which constitutes a portion of the last), in particular, in its late King, who was so fond of the chase, that he left State affairs to his Queen, in order that he might the more unrestrictedly enjoy it. Foxes, it is true, they seldom or ever hunt, and hares but seldom; yet the stag and wild boar, both in France and Germany, are still pursued with the utmost splendour and magnificence. In Italy there has, with some few exceptions, one of which has just been quoted, been very little. The only sportsmen now remaining are gentlemen in green coats, who, taking their *couteaux de chasse* along with them, walk into the fields to catch small birds, which they call *andar a la cacia*; or, in plain English, "going a hunting." Yet it has not been so with horsemanship: *that* has been treated scientifically by all, while upon hunting all are silent; and were it not for the Muse of a Somerville, who has so judiciously and so
that useful, that honest, that faithful, that disinterested, that entertaining animal—would be suffered to pass unnoticed and undistinguished. Of the English hound he says—

"In thee alone, fair land of liberty!
Is bred the perfect hound, in scent and speed
As yet unrivall'd; while, in other climes,
Their virtue fails—a weak degenerate race."

—There is not any one branch of knowledge, commonly dignified with the title of art, which has not such rudiments or principles as may lead to a competent degree of skill, if not to perfection, in it; whilst hunting, the sole business of some, and the amusement of most of the youth of this kingdom (excepting, indeed, now and then, a solitary article—as this may be—in the "*Sporting Magazine*"), seems left entirely to chance. It would be needless to enumerate the heroes of antiquity who were taught the art of hunting, or the many great men (among whom was the famous Galen) who have united in recommending it. Among other worthies who have justly been denominated "great" was Henry the Fourth of France, who made it his chief amusement, and his very love letters, strange as it may appear, are full of little else; and that one of the greatest Ministers which our country ever produced was so fond of the diversion, that it is said the

first letter he opened was that of his huntsman. In most countries, from the earliest times, hunting has been a principal occupation of the people, either for use or amusement; and many princes have made it their chief delight—a circumstance which occasioned the following *bon mot:*—Louis the Fifteenth was so passionately fond of it, that it occupied him entirely; Frederick the Great likewise, who never hunted, gave up a great deal of his time to music, and played on the flute. A German, during the war which was carried on by the two nations, meeting a Frenchman, asked him very impertinently, "*Si son maître chassoit toujours?*" "*Oui, oui,*" replied the other; "*il ne joué jamais de la flûte!*" The reply was excellent; but it would have been as well, perhaps, for mankind if that great man had never been otherwise employed. Hunting is the soul of a country life; it gives health to the body and contentment to the mind, and is one of the few pleasures we can enjoy in society without prejudice either to ourselves or our friends. But to the Chase itself:—

Fox-hunting (the most esteemed and pursued in England), however lively and animating it may be in the field, is but a dull, dry subject to write upon, it being much less difficult to follow a fox chase than to describe one. Indeed, it may easily be imagined that to give enough of variety to a single action, to make it interesting, and to describe in a few minutes the events of, perhaps, as many hours, though it pretend to no merit, has at least some difficulty and trouble. However imperfect the description, therefore, some indulgence may be looked for.

All sportsmen agree that the hour most favourable to the diversion is an early one, and that the hounds should be at cover by sunrise. Suppose yourself, reader, arrived at the cover side, your huntsman having thrown in his hounds, and your whippers-in placed in their proper positions either to rate or to encourage, as circumstances may direct. Now are your sportsmen all on the *qui vive*—now the hounds spread the cover; how steadily they draw; you hear not a single hound; yet none are idle.

"————See how they range,
Dispersed, how busily, this way and that,
They cross, examining, with curious nose,
Each likely haunt. Hark! on the drag I hear
Their doubtful notes, preluding to a cry
More nobly full, and swell'd with every mouth.

SOM.

How musical their tongues! and, as they get nearer to him, how the chorus fills! Hark! he is found. Now Reynard bursts away; now, where are all your sorrows and your cares, ye gloomy souls? or, where your pains, and your aches, ye complaining ones! —one halloo has dispelled them all. What a crash they make! and echo seemingly takes pleasure to repeat the sound. The astonished traveller forsakes his road, lured by its melody; the listening ploughman now stops his plough; and every distant shepherd neglects his flock, and runs to see him break. What joy! what eagerness in every face! Now bursts forth the "view halloo!"

"————Hark! what loud shouts
Re-echo through the groves! he breaks away:
Shrill horns proclaim his flight. Each straggling hound
Strains o'er the lawn to reach the distant pack.
'Tis triumph all, and joy."

Observe what a head they carry, like unto a parcel of brave

fellows, who, when they engage in an undertaking, determine to share its fatigues and its dangers equally among them. Now they top the hedge. See there! see how they all take it in their strokes!—the hedge cracks with their weight, so many jump at once. Now they sweep the plain—men, horses, dogs!

"Heav'ns! what melodious strains!
how beat our hearts
Big with tumultuous joy! the loaded
v . and as the tempest
drives
From wood to wood, through every
dark recess
The forest thunders, and the mountains shake."

SOM.

The fox is hard pressed—it is nearly over with him—he will hardly reach the cover—they gain upon him at every stroke, it is an admirable race, yet the cover saves him. He has gained a respite; but how short a one! for he is now driven forth, and cannot escape. How *Dreadnought* works him!—how *Vengeance* pursues!—how terribly she presses! it is just up with him! Gods! what a crash they made; the whole wood resounded; he makes his last turn: there! now! aye, now they have him! Who-hoop!

Sport, it is said, is but a secondary consideration with a fox-hunter: the first is, the *killing of the fox*. Hence arises the eagerness of pursuit—chief pleasure of the chase. Your sterling fox-hunter esteems *blood* so necessary to a pack of foxhounds, that he always returns home better pleased with but an indifferent chase, with death at the end of it, than with the best chase possible, if it end with the loss of the fox. Of course, the mere follower of a chase is not meant, but he who adds to that an interest in the hounds themselves.

Ye half-smoked citizens — ye lovers of the stews and late hours —what would ye not give, did you but understand the pleasures of the field, the delights of the chase, the social board that follows, and the true English feeling that prevails? Ye imagine there can be no pleasure but amid a grove of chimney-pots, no entertainment but at the theatre, the concert, the card-table, and the café: but look in the tell-tale mirror, behold the sunken eye, the bilious counte-

Turn ye to the country gentleman, with healthy cheek, elastic steps, and buoyant eye, on his periodical visit to your modern Babylon; mark the difference between him and you—he rising with the "third larum" of bright Chanticleer, and brushing the dew from the upland lawn—you requiring a stimulus to enable you to rise from your half-wholesome bed, or to get through the fatigues of another day; and, like another Lord Ogleby, only sensible to the pleasures of your career, when the murky shades of night have commenced their pestilential orgies.

But to conclude my theme, at the same time apologizing for my short digress: — Such are the effects of hunting, that the spirits are exhilarated, the frame invigorated, and life prolonged: a sport that banishes care, and leaves every pain behind; the best of antidotes and the *acme* of specifics.

JOHN BULL, JUNIOR.

CELEBRATED RACE-HORSES.

THE FLYING CHILDERS.—This horse was well known by the name of the Flying, or Devonshire, Childers. He was the property of the Duke of Devonshire, and allowed by sportsmen to be the fleetest horse that ever was bred

in the world. He started at Newmarket, against the best horses of his time, and was never beaten. He won, in different prizes, to the amount of £20,000, and was afterwards reserved for breeding. The sire of Childers was an Arabian, sent by a gentleman as a present to his brother in England. Childers was somewhat more than fifteen hands in height. He was foaled in 1715, and was the property of Leonard Childers, Esq., of Carr House, near Doncaster, and sold when young to the Duke of Devonshire.

Childers was got by the Darley Arabian; his dam, Betty Leedes, by Old Careless; his grand dam, own sister to Leedes, by Leedes's Arabian; his great grand-dam by Spanker, out of the Old Morocco mare, Spanker's own dam. The affinities in blood of this pedigree are very close.

It is said that Childers was first used as a hunter, where he evinced high qualities, and was noted for being very headstrong as well as vicious. He had not, however, any restiveness. It is supposed his racing career commenced at five or six, and he beat all competitors at whatever distance. He was never tried at running a single mile, but his speed must have been almost a mile in a minute. Carrying nine stone two pounds, he ran over the round course at Newmarket, which is three miles, six furlongs, and ninety-three yards, in six minutes and forty seconds. He also ran over the Beacon course, which is four miles, one furlong, and one hundred and thirty-eight yards, in seven minutes and thirty seconds; covering at every bound a space of about 25 yards. On one occasion he made a spring or leap with a rider on his back, on level ground, of twenty-five feet.

Childers died in the Duke of Devonshire's stud in 1741, aged twenty-six years.

There were various other coursers of the same name nearly contemporary with this prince of horses. Bleeding Childers, so named from his having frequent bleedings at the nose, afterwards called Young Childers, and finally Bartlett's Childers; he was full brother to Flying Childers, and was never trained.

ECLIPSE.—Eclipse was allowed to be the fleetest horse that ever ran in England, since the time of Childers. After winning King's Plates and other prizes to a great amount, he was kept as a stallion, and gained to his owner, for forty mares, the great sum of thirty guineas each.

Eclipse was got by Marsk, a grandson, through Squirt, of Bartlett's Childers, out of Spiletta, by Regulus, son of the Godolphin Barb, out of Mother Western, by a son of Snake, full brother to William's Squirrel; her dam by Old Montague, grandson by Hautboy, out of a daughter of Brimmer, whose pedigree was not preserved. Eclipse was bred by the Duke of Cumberland, and foaled during the great eclipse of 1764, whence the name was given him by the Royal Duke, at the sale of whose stud he was purchased, a colt, for seventy-five guineas, by Mr. Wildman, the sporting sheep-salesman at Smithfield, who had a good stud, and trained race-horses at Mickleham, near Epsom. This person had a friend in the service of the Duke, who gave him hints of the superior points in the form of this horse, and he hastened to attend the sale; but before his arrival he had been knocked down at seventy guineas. He, however, instantly appealed to his watch,

which he knew to be an exceedingly correct timepiece, and found that the appointed hour of the sale had not arrived by a few minutes, according to advertisement. He then firmly persisted that the sale had not been a lawful one, and that the lots knocked down should be again put up, which was accordingly done, and Eclipse was purchased by him for the sum of seventy-five guineas.

For what reason we have never been able to learn, this celebrated horse was never raced till he was five years of age, at which time he was entered at Epsom for the maiden plate of fifty pounds. At first trial such were the expectation of the knowing ones, that four to one were betted in his favour. At the second and winning heats of this race all the five horses were close together at the three-mile post, when some of the jockeys used their whips. At this time Eclipse was going at an easy gallop, when he took the alarm at the crack of the whip, bounded off at full speed, and although Oakley, his rider, was a man of powerful arm, he was not to be restrained, and, in consequence, distanced the whole of his competitors.

In the year 1770 Eclipse ran over the course at York, for a subscription purse, against two aged horses then in high repute, Tortoise and Bellario. He took the lead, and the jockey being unable to hold in, he was fully a distance before the other two horses at the end of the first two miles, and won the race with the greatest ease. At starting twenty, and in running one hundred, guineas to one were offered on him.

Before Eclipse ran for the King's plate at Winchester in 1769, Mr. O'Kelly purchased the half share of him for six hundred and fifty guineas. He afterwards became his sole proprietor for an additional sum of one thousand guineas. It is said that some of the Bedford family asked O'Kelly in the year 1779 how much he would take for Eclipse, when he replied, "By the mass, my lord, it is not all Bedford Level that would purchase him." It is said that about this period he asked another person the modest sum of £25,000 down, and an annuity of £500 a year on his own life; and the privilege of sending to him annually six mares. Mr. O'Kelly said he had cleared by his horse £25,000, and his statement is supposed to be correct.

Eclipse seemed to combine all the qualities which constitute an excellent racer; his stoutness, form, and action were excellent; he had a vast stride, and certainly horse never threw his haunches before him with more vigour or effect; and his hind legs were so spread in his gallop "that a wheelbarrow might have been driven between them;" his agility was great, and his speed extraordinary, but we cannot estimate it justly, as no horse of his day could be compared to him. The only contemporary which was supposed at all equal to him was Mr. Shafto's famous horse, Goldfinder. He was never beaten, and was to have been matched against Eclipse for the King's plates on the following year, but he broke down at Newmarket, in the October Meeting.

Eclipse won eleven King's plates, in ten of which he carried twelve stone, and in the other ten. It was calculated that, within the course of twenty-three years, three hundred and forty-four winners, the progeny of this animal, produced to their owners the enormous sum of £158,071 12s. sterling, exclusive of various prizes. The prevailing

excellence of all this horse's progeny was great speed, and they took up their feet in the gallop with wonderful activity; they were not generally famed for stoutness, but almost all of them were horses of fine temper, seldom or never betraying restiveness.

The points of Eclipse to which I would particularly direct the attention of the breeder and sportsman are the curve or setting on of his head, the shortness of his fore quarter, the slant, extent, and substance of shoulders, the length of his waist, and breadth of his loins; the extent of his quarters, and the length and substance of his thighs and fore arms. Although he was a powerful horse, he was nevertheless thick in the wind; and in a sweat or hard exercise he was heard to blow at a considerable distance. This famous horse died on the 27th of February, 1786, at Canons, aged 26 years. His heart was taken out, and it weighed fourteen pounds.—*From Captain Brown's Anecdotes of Horses.*

ON THE FOOT OF THE HORSE AND SHOEING.

Referring the reader for our account of Mr. Clark's work, in three parts, to the number for July, we acknowledge the receipt of Part IV. now before us. Somewhat curious circumstances have attended the presenting these copies. A letter accompanied the first three parts addressed to a gentleman, who, so far as we are informed, has not hitherto concerned himself with the department of reviewing: and with the fourth a note was received addressed to another person; but on what possible grounds Mr. C. could apply to that person on the subject we are at a loss to conceive. In this note the author expresses his hope that "a little more charity" will be shown in a succeeding review. We regret that he should view our exertions in his behalf in such a light, convinced as we still remain that we not only exercised the feelings of real charity and impartiality, but of friendship towards him; and such we find to be the sentiments of gentlemen deservedly eminent in his profession. Perhaps, indeed, our notice of this Fourth Part will be deemed a work of supererogation, considering the tendency of what we have already said of the work in general: but as Mr. Clark seems desirous of our further attention, we accede to his wish, having no purpose to act otherwise than with all possible fairness and candour towards him. We are unaware yet that we can have much occasion for additional remarks. Our chief object must be to give such quotations as our limits will admit, in order to afford all that publicity which our pages can confer upon the labours of [illegible]

Part IV. commences with a description of the hoofs of the ass and mule, and the zebra, the *quagga*, and the horse of the Cape, stating their specific differences of construction from the hoofs of the horse in general. Here he takes occasion to decry the cruelties still inflicted on these inoffensive animals, as the result of ignorance, violence, and extortion in their proprietors, from which, although coining an immensity of money, their general account is a loss: adding,

"I have watched the end of the most extensive post masters, and observed with nearly all of them that, though they pursued the most

reprehensibly cruel measures to obtain their utmost work, they in the end were impoverished and bankrupted. I could name a half score of these who had, when they began, been deemed rich men. The Almighty seems indeed so to have ordained and framed it, that he who should offend against Nature, it shall not be to his advantage. The slave trade can also exhibit a very similar account; but its enormities, bad as they are, are as nothing to the ironings, bittings, gaggings, strappings, and scourgings of these most inoffensive and worthy creatures."

He is, however, "led to anticipate with joyful feelings the days, perhaps not distant, when he (the horse) shall be well understood, and his proper uses be called forth; and when he shall be an object of delight and profit to all, instead of the ignorance, violence, and cruelty which at present prevail in his use." We detest and abhor, equally with Mr. C., the heartsickening cruelties to which this animal is exposed, as well as those of human slavery and the slave trade—the proper occupation of demons, rather than of human creatures. But, alas! we are not quite so sanguine as Mr. C. in his expected millennium of improved humanity. We despair of such a consummation, however ardently to be desired, as the exclusion of evil, too obvious an integral part of the mundane system.

"Div. 2.—*Of the attaching Parts of the Foot.*—The *cutidura*,* the uppermost of these, which is prominent and rounded, being in reality a prolongation or extension of the skin indurated and enlarged in order to fill the cutigural concavity of the hoof. This part has hitherto been strangely taken for a ligament, though without possessing a single trait of this description of parts, but is itself actually held in its position by other ties or attachments, such as the perioplic band and keraphylla, aided by the hollow cavity in the top of the hoof, and the numerous vessels which enter it."

Mr. C. is in the habit of a liberal use of technical terms of his own coinage: wherever such are really a *deficit* in the science, they may possibly be hereafter adopted.

P. 107, our author rules as follows:—

"Between these horizontal plates of tendon or ligament, which are very lax and arching upwards (but immediately become tense if any pressure is exerted on the horn), is lodged a soft, flaccid, glossy membrane, strongly adhering to the surfaces of these plates, and if dragged by the forceps, immediately discloses its membranous and tangible nature, and appears to be held by numberless threads or small vessels to these plates. This elastic matter is of a white colour, or of a reddish white in the recent foot, but in process of time, or by disease, it assumes a yellowish colour, which has occasioned it to be strangely mistaken by Professor Coleman for yellow oil, and these transverse tendons for bags, and which said bags, and their oil, have been supposed the agents of the most extraordinary offices, such as forcing the side cartilages of the foot, &c., &c.—See *Coleman, Vol. 2, p.* 123."

From the tenor of the third line of this quotation, Mr. C. would seem to accede to the ancient doctrine (by-the-by, never yet overturned) of the mobility and elasticity of tendons.

Page 120, towards the conclu-

* "From *cuti*, skin, and *dura*, hard."

sion of Div. 3, on the sub-attaching Parts, we find—

"And now, when all the difficulties on this subject have been removed, on looking at them we are only surprised they could have detained us so long in embarrassment; for we believe these elucidations will be found in no preceding writer, or scarcely even allusion made in any way to such a part."

The Division on the Uses of the Cartilages, at p. 126, affords us the following note. Now, whatever of truth there may be in this, which we leave to the professional reader, we cannot help regretting, for the author's sake, certain lines of the *old leaven*:—

"I observe Professor Coleman has jumbled together all these parts, under the coarse and erroneous terms of the *fatty frog*, and states them as abounding in oil and fat, in a way that would almost glisten the eye and engage the speculations of a melter of tallow; and he adds also, by way of confirming it, that he has made an experiment by which he ascertained the precise quantity of fat contained in the said fatty frog, which consists in boiling it in oil! when he informs us one-third by weight was lost, and therefore infers that just so much fat was 'evaporated!'—(Tr. *On Foot*, p. 108). It is true his lucubrations may have been to him a subject of extraordinary fatness, when so many purses of twenty guineas each were obtained for such information as this, for not one particle of fat or oil could I, who have found the subject a lean one enough, ever discover in them; and as to the loss he describes, it is in reality nothing more nor less than the amount of the water and lymph contained in said parts, which would inevitably be forced off in heat of from four to five hundred degrees, the heat of boiling oil. The experiment exhibits a remarkable ignorance in the analysis of animal substances, for even had fat existed it would not have been at all detected by these means.

"This egregious nonsense was not noticed in my former edition, nor would it have been, in this, had I experienced the smallest attention or encouragement from this Professor of the art, whose labour it had been, by false and sometimes pretended attacks, to misrepresent my writings to the class, and destroy the reputation of their author, and from them with the public; no doubt at times pretending to praise him, but only the more securely to conceal his purpose, under the disguise of candour and fair conduct. The *Lancet*, and other periodicals of the day, exhibit a complete proof of the untenable nature of his doctrines, even where he thought himself most secure; so that of what value can a diploma be, that so many are seeking so anxiously, from such hands, when nearly all that he and his partner have taught has been totally overturned. The establishment was a noble one, in which he had no hand, but has abused it in many ways, till it is made a point of obstruction to the very advancement of that art it was intended to foster and improve; indeed, we may say, as we once before stated in *the History of the Advancement of Horse Knowledge*, that 'the sacred path of knowledge in the arts and sciences, as well also as of religion herself, cannot be left too free' professorships and stipends, especially when large, and patronage, soon from sordid interests choke the fair avenues of their progress and retard their course:—should they not therefore be so formed as not to tempt the aspirings of the

ambitious? A body of men freely chosen from among the profession itself should, after due examination, grant diplomas to those in whom the public may have confidence, when the greatest utility and satisfaction would be found *by* employing such votaries of this profession about their horses."

Our author's last Division is on that most important topic, *the Bones of the Foot.* Of the coffin-bone, he remarks—

"It is perhaps of all the bones in the construction of the animal the most necessary to be well understood by the veterinarian; therefore we are induced to add its description to that of the former parts, and what appear to be the leading circumstances of its economy."

His *finale* is as follows:—

"Such appear to be the leading principles of construction in the foot of the horse, in each separate part, and in the whole combined, as far as our humble reflections and researches have enabled us to consider them. It is these principles, when rightly understood, that can unfold the obscure and intricate effects of the shoe, and these alone; for the common shoe, from its nature, cannot in any respect participate in these properties of the foot, and hence the cause of its mischievous effects.

"And it may be with truth averred, that such is the simple nature of the animal himself, and his disorders, exclusive of the shoeing and its effects, that, if these could be removed, there would be little room for the exercise of *knowingness* or trick respecting him by stable-men or others, who fasten upon the miseries themselves have created, by pretended measures for relief, and the changes which this crippled state induces, and the dread which many have, for very good reasons, of using horses, or having to do with them at all, would be in a great degree done away.

"We now have to see what will be the effects of turning a bar of iron round to the figure of this elastic foot, and of keeping it nailed, day and night, upon it for a series of years under a delusive name of a *shoe.*"

To conclude: we hold it utterly improbable that the long and operose exertions of a man so intelligent as Mr. Clark can be all labour in vain; and *as non omnia possumus omnes*, and as in the multitude of councillors there is wisdom, we seriously recommend his work to all those who are interested, or ambitious of ascertaining the scope, or of enlarging the quantum of their veterinary science.—*From the English Sporting Magazine for October.*

OF THE VICIOUS HABITS AND PROPENSITIES OF HORSES.

By T. R. Yare.

Sir,

The horrid practices and cruel operations included in the nomenclature of remedies for vicious horses I have cited are still in being, and by some horsemen strenuously recommended as the *ne plus ultra* of efficacy in stable science; but though I do not pretend to say that these disgraceful proceedings are followed generally, still it is sufficient to know that they exist, even partially, for me to deprecate their observance.

A person unacquainted with stable discipline would be shocked at the bare recital of a tithe of the sufferings the horse undergoes, not only during the progress of his education, but through the whole term of his existence. Indeed, his life may be said to be one con-

tinued scene of misery—the consequence either of knavery or of ignorance; yet these things, so revolting to every kindly feeling, are openly sanctioned, or, at any rate, pass off without creating surprise, as common and daily occurrences in a country whose inhabitants are sticklers for humanity, and whose legislators have enacted laws for the protection of brute animals from cruel usage.

A great bar to the cure of vicious habits in horses is the fact that hitherto no one has written scientifically on that subject. The consequence is that the experiments attempted had been merely conjectural, without any regard being had to the natural character and temper of the animal—the very points from which we start, if we hope to effect a permanent cure. Unfortunately, veterinary professors in general do not appear to take cognizance of *mere habit:* the more the pity! because the indulgence of vicious propensities invariably leads to maladies more or less grave if not checked in time; and health preserved is better than disease removed. But unless some reformation takes place in the routine of professional duties, I do not perceive how they can assist us in this case; for they seldom remain long enough in the stable at one period to know much of the matter.

I never yet met with a veterinary professor who could lay claim to the character of a *real stableman,* and without that qualification no man can duly appreciate or ascertain the temper and disposition of the horse, which is a study of much more moment than is generally conceived; but once mastered, the treatment of the animal becomes easy. Stablemen possess the opportunity, but lack the education and science of the veterinarian to render his position of utility! I profess to be both. Many veterinary surgeons, especially young ones, absolutely appear unhappy when in the stable on professional duty. They seem as if disconcerted and embarrassed by the presence of the grooms and helper; and these, it must be confessed, take every opportunity of annoying them by criticisms, "vulgar and loud;" particularly if the omission of some trifling circumstance in the customary forms of the stable should induce them to entertain but an indifferent opinion of the abilities of the *doctor.* I have experienced simular behaviour "anon and oft," when sent for to inspect a crib-biter or windsucker; but, accustomed all my life to the business of a stable, I generally manage to turn the tables on these *wiseacres,* and am never attacked a second time by the same individuals.

Experience teaches me that he who undertakes the cure of vices and bad habits in horses should combine the perfect stable knowledge of the groom with a due portion of the scientific attainment of the veterinarian. If these qualifications were generally united, the propensities complained of in the horse would be easily removed, and diseases consequent on the indulgence of them less frequent. My own situation will probably serve to elucidate the case more clearly. My family connections have been occupied for many years in the business of horse-dealers and breeders, and I was brought up with the view of pursuing the same calling, when through my marriage with one of the daughters of the late Mr. Robert Jones, the eminent veterinary surgeon, I was induced, by the opportunity thus afforded, to pay some attention to the study of the veter-

inary art, in which I took great delight, receiving every encouragement and necessary instruction in the pursuit of it from my father-in-law. It was at this period (sixteen years since) that I began to apply myself to the investigation of the causes of vicious habits in horses, considering that it was possible to cure and eradicate them without coercion or restraint. The experience I had gained under such distinguished practical instruction assisted me very much in maturing my plans, which the proficiency I had acquired in the veterinary art enabled me to perfect. When I imparted the system I had laid down to my father-in-law, he expressed his entire approbation of it, and added that I deserved credit for my motives, but was fearful I should meet with much opposition if I attempted the public introduction of my method, as few persons understood stable management and the veterinary art conjointly, which, he said, were necessary for a due appreciation of my intention. This opinion has, indeed, been fully verified; but I trust that perseverence will eventually triumph—*magna est veritas et prævalebit!*

Except in the event of serious maladies, grooms and stablemen have till now remained sole arbiters over the fate of the horse, whose lot has been embittered by their persisting in following on every occasion those rules and recipes established probably more than a century, when the veterinary art was as it were in its infancy. The influence of the groom once secured with his master, he ever after reigns paramount in the stable, and no representations can induce him for a moment to swerve from the hackneyed track he has followed from his youth up.

Dr. Wolcot relates an anecdote much to the point. In a country village it happened that the road leading to the church was almost a swamp, so that the inhabitants could neither go nor return from divine worship without being literally covered with mud. To mend this way would have been too expensive; so the parishioners decided on establishing a new path, which was effected to the great convenience of all, save one man, a sturdy old codger, who persisted in trudging along the ancient track, and of course came home bespattered with mire whilst his neighbours were without a spot. When reasoned with on his folly, the countryman bluntly replied, "That what his forefathers had done before him *could not be wrong!* he hated your new-fangled ways, and should, therefore, always go the old road to church; it was no use argufying with him, so they might keep their breath to cool their porridge!" We have seen obstinacy equally unfounded expressed towards many improvements of our own times, from the highest to the most humble import. Too many are apt to carp and cavil at anything new, however important it may eventually prove, yet can assign no reasonable motives for their opposition.

Ignorance and presumption ever accompany and always bear relative proportions to each other. The groom who can scarcely read or write despises that knowledge he does not understand, and will receive no instructions except derived through the medium of his companions, equally uninformed with himself; so that error begetting error must ultimately lead to the depreciation of his master's property. I have known grooms who had obtained so much ascendancy over their employers as to be allowed to act as veterina-

rians, and assume supremacy in all that concerns the medical care and management of their horses, yet whose whole stock of hippological learning consisted of a few manuscript recipes, gathered indiscriminately from bacchanalian acquaintance, or other insignificant sources, and imparted under the strictest injunction to secrecy, as never-failing remedies. On such flimsy authorities these *gentlemen* arrogate to themselves more consequence than the first veterinarian of the day. It has been my fate to be more than once opposed to these would-be-learned aspirants, and it is a trial requiring no small share of patience and tact to remain collected and preserve serenity of temper during the ordeal. The only method to be followed in such cases is to out-general your opponents, not by open opposition —for that would spoil all, and cause misrepresentations to be made to your patron—but by humouring him I have usually gained my point, and after a time have contrived to render my services available. Woe betide the veterinary professor who should dare to smile at the old womanish twaddle of these *influential* personages! He would never arrive at the goal of his desires. His prescriptions or intimations would be disregarded, or rendered abortive; and he would ultimately find himself compelled to resign his task as hopeless. However galling to the feelings the advice may be, it is necessary, under certain circumstances, to *appear* to "curry favour" with grooms, if it be only for the sake of peace and quietness, as they have it sometimes in their power to obstruct materially the measures of professional men.

Dr. Hooper once observed, when lecturing, that abilities and talent were very meritorious and deserving of encouragement; but there was something in the world more valuable to medical men than these attainments—he meant the good opinion of nurses; for, without it, few men succeeded: when once gained, it should be carefully preserved, and kept alive by the fee simple of an occasional half-crown piece. "It is wonderful," said the Doctor, "the many patients I procured when a young man, by an observance of this practice; although, of course, I never accepted their proffered advice, when they recommended me to try the efficacy of certain nonsensical nostrums and mixtures, which they lauded to the skies; yet I was particularly tenacious of affronting by flat refusal or open contradiction; for you cannot be too cautious with these good dames, who, if once displeased, become inveterate enemies." Substitute the *groom* for the *nurse*, the *stable* for the *sick-chamber*, and the hints of Dr. Hooper to his pupils may not be inapplicable to veterinary practitioners.

I must not be understood as advocating cunning or duplicity; but the fair-dealing man is compelled to use *policy*, when the inattention of the master sanctions the servant to deal out authority and command on subjects which his inferior education and situation in life do not warrant him to assume. It is an old saying "that the *master's eye* makes the horse fat;" and I am continually witnessing the exemplification of the proverb. Indeed, the inadequate care taken of horses is too often to be traced to the unpardonable indifference of some owners to the affairs of the stable.

Injurious neglect likewise accrues to the horse from the cir-

cumstance of gentlemen surcharging the duties of their domestics. It has become of late a very prevalent custom to require from the same individual the united services of groom and valet; but although this practice is adopted under the plea of economy, it is at best but very shallow policy, and may be truly accounted "penny wise and pound foolish." Now, if the man be expected properly to look after two horses, with the care of harness and its accompanying appendages, and in many services a vehicle to attend to, independently of adorning his own person, I really think that to do justice to the property entrusted to him he has ample occupation, without the addition of the least extra duty to perform in the house, which, if strictly imposed upon him, must of necessity compel him to neglect the stable. The consequence of this overduty is the horses are continually out of order, often requiring medical aid, nay, occasionally become useless, and are obliged to be disposed of, that others may be purchased to supply their place. The losses thus sustained, by exchanging or buying, soon accumulate to a larger amount than contemplated by the suppositious economy. Dr. Franklin, when speaking of persons addicted to repeated change of residence, observes, that "three moves are equal to a fire;" and I may add that three exchanges are tantamount to the value of a high-priced horse. If, therefore, we are remiss in our care of the noblest companion of man, we richly deserve to pay the penalty of our negligence.

An argument often adduced during the agitation of the question for the abolition of the slave-trade was the presumption that no man possessing the *amor nummi* would be disposed to injure or destroy his own property; but a flat contradiction to this opinion is the existing fact of the cruelty of our treatment of domestic animals belonging to us: though it must be added, that in both instances the cruelty generally arises from the *jack in office*, and not from the proprietor.

It creates astonishment in my mind when I reflect on the callous hard-hearted usage to which horses are subject, inflicted on them in a manner so diametrically opposite to common reason, that I balance between the extreme sensations of pity and disgust—pity for the poor beast, and disgust at the thoughtless impetuous conduct of his ruthless tyrants. It will sometimes occur that when a horse is discovered indulging either in crib-biting or wind-sucking, the brutish stableman seizes upon the first implement within his reach, and with inveterate fury hurls it at the horse's head, regardless of the injury his inconsiderate conduct may cause. Brooms, brushes, and other missiles have I seen indiscriminately flung at the unconscious animal with a malignancy of demeanour more resembling a demon than a human being. The trepidation of the affrighted beast may be easily conceived; whilst the inveteracy exhibited by man has been so obdurate, and the blows so incautiously applied, that I am surprised how, during the punishment, the horse could possibly escape bodily lacerations and wounds. Indeed, on many of these occasions I have seen the groom savagely belabour the sides of the animal with the prong end of the stable-fork. Now, suppose the poor beast in his fright and suffering had turned briskly round, and one of the points had struck him in a vital part of the

head, or thrust out an eye—what recompence, what atonement, let me ask, could the brutal servant render to his employer for this barbarity towards probably the chief favourite of his stud? "Tell it not in Gath: publish it not in the streets of Askelon." These and other summary modes, so heartlessly and foolishly adopted to correct the vicious propensities of horses, have I occasionally beheld carried to so dangerous an extent, that I have shuddered for the consequences. When I have remonstrated against these futile exuberances of passion, my censure has been unheeded, or probably met by the uncouth observation, "that it was no business of mine! the horse deserved all he had received!! he knew well what it was for!!!"

Many gentlemen, I am sorry to say, are not totally exempt from the frailty of passion, and act upon an equally erroneous system. I have seen some otherwise humane men inflict upon a horse a most severe whipping, under the impression that the chastisement would act as corrective to the vicious habit. This is a totally mistaken notion. Such treatment, instead of proving efficacious, only adds fuel to the flame. The conduct of the gentleman and the groom on these occasions is equally reprehensible. The same choler, the same paroxysm of rage, impels the one and the other, and the only distinction lies in the dissimilarity of the weapons used. But this circumstance offers no consolation to the philanthropist—the cruelty exists equally with the one and the other. The whip, in the hands of its lordly possessor, may appear less brutal than the treatment adopted by the plebeian; but the injustice of both is equally unwarrantable—they each betray the same ignorance of the temper and disposition of the horse, although they ill-treat the animal *chacun selon lui*. The reviewers tell us the "schoolmaster is abroad:" I trust that in the course of his peregrinations he will soon take a peep into the stable, where he will find an ample field of reformation.

The reproachful conduct alluded to must, by its harshness, inevitably increase the primitive evil, with the addition of causing the animal, when abroad, to shy and startle at the merest trifle. Indeed, many of the accidents which occur may be mainly attributable to our own thoughtless actions. We punish the horse on the principle of the Yorkshire pedagogue, who castigated his scholars, not on the score of their peccadilloes, but because he himself happened to be in a passion at the moment.

"*Paris est le paradis des femmes, mois l'enfer des chevaux*," say the French. With the first part of the proverb I have nothing to do; but the allusion to the miserable fate of the horse will, I fear, hold good also for London; as it must be admitted we are by no means inferior to our Gallic neighbours in refinement of cruelty towards that animal.

A very objectionable custom is also but too prevalent with many grooms, coachmen, and their helpers. They seldom enter the stable without calling out, "Come up!" which they pronounce in a rough, sharp, hasty tone, as if in anger. These words, coming from the mouth of their gruff attendant, cause the horses to shrink almost within themselves as the man passes their stalls. They hear the detested voice, and seem anxious by their motions to escape from it. Some grooms have told me that in speaking thus sharply the horse is rendered more brisk

and lively. I know better: on the contrary, it keeps him in continual dread; and the conclusion I draw on these occasions is, that the horse must have suffered from previous ill-treatment. I once had a horse which always started whenever I came near him; and, in addition, had a knack of making a rush as he passed through the stable door. The first habit I overcame by uniformly soothing him by my voice till I came up to him, when I patted and caressed him. He soon gained confidence, and evinced pleasure whenever I drew near him. The second propensity was not more difficult to correct, though it took much more time to eradicate. I accomplished it in about three weeks. My method was very simple. I walked the animal quietly towards the door, when near it I stopped, and placing myself in front of the horse, led him by slow and measured steps over the threshold, occupying his attention by fixing my eye upon his, and addressing him kindly. By these means the impetuosity he evinced on quitting the stable soon subsided. During the first few days it occupied perhaps half an hour to each trial; after which I increased the motion of his paces, and succeeded in curing him. This horse was a very good-tempered animal, but had evidently been alarmed and ill-treated by some former owner. Of this, however, more anon.

Buffon is enthusiastic in his admiration of the horse, and well he may be, for this animal is undoubtedly the most valuable we possess. His subjugation lightens the labours and facilitates the operations of man in the most eminent degree. This celebrated naturalist observes, that "the reduction of a horse to a domesticated state is the greatest acquisition from the animal world which was ever made by the art and industry of man. This noble animal partakes of the fatigues of war, and seems to feel the glory of victory. Equally intrepid as his master, he encounters danger and death with ardour and magnanimity; he delights in the noise and tumult of arms, and rushes on the enemy with resolution and alacrity. But it is not in peril and conflicts alone that the horse willingly co-operates with his master; he likewise participates of human pleasures: he exults in the chase and the tournament; and his eyes sparkle with emulation in the cause."

This is all very fine and eloquent, as well as flattering to the ambitious pride of us "lords of the creation." But if the horse could speak, his language, I fear, would be far from complimentary to the gratitude of man! What is the return we make the animal for his willing servitude? If we answer with sincerity, and in the absence of prejudice and vanity, the response may be summed up in very few words: Our ignorant conduct and mismanagement heap upon him miseries which lead to disease and a curtailed existence.—*From the English Sporting Magazine for September.*

THE

ORIENTAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

No. 13.—AUGUST, 1831.

RACE-COURSE DISTANCES.

MR. EDITOR,

In reading Mr. Darvill's work on the English Racehorse a few days ago, I met with the following passage regarding the position of the distance posts on a race-course. He says at page 259, "In coming in, on the right of the course there should be *two* distance posts; the first of these posts is to be erected 240 yards from the winning post, the second 120 yards from it; the first is the distance post in a four mile race, the second in a mile race."

It is thus plainly laid down that the distance in a *two* mile race is 120 yards; a fact which, in India at least, I suspect is not generally followed "the distance" on all our courses and in all races, from the Calcutta down to the Dhoolia, being marked off at 240 yards from home.

Perhaps some of your sporting readers who are on the turf, and better acquainted with "the law" on this point (one of considerable importance to a man who has a horse situated as Benedict was in Bombay in 1830) than myself or my neighbours in these parts, will be kind enough to let us know if such a rule exists amongst those of the Jockey Club in England, or, if then, any difference exists between "the distance" in a two or a four mile race, and oblige greatly

Yours,

A SUBSCRIBER.

April [illegible]

LETTER FROM OLD GOOSEBERRY.

SIR,

I am unfortunate enough to be the reputed author of every contraband article which has appeared in your Magazine, and my life is rendered burthensome thereby. Stephen's first critique caused my oldest friends to turn their backs upon me; and when I fancied the affair had nearly blown over, out came No. 7 and irretrievably ruined me. I was forthwith assailed on all sides with accusations of "attempting to *write down* the Magazine," a crime which could not be expiated by death itself. Alas! poor me.

An officious, finger-in-every-pie sort of acquaintance, who boasts of an unusual degree of intimacy

with the great Nimrod, assures me that "I have so disgusted that gentleman, that he has *shut up shop.*" Me again—but this *must* be Balaam; Nimrod is too good a sportsman to trouble his head with fifty fools like Stephen.

Several of my friends have hinted to me rather unceremoniously that I possess a larger share of impudence (brass it is called) than any other man in the whole world; for that I not only preserved an impenetrable exterior during the reading of the first critique, but positively contemplated to conceal my crime by offering conjectures as to the real author. Stick to it.

Everybody points at me as the writer of Nosing Tom's letters, which appear to have given great offence, and I have had the pleasure of paying postage for more than one anonymous bluster on the subject. Nay, it was but the other day that a *gentleman* whom I had the misfortune to sit next at a large party, and who most unaccountably declined even monosyllabic conversation (I believe he was a little hard of hearing), suddenly exclaimed in no conciliating key, "You will be gratified to learn, sir, that *you have done up* the Nuggur pack."—There I was again.

But my misfortunes are not half told. Some evil-disposed person has made affidavit, and fathered *Scarlet's* communications upon poor me, in consequence of which every one who acted a conspicuous part at the late Dhoolia meetings (and many too who did not) have dropped my acquaintance, assigning as a reason that "*I have knocked the Dhoolia races on the head.*" Say it's me.

It has besides and moreover been signified to me that little doubt can exist as to the writer of divers papers on sundry contraband subjects, all of which might as well have been let alone. They mean *me*, I know.

This is pretty well, I thank you! Let me see. I have *attempted* to "write down" the Magazine (very bad indeed), and have *succeeded* in "writing down" Nimrod (worse). I have "done up" the Nuggur Pack (no great harm that); and have "knocked the Dhoolia Races on the head" (no great loss either); and if I live to see the publication of No. 13 (and I never was in better health than at this moment), I will do something still worse than all.

Yours cordially,

OLD GOOSEBERRY.

RIDE, SPORTSMEN, RIDE.

TUNE—"*O! such a day.*"

Day had not dawn'd, and bright the stars were shining out,
When twenty jovial sportsmen in toggery so trim
Forth from their camp rode gaily serpentining out
With merry looks and merry laughs, to hazard life and limb.
With jest and banter
On they canter,
Till they reach the sporting ground,
When all steady
Beaters ready
Soon proclaim the boar is found,
Then hallooing, wild pursuing,

Mercy, what a noise it is!
Oh! the chase, the glorious chase,
The pleasantest of joys it is.
Then ride, sportsmen, ride, when once the game is going it,
All reckless, checkless, dash along without a fear;
Dare every danger, and scorn the chance of knowing it,
Be bold, for sure the boldest ever wins the spear.

Screw, tinkers, screw, for here's your place for pushing it,
The country all in front of you is like a bowling-green;
There is not a hole, a nullah, or a bush in it,
And striding straight ahead is the grey boar seen.
Now they're stirring,
See them spurring,
Never rode they half so quick;
Gaping, staring,
Screaming, swearing
O'er the fields they'll do the trick;
There they near him, now they'll spear him,
Yes, they'll poke him on the plain;
No, that grunt has checked the hunt,
See them holding hard again!
Then ride, sportsmen, ride, when once the game is going it,
All reckless, checkless, dash along without a fear;
Dare every danger, and scorn the chance of knowing it,
Be bold, for sure the boldest ever wins the spear.

Hold, spoonies, hold, that hill so perpendicular
I knew would tempt the tinkers now to check their speed,
Stony, steep, and staggering in every particular,
'Tis here the true bred sportsmen who will take the lead.
Spoons despairing,
See their daring,
Up and onwards as they go
Laughing, leaving
Tinkers grieving,
Funking, panting down below,
O'er the rising, fate despising,
Lo! they press him more and more,
Till like plummet from the summit
Topples down the dying boar.
Then ride, sportsmen, ride, when once the game is going it,
All reckless, cheekless, dash along without a fear;
Dare every danger, and scorn the chance of knowing it,
Be bold, for sure the boldest ever wins the spear.

S. Y. S.

NOSING TOM'S LAST BUT ONE.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

Nothing daunted by the jealous revilings of my contemporaries, or by your own editorial chastisement, neither of which I beg to assure you have given me one moment's uneasiness, I am about, in my usual straightforward manner, to throw a little light on the "*Poonah Subscription*," consisting of about eleven couple of under-breds, who hang out no inconsiderable dash of the *Pie*, that most contemptible and *contrary* of all animals bearing a canine figure and appellation; whipped by a clever lad on a sturdy grey galloway—and hunted whensoever a bag is to be had for *bribery*, by a very stylish and proper workman, customarily followed or preceded by as numerous and uproarious a field as the magnitude of the society there might lead one to expect. At least two-thirds of these have *cheroots* in their mouths, which to my mind is just as it should be.

But first, since I detect you to tolerate a rejoinder on less important occasions, you will permit me to make my respectful compliments in a concise sort of way to Messrs. Philo Fun and Strap, whom I observe to be foremost in the crowd of my admirers. Strap's epistle is so close an *imitation* of my own in No. 9, that it might with propriety have been expressed in three words. His vituperation I despise in common with himself. Philo Fun's wits are woolgathering. I never said that Nimrod was the master of the old Nuggur Pack, nor can I find that Nimrod has ever said so himself. A wag observed the other day that P. F. had only to relate the particulars of a somerset over his horse's ears, as plain matter of fact, to have ensured ready credence.

Now to my story, which is a short one. I was out with the Poonah dogs on a certain day of last year, when a noble live fox was permitted to effect his escape from the gloomy precincts of a satchel, at a certain place not very far from the city; and the form in which he legged it across country certainly went to prove that he was none the worse for being *handled*. I am rather addicted to look into these things myself, and took the liberty of observing the *geography* he selected, not so much from an idea of becoming wiser than my neighbours, but simply for my own private satisfaction — you know the sort of feeling. Well, Sir, after a cast or two, a diminutive, wire-haired, sandy-coloured dog, with a devil-may-carish sort of look about him, prick ears, and a bony unyielding posterior excrescence—the perpendicular relic of what had been a tail in puppyhood, but had now no pretensions to the denomination—affected, after a world of sneezing and sniffing and smelling and fidgeting to and fro, that he had hit it off to a nicety; in token whereof he uttered a lively squeak, and set off at his *best bat* in the very opposite direction to the right one. Of course all the rest did the same, but in lieu of attending to their work some were pursuing ortolans or marmots, with a dash first — then a dead stop — and a short, unharmonious, disappointed bark; others were carrying a *search warrant* into the endless ramifications of a mole earth, and so forth. But the little tawny dog kept steady to his purpose, ever and anon cocking up a leg

and disburthening his nature against a convenient bush or stone; and in this example he was followed by all the others in rotation.

At the end of four or five miles nature could no more, and without any apparent cause the little dog *struck work*, squatted on his unprotected posteriors, and commenced an active war against the fleas and vermin with which his hide was clearly infested. In a little time the party, finding the case to be altogether desperate, broke into *squads* and commenced hunting and hoix-overing on their own account with such portions of the pack as they could persuade, by *hi-foxing*, whistling, chirping, and other like seductive extravagancies, to accompany them. I need hardly say they found nothing—and no wonder, the fox was not within five miles of us.

Bending our steps homeward, we had occasion to cross the new *Sungum Bridge*, but the aforesaid sagacious sandy dog evidently regarded such a step to be little short of madness (by-the-by, I suspect his opinion is not altogether singular on this point), but be that as it may, the stubborn beast had kept us waiting near a quarter of an hour, when the huntsman most considerately dismounted, and having carried him to the middle of the fabric, did so belabour his denuded nether parts with a gigantic hunting whip, that he adopted the alternative of bolting home at speed, and had positively not given over howling when we arrived there ourselves.

Some weeks afterwards an announcement of such exceeding novelty attracted my attention, that I deemed it expedient to be an eye-witness of the result. A bagged antelope was to be *uncarted* (so they called it) near Gibbett Hill. Now, as I had noticed the whipcord to be rather unsparingly administered in the case of a dog breaking to deer, I fancied they might have acquired a very natural distaste for that sort of hunting; but no such thing, Sir, I can assure you. The antelope turned out to be a *tame fawn*, entirely disregardless of clamour and uproar, who positively refused to run an inch. They at last hit on the expedient of leading or rather *dragging* her to a convenient distance, when the dogs were laid on. Perceiving all *joke* to be at an end, the animal set off in good earnest for the stable in which she had received her education, and presently gruelled her pursuers out of sight; upon which the huntsman spoke rather incoherently about the necessity of blooding the dogs, crammed in the ticklers, and was not two minutes in giving a good account of the game!!!

I regret to say that of the Bombay pack, so favourably noticed by *Looker On*, not a vestige remains. I have, however, one more *cry* to introduce to your pages, with a description of which I shall probably conclude my correspondence in your next number. In the mean time

I am yours obediently,

NOSING TOM.

Neelgherry Hill, 1st March, 1831.

EXTRACTS FROM SPORTING RECOLLECTIONS OF LIFE IN THE DECCAN.

* * * * * *

CHAPTER XI.

It was the morning after one of the most merry of merry parties at the Sungum Residency that the members of the Union and Deal-table Hunt had assembled on the plain beneath the little village of Kirkee (since brought into notice from giving name to the first battle with his Highness the Peshwa), that the unexpected appearance of the huntsman, in a dress so very different from his usual costume, caused a general shout of surprise and a loud simultaneous roar of laughter. To account for this sudden explosion of mirth at the worthy huntsman's expense, it is necessary to observe that in general, in the field, he was distinguished by the extraordinary apparel which has been described in the third chapter of these sporting recollections, but in the drawing-room he changed his fustian coat and tawny leathers for a suit which once, no doubt, had been of solemn sable, but time had turned the black to brown, and long use had rubbed it threadbare. In fact, a more shabby state of wardrobe was never exhibited out of Monmouth Street, but such was his happy indifference to personal appearance, that he never gave a thought to the tattered condition of his evening habiliments; and such was his enviable absenteeism of mind, that our noble host had determined to use a similar method of improving his dress with that which Walter Scott has described to have been successfully performed by Col. Mannering on poor Dominie Sampson. A complete suit of new clothes thrown on him at once might have attracted notice, and therefore it was resolved to accomplish the metamorphose by instalments. Directions had accordingly been given to his dressing boy to abstract the old rusty brown coat and substitute a new bright blue one, garnished with large brass buttons, that he might make his entree among the next evening's party with more credit to himself and less annoyance to his host, leaving the kerseymere waistcoat for the next addition, and the pantaloons to match would, as a last reinforcement, complete the full exchange. But the boy, not understanding the orders he had received, immediately after his master had fallen asleep removed the whole of his old apparel, together with his hunting dress, leaving him nothing but his new suit; and at daylight next day, incredible as it may seem, yet so wholly abstracted was he from everything but the sport in prospect that, unconscious of the change in his garments, he actually rode up to the place of meeting with his light blue coat and kerseymere accompaniments, rendered more picturesquely ridiculous by his still wearing his huge military boots, broad-brimmed, poked-bonnet-shaped hat, shading his grim and nutmeg-coloured features.

Unheeding the boisterous laughter of the whole group, and perfectly unsuspicious of the cause, he gave a general salutation to the party, and then proceeded with all his accustomed formality and seriousness to arrange for the coursing.

"What in the name of all that's

ridiculous can have come over our eccentric huntsman this morning?" exclaimed young Lesmore, while the party were about to divide for their look out. "Heavens! what a cruel coat!" proceeded he; "he surely must be more mad than usual; and where the devil did he get hold of that strange toggery?" "I will explain," said the smiling host; and having acquainted Lesmore with his design to have made the huntsman more respectable in his evening, by the plan which has already been related, he observed, "But I suppose some blunder has been made by his servant, and here you see we have him in the field with his dress suit, and probably he will favour us this evening by appearing at dinner in his hunting clothes." "Well," said Clifford, "I could scarcely have believed such total absence of mind to have been possible."

"Faith," said Lesmore, "I can believe anything of him since I learnt from our host the other evening that he had seriously mentioned to him his design of rendering (through the means of the Latin Grammar) the English the universal language of mankind." "Yes," added the host, "'tis very true, such indeed was his proposed plan; and that his work might be attainable by all ranks, he had a scheme of printing it on coarse whitey-brown paper, and sold all over the world at a penny for each copy. But" continued the host, "not more visionary and scarce less wild was his most extravagant proposition to me, some time ago, to become the purchaser from the Peshwa of the ruined city of Beejapore, with certain lands adjacent. His intention, he said, was to rebuild and fortify the town on a smaller scale; to garrison it entirely with Ramouses; and to improve the cultivation by a new mode of irrigation, aided by windmills and water-pipes." "Ay," said Lesmore, "and I suppose he would have called it Jefferybad. Yet hark! yes, there he goes full tilt, and there runs the fox; come along, come along." "Hurrah," cried Elsmere, "for the light blue coat and kerseymeres!" and away went the whole throng.

The night had been wet, and the ground in many places sloppy and slippery, and the fox, finding it heavier than he liked, soon made a double which brought him round to his earth, into which he instantly bolted.

The huntsman, who rode close upon the dogs, immediately jumped off, looked into the earth for a moment, and then, to the surprise of all, pulled off his fine new coat, and, notwithstanding the muddy state of the ground, crammed it into the aperture, coolly exclaiming, "We must not be baffled in this manner," and then turning to Elsmere said, "Send for a pickaxe or a crowbar." "Or," said Clifford, "take Fillet by the legs and dig him out." "No, no," rejoined Lesmere, "though his nose has a capital shape for a shovel, I doubt his head being too soft." "Thick enough, in all conscience," uttered Clifford; "but what is doing now?"

During this conversation the huntsman had been listening with the deepest interest to the three half naked villagers, who, with earnest gesticulations and loud voices, had riveted his attention so completely that, forgetting the fox, and equally unmindful of his coat, he whispered to his syce, who instantly set off towards the Sungum at a good pace, while his master, mounting his horse, called to Lesmere and requested to speak with him. He then slowly and solemnly acquainted Lesmore with

the intelligence just communicated by the villagers, which was that a huge and indescribably monstrous hog had taken full possession of a sugar-cane field near a village about nineteen miles off, and the people of the place had sent their three ambassadors to solicit the aid of the Deal-table against their foreign foe.

"We will gallop out instantly," continued the huntsman; "so call our Deal-table party, and let us leave the rest here."

Accordingly the four Ticken-coated riders got together, and away they went.

CHAPTER XII.

The gentlemen of the Union Hunt had terminated a good coursing morning, and were enjoying themselves over a substantial breakfast, while the Deal-table hunters, accompanied by Clifford and Elsmere, were getting across the country at a hand gallop towards the village of Pringhote, about twelve miles beyond the Singhur range of hills, and which they reached about eleven o'clock. Here resting their horses in the jungle, the huntsmen proceeded on foot to the patell of the place, who with great alacrity assembled all the men and nearly all the boys of his village to assist in getting rid of the boar, described by them in a style quite corroborative of their ambassadors' accounts.

In high spirits he returned to his companions attended by his village friends, some bringing with them milk and bajree cakes, off which the whole hunting party broke their fast, not, however, without expressing their wishes and longing for some more substantial provisions — but pork chops were in prospect, and they seasoned their coarse meal with many a jest and joke.

A good feed of grain and a few bundles of grass, together with their rest, had refreshed their horses, and at three in the evening they mounted, and, accompanied by the villagers, rode forward to the cane field, which was situated near a raised hamlet that was in former times the suburb of Pringhote. A tremendous ravine yawned on one side of it, and a deep stream with a very rocky bed flowed close by on the other; while in front, over a fine plain, lay a thick cockspur jungle. The huntsman's long experience had taught him that this was the time of day when hogs in general quit their strong covers to drink, and therefore, instead of losing time by beating the sugar-cane, which was many acres in extent, he determined to skirt the field and move down to the banks of the river, trusting to find the boar carousing over his liquor. Nor was he disappointed; for on approaching the water a sudden roll, apparently of a buffalo, attracted the attention of Elsmere, who immediately said to Clifford, "I wish that had been the hog. What a whacker!"

"And so it is, by G—d!" shouted Clifford, whose more practised eye instantly discerned the snout and tushes of the monster as he lifted his huge grim head out of the stream.

All eyes were turned towards the boar, for all had heard Clifford's animating shout, and soon all were in full gallop; for the animal, startled by the noise, had rushed from the river, and was making for the sugar-cane at a rapid pace.

To those who are unacquainted with the extraordinary speed for at least a quarter of a mile of a wild hog, it will seem almost incredible that an animal so formed as the boar is could manage to

keep before a tolerable horse at full speed; yet such is the case, and experienced hunters well know that for a spurt the fastest horses in India would not overtake some of them. A three-parts-grown hog, lean and lanky and outlying, will lead a light weight on a first-rate nag a long way before he takes to turning.

So, indeed, did the present party find to be the case, for though of enormous size, and no doubt well stuffed with sugar-cane, still the boar was in low condition and in high wind, and went like a witch before the hunters, and in spite of their best efforts regained the sugar-cane.

Preparations were immediately made to beat him from his luscious retreat, but scarcely had the villagers assembled and arrayed themselves in line, when a loud screaming from some woman who had been to the river for water attracted the attention of the huntsman, and soon it was made known that, disturbed by the clatter of our horses' hoofs, and the shouts of huntsman and beaters when the boar first started off, a large cheeta had made his appearance. One or two of the women, less alarmed than the rest, watched him enter a hole in the rocky bank of the river, and as the nobler game of the two, and so near at hand, the huntsman instantly decided upon leaving the boar in the field, and attacking the tiger in his den.

The whole party, therefore, returned to the river, and on their way were met by the huntsman's syce, who (the reader will recollect) was sent home from the fox-earth in the morning, and had now come back with his master's brace of Clare-market bull-dogs, accompanied by some servants carrying the celebrated Deal Table, and some dinner apparatus, together with bottles of wine and beer, and a few loaves of bread.

The hole into which the cheeta had retreated was now surrounded by the horsemen, and one of the bull-dogs sent in to try if he could make him bolt, but after a long underground scuffle he came out dreadfully lacerated, and various other means to get the savage out were tried in vain, and night was fast approaching, when the huntsman addressed his companions, "Gentlemen, it appears perfectly useless to waste any more time in trying to frighten this fellow from his den. We must now do what we ought to have done at first. I take shame to myself that it did not strike me before. Mr. Elsmere, and you, Lintat, keep your horses close and ready for a start, should the tiger bolt. You, Foley, as you are the heaviest of the party, get astride over the hole, and when the gentleman comes forth drop on him, or pin him with your spear through the back, whichever may suit your nerves or your fancy at the moment. Clifford and Lesmore, come one on each side of me." So said and so was done. He then took a lighted torch from one of the beaters (for it had been necessary to have light from the village, as the moon was only just rising), fastened it to the end of his spear, and, with the uninjured bull-dog under his left arm, he laid himself at full length on the ground, while Clifford and Lesmore followed his example, and the three commenced their entrance into the den like serpents on their bellies. The cave after a few feet took an oblique turn to the left, and they had much difficulty in keeping their spears protruded well in front. Now however, as the glare of the torch flickered over the place, deep growlings came forth from its darkness, and

it was with no small satisfaction to Clifford and Lesmore, notwithstanding their courage, that the huntsman called out disappointedly, "Damn the brute! 'tis only a hyena; but look out." So saying, he applied his torch to his back. Some seconds elapsed before the cowardly animal would stir; but when he felt the scorching deeper, he gave a louder growl, and dashed at his assailants in grand style. His rush upset the torch, and he thus escaped the spears of Lesmore and Clifford, and might have dashed over the backs of the whole party in the dark, had not the huntsman, at the instant his torch fell, let slip the bull-dog, who rushed on with all his characteristic boldness; and then, the three sportsmen backing, as the dog and hyena hustled forward, the whole group tumbled out of the den in laughable, though somewhat dangerous confusion. The natives "*all scattered backwards as he came*," with the dog fastened to his ear, and Foley, who had actually dropped upon him when he first made his appearance in public, was clinging to his leg. Elsmere's horse reared fearfully, and rushed in dismay from the scene, just as Lintat skilfully pushed his spear through his ribs; while the huntsman and his party, regaining their legs, soon managed to put an end to the interesting scuffle.

CHAPTER XIII.

The conclusion of the adventure as related in the last chapter had given high spirits to the party, and an immediate return to the boar was resolved on. "I have never killed a hog by night," said the huntsman, "and a moonlight chase must be as delightful as it will be novel." "And dangerous too," said Lesmore. "Besides, d—n it all, we have now been a long while without food, and my stomach feels confoundedly upset by the abominable stench of your hyena's parlour, covered as it was with putrid gobbets of flesh and rotting bones; so I vote for an attack upon the bread and the beer, and then, hey for what you like."

To this the huntsman, though a low grumble was heard from his lips, did not make any objection; and under a fine tamarind tree, by the light of the lady moon, they sat down to refresh themselves. Meanwhile, by the huntsman's orders, the villagers had gone to the sugar-cane with strict orders to keep a good watch lest the boar should steal away.

No sooner had they thus regaled themselves than the chivalrous spirit of the huntsman declared it incumbent upon the party to proceed at once to the place of action, which they reached about ten o'clock, and here a formidable opposition to their hoped-for hunt showed itself in the positive refusal of the beaters to enter the field until daybreak. Neither threats nor expostulations were of any avail—even bribes had no effect; and in despair they were about to return to their tamarind tree, when Clifford, addressing the huntsman, said, "You are well aware that hogs when once alarmed frequently take it into their thick heads to ramble away from their '*old frank*,' and, under the advantage of a still night like this, why might not our friend here in the field adopt the same kind of manœuvre? and as we are all anxious for a good night-chase, let us retire to different stations at a distance from the canes, and await our luck with patience. He may come out, and we shall then be rewarded for our perseverance."

"Undoubtedly," exclaimed the delighted huntsman, "you are quite right, Clifford, and I admire

your spirited and sporting scheme, so now for our posts, and good luck to us."

The hunters now divided, after having been strictly cautioned to be watchful and silent, and to allow the boar, should he quit his cover, to get well away without being disturbed or lost sight of.

"How holily, how beautifully calm
Among yon countless heaps of paly clouds,
Thro' whose transparent fleeciness she throws
Her melancholy beams, sails the fair moon:
And as the snowy vapour drifts along,
Down from the opening spots of the blue vault,
That speck and mottle the high canopy,
She pours a flood of magic light, that makes
The wearied hunter lifts his wakeful eye,
To gaze in rapture on the sudden brightness."

Thus, not very unpoetically, apostrophized the young and enthusiastic Lesmore, as he walked his horse to the jungle edge which the huntsman had selected for his particular watch. For two long and tedious hours did he remain in this anxious situation, when suddenly a low rustling among the canes caught his ear, and he listened with almost breathless hope that the boar was moving about. The noise increased; and soon after, to his great delight, he saw the grim form of the monster slowly emerge from the field, and stop at the outside.

With the most intense anxiety did Lesmore now behold him as he flapped his huge ear to and fro, endeavouring to catch the slightest noise. At length, after moving somewhat up the side of the field, just as a light cloud shrouded the moon for a moment, he turned his head towards the plain on the other side of which was the cockspur jungle, and soon getting into a short trot, compelled Lesmore to mount and follow as quietly as he could.

Lesmore's movement had been discerned by the rest of the party; and though they could see nothing of the game, they rightly concluded how matters stood, and accordingly put themselves into motion, following Lesmore at a convenient distance.

For nearly a mile did they thus anxiously trot in the track of the boar, when, assured of success, whatever might be the ground, and impatient to commence the sport, Lesmore, whose voice sounded trebly loud and startling in the stillness of the hour, shouted out with all his wonted enthusiasm, "THE MIDNIGHT BOAR *in front, in front! I have him in front; ride on!*"

It would be almost impossible to describe the tremendous rush which the hog made as the noise first reached his ears. Headlong he dashed forward, and so rapid was his rate, that Lesmore had nearly lost sight, when he was joined by Clifford and the huntsman. The eye of the latter soon detected him, now standing stockstill near a low beech, probably taught by instinct that he was less likely to be discovered by remaining still than by moving on. However, the near approach of his enemies defeated his caution, and soon to their great delight they found themselves in full and close pursuit.

A race, rather than a chase, in no very long time brought the boar to bay, and, after a short scuffle, the dying groan of the animal echoed among the ravines of the hills of Pringhote.

"You must make a song, Lesmore," said Clifford, as they slowly rode homeward; "you must indeed write a song on this new and most delicious night's sport.

'Tis worthy of commemoration."
"Good!" said the huntsman, "and let the burthen be your own *soul thrilling and glorious shout*, the Midnight Boar."

The whole party earnestly joined in the request.

"You shall have one," said Lesmore; and the next night, at the Residency, he sang the following:—

THE MIDNIGHT BOAR.

TUNE—"*The Glass is sparkling on the Board.*"

No more of daring deeds by day
The song shall pass my lips,
The chase beneath the moon's bright ray
Doth every sport eclipse,
When over the stream
The silver gleam
Hath spread from shore to shore,
With spear in hand } *twice*
We sternly stand }
To meet the Midnight Boar.

Oh, deep we'll drain the brimming bowl
To toast that jungle glen,
When forth like some grim ruffian stole
The monster from his den.
His dark brown eye
Hath watched the sky
For the cloud that's passing o'er,
While spear in hand } *twice*
We sternly stand }
To meet the Midnight Boar.

Away, away, the boar hath been
Some moments now afoot,
Hath cleared the river and ravine,
And challenges pursuit;
Yet cautious still,
He climbs the hill
Nor deems the danger o'er,
With spear in hand } *twice*
No more we stand, }
But chase the Midnight Boar.

Hurrah! hurrah! the chase is done!
What will not sportsmen dare?
The tuskied trophies too are won
And boldly won they were!!
Then let us drain
The bowl again
And its wine to the *next night* pour,
When spear in hand
We sternly stand
To meet the Midnight

S. Y. S.

BOTTOM BETTER THAN SPEED.

MR. EDITOR,

As chance has solved many a difficulty, has pointed out many valuable improvements as well in theory as practice, and in short thrown Euclid, Newton, &c., &c., completely in the background, I hope you will, through the medium of your Sporting Magazine, make known the following fact, particularly as it does not fall to the lot of every one to witness such instances of Chance's unreasoning method of convincing.

Q. E. D.

"Bottom better than Speed."
TYCHO BRAHE.

I daresay, Mr. Editor, many of your Sporting readers may, on seeing the above quotation, impatiently turn over this leaf with a "Who the deuce does not know that? Such hackneyed remarks should be scouted from the Magazine!" Yes, Mr. Editor, I perfectly agree with them, and I make no doubt, were the "flat, stale, and unprofitable" discussions on Flints and Detonators, and the recently-commenced but never-to-

be-terminated controversy between Jactans *v.* Hokey Pokey, to be denied a place in your valuable little Magazine, its quarterly appearance would be more anxiously looked forward to. Flints and Detonators; Throwing and Poking!!! so much of individual taste and prejudice must exist on those subjects, that all and any attempts at convincing any one that his mode was not the best must be fruitless, and as "De gustibus non est disputandum" is a truism known centuries ago, why should we not acknowledge and bow to its truth now? But to return to my track, from which I have somewhat digressed; be it known that I should not have ventured on the old beaten subject of these remarks, had not a tragico-comico adventure occurred, presenting an unanswerable, irresistible argument, and, "confirmation strong as proof of holy writ" of the substantial benefit and superiority of bottom. Not many weeks ago, and within one hundred miles of Rajcote, myself, with two or three others, one of whom, for distinction sake, I shall designate my fat friend, were employed in the neighbourhood of Junaghur, and usually in changing ground used to separate considerably on the march, in order to multiply our chances of sport. We had proceeded thus one morning out of sight of each other to within a short distance of our encampment, when suddenly the distant clattering of a horse at speed reached my ear. I quickly mounted a little rising ground in that direction, and then discovered my fat friend in full gallop, but no bag, no game visible in front, and as he neared me, the sun shining full upon the polished surface of his unhatted pate, put me forcibly in mind of Johnny Gilpin's situation when "away went hat and wig," and proved my friend to be not quite at ease. The whole was ludicrous, nor was the comic effect entirely removed when the tragic cause of such hot haste became evident in the shape of a fine panther seated on the horse's quarters, and firmly grasping my friend "just in the place where honour's lodged."

To gallop to his assistance was the first impulse; but ere I could reach him I had the pleasure to see this disagreeable companion quietly drop from behind, and make for a patch of thick jungle, perfectly satiated with his morning's repast, nor did my friend pull rein until he reached in safety the breakfast tent, which had already appeared in sight.

As the jungle was too thick to hope for success with the spear, the animal was left there, for a little after-breakfast sport, and was then, after showing much game, shot. By moderate calculation, the distance he must have ridden over was upwards of three miles. My friend's account of the rencontre was that he first saw the animal making off through some grass, and being always for sport in whatever shape, he pursued him with his spear, threw and missed, and threw and missed again, until in turn the panther became the assailant, and fixed himself as above related. The only inconvenience my friend experienced from his morning's exertion was being somewhat weak and pale for a few days, but he is now well at his mark again, and thanks his stars that he's endowed with something substantially better than speed, and to this day glories in the fundamental superiority of Bottom.

Q. E. D.

Goondul, March, 1831.

FALCONRY.

"Now will I sing the valiant falcon's fame,
Aerial flights, where no confederate brute
Joins in the bloody fray, bird with bird
Jousts in arid air.—SOMERVILLE.

This sport, once so enthusiastically pursued in England by high-born dames, princes, and knights, and still kept up in the East, not having as yet been touched upon in your pages, I am in hopes the accompanying, collected from the notes of Mr. E., a well-known sportsman in the Dooab, who has long been master of falcons, will tend to diversify the oft-told, but well-told, tales of the fierce tiger and the bristly boar.

The falcons employed for the sport are of several kinds, and are flown each at separate quarries. The finest is the byrhee, * found on the East coast, about the time of the Dussera, or the month of September. It is caught by a race of people called Yurkeles, who sell them at from 8 to 10 Rs. each. The mode of training it is blinding the eyes and watching; it is lured by the figure of a bird and the voice to its food, being slipped first a short distance with a string, which is gradually lengthened, and at last let loose altogether.

The byrhee flies at herons, the black stork with a white neck called kalee, the large tantalus with curved yellow beak, called by falconers dokh, the two species of crane, kurkurees and koolungs, or kulums, as they are generally called, and which are found on the black plains bordering the Keishna, Nougbudra, &c. These two last are the most difficult to strike, the flight of the kurkuree being very swift, and the koolung being a large heavy bird, weighing sometimes upwards of 10lbs. The heron is found on the banks of tanks, and as soon as he takes away from the water, the falcon is unhooded, and in a glance seeing the quarry, shoots after him with the rapidity of lightning; nearing the heron, he hovers over him for an instant, and, stooping, strikes down upon him with his talons, seldom failing to knock him down. The riders in the meanwhile must be well up to aid the little hero, or his long-legged foe may mar the day's sport by laying open his breast or injuring him in some way with his claws. The byrhee sometimes, in striking, fixes its talons with such force into the heron, that (as happened on one occasion to Mr. E.'s) both heron and falcon came tumbling down from an immense height, grappling each other in mid-air, and both were picked up dead, on the spot where they fell.

The shaheen and suggur come next in rank, and are natives of India. These are trained to strike floriken and partridge at what is called the "standing gait," which is reckoned by European falconers as the most difficult attainment in that noble science. They are lured like the byrhee, but instead of being allowed to seize the food, the lure is jerked suddenly while they are in the act of stooping at it. By continual practice they are brought to circle round and round the falconer's head, hovering at a considerable height, as they do in a state of nature. As soon as the game has been marked, they are unhooded and "put," hovering

* Our correspondent has written the names in his letter so illegibly that it is utterly impossible to do anything but guess at them.

over the quarry till they get sight of it; then stooping, they descend "swift as the wind that sweeps the desert plain," and with one stroke lay the game breathless. The sport is not great, as it is but a stoop, a dart, a rapid descent on the game, and all is over.

Another kind of falconry is that of training a cast or pair of small hawks called tooroomtee, to fly together in imitation of their natural habits; the male and female fly together in their wild state, and the falconers train two females to pursue the common blue jay (subzuk) and the lapwing (takhra). Both are carried on the same fist, lured and fed together, and unhooded at the same moment. When in pursuit of the jay, that bird rises wheeling in circles into the air, the falcons after him, attempting to strike alternately. After mounting to an immense height, the jay, bewildered at his two little gallant foes, yields to their incessant attacks, and struck, comes tumbling down, making little or no resistance.

HIGH FLIER.

Darwar, May 21st, 1830.

[*To be continued.*]

NEEMUCH FLY FISHING.

SIR,

Hearing from some Neemuch sporting gents just returned from your side, that you are somewhat incredulous on the point of our trout fishing, I beg leave to send you an account of a few days' sport this season.

In Dec. last, 27th and 28th, two gents each killed $5\frac{1}{2}$ and 6 dozen each day, the general size of these fish from 8 to $14\frac{1}{2}$ inches. During the months of March and April last, an old hand at the fly killed six and seven dozen for two and three days a week. Trout fishing, in fact, is rather losing "its celebrity" at this place, as three *red hot griffs* at the work killed last month 10 dozen and 2 trout in about three hours. The nullahs under the Jaird Hills, about 12 miles from Cantonments, swarm with these delicious fish, which come into season at the end of December, and out at the commencement of the rains.

The baits used are the *goorgorak*, and fly made of the gaudiest colours. There seems to be a difference of opinion as to which bait is best, though I am inclined to give a decided preference to the latter, and think that the former are only used by those who cannot use the fly.

Should you think it interesting, I shall be happy to send you an account of Marseer fishing in this part of the world, which I assure you is far from despicable.

A FRIEND TO THE FLY.

6th June, 1831.

AN ACCOUNT OF A FAVOURITE GREYHOUND.

SIR,

Feeling confident you will always find a corner in your valuable Magazine where a tribute may be paid to the memory of old favourites, I send you an account of "Hector," a well-known greyhound, late the property of Lieut. B., of sporting celebrity. Hector was out of an English bitch by a dog half English and half Arab. He came into Lieutenant B.'s possession in 1820, then two months old. At nine months he

showed great promise, and at a twelvemouth would never let a hare or fox escape him on tolerable ground. His master assures me that on three different occasions he has known "Hector" pick up a hare and fox at one slip, the hare getting up just where the dog had killed his fox. He was so bold and powerful, that when he was eight years of age he would kill a jackal single handed, and that without much difficulty. He was often matched against first-rate dogs, both English and Arab, but until he attained his sixth year he never was beaten. He was affectionate to a degree, and had one peculiarity very uncommon in his caste, that of following his master wherever he went. An experiment which Lieut. B. once made to try how far Hector would carry his fidelity deserves to be recorded. Lieut. B., when on detachment on the Nerbudda, set off to visit two outposts, each distant from camp about ten miles, and situated about eight miles from each other. Previous to starting, he gave particular orders to his dog-boy not to let the dog loose till at least two hours after his departure. By the boy's account it was at least three hours before he let Hector go. He searched the camp and its vicinity, but not finding his master, suddenly disappeared, but was seen at the first outpost about an hour after his master had left it, and the second just as Lieut. B. had departed. He was offered food at both places, but refused it, proceeding immediately in the direction Lieut. B. had taken, and, according to the account given by the officers at each outpost, seemed to make the tracks of his master's horse his guide. He overtook Lieut. B. about a quarter of a mile from camp. It ought to be mentioned that during this journey the dog had to cross the Nurbudda twice, with a strong current, it being during the rains, and he must have travelled altogether a distance of eight and twenty miles. He killed some fifty or sixty fawns during his lifetime, and died of old age on the 30th of Jan., 1830, ætat 10 years. The only one of his numerous progeny now living is at present in Lieut. B.'s possession, but very sickly. There are many of your sporting readers, Mr. Editor, who will no doubt recognize old Hector, and can vouch for his performances, extraordinary as they may appear.

Your Obt. Servant,
T. P.

MEET ME WHEN DAYLIGHT MAY DAWN.

TUNE—"*Meet me by Moonlight alone.*"

Meet me when daylight may dawn,
And then I will show you a boar
Who will lead us thro' thicket and thorn
To the hills where he beat us before,
Then remember, be there, tho' you dread
To meet such a monster alone,
For I must and I will win that head,
'Tis the greyest that ever was known.
Then meet me when daylight may dawn
And follow thro' thicket and thorn.

Moonlight may do for the spoons
Who at balls pass their moments away,
But what are a million of moons
To one bright little hour of day?
Oh, then fail not to be at your post,
For tho' hunting's my pleasure and pride,
Yet the charm of the chase is half lost
If we have not a rival to ride.
Then meet me when daylight may dawn
And follow thro' thicket and thorn.

S. Y. S.

THE CANDEISH CLUBS.

Of the Candeish Clubs at present in existence, the most ancient and respectable is that of the Cock and Bull, whose liberality on the occasion of the first Dhoolia Meeting has been recorded to their immortal honour. It was originally a very sporting association, its members being unlimited in number but restricted to those persons who had themselves assisted at the execution of at least one tiger, and of this fact they were required to produce certificates. They also got together on all convenient opportunities for the purposes of musical recreation; and if neither vocal or instrumental performers, were for the most part amateurs in that science, regaling their senses on the harmony of others. They harboured one whose province it would seem was to pen ballads and other fulsome parasitical trash, which were mostly sung at their carousals and toping-bouts. Moreover he contrived cunning puns, witticisms, and conundrums, which were made occasion of by those whose genius was not of an extemporary stamp.

But the votaries of harmony having dropped off one by one, and the artists on the merry Tunbula, the Jungala, and Dubdub having fled the land, a convention of the Cock and Bull has in a manner degenerated into a jollification of smoking members. I see one now before me; let me attempt the portraiture. His legs are on the table; by his side a brazen *Ooghaldan* of huge dimensions. He is surrounded by piles of inextinguishable *jostic*, ponderous *atishdans*, and all the elaborate complication of the *Jamgiree*. From his waistcoat pocket protrudes a silver box comprising a supply of *weed* for immediate consumption, and from his chair depends a leathern magazine or *depôt* of the same, from which he ever and anon replenisheth the exhausted case. At his elbow are potations of his favourite tipple ——puff puff—then he spits. Puff again, puff puff puff—then he nods his head obligingly to the company, as much as to say, your good health, and takes of his tipple. But his tobacco is not yet expended; away he goes again—puff puff puff, and sips and puffs, and puffs and sips, until, in the language of the club, "he feels himself so *particularly screwed*," that the process of puffing another puff would in all probability result in a *complete sew up*.

It is requisite to a member of this right worshipful society that he be tolerably conversant with the Racing Calendar; be competent to calculate the odds with-

out the agency or immediate intervention of his digits (a most difficult undertaking with some), and be superficially acquainted with the transactions of the Sporting World generally. Without these accomplishments he will be unable to take part in the conversation. Their antipathies and interdictions are five in number, viz. fiddles, cards, tea, early dinners, and Bengal cigars.

I am disposed to consider these two last as very sensible.

Pursuing the train of events which in club cases is seldom less mechanical than the plot of a modern romance, a member of the Cock and Bull is pleased to take umbrage at something offensive which was never said, or at some lack of courtesy or deference, the existence of which is probably confined to his own perverse or bewildered imagination, walks off in a huff, and becomes as devout an execrator of the club and of its constitution, as he was but now a bigot in its cause. The next step is to "get up an opposition," whose basis can hardly be too antipodal to the obnoxious fabric of its rival. The Cock and Bull, as we have already seen, abominate the very odour of *tea*, under whatever name, and those who take a proper view of the case will therefore be at no loss to perceive why "The Bohea" is at once a classical and appropriate designation for the new club. Cards in any shape, and *early dinners*, are amongst the five prescribed abominations of the Cock and Bull; to evince their contempt for which, the Bohea club *dine at half-past two*, and sit down six nights out of seven to *long whist* for *poula points*, and I once positively detected them playing *mouche for love*. The violin (fiddle I mean), most hateful of the cat-gut tribe, is to the Cock and Bull in the same relative position as swine's flesh to a Moslem, and is therefore fanatically patronised by the Bohea, who frequently so far forget what is due to themselves as to *dance* to its discord. In like manner, tobacco in all its multitudinous varieties of chillum and cigar, chinsuras excepted (effigy of brown paper!), are most rigorously exploded.

A tolerable acquaintance with the violin (*violin* indeed), a droll song, or talent as a punster are here certain stepping stones to club notoriety; but eschew sporting subjects and discussions as worse than mischievous and involving speedy disgrace. The slightest allusion to these matters and they will have you down for a nincompoop. Twaddle or scandal, with a dash of smut, are admirably suited to the tea-table, and may be here introduced with the greatest confidence; any old clinch, quotation, or conundrum decently applied, will be sure to raise a laugh, if it does not embolden your neighbour to follow your example, in which case you will probably gain credit with the club for your own joke, and for his also.

In order to be conspicuously diverting, I would suggest that a *led Captain* or dull unsuspecting ninny-hammer be selected by way of "butt" (they are always at hand), and his situation rendered still more ridiculous by the waggish grimace of that side of your face which is beyond his sphere of vision. But if you simply aspire to celebrity as a droll fellow, a very moderate stock of the raw materials of fun will answer every purpose at the Bohea club; perhaps occasionally assisted by an accomplice, in case the company are not disposed to applaud, or what is still more likely, are too fuddleheaded to apprehend your wit.

One word on the subject of Bohea, the chosen and well-beloved beverage of this eccentric club. Bohea is the identical infusion which we have seen swallowed or rather gulped in monstrous potations by stage coachmen, during their fifteen minutes' breakfast recess. It is the selfsame nauseous, deep-coloured decoction prepared by the ship steward with one dig into the coarse sugar, once round with the spoon, and "There, take that to your master, and don't trouble me no more." In a word, it is that inferior production of all China of which large quantities are canted into a ship's bilge, to prepare the way for something more valuable, and yet the Bohea Club is guilty of preposterously eulogizing the excellencies of this abomination. I shall only notice one curious circumstance connected with their panegyrics, which is that the very longest are usually made by little men; doubtless with a design to extend themselves that way, and make up in length of argument what they want in stature.

N.

PROPOSITIONS FOR A SPORTING CLUB.

Sir,

Considering your interesting little periodical the only legitimate channel of publication for all sporting subjects, you will confer an obligation by inserting in your next number the following Prospectus of a new Sporting Club, lately got up at this station, which, when once made public, there is little doubt will be supported by numerous individuals, who, but for the voice of your Mag., would have been ignorant even of its existence.

I am, Mr. Editor,
Yours obediently,
A Pongo.

Propositions.

1st. That there be a club formed at Sholapoor for all description of sports, viz., hunting, shooting, fishing, &c., to be designated the *Royal Sholapoor Sporting Club*, the uniform to be a scarlet coat, blue cuffs and collar, with gilt buttons of the King's pattern.

2nd. That this club be established upon most liberal principles (at the same time with economy), and at the Quarterly Club Dinners which are proposed to take place, each subscriber be permitted to bring one guest.

3rd. That a meeting take place as soon as practicable to form rules and regulations for the above-mentioned Club.

4th. All gentlemen wishing to become subscribers are requested to make their intentions known to the Secretary at Sholapoor.

5th. A pack of dogs are suggested to be kept up, should the funds afford it.

6th. It is to be clearly understood that the Royal Sholapoor Sporting Club is proposed solely for the purpose of combining every kind of sporting, and in no way intended to interfere with or oppose the Sholapoor Hog Hunt whatever.

A Pongo,
Sec.

TRAVELLING IN GUZERAT.

You have never travelled in Guzerat, Sir, I think, or it would be a work of supererogation to inform you that the perplexing intricacy of the roads renders the assistance of a guide next to indispensable; for it is a remarkable fact that you may frequently make long marches without encountering man, woman, or child, except in the immediate vicinity of a village, and often not then. In the Deccan, where the roads are less multifarious, and guides less in requisition, the average time expended in realizing a *Wataria* is about two hours and three-quarters, Shrewsbury; and, after all, when you have fairly got your man under way, the stubborn beast would rather be d—d to all eternity than stir his black stumps one bit above his regulated pace of two miles an hour. But in Guzerat the case is different: every village, possessing the slightest pretension to respectability, can boast of its quota of *horse bhoomiohs;* knights never to be taken alive—armed at all points, and each rejoicing in one of those finished specimens of anatomy, upon whose timeworn carcase may be detected at one glance, the whole long catalogue of maladies incidental to horseflesh.

All attempts to sneak past a village without being discovered by those gentry are idle and ridiculous. They have certain intelligence of your approach, and possess ample leisure to plan their ambuscade accordingly. On a sudden, like the arrow from a bow, two of them dart from their concealment, annihilating you with a cloud of sand and dust, of which those only who are acquainted with the highly pulverized roads of Guzerat can form an adequate idea: whilst the appearance of a mare, or perhaps two, together with the bustle and *gaiety* of the scene altogether, has probably had the effect of driving your otherwise sober hack *stark staring mad.* Taking the lead by a few lengths, they keep it (go what pace you please) to the next village, where, if you are not completely blinded, you may expect to see a relief of two more, roaring and carricoling, and ready to pounce upon you from some commanding eminence.

Why two of them? Because ten thousand unforeseen accidents may overtake them on the road. If one were to break down, for instance (nothing is more probable), pray who the devil is to take care of him? Besides which, a single man might be a little oblivious, and take the turning to the right instead of to the left; in which case I should like to be informed who is to find out and rectify his mistake. No, no, sir, a *Joree*, or pair of bhoomiohs, are every bit as indispensable to each other as a pair of gaiters; and a most confounded nuisance they undoubtedly are. Could I but be quite certain of never seeing another, I believe I would compromise to lose my road three times a day, and bet heavy odds that in the long run I came off a gainer by the bargain.

Dismount upon any pretext, in order, if possible, to increase the distance between yourself and the pair of bhoomiohs; they will pull up, and come to look at you. Proceed, and they are "quite agreeable." Six or eight well directed simultaneous double kicks (from the hip), following each other in rapid succession; with as many simultaneous double raps of

both elbows at the same moment; together with sundry violent tugs at the bridle, each tug accompanied by volleys of abusive epithets, and followed up by a back-handed administration of the rein, in and about the animal's eyes, have generally for their corresponding effect, first shuffle and change legs, second, two or three scrambles forward, and change again; then something betwixt a run, a scramble, and a shuffle (now for another simultaneous double rap), which becomes next a hobble, and lastly the very thing we have been looking for all the time—a canter. Once in motion, quicken your pace, and they quicken theirs; slacken, and they do the same. Tip them the go by (if you can), and if you don't look d—d sharp they will gallop over you.

Making play from the starting post is the only alternative of escape I have been able to devise, but in adopting it you will do well to remember that a *fresh pair* are probably on the look out for you at the next village. I had no sooner *gruelled* a brace of these gentry the other day, than I was picked up by a pair of fresh ones, who had come to meet me; a spavined mare, with one blind eye, and a fistula on the wither; and a grey garron completely incrusted with Burzauttee blossoms and scored all over with dots, stripes, crosses, circles, and stars, according to the taste of the operator. I felt convinced they could never stand the *pace*, and I was right. When I last saw them, the mare had laid down on her rider; and the other young man, whilst attempting to drag her off, received a kick in the face from his own charger, who immediately levanted.

It is worthy of remark that a *cossid*, or pedestrian, will perform a journey in less than one half the time required by a native horseman. In a case of protracted travel, the horse, if ever he reach his destination at all, has mainly contributed to retard, rather than accelerate, the progress of his rider. In short journeys the probabilities are very great that the *cossid* will have *returned* before the suwar can have packed up his "nippers, tweezers," and so forth, caparisoned his horse, accoutred and harnessed himself, smoked his hookah, taken leave of his friends, settled with his merchant, and fairly adjusted himself in the saddle. It is an established fact, that no horseman ever returned from any mission until he had so far overstayed his time that *two more* (and very likely *three more* in quest of them) had been despatched to *look him up*, under the apprehension that he had "happened an accident."

I have trespassed at great length upon your time, Sir, but the subject of which I have treated is such a fund in itself, that I know not where to stop. In conclusion, I would caution the inexperienced traveller in Guzerat, when at any loss, on no account to make choice of the broadest or most frequented path, the straightest road to any place, as a universal rule, being always the *least frequented*.

Your very obt. Servant,
W. C. H.

10*th June*, 1831.

HARLEQUIN AND HONESTY.

SIR,

I am delighted to find that my wish respecting that gallant old horse Harlequin, expressed in my last communication on the subject of "Stallions for England," has been realized, and that he is now half-seas over on his way to our native shores. I sincerely hope the English breeders will send their mares to him in preference to any Arab now at home, for in blood, bone, and muscle he certainly excels them all. Your correspondent "Neck and Neck" informs us that "Honesty" has been sent to England, and calls upon me to allow that in him they have a stallion of blood, make, and strength. I am most willing to do so, and rejoice with him that his destination has been so decided, but, with all due deference to Neck and Neck, a comparison between the two horses would not go quite so close as his signature. Permit me to intrude upon the attention of your readers with a few remarks regarding the make and shape of both animals; their performances speak for themselves, except only that Honesty commenced his racing exploits in the full vigour and prime of his life, whereas Harlequin was not put into training until he was an aged horse, both in the natural and sporting sense of that term, and after he had been knocked about at hard work, and been well battered both in his hoofs and his legs. If therefore he had begun his running as early and as advantageously in point of youth and condition as Honesty did, it is fair to infer that his performances would have excelled those recorded. Not that I mean to say a horse will always run better when young than when old, for I have known many instances where first-rate racers have been beat to sticks in their first and even in their second season. Your correspondent O. K. could tell you the cause of this better than I can.

As far as I can recollect, Honesty was a light nutmeg grey, pinkish skin (which is most beautiful when the horse is heated). He had a white face, his head bony, and the jowl well open; his eye was not particularly fine; the neck, shoulder, and wither all excellent; and though somewhat long in the back, and apparently deficient in loin and false in the fillets, yet his quarter was lengthy, his hind legs well and straightly dropped, but without any strong development of muscle; the fore leg and arm were admirable, the chest well formed and broad, and he had great depth of girth.

His action at a canter and even at a smart gallop struck me as being unconnected and pottering; besides, at these paces his whole appearance was blemished by a most cruel and ungainly screw of the tail, the very sight of which almost made me sick; but when put to speed and settled to his rate, the tail became straight and his action was very imposing, galloping with a *bent fore leg*, with a stride such as I have attempted to describe in vol. i., page 460. That is "*covering the ground to which he stretched*," which I again aver is the great cause of fleetness.

Harlequin is a flea-bitten grey, and when a colt (though I don't know when that was) his colour was dark iron grey. In height he measured 14½h. He has a well shaped large and genuine Arab head, a high forehead, and wide jowl, with a prominent and finely animated eye, denoting at once great resolu-

tion combined with perfect docility. His neck is light and lengthy, and eminently well formed near the junction with the head. He possesses a very powerful broad chest with a muscular shoulder, yet not very much loaded, though he stands with his fore legs somewhat under. He is very great in his girth, with a fine roomy carcase, or, as a friend of mine once observed, "*with a beautiful belly like a mare with foal!*" His back was exactly of the shape described in the English Sporting Magazine by Nimrod in his account of the Arab stallion Khylaun, joined to a peculiarly fine loin and well rounded fillets. His quarter is lengthy, powerful, yet handsome withal, though rather approaching the *apple-rumped* kind. His tail, the hair of which curled very much, is thick and well set on, and carried in a thoroughbred style at all paces. Harlequin possesses one great peculiarity in the length and strength of his thigh, with noble gaskins, and when in training developing *corresponding muscle on the inside of the thigh!*

His action at every pace was very clear and connected, but most particularly imposing at a gallop, forming a great contrast to Honesty's movements, for he goes with his fore legs strikingly straight; but the extraordinary peculiarity of his style is the rapidity and power with which he throws his hind legs under him, which, with his straight action before, sends him along so evenly that he seemed rather to be skimming over the ground than running on it.

Harlequin's only defects, as I have said already, are a little weight at the point of the shoulder, and his standing under; blemishes which in general indicate a stumbler, yet Harlequin was remarkably sure-footed. Honesty's bad points were deficiency of loin and want of muscle, great objections in a stallion, and therefore I should pronounce him inferior for that purpose to Harlequin.

Honesty's best two miles was in running for the Hyderabad Plate with 9st., winning the second and third heats in 3m. 58s., and 4½m.

Harlequin's best two miles with 9st. 7lbs., after winning two heats of a mile and a half race in 3m. 2s. and 3m. 4s., was 4m. 5s.

Honesty's best three miles with 8st. 7lbs. was winning the Minister's Plate at Hyderabad in 6m. 8s. and 6m. 23s. Harlequin's best three miles with 8st. 4lbs. was for Major Hughes's Plate, winning by several lengths *in hand*, in 6m. 9s.

But the English breeders will soon have an opportunity of judging for themselves, and I trust we shall soon hear something of them.

Slyboots, I hear, is greatly admired, but still the people will not send their *mares* to him. Why? What did I say in page 11 of your tenth number?

Yours obediently,
S. Y. S.

HOG HUNTING IN GUZERAT.

SIR,

I am sorry to see that no person has thought it worth his while to send you a description of any of the numerous hunting parties that have taken place within the last few months in Guzerat. I would much rather be a reader than a writer of them; but as others appear to have de-

serted the good cause, I will even try my hand at it.

A small party of only four, without wagrees, and with but little knowledge of a country much of which never before was hunted, left Hursole a few days ago on a *voyage* of discovery, and I now send you the result.

Pomal is a small village surrounded by beautiful large trees, and, what is better, has a fine bheer of grass within a short distance, as also some small jungles of stunted baubul trees. In these shades dwelt for many years, in peace and security, our friends the grunters; hoary age had grizzled their visages, yet had not taken a whit from their sturdiness or keenness of tush. But life is uncertain, and the old boar, when roused by the cries of the beaters, dreamt not danger was nigh, or that life depended on the swiftness of those limbs that hitherto had but led him to scenes of joy.

"Hold back, he breaks, let him go!" was the cry as the hoary patriarch slowly emerged from the grass, whilst a grunt expressed his dissatisfaction at being roused from his morning slumber. His object evidently was to gain a jungle about half a mile ahead, but not caring to heat himself, he trotted leisurely along.

The intensity of feeling at such a moment as this becomes truly painful; the heart throbs in the throat, and the hand all but refuses to hold the rein, and this agitation as powerfully affects your horse; his eye kindles, a slight tremor shakes his body, and his restlessness shows how eager he is to commence operations.

The word was given, the heel dashed in, and then, too late indeed, the brute cast his sluggard eye behind, and snuffing danger, increased his pace; but he died an easy death, conquered by his own fat.

One run varies but little from another, and there is a sameness in all accounts of fox and hog-hunting, that is alone to be overcome by such pens as Nimrod's. I will not attempt that in which I know I shall fail. Why were we not all born, as asserted by a French philosopher, with equal talents? I might then have been enabled to have furnished you with matter for ten pages, and your readers with amusement for ten minutes.

We killed this day four hog, and two at the same place on the succeeding day.

Corsar is a wretched place on the banks of a river whose name I cannot recollect; the bheer near it is large, but its waving tops smile over deep and hidden nullahs. The sport was good the first day, four being killed; the next, however, was a blank.

I recollect two years ago a melancholy occurrence that took place here. We had fired the grass, and a strong wind carried it blazing and crackling along. In the centre stood a very tall and solitary tree, on which a beater had been placed to give intelligence, and in the bustle had been forgotten. We saw the poor wretch, as the flames came nearer, slowly descend from branch to branch, evidently overcome by the smoke, and at length he clung on the lowest one. The flames burnt under its very roots, and yet there he remained. We approached as soon as possible, and found him dreadfully scorched, yet alive. He was removed to his village, and died on the following day.

Meysanah is a large walled town; on its eastern side is a tank full of alligators, a little beyond that again is a snipe

ground, and further still lie the bheers and jungles which we intended to beat. On the right of the road are a few tombs shaded by trees, and under these trees, which a fanciful imagination might convert into mourners, we pitched our tents. All minds must suffer more or less a certain depression of spirits when thus brought into contact with the dead, whether it be the gorgeous mausoleum of a prince or the frail, rude memorial of the peasant. Here were we in search of pleasure, which perhaps we might not find, whilst they who had equally sought after it had at length found it in the peace and silence of the tomb. I had had a misgiving that we had pitched our tents on an unlucky spot, and inwardly prognosticated a blank on the following day; and in truth it nearly was so, for although many hog were seen, only one suffered.

At Barborsna an immense club-footed gentleman, preferring the village to the fields, trotted us in and out, round and round, for upwards of an hour, and, though severely wounded, escaped the death so well merited for his dunghill propensities. We only succeeded in killing one this day, but were more fortunate in our number (three) on the following.

At Barnsnah, after excellent sport, four suffered, and in the evening we killed a huge copra. This puts me in mind of a little anecdote. A sow had taken to a village near Deesa, into which we followed, but too late to discover on what track she had gone. We inquired of an old woman, but the good lady was too much occupied in a deed of humanity to notice or answer our questions: she literally was slowly and *tenderly* driving away a copra with expressions of love, into the hedge, and fearful of our killing her pet. In spite of our efforts (soured by the loss of the sow) she succeeded.

Here and at Mugroria, the next day's ground, where we killed three, are holes that would try the nerves of any Deccany hunter: they are very numerous, quite deep enough, and what is worse, are concealed. A few falls and lame horses were the accidents of this day, but none of any serious consequence.

We now came to a different kind of country, abounding in tanks, mostly dry, and full of rushes; in these we found lots of hog of all sizes and kinds. The village is called Dhugaria, and, like all Guzerat hamlets, possesses a beauty in its tall and luxuriant trees that is seldom to be met with elsewhere; indeed, many spots we saw in our trip would bear comparison with the finest and proudest parks of England.

We once more visited Pomal, and five hog closed the scene, making a total of thirty-two killed in twelve days' hunting.

Yours obediently,

BUSHMAN.

KANGAROO HUNTING.

SIR,

A kangaroo hunt is often an amusement of danger; and unless the dogs are very powerful, and two and three kept together, a long and desperate fight takes place. His posture of defence is a very imposing one; for the animal, which you before supposed to be but of an ordinary size, will rear

himself to a gigantic height, standing on the tip of his tail and the very ends of his two long toe-nails, thus awaiting the approach of his enemies. He seizes one in his short and powerful arms, and hugging him fast, balances himself upon his tail, folds his hind legs up, and kicking his great toe-nail into the dog, rips him down; this is quite a momentary exertion, and the wounds sometimes inflicted are dreadful. If a man approaches, a kangaroo will immediately leave the dogs and attack him. When pressed he sits down, spreading his legs and tail in three opposite directions, upon so broad a base that it is hardly possible to overturn him, and when even down, he will hug and kick to the very last.

The largest kangaroo I ever measured was one with which I nearly had a personal contest; and had it not been for my good gun and much coolness on my part, I should have been well punished at the least for my temerity. His length when dead was 7ft. 4in., but I have seen larger ones. I kept one of his hind legs as a curiosity, and it was more than 3ft. long. I met with him thus. I was out surveying, accompanied by a convict servant and a black man, when my dog set up a great outcry in a deep and rocky ravine. Down we ran, or rather tumbled, for the long grass hid the loose stones and fallen timber from sight. My little cur fought famously, snapping and dodging about in a thousand directions, avoiding the "old gentleman's" grasp, and biting his flanks and tail with the utmost fury, whenever he could do so with safety. I was within ten yards the whole time, but could not get a fair opportunity of firing, the dog being always in the way; at length they both tumbled down over a decayed tree, when a chance offered, but my gun missed fire. Open armed, the kangaroo ran at me; to retreat was quite impossible, and just as he had hold of the muzzle of my gun I fired the second barrel. He reeled back, but did not fall. The little cur now again came to my assistance, and the convict, mustering courage, popped from behind the tree where he had taken shelter, and throwing a large stone, fortunately hit him on the head and felled him. The black during the whole time had kept at a most respectful distance, and even now would not come up, so I borrowed his tomahawk, and sunk it into the brute's head. Upon examination I found the hair burnt all over the chest, but not a single shot hole. The fact was the balls had fallen out of the gun when I was running and tumbling among the rocks. However, from the nearness of the muzzle, the kangaroo appeared to be quite stupefied by the shock, for after my fire he made but a poor resistance, and never once kicked out.

Yours obediently,

BUSHMAN.

1828.

A TRIP THROUGH KATTYWAR.

MR. EDITOR,

I had commenced a long introduction to the following, but on second thoughts I believe it unnecessary; for, if you have anything better to fill its place, I shall be happy to see it laid aside. I must, however, express my regret

at the small number of articles that appeared in the last number of the O. S. M. What has become of the Guzerattees and Cutchees? one would think they were asleep. That we never or seldom hear of their exploits in the field is not for want of matter, I am pretty well assured; and although silent, they're not idle in that part of the world.

Accounts of the Deccan Hunting we constantly see, and pity 'tis that some gifted Nimrod in the North does not occasionally favour us with the slaughtering work that take place on the plains of Guzerat and Cutch. By the Deesa people last year, between January and December, about 250 hog were laid low, besides *Janwurs* of other kinds, large and small. Cutch and Ahmedabad too, could, I suppose, produce a very respectable bill of fare, so that there is lots to write and talk about, were the northern gents as fond of the pen as the spear.

I am digressing from my first intention, though, which was to give you some account of a hunting trip in Kattywar in the month of April last, with a few hints to those who may hereafter visit this part of the country. The party, averaging five, commenced the work of death at Gooshnaud, four miles from Rudaupoor, near the river; thence to Patree, and so on by easy stages to Rajcote. The river Bunass (or rather the bed of it at that time) runs close to the village of Gooshnaud, and is pretty well filled with tamarisk or bastard cypress, intermixed with redgrass. The baubul thorn, too, is very plentiful, and in many places so thick as to preclude the probability— I had almost said possibility—of killing a hog in it.

The best plan, however, is to beat up the river, or from the river, commencing about 1½ miles above the village, and to continue this for a mile or more. The hog generally break back and take refuge in a thick part of the river, where there is a considerable turn, just opposite the village. In this place they are almost at the mercy of the riders, if the business is conducted properly, for by turning the line of beaters round and beating back, they are driven into a country where it is somewhat difficult to lose them.

We were there two days, saw many fine hog, and bagged four boars; two little short of thirty inches high. We were not properly up to their tricks on the ground the first day, or should have made a better business of it. The second day we saw a fine lioness, but the cover was too thick to get a shot at her; a few black buck were also observed, and upon the whole it is as nice a place for a four days' halt to a sporting party as any I know.

From this place to within twenty-five miles of Rajcote the ground is a perfect bowling-green; the hills and stones commence about Loonwa, and the country from Patree is covered with little forts and ghunies.

Almost every village that has not a wall and bastions is commanded and protected by a high ghunie in the centre; furnished with loopholes, and some few with embrasures for guns. Many were in a dilapidated state, and appeared to have been deserted for years; indeed, the beasts of the forest had established themselves in some of the strongholds of their former lords and masters, so undisputed was their sway in those lands of jungle and sterility. Our expectations of finding large hog—fellows that had not been disturbed for years, and had never seen or heard of a sahib log—were not, I am sorry to say, realized;

sanguine we were sometimes, on the report of a *bura pug* from the shikaree, but it too often turned out to be the pug of a large sow, and rare indeed was the exhilarating light of a fine duntwala brushing through the grass. Neilghee abounded in every direction, and often afforded us a day's sport when hog were not to be found; the generality were easily run into on a common horse; now and then we met with a long-legged, long-winded brute, that took us much further than was at all pleasant for a horse that might be required the next day.

The scarcity of large hog in a country so noted for them as Kattywar could only be ascribed to the season of the year; when every patch of grass cover is so trodden down and thinned by the cattle that no hog who had any regard for his own comfort or bacon would lie there, and risk being disturbed in the heat of the day by a large buffalo, or, what is worse, by the dreaded halloo of the shikaree.

The hills, under these circumstances, were their only refuge—of course I allude to that part of the country free from jungle; and I would recommend every lover of the sport, who travels that way in future, and does not mind a day's grilling in the sun in the month of April, to stick well to the hills, and make for any he may find within ten miles of each side of the road. He is more likely though to get sport by intercepting the hog as they return from home in the morning than by beating for them in the middle of the day; for he would find great difficulty in getting them down, with the limited number of beaters he could pick up out of two or three villages. We tried both ways, and found the morning work produced the most satisfactory end.

To wind up this long-winded epistle, and what some will, I dare say, justly term "much ado about nothing," I will conclude with the total of killed and wounded by the party from Gooshnund to Rajcote in nineteen days.

Hog	55	
Hyenas	2	
Neilghee	3	
Deer	8	not all killed in this time.
Bustard	1	

Of the neilghee two were speared, and the other shot; but this is cruel work, for the poor brutes make no kind of defence, and there is not much skill required in spearing, when you once get near them; so that the fastest horse is pretty sure of the spear.

I must, though, by way of a second conclusion, give you the following:

At the small village of Bheelwara one evening, we as usual mounted our tats, and with five or six creatures commonly yclept "*shikaree kottus*" sallied forth for general kind of duty; that is to say, to kill anything that came in our way, from the elephant to the monghos, or mongoose.

We soon fell in with some neilghee; and one of the party, taking his gun in his hand, had cantered after them, shortly after which we heard him fire; and concluding some mischief was done, from his hallooing, we took our spears and pricked on to the rencontre.

Unfortunate we were, indeed, that we did not take our guns instead, for after ineffectually pursuing the wounded neilghee some distance, we suddenly came on a lioness, which some of the party must have nearly

ridden over, for she was in the exact line of direction we had taken.

We all pulled, up of course, to see the lady, who sat up like a dog, about sixty paces off, looking at us, and apparently quite unconcerned. "D—n that Ghorawala," said one; "he is always a mile in the rear."

"What a cursed fool I was," said another, "not to have brought my gun instead of spear." The lioness, too, thought she was none of the wisest to sit quietly there and wait till our guns arrived, so she got up and walked into a small bushy ravine about 100 yards off. Ten minutes after, the guns came up; so we put the beaters into the nullah and slipped the dogs, stationing ourselves about 200 yards below, expecting she had moved on a little. However, we were deceived, for they had no sooner commenced beating than we heard a strange squalling of some kind, and one of the poor dogs came limping out of the nullah so terrified, that on getting to the top of the bank she laid down and seemed rooted to the spot, shivering and shaking like an aspen leaf, and bitten right through the body.

Do not think, too sanguine reader, that after this and a desperate fight the lioness was killed. No, I much regret to say we never again saw her, at least not plainly. One of the party thought he saw her sneak up a cross nullah to the left, which we beat till dark; and being then five miles from our tents, and despairing of killing her by starlight, we bid adieu to her highness.

I have reason to suppose, though, that she will not long remain in the land of the living: the skins of eight or ten fine fellows of her species which I saw, a few days since at this place, are too plain an argument to the contrary.

I remain, Mr. Editor,

A LOOKER ON.

Rajcote, 20th April, 1831.

PONGOES AT THE PRESIDENCY.

Having the other day occasion to gallop down to our fishy fashionable metropolis, or, as it appeared in General Orders, "leave to visit the Presidency on urgent private affairs," which private affairs were urgent indeed, as any one would have imagined if he could have seen how my teeth chattered when I read that appalling "*notice to the parties indebted to the late firm of Baxter & Co.*" which glared upon me from the column of the last Courier,

> Like the dread writing on the wall,
> That shook Belshazzar in his hall,

and made me shake in my shoes. Having, as I before said, occasion to visit Bombay, I took advantage of a seat in the mail gig, and after a few escapes from kicking horses, broken wheels, and blundering half blind jarvies, I got safe enough to the tavern (gracious heaven! a tavern!) at Panwell, that equivocal looking mansion so emphatically and delicately described by your poetical correspondent John Smith "*outside a hovel, inside a hoven,*" and in which my feelings were in exact conformity with the last words of the said John Smith's poetical effusion, "*b—y uncomfortable.*"

Well, having been safely located at the tavern, and with no inclination to remain there, I made an agreement with the *captain* of a cotton-boat for a night voyage, and next morning by eight o'clock I

was steering along the esplanade in hot and perspiring search of a single poled tent, the canvas domicile of an old friend.

In what way I arranged matters with the "*respectable native gentlemen*" who in the notice I have quoted above are "unwilling to wound the feelings of any person," is of no consequence to any but the said Messrs., the purport of this paper not being to convey a lesson on the practical art of "*doing a dun*," or to hint at a method of baulking a black bailiff, but merely to amuse (if possible) your readers with a description of the numerous varieties of that extraordinary new race of beings called Pongoes, who I found abounded as plentifully at the Presidency as in the Deccan; from which we may fairly infer that this novel species of the mammalia tribe not only delight in picnics and field sports, but that they flourish as vigorously among big-wigs and bummaloes as they do in climates where we have neither the fish of that name nor the bother of the other.

But as I have heard it whispered in our sporting circles that great difficulty has been experienced in the act of detecting a real Pongo, and that many a counterfeit has imposed upon them for a time, I think it may be as well to give you a general description of this respectable tribe, and then afford you one specimen, as a sample by which the uninitiated may judge of the rest.

To commence, therefore, à la Buffon. The Pongo is a very singular animal, of the ape species, gregarious, carnivorous, and in the hot weather sometimes pestiferous; of extraordinary size, frequently attaining the height of six feet, when standing erect upon its hind legs, and so greatly resembles the human form, that at a distance it might be mistaken for a man, but on a nearer approach the form, the features, the voice, and the action prove it to be a Pongo. The Pongo has generally 28 or 32 teeth, of which eight are called "dentes incisores," or masticators, four are canine teeth, or operatives, and the rest denotes molares or grinners. The head has very little *in it* and nothing particular *about it*, except its extreme thickness—the nose, generally round at the end, is endued with great powers of detecting a *feed*—the nether lip falls, particularly after the first week of every month—the eye, though generally quick in perceiving objects, yet has an unaccountable obliquity now and then, as though the creature could not see beyond its own nose. The back is very long and concave about the haunches, the legs thin and generally without any signs of calves, the toes crumpled, and the heels protruding so far behind as to leave the ankle joint in the middle of the foot.

The Pongo feeds voraciously, particularly at picnics and second suppers, and has no objection to a third—if seen in black, his coat always hangs upon him as though he had made it himself with pantaloons to match—is a frequent attendant at evening parties, where he furiously kicks his legs about like a hosier's sign on a windy morning, and calls it dancing—has a sovereign contempt for that class of ladies usually denominated in a ball room "wall-flowers"—loves a good laugh and enjoys a good joke, but prefers a stew or a perigord pie. The Pongo in red is quite as *distingué* as the other; in his corps he is a great favourite, the confidant of his brother officers' little secrets, the initiator of the younger Pongoes into the history of all the

Regimental disputes, and can tell the very words which caused the dispute between A and B, and why C and D don't speak, how the old Major wigged E and F on such a day, and why he did not give the Adjutancy to G instead of H. At the Mess he is a jovial companion, no flincher from "*t'other Bottle*," the manufacturer of tiffin-stews, supper-grills, and mulled port; the never-failing resource for a song on a guest-night, the first to propose a jollification, and the last to quit the merry party.

This Pongo's language usually abounds with strong metaphorical expressions and marked antitheses —thus, he is as pleased as Punch, as cool as a cucumber, and sober as a judge, or else he is as cross as two sticks, hot as blazes, and drunk as a fiddler's bitch.

If not actually regular residents, Pongoes are at least regular visitors, at the Presidency about May and June, just at the time the China ships are expected. During these visits they become constant loungers in the Europe shops, where they may be daily seen turning over the prints and the music, or peeping into the glass cases at the silver curry dishes and cruet stands; they are constant attendants at all out-cries, though they seldom bid from anything.

In the afternoon Pongoes are frequent visitors at the livery stable, especially when a new batch of horses has arrived, and flatter themselves they are good judges of bad cattle. But their greatest delight is in hurrying on board the ships from England as they sail into harbour, that they may be the first to speak of the new arrivals, their description being generally such as that Mrs. X was cross and crooked, Miss P plain and pock-marked and dumpy withal, Miss F fair, freckled, and foolish, and Miss Z chota, cherry-cheeked, charming, and childish for Pongoes are all lovers of alliteration, and fancy it wit.

Above all, if a red Pongo should get hold of a newly-caught cadet he is then upon the very pinnacle of his pleasure, for he immediately takes upon himself to get the griffin rigged out—introduces him at Parell and to the circle of his brother Pongoes, and to Narranjee the tailor, and probably Billy Banian, and shows him into the shops, explains the mode of buying on *long tick*, and cautions him against the powerful fascinations of Dungaree.

He concludes his good-natured offices with his usual system of hoaxing, for which he now considers the griff as fair game, sends him to Balchrustna and Gopar for a staff appointment, to the Medical Board for a certificate of health paper of Maun Cawn, the madman for the Emperor of Delhi; tells him that cockroaches are female mosquitoes, and the dhubburs of ghee are elephants' eggs—then, by way of a good joke, he provides him with a black-and-white spotted dog, close cropped and docked from the barracks, and starts him off after breakfast with his gun and his *pointer* for a day's shooting on Colaba.

The females of this tribe are called Pongooens, of whose habits, manners, propensities, particularities, and persons you shall have a description in my next—till when, adieu.

Yours obediently,
E. E.

SONG FOR THE CLUB OF HARMONICS.

FOUNDED AT MHOW, IN 1828.

Assist me, my friends, just by way of variety,
Bashfulness being the fault of my birth,
In chorus to sing our Harmonic Society
Founded on fun, fishing, frolic, and mirth,
Thro' the day laughing,
Thro' the night quaffing,
Time doth on tiptoes so merrily glide,
Faith, we can call ours
Only "the small hours,"
When the flow of good feeling gets up to full tide,
While laughing away, quaffing away,
Cherrily, merrily passing the day
With laughing and joking,
And quaffing and smoking,
O, ho! very merrily passes the day.

Let your queer snaffling doctors give bitters and tonics
To cure the effects of this clime of the sun;
But I would advise you to try the Harmonics,
For fun against physic I'll back ten to one.
Joking and revelry
Murder blue-devilry,
Banish all sorrow and mitigate pain,
And warmed with pale ale, sirs,
The song, jest, and tale, sirs,
Cease but till each glass is replenish'd again,
While laughing away, &c.

We have lads from the land of the Rose and the Thistle,
The Shamrock has lent us a scion or two,
And if all cannot sing, they can all wet the whistle,
And to wet it requires of bottles *no few.*
I've no time for fine phrases
To jingle their praises,
Besides, they might treat my endeavours with scoff,
And indeed t'would not suit, sir,
For with their cheroots, sir,
They could, if they fancied it, *puff themselves off,*
While laughing away, &c.

No hypocrites we, to pretend to platonics;
We leave to the blue-lights such feelings as those,
Love will have its way, and, in faith, the harmonics
All relish a pretty girl under the rose;
To be sure we don't shine
In the compliment line,

And perhaps we want something to polish our fun,
And at balls we've more share
Of the donkey than bear,
For we'd rather be call'd when the dancing is done,
While laughing away, &c.

Form'd on a footing of true sociality,
Long may our meetings their motto maintain,
And the crest of our club shall be CONVIVIALITY,
So here's the Harmonics again and again.
Then while the beer passes
Let us rise with full glasses,
To bumper in chorus the toast I shall call.
Here's the band of well-wishers
And friends of the fishers,
May one wreath of GOOD-FELLOWSHIP twine round them all.
While laughing away, quaffing away,
Cherrily, merrily, passing the day
While laughing and joking,
And quaffing and smoking,
O ho! very merrily passes the day.

A WORD TO WITNESS.

SIR,

I have been a good deal astonished at reading a letter in your last number signed "Witness," inasmuch as the writer has evidently not taken the trouble to make himself complete master of the subject on which he has thought proper to descant, and in his anxiety to expose what he so uncourteously and ungenerously has termed "*deceit or* error, wherever it is found connected with sporting subjects," lies under a mistake, and thereby only exposes himself.

"Witness" is quite right in saying "it was never intended to keep it a *secret* that this same horse 'Signal' was the horse 'Antelope;'" and if he had taken the trouble to refer to the account of the racers that was published in the Madras newspapers in the beginning of the year 1828, he would have observed the horse entered for his first race there, under the name of "Signal" (late Antelope).

"Witness" is likewise right in his statement as to whose property the horse was originally, and he is also quite correct in stating that "Antelope" was one of the many (and most of them have since proved themselves *first-rate* horses; to wit, Champion, Pyramus, &c.) "beaten by Captain Mansfield's horse Elfin, for the great Maiden Sweepstakes of 500 rupees" each P. P., eleven subscribers, at Poonah in December, 1826.

On the next paragraph of "Witness's" letter, wherein he says, "as to the second assertion little requires to be said, because a horse may be warranted sound and free from vice, and be *neither* the one *or* the other," I shall offer no remark, but treat it with the contempt such an insinuation deserves; and proceed to the concluding part of the paragraph, where he says, "*one thing is certain, that unsoundness in one of his feet prevented Antelope from start-*

meeting at Poonah or in Bombay!"

If "Witness," in his anxiety to discover the faults in others which he himself appears to possess, had taken the trouble to look over the account of the Poonah races for December, 1826, he would have observed that "Antelope" not only started on the second day of that meeting for a sweepstakes of 300 rupees, H. F., nine subscribers, for all Arab horses that had never won, weight for age, heats two miles; but that he won both heats with ease, beating some capital horses.

"Witness" confesses his ignorance regarding the horse's age, and therefore, to enlighten him, I will state that he was purchased out of Byramjee's stables in February, 1825, when between three and four years old, of an Arab dealer, well known by the nickname of "Cock-eyed Jaffier," and he was aged as a colt on the 10th October following, at Bombay, but did not start that year, as he unfortunately, while in training, met with an accident, by severely spraining his near fetlock joint, in consequence of the earth falling inside his shoe (which is an occurrence that frequently takes place on the Bombay training ground, or flats), and he had not quite recovered from the effects thereof when he went up to Poonah in May, 1826.

"Antelope" did not start after he won the sweepstakes at Poonah on the second day of the meeting, in 1826, either there or in Bombay, for he was lame in his off fore-foot when he came to the post for the second heat of that race; but he went to Madras in the month of August following, and on the 21st January, 1828, "Signal-ized" himself by beating Mr. Fox's B. A. H. Houndsfoot, one mile and a half and a distance, with 8st. 7lbs., in 3m. 15s. On the 26th of the same month he beat "Houndsfoot" again, two miles, with 8st. 7lbs. in 4m. 1s.; and two days afterwards, on the 18th January, he beat Mr. Fox's B. A. H. "Wildblood," three miles, carrying 8st. 7lbs., in 6m. 15s., the last half mile of which he ran in 57s. He was a horse that did not require either whip or spur, and was lame the last two times he ran at Madras, where he was *never beaten*. His lameness was not attempted to be concealed after the meeting, as he was frequently seen, and it was well known that he had been repeatedly blistered previous to his embarkation for England, at the close of the year 1828.

His present owner has written out to this country to say that "Signal" has grown an inch and a half since his arrival in England; that he has shown him to several of the first noblemen and sportsmen in that country (mentioning their names), who have all justly applauded his symmetry and blood, and have promised to send some of their best mares to him, so that we may expect ere long to hear of some of his progeny having started for the Derby and *Oaks*, and where I trust they will be successful; for I will venture to affirm that there never has been a horse of finer shape for his inches, nor one of better *temper* and caste, combining as he did all the requisite qualities of a racer, viz. strength, speed, and bottom, yet sent from this country to England as a stallion.

Had your correspondent "Witness" been blessed with a "drop of the milk of human kindness" in his composition, he would have been content with supposing that the paragraph which has appeared in the English Sporting Magazine

regarding "Signal" had been written, like his own *enviable* production, under an erroneous impression, without attempting to impute to the gentleman who penned it, so readily and so unceremoniously as he has done, a wish to *deceive* the sporting community at home; but not satisfied with this, "Witness" comes voluntarily forward to expose what he terms "*deceit* or error," without having previously taken the pains to ascertain the correctness of what he writes himself, and concludes his letter with these *decisive* words, "from this it will be seen that two out of the four assertions in this horse's character are *grossly incorrect!!* and likely to mislead the sporting world at home! If, therefore, you have any fellow-feeling with our brethren in England, the publication of this may not be without its effects!" He should have added for "I am Sir Oracle," "And when I open my mouth let no dog bark!"

I have to apologize, Mr. Editor, for trespassing thus long upon the time and patience of your readers, but when I find an anonymous scribbler, or rather, I would say, a person under a *feigned name*, attempting to discuss a subject with which he proves himself but imperfectly acquainted, and bringing forward publicly, at full length, the names of two gentlemen now in India, without having had the civility to consult their wishes regarding it, or the politeness to apologize for so doing. I think it right that the public should be informed what reliance can be placed, in this instance, on *his* assertions.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your obedient Servant,
A late owner of "Signal," late
"ANTELOPE."

29th May, 1831.

TIGER HUNTING.

SIR,

The month of January, at no time very fatal to tigers, passed away this year with less than ordinary mischief, *one* solitary brute having fallen under the balls of our Candeish sportsmen; nor was February very much more productive of sport, the small number of *seven* being the sum total of this still early month of the season. March might have produced better things as the heat of the weather increased, but here again fortune was adverse, and after divers interruptions to sport, the small sum of *five* are all that flourished in the pages of my memorandum book. Thus by the first of April, leaving but two more months of the season, a bag of thirteen tigers was all that could be made from Adjunta to Boorhampoor and Boorhampoor to Shada, a distance which one glance at the map will show to be great.

April, however, had treasures in store; and on the 7th the ball was opened with a tigress and two cubs, the whole family falling easy victims to the united efforts of four elephants and their riders—a field more numerous than the jungles of Candeish are often in the habit of seeing. Nor was this all. The intelligence sent in by the bheels was of the most satisfactory kind. It was now clear that the charm was broken, and that this day's success was merely the forerunner of splendid sport; our spirits rose with the anticipation

of future diversion, nor were we disappointed. But before I proceed to details it is necessary, to prevent any misunderstanding, that I should say a few words on the method pursued in Candeish in finding our game.

I think it was in my first letter on this sport that I spoke of the customary way of setting to work in these parts, and, as I thought at the time, at *length* sufficient to have made myself intelligible; but whether it is that this very length itself rendered the whole unintelligible, and that the explanatory notes obscured the passages (more than probable), I failed in toto, and was thereby the unintentional cause of misleading two Bengal sportsmen, who wandered through a tolerable portion of Candeish, not only without finding a tiger, but what is more, without even a remote chance of so doing!

The truth is, nothing can be done in these jungles without the assistance of bheels; the whole country abounding with cover, in fact, being one mass of jungle, one place is as likely as another; indeed, as experience has shown, the most unlikely places to look at produce a tiger, whilst often, very often, the most beautiful, thick, likely-looking jungle in the vicinity of tigers does not even show a footmark. To set about finding a tiger then on elephants, by beating the most likely looking places to the eye, is in fact to destroy every chance of sport, for the odds against finding at the time are immense; and the very tracks of the elephants are alone sufficient to frighten away any tiger which might be about, and which, if left alone, would probably have discovered himself by killing a bullock, or at any rate, with little patience, would be tracked into his den by bheels.

The long and the short, therefore, is, that if you want to kill tigers you must trust entirely to bheels, and when the tiger is tracked into cover, and surrounded by men on all sides, you are then to leave your tents. You thus hunt on a certainty, and disturb no more country than what is absolutely requisite; and you may by these means kill, as has often been done, some four or five tigers within half a mile of each other. Go on the beating system, and instead of finding you'll frighten every soul of them away.

My Bengal friends not being aware of this, set to work at tanks, as they would have done in Bengal (where again bheels would be of no use, if I rightly understand the nature of the country), and consequently threw away every chance of success. By the time that they joined in with us at Shada, I suspect they must have begun to have had slight misgivings of the correctness of my former letters on this sport. Had they been less of real sportsmen than they are, their extraordinary ill-success would have made them set down the whole account as a ——! I may add that it is true of all sports, that unless you know the method of setting to work, you may be in country surrounded by the very game you are in search of, and yet fail to find it; and of no kind is this maxim more true than of tiger hunting.

April 8th. In spite of the promise of sport held out by the bheels, we had very nearly to sit all day in the tents: fortune, however, stood our friend; the elephants had been sent to a certain spot, to which the bheels were to send intelligence and a horseman with them to convey it on to the tents. The bheels had failed, the tiger having moved;

and the elephants had turned homewards, when a horsekeeper, who had made a short cut for home, came upon a brick-built well with a flight of steps leading into it. Being somewhat thirsty, he looked over the wall to see if there was water in it, when a sight presented itself that well-nigh frightened him out of his senses—a fine royal tiger was lying at full length on the dry chunam!

It may be readily conceived that one second sufficed to make up his mind: his legs never carried him so fast before, though to his mind not half fast enough. When he came in view of the elephants, they were immediately stopped, the horseman galloped to the tents, and about half an hour before sunset we were on the ground. Never did a story appear so unlikely as that of the unfortunate groom, never was truth so ill treated: no one had seen the tiger but himself, and he could not even find out the well again, such had been his state of alarm. Luckily, however, the bheels came up, and soon found it, and the tiger's tracks quite fresh, though they were again immediately lost. After some time they were found in a nullah, going into a small patch of high grass, through one side of which our elephants had passed, and through the other our horses; and just as our leading bheel was stepping up the bank and taking a precautionary look, he saw the tiger a few paces from him, staring him full in the face! Heaven, what a glorious feeling took place of the gloom on each man's heart. Khundoo's start back into the nullah showed us at once our game was at hand; and whilst our hearts were yet in our lips, a rush and a roar discovered our game. In vain he thought to conceal himself again; the grass, though high, too thin to avail him, and the shots came so thick about, that he went off at a gallop for the jungle. At the edge of the cover a ball brought him up, and in a few seconds more his fate was decided.

On the 9th we had a blank day, although the tracks were quite fresh: indeed, so thick was the thorn jungle, that a tiger *might* still have been there and passed over. On the 10th we found, but did not kill, one long shot being all that could be got. On the 11th we killed dead, in a charge, before a shot had been fired, a tiger, whose gallant attack promised excellent sport, and in returning to the bheels came right on another, which was lying in an open, wet nullah. So sudden and unexpected was the find, that an unsteady aim was all that could be taken. He went off at a gallop, and, though we worked hard all day, was not again seen.

On the 12th a tigress and two cubs were killed in a thick cover on the edge of a watercourse, half-way between Shada and Sultanpoor; and on the 14th, in the same jungle which we had drawn blank on the 9th, found a tiger, tigress, and four fine cubs! Here indeed was enough work for a day, and it so happened that more than half of it was already gone; night at last stopped further proceeding, and gave two of the cubs a further lease of life, the other four having been handsomely disposed of, one after the other.

On the 17th changed ground to Perkassa on the Taptee, distant from our old encampment seven miles, and the same day disposed of a tiger and tigress.

On the 18th, no find, but an accident happened, which nearly put one of our best sportsmen out of the power of hunting for some

time. Our two Bengal friends had each a riding camel, which, strange to the man in the dark on these points, they preferred to horses! Each day as we mounted to ride to the ground, we found our two friends some six feet above us in the air, screwing along about twelve miles an hour; well accoutred with spurs and hunting whips, and, as occasion required, making use of both very freely. The evening we found the *well* tiger was the first time I had ever seen a brute of the kind when let out, and I am perfectly certain from the pace my horse was going that, for some part of the road out (we were pressed for time), the camel was not going under fifteen miles an hour! Indeed, my own firm belief is that for a short time he was going *more*, judging from the matches that I have seen against time. This day, however, the 18th, showed that, sure-footed as they are universally allowed to be, accidents will happen, and when they do they are no trifles. We were on our return home when one of our high mounted performers, wishing to get by some of our people on horseback, who were smothering him with dust, came to a large stump on the roadside. In vain he roared out from his airy perch the usual warning to his hunchbacked slave: "mull toker" resounded through the air, but alas, the camel's nose was straight for the skies, his legs took the stump, and down thundered the clumsy brute, master and all. How the latter escaped as well as he did is wonderful. A violently sprained ankle, though painful enough it is, was all the mischief; an escape more owing, I suspect, to my friend's strength of bone and muscle than chance, the whole weight of the camel's body being at one time on his leg.

"'Tis nothing when you are used to it." My friend shook himself to see if there were any spare pieces of bones sticking in his leg, remounted, and off home to bed and poultices.

The 19th produced a tiger and tigress, which were disposed of in good style; one of them, however, before he gave in, took a trifling liberty with the leg of one of the elephants, to which he hung for some seconds, the elephant having nothing left for it but to run.

21st. Changed ground to Tulloda, where a splendid day's work awaited us. We took the field early, and commenced at two tigers, in a small, low, thin, thorn cover. These were disposed of one at a time, when, about half a mile distant, we came to another detachment of bheels, who had another surrounded. We tried *down* the cover first, and found nothing but samber, four of which got out almost under the elephants: these were of course suffered to walk off untouched, whilst we tried back, and presently put up a fine bear, and whilst engaged in putting a few balls into him up got the tigress. Bruin was here allowed a short respite, whilst his more noble companion of the woods demanded our undivided attention. We went in to her without loss of time, and she returned the compliment by charging gallantly, and, after several well meant attempts to maul one of the elephants, was floored. We now returned to the bear, who had attempted to leave the jungle, but was turned by the bheels, who had surrounded the cover; he was soon again on his legs, and was within a few steps of an elephant when he was shot dead. The tempting shots which the samber had offered at an unlucky moment had made our mouths water for one more view, and we accordingly followed in the direc-

tion they had taken, but without success. We turned back for the tents, where we found intelligence of another tigress surrounded within a short distance of the cover in which we had first found the two tigers. There she was certain enough; was on her legs almost immediately, and five minutes more had settled her. A finer specimen of hunting with bheels could not have been produced, and I believe our Bengal friends were quite satisfied with the artist-like manner in which *three separate* detachments of them had not only hunted down their prey, but had surrounded them so as to render a chance of escape quite improbable. Had we known more of our ground, we might have dispatched all four samber without at all endangering the loss even of the bear or tiger.

Found a tiger each day on the 23rd, 24th, and 25th, killing all three handsomely; and on the 27th added to our number an immense brute who, in charging Hyder from about 60 yards distant in most determined gallant style, was knocked clean over when under his nose. Returned to the charge again, and was shot when almost under his hind legs, which turned him for an instant, when Sing Motee advanced. He charged gallantly at him, was again floored, and again repeated his attempt. Being foiled in every charge, he retreated to a nullah, where exhaustion alone prevented a fresh attack; and though unable to rise from the ground, it took at least six more deliberate shots before he gave in. Three shots in the head, and at least five in the left shoulder apparently direct for the heart, shew another instance of what little chance a man on foot, however cool and good a shot, could have had with a monster like this. To a man in such a situation such a charge as the first at Hyder must have proved certain destruction. Viewed on the other hand from an elephant, the sight was such as no sport but tiger-hunting can produce.

God knows it is at times but tame work, but one such sight as that I have noticed no pen or pencil can describe, and none but a man who has witnessed it can appreciate.

28th. Killed three bears and a tiger this day after great labour, 44 miles being computed to have been passed over before our work was done. Thus, in the short space of twenty-two days we had been at the death of *twenty-five royal tigers and four bears*, which, whatever it may be on the other side of India, is, I believe, sport unparalleled in these parts.

On the last day of April another bear was killed; and on the 1st of May we bid adieu to our Bengal friends, who were to return to Neemutch by a pass leading through the Sautpoora range near Sultanpoor, a pass through which no Europeans have ever before been. There was but one feeling that reigned throughout the camp on that day, regret—unmingled and universal regret everywhere prevailed; and could it have been otherwise when we bid a long adieu to two as true sportsmen and agreeable companions as India can produce? When I say they came the whole way from Neemutch to see tiger-hunting in these parts, it is sufficient to prove their keenness for sport, and none but real sportsmen could have laboured on, day after day, without the smallest success, in the manner they did previous to the 7th of April, without being utterly disgusted. Each had his elephant: both small females, and one of them as perfect a hunter as can be produced. Her owner, a cool

deliberate dead shot, and herself as yet untouched; it matters not how close a tiger approaches, she stands as firm as a rock, and long may she hold on the high reputation to which she is so deservedly entitled.

This day a tiger was killed, and a cheeta saved his life by going to earth; and on the 3rd a bear made good his escape. On the 7th, at Bamungaum, a tiger and cheeta were bagged; and on the 8th a fine tiger and tigress were added to the list. Nothing could have exceeded the sport on this day, though unluckily there were but few in the field to enjoy it. Intelligence of only one tiger had been brought in, and two elephants were all that were required to accommodate the party. They advanced in line through thorns and high grass, and had proceeded but a short distance, when a tiger was discovered by those on Motee, couched directly between them and Hyder; and whilst they were manœuvring to obtain a clear shot without endangering their friends, those on Hyder also discovered a tigress to their right, which with one shot was brought to the ground. This of course alarmed the tiger to their left, which made off without a shot from either howdah, though immediately pursued by both elephants. The cover being thick, the tiger was enabled to sneak about for some time without being fired at, till at last he came on the dead tigress, at the sight of which he became furious to a degree: no longer the sneaking brute he had first shown himself, he stood with his fore-legs on the carcase of his dead companion, a picture of savage ferocity; and no sooner did he get a sight of an elephant, than he charged it instantly whatever was the distance. No sooner was his charge over, than he returned to the tigress, and again awaited the approach of his foes. This had continued for some time with indifferent success, till seeing Hyder advancing, though not within a *hundred yards* at the time, he rushed out in the most gallant style, and though twice knocked head over heels in this single charge, he rose nothing daunted, and, under a heavy fire, made good his hold of the elephant, though luckily without doing much injury. Though severely wounded, immediately the elephant again approached he charged as gallantly as ever, was again floored; again he charged, nor was it till he was shot almost to pieces in repeated attempts to reach the elephants, that his strength failed, and the *coup de grace* was administered.

On the following day, the 9th, a tigress, supposed to be a man-eater, was killed, without showing the least sport, although a few splendid opportunities to charge were offered. On the 14th, near Pimpalnair, a tiger was floored in the first discharge; another, near the same town, was killed on the 17th; and at Moolleir, on the 19th, three bears were numbered with the dead.

On the 20th a cruel accident occurred, which completely damped our sport, and caused a gap in the bheel department which cannot, I fear, be filled up.

Poor Khundoo, the leader of this choice band, had gone in pursuit of an immense brute, the terror of the neighbourhood, and the very animal which but last year dreadfully mauled one of a party of officers, who had gone after him on foot, and killed a bheel beside him dead on the spot. The haunts of this immense brute were well known, and but the day before he had killed close to each other two very large buffaloes in the Moollier valley. Poor Khun-

doo was accompanied by one or two of his own men, and a few village bheels, and whilst hot on the track of the tiger, one of the latter pointed to what he supposed to be it, concealed in a large bush. Khundoo, doubting the eye of any one but a practised hand like himself, scarce looked to the bush at the time, but, taunting his companion with his want of knowledge of what a tiger was, went deliberately up to the edge, and stooped to look in. Alas! it was too clearly proved that his game was there, for, in the twinkling of an eye, a rush and the fall of poor Khundoo discovered the tiger. The whole thing was instantaneous, but an *instant* under the jaws of a tiger is an age. A litter was procured; and whilst the most part watched down the tiger, the rest bore the wounded man to Moolleir. Whilst this was happening, we were killing a bear in an opposite direction, and on our return to the tents were apprised of what had occurred. Everything that could be of use was sent to the sufferer, and on our way to avenge his loss, we proceeded to the huts where he was lying. Often had the poor old fellow predicted that he should be killed by a tiger; and though we tried to convince him and ourselves too that he might still live to prove the destruction of some hundreds more, he shook his head. "My time is come," said he; "I am dying." It was in vain to attempt to raise his spirits. He called for his infant son, and directing his attention to his master, who was standing close to his bedside, "There," said he, "is all you have in the world to look up to; he has been as a father to me, and in him you will even find a father—mother—all." It was indeed a chilling sight, nor was the scene rendered less painful by the tears and lamentations of the bheel women, whose cries, some one at the time observed, were alone sufficient to send a poor fellow out of the world before his time. At Khundoo's request, we left him to be attended to by our native doctor, and proceeded to the elephants, and a short time sufficed to find the tiger. The jungle was extremely thin, in fact, scarcely deserving the name of cover; the ground level, with here and there a small nullah; a road ran close by, and in addition to two or three men whom he had killed outright on it, not a few have been half dead with terror, on hearing his growl within a few feet of them. The natives, who at last well knew his haunts, declared that, contrary to the practice of tigers in general, he would never move off at the near approach of a man, but warned him of his danger by a deep growl, which signal was, it may be supposed, readily taken. In some few cases, however, where the warning was either not heard or disregarded, the death or severe wounding of the unfortunate traveller immediately followed, though in no instance had he been known to eat the smallest portion of his victim. As I said above, he was soon found, there being nothing to conceal him, and powder and ball came briskly into play. Wherever he had the opportunity he charged furiously, but was each time luckily stopped. Game to the last, when surrounded by the elephants, he charged gallantly up a steep bank for Hyder, the guns in whose howdah were by no means idle. Six or eight barrels saluted him in succession from that howdah alone, besides others from the opposite side. A shake of the head and a growl told full true, each time, that the lead had reached its mark. Still determined, he dragged his bleed-

ing body forward to the charge, and had with tremendous efforts reached within a few steps of the top of the bank, when a finishing shot from the opposite side took him in the back, and down he rolled dead. A finer specimen of a tiger could not be, either as regards size, beauty, or ferocity. His head was very properly preserved with great care, and transmitted as a present to the gentleman whom on a former occasion he had so nearly provided for.

We returned to our sick patient; his wounds had been dressed and all that human aid could do was tried; but what art could save a man in the centre of whose shoulder the teeth of such a monster had actually *met?* The whole of the bones, from the point of the shoulder to the very neck, were almost I may say *ground to pieces*, and another awful bite through the neck itself would alone have decided his fate. The whole of these tremendous wounds were the work of an instant, and entirely effected by the teeth; he was untouched by the paws. Unremitted attention from master and doctor proved unavailing, and poor Khundoo, after showing symptoms of delirium, expired at ten on the night of the following day. This proved a settler to spirits and sport, though for a few more days we toiled hard to bag a few bears. In vain we climbed hills and rocks, and fired shot after shot; we could not *kill* a single one. A hill tiger kept us hard at it all one day, and two cheetas promised sport another; but the charm was broken. For the second time all seemed proof against our balls. Our toil proved unavailing for six whole days, although for four out of these six our game was found and hunted. All our efforts failing to effect a single kill, we struck our tents for Malligaum on the 27th, with a list of killed amounting to *one cheeta, nine bears, and forty-six royal tigers.*

NIMROD IN THE EAST.

July, 1831.

THE HUNTING OF THE BOAR.

Every man hath his own delight,
In day and in darkness too,
But one delight by day and night
Is the beater's loud halloo.
Some love to figure at the ball,
And circle o'er the floor;
But to us the gayest sport of all
Is the hunting of the boar.

Come! come away, all ye that may,
And leave your world of pain,
To speed with us one happy day,
With the boar upon the plain;
No more ye'll fly unto the ball,
To circle o'er the floor,
But vow the finest sport of all
Is the hunting of the boar.

Come, gentle lover, and you shall cry,
I'll quit yon beauty's door,
For kisses no longer will I sigh,
But hunt the tusky boar ;
Yes, come but once, and I will swear
You'll worship love no more,
For there's nought in the wide world can compare
To the hunting of the boar.

Yours,
Jungle, June 26th. T. J. Q.

BUSTARD SHOOTING.

Mr. Editor,

There are great numbers of bustard about this place, but to get at them is the thing ; I have tried all sorts of shot and every colour of garment, and with a very few exceptions never could approach nearer than 80 or 100 yards. I have heard of ringing them on horseback, to which I gave a trial, but without success. I then took to the rifle and found it the best plan ; but, firing at so small an object, of course many misses occurred ; besides which, by sometimes putting up the birds in your approach, your rifle becomes useless. Now, if any of your *sensible* correspondents who understand the trick would let me into the secret, they would much oblige

Yours, &c.,
S. E. R.

P.S.—Flints from the Pongo tribe not received.

Khandes, 2nd July.

LION HUNTING IN KHANDEISH.

Sir,

It being proper in most cases to begin at the beginning, you will excuse my premising that Mount Aboo is the Mahabuleshwur of Guzerat ; a kind of self-acting patent refrigerator, the use of which has become so universally fashionable, that it required very little argument to convince me that I stood in positive need of a month's icing myself, in order to carry off the dust and hot weather ; and it was with this intention that I left Deesa the 2nd of last month, and arrived at Puttun to breakfast.

"Rather roundabout to Aboo," I think I hear you exclaim after consulting the map ; "you might have hit upon a less circuitous route than Puttun." Very true, Sir, it is not exactly what learned men define to be the shortest possible distance between two points, but then, as Tom Bruton,* of Bristol, regular bred farrier, very justly observes when his veterinary opinion is driven to a "*non plush*," "the gentleman can please himself about that," and I had it in view to pick up a friend at Puttun, who, like myself, meditated a pilgrimage to Mount Aboo.

I have since suspected that we had neither of us any vast longing for the said mount, or else the trip

* If we may believe Tom's own account of his pedigree, his father and grandfather before him were both regular bred farriers.

must have been at variance with the records of our respective destinies; for on the following morning intelligence of divers lions in the sacred Suruswuttee sent all ideas of heat and cold to the devil, and we both with one accord pronounced that we had seen worse places than Puttun. It only wanted now to realize an elephant, for, as well from a review of the "impossible" nature of the ground, as from other equally cogent reasons, we resolved to await the arrival of one of these auxiliaries.

The tenders and drivers of elephants and camels, independent as they are for the greater part, are the most immaculate scoundrels on the face of the earth, and have besides sundry opportunities of exercising their surreptitious cunning, which would be denied them were Europeans less ignorant of the diseases and necessities of those animals. I need hardly add that on the present occasion our mahout had no mind to break through the established usages of the fraternity, and was no way backward in excuses to loiter on the road. We sought to beguile the intermediate time by hunting hog; but let me counsel such of my friends who may feel disposed to profit by the disappointments and experience of others to think twice before they attempt anything of the kind at Puttun.

The morning of the 15th found us seated in the howdah, and in quest of two lions which had been surrounded by the shikarrees, in one of those extensive patches of half-dried, half-green bulrushes which must be familiar to all who are acquainted with the peculiarities of the Suruswuttee. We were soon aware of the impracticability of ejecting the gentlemen by any of the common means resorted to in tiger-hunting, and it was not until we had called in the assistance of fire, and brought the thermometer to a pitch which rendered the place no longer tenable, that a noble lion stalked forth with the greatest conceivable majesty, regarding us and our bonfire with sovereign contempt. In went a broadside. "Hark to him!" was the word, but he beat us in view to a second clump of reeds, so thick and tangly, that the element was again in requisition. Bolted him close under the feet of the elephant, away into him again, and after a second and third volley he was whoo-whooped in a small open nullah, where we gathered up his remainders, measuring nine feet six inches. The other did not cast up.

We were out betimes on the 17th, on intelligence not half a mile from the same place; and since we had taken the field well provided with fire-balls, and had, moreover, appointed a lieutenant fireworker, who occupied the *kwass*, and had all the implements of ignition in his pocket, we were not tardy in kindling a blaze so potent, that a lioness was in the open ground almost immediately. Let go three barrels when within six yards of her, one of which taking effect in her loins, she sprung perpendicularly from the ground, the full height of the howdah, and in another instant was doing her half mile to the river in 57s., as if nothing had happened. Carried her marks across the plain to a patch of bulrushes which extended as far as the eye could see, and the mahout, who clearly did not look upon lion hunting as a "distinguished amusement," was lecturing *gratis* upon the method of doing the trick in Hindostan: "She is not here, khudawund,"

said he; "the place is full of bullocks, and in Hindostan tigers are never—ah! by-the-by, what is that moving in the grass?" And she was looking him in the face within five yards, so we gathered her unto her fathers.

A finer lion than we had yet seen gave us the slip on the following day by charging, salamanderlike, through a narrow clump of blazing rushes, after he had been burnt out, inch by inch, across several acres of similar cover. But the process had trenched so far upon our daylight, that we had barely sufficient left to carry us home. I was infinitely diverted with one of the village coolies who accompanied us; his matchlock over his shoulder, the pan comfortably closed with a bit of cloth, and a lump of cowdung in his hand, with which to ignite the tinder if required. This worthy, thus equipped, was literally poking his addled head into the middle of the very bush said to contain the lion, and moreover pulling the grass on one side to admit of a better view. "What in the name of God are you doing?" exclaimed my companion. "Doing!" said the chap with evident surprise, and blowing his fid of cowdung; "why, looking for the lion, to be sure. Are not you looking for him?"

About noon the next day our people had surrounded the same lion close to the old city of Puttun. Our incendiary was not long in making the place too hot to hold him, and he took across a dead plain of half a mile and more in extent, at a walk. It was a grand sight; and had the mahout done his duty, Leo must have mended his pace, or paid the debt of nature then and there; but unfortunately our friend did not consider it consistent with the dictates of prudence to hurry his elephant, and having once made up his mind on the subject, was alike deaf to fair words and foul, thereby suffering the game to make the opposite jungle with only one wound. After several unsuccessful casts, found him again, dead beat, and wheezing and hallooing at a devil of a rate. Bolted him, and tickled him under the throat, upon which he mustered a gallop for twenty yards or so, and then died suddenly; and so ended the fourth day.

Made Sidpore on the 25th; and the residue of the lions having taken warning by the fate of their comrades, we had recourse to our spears. After killing a fine boar, came suddenly on a panther in some grain fields, but lost him again almost immediately. The arrival of the elephant, however, and an ounce ball slap through the head, gave our attendants an opportunity of slinging his remainders on a stick, and conveying them to the tents.

I may, perhaps, tell you more about Aboo next year. In the meantime,

Yours obediently,

AN OLD KHANDESEE.

June 1st, 1831.

OH! REST THEE, MY HUNTER.

Oh! rest thee, my hunter, oh! sleep while you may;
To-morrow I ride thee, the wild boar to slay;
So thick are the covers, the country so strong,
So swift are the wild boars, the chase will be long.

Then rest well, my hunter, oh! sound may you sleep,
For high are the hills, and the nullahs are deep;
When once on thee mounted, the hog in full view,
Then where is the country we will not get through?

So sure is thy footing, so good is thy speed,
Nor hedges, nor ditches, nor holes do I heed;
So firm is thy courage, that nought can dismay,
But seal'd is the boar's death, when once brought to bay.

Then carry me swiftly, and when thou art old,
I swear not to sell thee for silver or gold;
But range at thy pleasure the rest of thy days,
Thou best of all hunters, thou brightest of bays.

G.

ON THORNS.

SIR,

In an early number of the O. S. M. one of your sporting contributors begged to be informed, through the medium of your pages, if a remedy had not been found by some of the numerous sportsmen in India for that great drawback to the noble sport of hog-hunting—the baubul thorns, more commonly called "cockspur thorns."

As no abler pen has undertaken to give information on the subject, perhaps I may be allowed to acquaint you and the public, if you deem my letter worth a place in your valuable magazine, with the result of many years' experience amongst baubul bushes and cockspur jungles.

As soon as I am aware that my horse has suffered from thorns, I foment the part affected with the neem leaf (the mountain neem is the best) during the first day. On the second I make a poultice of the white-ant earth, or rather of the nest, which boiled up with a little water makes a glutinous paste; and this I apply to the part as hot as the animal can bear it; after one or two applications he submits to it patiently, as if sensible of the benefit intended to him.

The operation is performed in the most simple manner. The paste, having been made of a moderate consistence in any common sort of earthen pot (to be procured in every village), is applied by means of a rag, tied to the end of a stick of one or two feet in length, and is dabbed on the part affected, whether the legs, chest, or thighs, where it adheres without the trouble of applying a bandage. It may be renewed every hour or oftener, until the horse feels relief. I have frequently known extraordinary cures performed by this application, and have seen horses apparently "broken down" fit to work the second or third day, and the sinews, muscles, &c., recover their form and elasticity long before the most sanguine could have hoped to be able to cross the nag again. This simple recipe has frequently "saved the bacon" of many an enthusiastic sporting sub, whose only horse and tattoo were dead lame from thorns, and enabled him to gallop back to camp some

50 or 60 miles over night, to be present at that grand spectacle, a *guard mounting*, or a brigade *drill*.

This recipe was first given to me by that prince of sportsmen and gallant soldier, Major Evan Davies, better known, for his ever daring courage, by the name of "Tiger Davies."

Instead of pure water, I generally use a strong decoction of the neem leaf to make the poultice; but I doubt that it has in this state any great virtue.

I remain, Mr. E., your constant reader and admirer,

DEEMUK—MUTTEE.

N.B.—As this will be the first time any production of mine has appeared in print, I hope you will pardon a pun when I own that I am just now, like my subject, *on thorns*, till I see it amongst the *selections* for No. 13. D.

JOHN DOCKERY REDIVIVUS.

SCENE.—*The front Verandah of the Traveller's Bungalow at Kandalla. Bottles and glasses on a square and exceedingly dirty table, sitting at which are Sam Surly, Novice, and Nimrod-in-the-East, the latter with a long foolscap manuscript in his hand, John Dockery fast asleep with his legs on the table.*

Novice.—Oh! thank you, thank you kindly, Mr. Nimrod-in-the-East.

Sam Surly.—Yes, thank ye for nothing (*aside*).

Novice.—That is certainly a most refreshing description of your up-country sport.

Sam.—Cruel long, though, like a muddy lane (*rising from the table*).

Nimrod.—But stay, stay, my dear fellows, and hear the rest; I've only got about seventy pages more on this subject, and then—

Sam.—Better stop where you are.

John Dockery. — (*Dreaming*) Pull up, dom thee, pull up!

Nimrod.—I say, Novice, pull that Yorkshire pudding's nose, and then I'll read you a brief account (not more than a few sheets of foolscap) of riding in the Deccan.

Sam.—Well, be quick, for I am quite ready for supper.

Dockery.—(*Dreaming still*) Be you ready? Off! (*kicking and spurring as though riding a race*).

Nimrod.—Look at that dreaming dung-cart; he still fancies he is at his old trade of racing; knock his dumpy legs off the table, Surly, and bring him to his senses.

(*Sam Surly throws a biscuit at John, which hits him on the head, and awakens him.*)

John.—Hollo, hollo!

Sam.—Why, what's the matter, honest John? Did you hear anything knock?

John.—Where be I, Lord a marcy; where be I?—oh! I ax your pardon, gentlemen, twenty times, for being so desperate unmannerly like, but 'pon my sole Mr. Nimrod's reading was so (yawning) cruel slow, that I couldn't keep my eyes open, and I was dreaming as how I was riding Master Doolittle's Bloo Blazes, when all of a sudden I comes whop against the distance post, and then I woke; but as I sed afore, I ax pardon for my manners, and I hopes as 'ow the supper's ready, for I be mortal peckish.

Nimrod.—Peckish! why, you eat enough at dinner for three.

John.—Ees, but I hant had nothing to signify since, and so I'll go and see what the black cook's about, 'cause you knows

we're to have a regler jollification to-night; but I'll joost take another glass of beer, joost by way of a damper, and to keep the wind out of my stomach.—(*Exit, drinking.*)

Nimrod.—And you and your stomach are no bad *riddance*, master John; and now I'll show you, Novice, what I've written for the forthcoming number of the Oriental Sporting Magazine.

(*Sam Surly with manifest signs of the most fretful impatience, beats the devil's tattoo on the table, while Nimrod reads.*)

"Mr. Editor, * when once a man has resolved (for it requires some resolution) to become a sportsman, I need not remind your readers that it is necessary to select a steady horse; and as very conflicting opinions prevail regarding the powers of the animal, as well as the management of those powers, it may not be amiss to give a slight idea of what in my judgment constitutes a steady horse."

Sam Surly.—What d—d nonsense! I suppose you are going to tell us that a horse has got four legs and a head and tail, and is usually ridden with a bit in his mouth and a saddle on his back.

Nimrod.—Why, I have certainly said something of that sort, but—

Sam.—Well, I thought so, and why don't you keep it to yourself then, 'stead of teaching your grandmother?

Novice.—Now really, Mr. Surly, I don't see it in that light, and I wish you would listen to this valuable information.

Surly.—Valuable fiddlestick!

Novice.—Recollect (*whispers*) its from one of the Editor's *great guns!?*

Surly.—Great Gun! however, it may be useful to such Pongoes as you; but as I don't want to be told that I'm to ride on the outside, and not the inside of a horse, why, I'll follow the example of honest John Dockery, and look after the supper.—(*Exit.*)

Nimrod.—John's a jackass, and you little better.

Novice.—Yes, very mulish, like my big-bellied colt that wouldn't eat the mashed turnips.

Nimrod.—Yes, but let him go, and I'll read on (*reads*). "First, then, for the benefit of uninitiated sportsmen, I must observe that this noble animal is always cleaned by a Ghorawalla. *Note.*—Ghorawalla is the native name for a groom; you pronounce the first two syllables as though you were going to take a pill, and the last two as though you had just swallowed it." *

Novice.—Excellent, excellent! I see it at once. (*Novice goes through the operation of pronouncing the word as instructed.*) Ghora-walla. There it is; 'pon my honour I never knew how to manage it before, though I think it makes me feel squeamish at the very thoughts of the pill. However, here goes for a bumper of Bell and Renny to wash it down (*drinks*).

Nimrod.—Truly, Novice, you are a promising pupil, but hear the rest (*reads*). "The horse is usually rode with a bridle and saddle—with the former he is guided, and on the latter the rider sits. *Note.*—Saddle, a leather seat on which the horseman is seated; it has two flaps, one on the right, the other on the left side. There is not room to lie down; in the front there is sometimes a holster-case to put pistols in; the saddle is buckled round the animal's body with straps, called girths." †

* Read page 2 of No. 1 of O. S. M.

* See No. 1 O. S. M., note at the foot of page 2.

† Vide note the foot of page 2, in No. 1, O. S. M.

Novice.—Why, you have left out the stirrups?

Nimrod.—So I have—quite an oversight; thank you for mentioning it. Not that they are always of use. I can ride as well with or without.

Novice.—I'm sure it's more than I can, but that of course must be all art, and that I dare say is the reason why Nosing Tom always calls you a *great artist* over a bad country.

Nimrod.—Curse Nosing Tom, he has played the very devil with our Nuggur Hunt, and made us as much laughed at as that dung-fork Dockery did by his d—d letters to Tadcaster. But see, who comes here? Nosing Tom himself, by all that's unlucky, in his red waistcoat and double damnables! No, faith! it cannot be either, for I could swear he never rode so awfully slow as that since he left his cradle.

Novice.—Nosing Tom, indeed! This chap is not half Tom's size, nor has he his rosy face or his twinkling laughing eyes.

Nimrod.—True, indeed, this is a most cruel ordinary man, pock-marked and lantern-jawed, and, holy Billy, what a pair of pins!

Novice.—Yes, and that near concern with the Wellington boot looks like the stick left in a blacking bottle. Who can it be?

Nimrod.—Oh, there goes Surly Sam to meet him. He is terribly like a bailiff. I say, Novice, how do you feel?

Enter John Dockery, laughing.

John.—Ha! ha! ha! I say, Mr. Nimrod, by Goles, you'll catch it. Who do you think be joost come? You'd better button up that there rigmarole writing of yours, for dang my yellur breeches if here beant Mr. Stephen, wot tickles you all up so nicely in the Magazine.

Nimrod—(*Pocketing his paper*) Pshaw! Stephen indeed! and what care I for Stephen? A craven critic, who, under the shelter of his incognito presumes to—

John.—Od rat it, Mr. Nimrod, don't speak so loud—he'll hear ye, and then marcy on you in the next Number. (*Aside.*) I wouldn't be in his breeches now for a mint of money—here he comes.

Enter Surly with Stephen, in a white hat, red plush waistcoat, bottle-green coat, nankeen unmentionables, and Wellington boots.

[*To be continued.*]

A SLAP AT S. Y. S.

SIR,

Permit me to address a very few lines to you on a subject of some importance to the well-doing of your Magazine.

Induced by the plausibility of S. Y. S., I determined upon trying my luck to pick out a racer by following his measurements, and at the same time to ensure a first-rate, I kept in mind the ingenious suggestions of your correspondent, *Mark*. Well, Sir, I marked out my seven feet of red tape, and away I went to the stables, where I found a grey horse with big eyes and broad channel, what S. Y. S. calls the "*two grand extremital points;*" these being the main consideration, without which, that correspondent of yours says, he has never yet seen a real good one, were of course the basis of my selection. I therefore proceeded to the measurement of the various parts and points as laid down in your Sporting Magazine

by him, and I attended also to the suggestions of Philo-Vet. The proportions of my pick I found enormous, and to my great joy I also found that cabalistic sign "the Fort Adjutant's mark." Well, Sir, of course upon the strength of all this, wishing to be d—d spirited and devilish sporting-like, I priced him and I bought him, and lo and behold! the *beast* has turned out a *brute*. So much for marks and measuring; so much for big eyes and broad channel; so much for Messrs. Mark and S. Y. S.; and so much from

Yours faithfully,
OWN BROTHER TO NOVICE.

SPORTING IN KATTYWAR.

MR. EDITOR,

This station has been exceedingly silent of late. No sporting tour from this part of the world has, I think, graced the pages of your entertaining Magazine for about two years, while contributions from the Deccan, Guzerat, &c., have been tolerably free. The reason I know not, for bruisers of the right stamp have not been at all wanting here during that time, and their lists, if they would but come forward and show them, would prove that the Janwars in Kattywar have had their belly full.

I am but a new man up here, and rather a novice in the art; however, though it is not perhaps very first-rate, I send you the following list of the sport, with the dates, and hoping it will be worthy a place in your next number, thus break the ice.

I must add that as I was alone (thereby losing nearly half the fun) I very seldom remained out hunting, when at places where there were plenty of hog, later than 10 o'clock, and went out again after them in the afternoon very seldom.

April 28th, at Titwar, a fine boar.
April 30th, at Moorvee, a boar.
May 1st, at Taitpoor, a young boar.
May 3rd, at Vazilpoor, a sow (with 6½in. tushes).
May 8th, at Dewllia, a young boar, a sow, and a young wolf.
May 10th, a fine boar, two young boars (lots of holes, had two falls during the morning).
May 11th, a fine boar and a sow.
May 13th, a sow.
May 14th, a sow.
May 15th, a sow.
May 16th, at Dewllia, a sow (my wagree left me with leave).
May 17th, at Hulwud, a young boar.
May 19th, a sow.
May 21st, a sow.
May 23rd, a fawn (my wagree returned on 27th).
May 27th, 28th, two sows and a pig.
May 29th, a young boar.
May 30th, a fine old boar.
May 31st, a female neilghee (with the spear).
June 2nd, two boars, one a very fine one.
June 3rd, at Durwanna, a young boar.
June 4th, at Counde, two sows and a fine lioness (shot off horseback).
June 6th, at Doodee, a sow (stony hills).
June 8th, at Oomera, a female panther (with the spear).
June 10th, at Surla, a fine boar (stony hills).
June 12th, a young boar and a sow.
June 13th, a young boar and a sow.
June 16th, at Oomera, two large lionesses (shot off horseback). One charged twice; the first time it chased me over bad ground (sheet rock) for about 80 yards, and got within eight paces of me, when I flung my hat at her, which she stopped at, and tore in pieces.
June 18th, at Micar, a fine bull neilghee (shot. Had two balls in the barrel, and each ball took a hind leg above the hock).
June 19th, camp.

I am, Mr. Editor, your well wisher and constant reader,

G. O. K.

SELECTIONS.

FIGHT BETWEEN DEAF BURKE AND BIRMINGHAM (*alias* WELSH) DAVIS, FOR £50 A SIDE.

This match, which has occupied in a moderate degree the attention of the London and Birmingham Fancy, came off, according to appointment, on Tuesday last, but not without a little of that magisterial interference which we had hoped the good sense of our *beaks* would have induced them to avoid; for we hold (as we have ever held) that by depriving John Bull of his ancient sports, you only drive him to seek objects of excitation of more dangerous nature, and frequently leading to results of a far more immoral character. The heroes on this occasion have been repeatedly introduced to the *milling* circle through the medium of our journal. Deaf Burke is a rising star in the pugilistic world, who now bids fair to eclipse some of our brightest luminaries, not excluding even the great Jem Ward, or the not less celebrated Irish Champion, Simon Byrne. His late successful fights with Hampson (of Liverpool) and Irish Crawley raised him so high in the estimation of his friends, that the present match with Davis was made for £50 a side, notwithstanding the high character which Davis held in the Brummagem School, from his having conquered Manning and other big provincials. Davis has been long in London, working at his profession of a coach spring-maker, and often had an opportunity of setting-to with Burke, and seeing him fight, and it was from these opportunities of forming his judgment that he coveted the opportunity of proving his superiority. The hint having been given, Burke's friend, Reuben Marten, was not "backward in coming forward," and the match was made—Davis starting for the neighbourhood of Birmingham for the purpose of active training, and Burke making a short sojurn at the Shirley Arms, Shirley Common, Surrey. London and Birmingham were equally confident in the merits of their man. In London, Burke was backed, as we repeatedly stated, at 5 and 6 to 4; and, in Birmingham, we believe, Davis had a similar turn in the market—so that a more equal match could not well have been made. The deposits having been all duly posted, in compliment to Birmingham, Baldwin (who acted as the *locum tenens* for Davis's friends in London) was permitted to say "the where," and he named Knole Hill, about three miles beyond Maidenhead, Berks, as the scene of action. Baldwin himself conquered George Cooper on the same spot, and from this imbibed a partiality which subsequent fights undisturbed in the same quarter increased. Baldwin forgot, however, that Sir Gilbert East, under whose liberal auspices the fistic school had flourished in that neighbourhood, had "cut his stick," and was no longer "the cock of the walk" among the Berkshire quorum. With him, in fact, fled "the spirit of the ring" in that vicinity; and his successors, acting on that prejudice which so unadvisedly exists against pugilism, determined to prevent hostilities in their bailiwick. Of this determination, however, the friends of the men on both sides were ignorant, and they accordingly arrived safely at Maidenhead on Monday, under the auspices of their respective friends, Davis being accompanied by Arthur

Mathewson, and other *triumphs* from the great emporium of hardware, as well as by Perkins, the Oxford Pet, who they had picked up in the city of Universities in the passage up; and Burke by Reuben Marten, and other admirers. The assemblage of the customary followers of the ring was not numerous till the Tuesday morning, when several *swell drags* arrived, and all was bustle and pleasurable anticipation. The *Brums* being apprised that odds were laying on the Deaf-un on his own "dunghill," did not of course attempt to check such a manifestation further than taking all such odds as were offered, and this to a tolerable figure, though it was soon seen that the "hardware lads" were best *breeched*, for they soon stopped all the long odds. It was ascertained that both men were in excellent condition, although Burke had a slight cold from having jumped into a pond a few days before, but there was no lack of confidence on either side.

The Commissary, Tom Oliver, and his *pal*, Frosty-faced Fogo, being, as usual, at their post, started early on the Tuesday morning for the appointed scene of action, and commenced operations in arranging the field of battle, when to their utter dismay three well-mounted *beaks*, under the guidance of Sir Maurice Ximenes, showed their ill-omened *mugs* in the office. "So help me, bob," cried Fogo, "I don't like the looks of them ere coves." "Nor I neither," exclaimed Tom Oliver; "there's a Jerusalem cut about the *phiz* of the foremost as makes me think he's no good." Scarce had this interchange of opinion passed, when Squire Ximenes, who had more of the Jerusalem blood in his veins than they were aware of, advanced, and politely intimated "he wouldn't have it." He was determined, he said, to preserve the peace of the counties of Berks and Wilts, and therefore advised a trot into some other country. Oliver and Fogo looked "unutterable things," but the head of Medusa would not have worked a change in his Worship, and, as it was ascertained by outscouts that "winged Mercuries" had been despatched to other *beaks* in the neighbourhood, the Commissary made a virtue of necessity, took up his *materiel*, and toddled, Fogo wishing his Worship a very good morning—"over the left."

Davis, in the interim, had set out from Maidenhead in a post-chaise, but was met on the road by the retrograding forces, and turning round stopped at the "Sun" Inn, which was almost "eclipsed" by the news. Here a council of war was held, and Shepparton Range, in the county of Middlesex, was named for the new point of rendezvous, whither the charioteers, equestrians, and even a few toddlers, set out. The latter were soon bowled out, but the former pursued their way through Windsor to the Bush Inn, at Staines, where fresh horses were obtained, and the appointed spot was safely reached; not, however, without a casualty which had nearly proved serious to Davis. The post-chaise in which he was riding was overturned by the indiscretion of the post-boy, driving against a gig in which Baldwin and a friend were seated, between Windsor and Egham; the chaise was in consequence dashed to pieces, but fortunately Davis escaped unhurt, and was taken up by Baldwin in his gig. Two of the persons in the chaise with Davis were seriously hurt, and a poor *padder*, who had got up behind, had the felicity of having one of the spikes stuck in his ogle, and another in a very opposite

extremity—so that he had but one eye to weep over his double misfortune.

By two o'clock the Commissary and Fogo had selected a fine dry piece of turf at Shepparton Range, and, "as many hands make light work," the ring was soon pitched, and an outer circle of carriages, phaetons, post-chaises, and the minor fry of gigs, conveniently formed. The men were soon in attendance; and although the wind blew keen and the rain fell chill, they were in good spirits, endeavouring by a hasty promenade to set their blood in quicker circulation. The Brummagem lads were now all anxiety to get on more of their circulating medium; all the odds offered were freely taken, and, from the abundance of the *rag* among Davis's friends, the betting at last was reduced to even, and large sums were laid out that way, till ultimately Davis was thought a slight favourite—the certain effect of plenty of money on the market. The Londoners were unprepared for such an event, and ceased to bet rather from the want of the *coriunders* than from any diminution in their good opinion of their man. Had their exchequers been better furnished, no doubt more successful speculations would have been made.

All being now in readiness, the Deaf-un entered the ring, attired in his green baize drawers and yellow binding; he was cheerful, though cold, and exclaimed, "If this here chap licks me, I'm blow'd if I don't back him against a lion, for nothing else can beat him." This looked well for his backers, and showed he did not want an opinion of his own powers—an opinion the justice of which he fully sustained. He was attended by Reuben Marten and Ned Stockman. Davis was not long in showing, under the auspices of Perkins, of Oxford, and Harry Jones. The men shook hands with a very sinister expression on their frontispieces, and immediately proceeded to *peel*. On taking off their *upper crusts*, they both showed fine muscular frames, but we should say both were too fleshy for work; Davis, especially, exhibited beautiful proportions, and a skin as clear as a cowslip. The Deaf-un's herculean frame looked "prodigious!" and his well-knit limbs and brawny carcase would bear comparison with Ajax himself. If anything, however, the bloodlike appearances were most in favour of Davis, and the Londoners could not but admit that "all was not safe that was in danger." The weights of the men were about 12st. 10lbs. each. —The cry of "Fall back, fall back!" gave note that "the performance was just a going to begin a commencing." The umpires and a referee having been chosen, the lads were conducted to the scratch. The seconds retired to their corners, and all eyes were directed to

The Fight.

Round 1.—The men threw themselves into excellent form, and covered their points well, although there was a sly looseness about the Deaf-un's guard, as if he wished to lead the Welshman to believe he was careless. The Welshman tried a nobber with his left, but was stopped. He then plunged his right at the body, but the Deaf-un was awake, and caught it on his elbow. The Deaf-un now broke ground, and counter-hits with the left were exchanged, Davis showing the mark on his right temple. Good stops on both side followed: the Deaf-un made short play with his left, but at length went in earnest and caught Davis a nasty one on

the nose with his right, which set his *winkers* a blinking, and snuffling was the order of the day. Davis smiled and snuffled, and smiled and snuffled again, when both, as if by mutual consent, rushed to a rally; heavy hits were exchanged right and left, and the Deaf-un, in closing, after a short trial, got the fall, and fell on his man. On being picked up Davis showed "first blood" from the *smeller*, thus ending the first round.

2.—Davis planted his left, but not effectually, and had a heavy counter hit in return on the nose. Good stops on both sides; the Deaf-un popped in his right on Davis's left ogle, which twinkled again, as if coaxing a second visitation, which was promptly given from a telegraphic hint from Marten. This brought the men to a rally, and Davis fought manfully; the Deaf-un planted heavy hits right and left, and at last, as Davis was on the stagger, he caught him a terrific smasher on the muzzle, and dropped on his knees. Davis had decidedly the worst of this round—the *Brums* looked queer, while the Londoners were quite up in the stirrups. [Burke here won the first knockdown blow.]

3.—Davis came up flushed in the gab, but fresh and confident; both cautious, and slight blows stopped. The Deaf-un hit short to draw his man, and at last popped in a right-handed nobber. Davis returned prettily, when the Deaf-un rattled to in-fighting; heavy hits were exchanged, and the Deaf-un again got the fall, and dropped on his man.

4.—A busy and bustling round; both fought vigorously, and the receipts and disbursements were severe. In the close both down, and on getting up both a little piping.

5.—This was a terrific round. on both sides. Counter hits commenced the game, and a spirited rally followed; heavy hits at the conk and body were exchanged; fair stand-up manly fighting, and both doing their best. The muzzlers for Davis were stunning; in the end the Deaf-un closed, and threw Davis a tremendous cross-buttock, flinging his heels in the air like the upper spokes of a coach wheel. The Deaf-un's friends were now uproarious, and 2 to 1 offered.

6.—This was a short round. Davis was a little off his wind, but stood up as game as a lion; the Deaf-un planted his left, and he received slightly in return. He then closed and floored his man, Ned Stockman dancing a jig, and pointing to his man, who looked fresh and vigorous.

7.—Davis popped in his right and caught the Deaf-un on the neck. The Deaf-un was roused at having a march thus stolen upon him, and rattled in with fury. He caught Davis one, two on the mug, and cut him over the left eye. The rally which followed was severe for both, but Davis stuck manfully to his game; in the close, however, he received another bursting cross-buttock, and was much distressed.

8.—Davis stopped a heavy left-handed lunge, and retreated; Burke followed him up, but missed two heavy round right and left handed blows. Davis made a sudden stop, and met the Deaf-un with a muzzler. In a short rally the Deaf-un fell back on the ropes, but was soon on the perpendicular again, and rushing right and left, planted severely, and threw his man.

9.—Good counter-hitting, Davis showing heavy punishment in the mouth, nose, and both eyes. The Deaf-un put in his right heavily at the body, but caught a little

pepper on the nose from Davis's left. In the close Burke again got the fall, and showed decided superiority in strength. Davis began to hit short, and adopt the defensive system.

10.—Both showed distress, and sparred for wind; at length the Deaf-un put in his left and stopped a return; Davis saw that there was nothing for him but hard fighting, and he went to work in admirable style. Burke was ready, and a desperate rally followed; both hit away till almost exhausted; there was no flinching, but all fair stand-up milling. The blows of Burke, however, told with most severity. Both were nearly exhausted, and effective hitting was out of the question, when Burke threw back his arm, and downed his brave antagonist, while he himself fell and lay prostrate on his belly. Both were lifted up distressed, but Burke soon came round.

11.—Davis came up piping, but still game and ready; slight stops, when the Deaf-un plunged in his left and right, and hit his man down.

12.—Davis now collected all his energies, but his chances of redeeming the battle had gone by. The Deaf-un was too strong, and in the counter hits clearly had the length of him. The Deaf-un saw his man was on the decline, and rushed in to finish; his hitting was powerful, and the returns but trifling. Davis was driven back to the ropes, and was at last hit down, the Deaf-un quietly sitting on his second's knee, and waiting for the call with great *nonchalance*.

There was a general cry of "Take him away!" with respect to Davis. The man himself was willing to prolong the fight, but his friends saw it was no use, and therefore, without exposing him to further useless punishment, agreed to relinquish the contest, the prolongation of which, it was obvious to all, would have been useless. Davis stood up, and was immediately approached by Burke, who shook hands and quitted the ring. The fight lasted 27 minutes.

Remarks.

Burke proved himself throughout this fight the better man. There never was a turn against him. His experience, as well as cunning, put all Davis's fine fighting on one side, and Davis's heavy right, on which his friends counted much, was counteracted. One manœuvre of Burke's—that of fixing his eyes in a sideloug way, as if going to hit at the body, when, in fact, he was only waiting for planting a heavy counter on the head—was particularly successful; and whenever Davis was caught in this trap, he was sure to have a tremendous return, while his own blow, which Burke made up his mind to receive, was comparatively light. Left and right, he was always ready at this game; and in the closes, his strength and good in-fighting enabled him to throw his man with ease and stupefying effect. The Brums had been taught to believe him a cur from the reports of his fights with Fitzmaurice and Cousens; but in this they confessed their error, and, from his rapid improvement, there is no doubt he could now lick both of those men in one day. The friends of Davis were perfectly satisfied he had done his best, and that he was over-matched. Though discomforted, however, they are not disheartened, and they still think they have a Birmingham man capable of giving the Deaf-un a "tie up." Their losses were heavy, but their spirits have not

flagged, and they returned home with a determination to be more cautious in future. Davis was conveyed to the New Inn, at Staines, where he was put to bed, and had the assistance of a medical man, and every humane attention paid him. He showed outward and visible signs of heavy punishment. Burke also showed sundry marks, but none of a serious nature, and he sat down to dinner with an appetite unimpaired by his morning exercise. It was announced that he could be backed for £100 against any man of his weight, and, should he go on improving, bids fair to reach the top of the tree. He must, however, polish off a few more second-rate men before he looks to the championship, on which he keeps a steady eye. He owes his opportunities to present fame, in a great measure, to the exertions of Reuben Marten. Davis, though a beaten man, deserves due praise, and has given ample demonstrations of his pluck. As he has a good business, however, we would advise him to stick to it, and leave the ring to follow its own vagaries.

Davis was so much recovered on Wednesday morning, that he was enabled to return to Birmingham. His nose was broken in the centre, although the skin was not fractured. On the same day Burke had scarcely a mark visible, except on the knuckles of his left hand, which were deeply cut from Davis's teeth, and a *mouse* on his left eye.

GALLANT FIGHT.—ATKINSON AND PARKES—£25 A SIDE.

This out-and-out-mill, between Bill Atkinson, the best of the Nottingham light weights, and Parkes, a known good un of the Birmingham School, came off on Tuesday last; and though the sum was not of any magnitude, the interest which it has created was by no means trifling. The men were known to be hard-bottomed *coves* from their previous pugilistic feats, and the match was got up hastily during one of Bill's sparring visits to the "copper country" a short time since, where, to use his own words, "he said he was determined to regain the laurels which Birmingham had unexpectedly torn from the brow of Dick Hill," in his contest with Harry Preston. Atkinson having lost the toss for choice of place, the *Brums*, of course, took it to a spot where the lads of Warwickshire could be most readily accommodated, and Appleby House, near Norman's Heath, was the rallying point for the contest. This was a happy hit, as four counties meet at the place alluded to—namely, Warwickshire, Staffordshire, Leicestershire, and Derbyshire—so that had the *beaks* sent out their minions, a move could soon have been made to defeat their object; however, this fortunately was not necessary, as we shall show in the sequel. The training time for the men, although short, was made the best use of; and Bill, from the outset, made sure of the battle. He kept his "weather eye up" from the moment the blunt was posted, and said if he could not beat a *gunner* with a *canister* shot, he would never enter the ropes again. Confidence is everything; and on Monday he started from Nottingham in a "swell set out" for Ashby-de-la-Zouch, where he *snoozed* for the night, and on the following morning started for Appleby House, a short distance from Measham. The "copper coves" here shoaled in numerously, and that solitary inn was actually stormed, by twelve o'clock, for

provender and lush—gigs innumerable, tits without number, and those who padded the hoof were seen flocking along the road in droves; in fact, it resembled a market-day at Appleby, for the sale of "human cattle." The betting was decidedly in favour of Parkes, from his known superiority in weight and length, and six to four was freely offered to the Nottingham swells, who knew the pluck of their man too well to refuse it. The Birmingham Fancy had assembled to a man, not forgetting the winner of the last St. Leger, who seemed to be "down a little" how things would terminate. He was attended by the gentlemanly "Usher of the black rod" from that quarter, who said it would be a "brown" suit if the Nottingham lads did not bear off the much-envied trophy. At one o'clock the prads began to move towards Measham, and a close in Leicestershire having been obtained, about a mile and a quarter on that side of Appleby, away they bowled. At least an hour was occupied in forming the milling ground, which, considering the *yokels* who had the management, was perhaps but a short time. The thing was nevertheless accomplished, though not with the masterly hand of the renowned Fogo, whose mug should never be absent on such *important* occasions. Harry Preston took the *tip* at the gate, and the gaps were well looked after by his *locum tenens*. The men having both arrived on the ground by two o'clock, Bill shortly afterwards entered the arena, and pitching his white *castor* within the ropes, leaped after it like a Newfoundlander into a river, followed by Parkes, who looked like a rum un, and not at all daunted at the "battle-field." Peeling soon afterwards commenced, and the colours being affixed to the stakes (crimson and buff for Atkinson, and green and white for Parkes) the "nursery coves" did their proper offices; Harry Preston and Jack Goodman, for Parkes; and George Atkinson, with an out-and-out swell miller from Loughborough, waited upon Bill. Umpires and referees being appointed, and the toss for ground settled in favour of Parkes, they shook hands and commenced.

The Fight.

Round 1. Both looked in excellent condition, and sparred cautiously for the space of a minute, when Bill threw out his left, but hit short, and received a return on the grub-case, without effect; some smart in-fighting followed, and Parkes received right and left on the nob, which made him grin anything but pleasantly; he, however, persevered in the rally, and was floored at the corner-stake. This round lasted three minutes, and the odds changed immediately 6 to 4 on Bill, without many takers.

2. Bill stood well up to his man, who did not seem to relish the first salute; Parkes, nevertheless, made first play, and caught his opponent a rum un over the left listener, which Bill shook off like a bull-dog, and followed up his man, hitting him right and left till he grassed him.

3 to 5. These rounds were nearly similar; Bill having every advantage, and punishing his opponent on the nob till he either fell to avoid punishment or was thrown.

6. Bill, as fresh as a kitten, smiled at Parkes, and threw out with his left, which caught him a nasty one under the lug. Parkes rushed to a close. Bill flew back like lightning, and, recovering himself instantly, jobbed his man with severity, and eventually

knocked him down fairly. Any odds, so early as this, on the Nottingham spring; Bill exclaiming "Is this the best ten-stone sample you can send from Brummagem?"

7 to 12. To go through these rounds would be tedious and uninteresting; Bill was always with his man, and struck him with tremendous severity over the only *ogle* he commenced the fight with, which was nearly half closed in the latter round: and Parkes, with the exception of the tenth round, was either thrown or fell every time. It evidently appeared he was mistaken in his customer, as Bill laughed at him while putting in his one two with severity.

13. This round well deserves being placed upon record. Parkes gathered himself up for mischief, and though evidently a "piper," strained every nerve to change the order of affairs; he struck out well with his right, but it was "no go." Bill stopped and countered admirable, and still without a scratch, though his opponent bled profusely from his sneezer and remaining half-shut ogle. "Take him away," said the Birmingham Usher, "or else he'll be knocked in the head for his temerity." Parkes, however, fought all he knew; and though it was proved he was "too stale," he was nothing but the remains of a good un.

14 to 30. These rounds were all in favour of Bill, who still remained without a mark, and his stubborn mode of fighting convinced the thousands who were present that Parkes had not a chance—not a farthing could be laid out safely in his favour; and Atkinson, who had never fallen but once during the fight, floored him at pleasure.

31 to 37. Parkes nearly blind, bled profusely, but he was too good to say "enough;" and though he had scarcely a leg to stand upon or an eye to peep through, he fearlessly came to the mark; but it was useless—Bill hit him right and left, grassed him at pleasure, and sent him senseless in the last round to the ground. Time being called (half minute), the Brums gave up for him, and a more complete dead-beat spectacle could not have been witnessed; in fact, for the last seven rounds he was nearly blind, and came reeling to the scratch only to be knocked down; nothing but his game and bottom could ever have brought him there.

The fight lasted about 56 minutes, and the best order and regularity prevailed, which is certainly a credit to Birmingham. Parkes was conveyed to his carriage in a state of complete insensibility, whilst the "Lively Nottingham Sprig" leaped through the ropes, and ran the greatest part of the way back to Measham, and from thence returned the same day to Nottingham, hardly the worse for the contest; and, save a slight tinge under the right eye, no visible mark was apparent on his *phiz* or his grub-case.

Remarks.

This fight has certainly established Bill's reputation in the *fistic* school. He weighed, on entering the ring, 9st. 4lbs., whilst his opponent was at least a stone heavier, and though he had previously lost an eye, the length, weight, and strength of Parkes were considered a preponderance in his favour. He is not quick enough for Bill; nor has he the same *stomach;* in short, his fighting days are "gone by;" and though he did all he knew to win the battle, a chance never turned in his favour. Atkinson found he had the battle in his own hands, and he never lost sight of it. He is certainly the best

produce Nottingham ever sent forth; and those with whom he fights will find him so.

THE DRAKE HUNT STEEPLECHASE.

The steeplechase for a Sweepstakes, between six members of Mr. Drake's (late the Mostyn) Hunt, came off on Tuesday last. Five horses started, one having previously paid forfeit. There was no restriction as to weight, and the owners mounted. The chase terminated as follows:—

1st. Winkey Boss, H. Peyton, Esq.; 2nd. Topsey. the Marquis of W.; 3rd. Gipsey Girl, Lord A.; Bosworth and Tom were not placed.

The ground to be run over was to be fixed by Sir Henry Peyton, Bart., and not to be made known to either of the parties until the morning of the chase. The parties left the King's Arms Inn, Bicester, about half-past one o'clock, for the place of starting, which was from a field at the extremity of Blackthorn Parish, on the Marsh Gibbon side, and the chase was to terminate in a field adjoining the celebrated fox-cover, Grave Hill Wood, being a complete distance of four miles; on the top of the hill two flags were placed, to denote the winning post. The terms were, for all the horses to keep to the right of Golden's windmill, and having arrived there, then to proceed as the riders might deem expedient to reach the goal. A little after two the word was given to go, and away the five went at a rattling pace, all clearing cleverly many tremendous double fences. On reaching the mill, Mr. Peyton was perceived leading at a slapping rate (the white face of old Winkey being a prominent feature, and showing itself a long distance), clearing everything before him in first-rate style. On coming up the hill, they were nearly altogether; Lord W. first over the fence, and Winkey Boss appearing distressed, it was thought that Topsy, who was going in the most gallant way, must prove the winner. However, after leaving the mill, Lord W. and Lord A. took a course straight ahead, while Mr. Peyton, with the most consummate skill and judgment, took his line considerably to the left, over some grass fields, easing his horse, evading some heavy fencing (thus enabling him to gain second wind), and proceeding as straight as a crow could fly to the destined point, came up the hill at a racing pace, and won cleverly by sixty yards. Lord W., on quitting Blackthorn Hill, was unfortunate in the selection of his ground, having some exceedingly great fences to get over, and also some very heavy fallow to cross; but he challenged the Boundary fence, deep ditches, and timber-like blackthorns, like a thoroughbred sportsman, and cleared some regular raspers with the greatest intrepidity. In taking the Bullfinch into the turnpike road, opposite Reynolds' house, his horse appeared rather weak—in fact, the two desperately deep fallow fields from the hill must have choked off anything but an out-and-outer. Although it was evident that Topsy had suffered considerably from the Wretchwick fallows and fences, his lordship, *nil desperandum*, persevered in the most determined manner, and strained every nerve to get up with his successful opponent, who was making rapid strides in the next field, to obtain the laurel, going at such a pace as held out faint hopes of defeating him. Gipsy Girl was the third, her rider, Lord A., having had a floorer, as had also the

rider of Tom. Bosworth and Tom had no chance after leaving the mill. Mr. Peyton's riding was admirable; the quiet and masterly way in which he managed to ease his horse after mounting the hill, and also in evading the heavy ground, was the theme of general conversation, and it was thought that nothing but the tact and very superior generalship displayed by him could have saved him from defeat, as such a bit of "blood, bone, and bottom," as Lord W.'s is not to be met with every day. Desperation was the order of the day with each party—nothing like blinking could be discovered, and danger was laughed to scorn. The running occupied fifteen minutes, over a fine country—ground heavy, and remarkably strong fences. A large concourse of persons assembled on horseback on Blackthorn Hill, and, from its commanding situation, obtained a fine view of the greater part of the chase. There were present —Lord Clonmel, Sir H. Peyton, Mr. Drake, Mr. Webb, and all the members of the Bicester Hunt, together with many Oxonians. Great credit is due to Mr. Peyton's groom, Ralph Clapham, for his care of and attention to Winkey Boss, who was brought by him to the start in the best possible condition.

KANGAROO HUNTING — WILD DOGS—FLYING FOXES.

Among the natives of New Holland the kangaroo, it is well known, constitutes not only the principal object of the chase, but furnishes almost the only food upon which the black population are accustomed to subsist. All travellers, indeed, agree that the flesh of this animal, when dressed, is most delicate in flavour and extremely nutritious. The immense herds which are everywhere seen by those who have explored that country is another evidence, too, of that bountiful provision which the God of Nature uniformly displays over all parts of the globe in his concern for man, whether civilized or savage.

In glancing at the very amusing work (just published) of Mr. Dawson, on "the Present State of Australia," we have been much entertained with his narration of the many curious adventures that befel him in the progress of his official explorations, but more particularly of those relating to the dogs and kangaroos; and though we have no desire to see the latter imported into this country as an auxiliary to British field sports, we nevertheless cannot resist the temptation of laying before our readers a brief account of these extraordinary animals, and of the manner in which they are hunted and killed by the woolly-headed Nimrods on the other side of the Equator.

Mr. Dawson says, "It is extremely curious to see the manner in which a large herd of these animals jump before you. It has often been asserted in England that they make use of their tails to spring from, when they are pursued. This is not correct; their tails never touch the ground when they move, except when they are on their feed or at play, and the faster they run or jump the higher they carry them. The male kangaroos were called by my natives, old men, 'wool-men'; and the females, young ladies, 'tryong liddy.' The males are not so swift as the females, and the natives in *wet* seasons occasionally run the former down when *very* large, their weight causing them to sink in the wet ground, and thus to become tired. They frequently, however, make up for

this disadvantage by fierceness and cunning, when attacked either by man or dogs; and it is exceedingly difficult for a brace of the best dogs to kill a 'corbon wool-man.' When they can, they will hug a dog or a man as a bear would do; and, as they are armed with long, sharp claws, they frequently let a dog's entrails out, or otherwise lacerate him in the most dreadful manner, sitting all the while on their haunches, hugging and scratching with determined fury. Young dogs, that are fierce and of good bottom, are almost sure to be sacrificed if allowed to run at these 'old men' before they have acquired some experience with smaller ones. After having been once or twice wounded, they get pretty cunning, and very few dogs will attack a 'wool-man' when they are away from their keepers: their practice is to keep the enemy at bay, by running round and barking at him till some person comes up, when, either with large sticks or pistols, and the aid of the dogs, he is finally despatched, but not without some difficulty and caution.

"A full-sized 'wool-man' at bay always sits on his haunches, and when he rises to move forward, he stands four or four-and-a half feet high. In this manner he will, when pressed, meet a man, and hug and scratch him, if not to death, in such a way as he does not soon forget it. When hard pressed, and near to the water, the kangaroo always takes it: if it be deep water, and the dogs follow him, one or the other is almost sure to be drowned. If a single dog, the kangaroo is nearly certain to come off victorious, by taking his assailant in his fore arms, and holding him under the water till he is dead; but if he has two dogs opposed to him, he is not left at liberty to hold either his opponents long enough under to drown him, and he generally himself falls a sacrifice, after a long and hard struggle.

"Notwithstanding the courage and ferocity of the kangaroo when pressed, he is otherwise extremely timid and more easily domesticated than any wild animal with which I am acquainted. The former ones are frequently quite as swift as a hare, and I have sometimes seen them outstrip the fleetest dogs. The kind of dog used for coursing the kangaroo is generally a cross between the greyhound and the mastiff or sheep-dog; but in a climate like New South Wales they have, to use the common phrase, too much lumber about them. The true-bred greyhound is the most useful dog: he has more wind; he ascends the hills with more ease, and will run double the number of courses in a day. He has more bottom in running, and, if he has less ferocity when he comes up with an 'old man' so much the better, as he exposes himself the less, and lives to afford sport another day. The strongest and most courageous dog can seldom conquer a 'wool-man' alone, and not one in fifty will face him fairly; the dog who has the temerity is certain to be disabled, if not killed.

"The herd of kangaroos we had thus come upon was too numerous to allow of the dogs being let loose; but as the day's work was drawing to a close, I had given Maty Bill liberty to catch another kangaroo, if we should fall in with a single one. After moving up to the foot of the hill, about a quarter of a mile from the river, my sable companion eyed a 'corbon wool-man,' as he called it, quietly feeding at a distance on the slope of the hill. His eyes sparkled, he was all agitation, and he called out, 'Massa!

Massa! you tee! you tee! wool-man! wool-man! *corbon* wool-man!' and off he ran with his dogs till he was within a fair distance, when he slipped their collars. I was at this time on foot, and the whole of them therefore were soon out of my sight. They had turned round the bottom of the hill in the direction of the river, and as I was following them down I heard the dogs at bay, and the shrill cry of '*coo-oo-oo*' from my companion to direct me to the spot; and on turning the corner of the hill I met him running and calling as fast and as loud as he could in search of me. As soon as he saw me he stopped, and called out, 'Massa! Massa! make haste; dingo (dogs) been got him in ribber. Murry corbon wool-man, all te same like it bullock.' All this was said in a breath, and as I could not pretend to run with him, I desired him to go as fast as he could, and help the dogs till I should arrive. When I got up to the spot, he was in the middle of the river, with about two feet depth of water, while the kangaroo, sitting upright on its haunches, was keeping both him and the dogs at a respectful distance, and had laid bare the windpipe of one of the dogs. Bill's waddy was too short to reach him without coming to close quarters, and he knew better than to do that; at length he got behind him, and with one blow on the head he despatched him.

"No huntsman could have shown more ardour in pursuit, or more pleasure at the death of a fox, than did poor Maty Bill upon this occasion. The kangaroo, however, was so heavy — weighing above 150lbs.—that we could not lift him out of the water, and we were obliged to leave him till our party arrived on the opposite side. A fresh scene of pleasure ensued amongst the natives when they became acquainted with our good fortune. They were now all in the river, whence they drew the 'wool-man,' and placed him on the back of one of the horses. I wished to have left him, as we had already enough; but as they were eager beyond anything to take him, I indulged them.

"It appears that the natives have a great partiality for the flesh of the old and large kangaroos, just as we have for mutton or venison of a proper age. I never could discover any difference in flavour; but if they can partake of a 'wool-man,' they refuse any other; and when asked the reason, they replied to me, 'wool-man budgeree (good) patter. Black pellow like him always more botter.'"

The author's description of the native dogs of this remote country is too interesting, and too intimately connected with the foregoing, to be omitted. "These animals" (he tells us) "subsist in the woods almost entirely upon the kangaroos, and hunt them by scent as an English spaniel would a hare. They never bark in hunting, or, indeed, upon any other occasion; and if we may judge from their appearance, they either procure a very slender subsistence or are much subject to disease: I apprehend the latter to be the case. The natives are exceedingly attached to dogs of any kind: I never saw a tribe without some of them. In the neighbourhood of almost every settlement the breed accompanying the natives has become intermixed with the European dogs. The offspring partakes more of the nature of the foreigners in their barking and domestic habits, but less so in their shape and appearance. The native dog is drawn up in his flanks like

a greyhound or a small wolf, and bears a greater resemblance in shape to the latter animal than to any other that I am acquainted with. The natives frequently take the wild dogs when they are puppies and domesticate them: they become in this way as much attached as the common European dog, but they never possess the same open countenance and manner, being shy and sneaking; and instead of barking at a stranger, they will lower their tails, creep behind their masters, and look between his legs. Neither will they fight when attacked by other dogs, otherwise than by throwing themselves on the ground, and snapping at their opponents.

"When a wild dog starts from his lair in sight of the common kangaroo dogs, they will run at him, and over him, and give him a shake or two; but if it is intended to kill him, you must assist the kangaroo dogs, or he will be let off without much damage. There are dogs, no doubt, that would accomplish it, but I never met with one of them. The native dogs are of various colours—red, black, red and white, black and white, and fawn. They are great enemies to sheep, which they kill whenever they can—most frequently at night when in the fold. This is the only serious inconvenience the settlers experience from them: it is, however, an expensive one, because it obliges them to employ watchmen at the folds all night; and even then, in cold, wet weather, I have known the dogs enter the fold in spite of both of them. The sheep, upon such an occasion, make a general rush from the dogs; the hurdles are frequently thrown down, and the flock is dispersed. The dog then attacks them as a common dog would do, by biting them behind the ear and sucking the blood; but if he meets with only one, and is not disturbed, he devours the flesh also. These dogs have been known to attack very young and weak calves, and foals also, but this is not of very common occurrence. The inhabitants of Australia are fortunate in having no worse enemies of prey than the native dog: he is the largest animal of that nature which has hitherto been found to exist in that portion of the globe; and no instance has occurred that I know of" (says Mr. Dawson) "of his having attempted to make any attack upon a human being The natives consider them as perfectly harmless."

Mr. Dawson, in another part of his work, alludes to a singular description of animals called *flying foxes*. He says, "I was one afternoon returning home from a ride of above twenty miles, by a circuitous route, when I saw a great number of animals, called flying foxes, floating in the air, and at a distance resembling rooks; they were hovering about some high trees, as if disturbed by somebody or something below. It was the first time I had seen any of these curious creatures, and I could not get rid of the feeling that they were rooks, although I knew there were no rookeries in the colony. I galloped on, looking up at them, till I came quite unexpectedly upon a large tribe of natives, not less than one hundred of them. They were strangers from the upper districts of the Myalls, and were sitting round their fires roasting and eating the flying foxes which they had speared from the trees, in a jungle by the side of a creek. * * * I requested to look at a flying fox which one of them held in his hand. It was, in fact, a large kind of bat, with the nose resembling, in colour and shape,

that of a fox, and in scent it was exactly similar to it. The wing was that of a common English bat and as long as that of a crow, to which it was about equal in the length and circumference of its body. The natives appeared very fond of them, and I dare say" (adds our author) "they were as nutritious as any other food which the forest produced."

HUNTING,

OAKLEY HUNT.—BRILLIANT RUN WITH MR. BERKLEY'S HOUNDS.—These hounds met on Thursday, the 3rd inst., at the kennel, from whence they went over the water to find; but a considerable length of time had elapsed ere they were fortunate enough in unkenneling a fox, having drawn Carlton-hall Wood, Great Oaks, Blackwell Spinnies, Mr. Higgins's gorse covert, and Solomon's Thrift, all blank, which was somewhat surprising, the whole of them being favourite coverts. Ultimately, however, a fine old fellow was *rousted up* in a large wood called Hanger's; and, after making one or two turns round the quarter, he was viewed away at the top corner, as though he was going for Bronham Swan. However, he very soon doubled to the right, went nearly down to Kembston village, where he was headed, and back he turned to Hanger's. Here he did not stay three minutes, but broke gallantly at the top corner, and making a little bit of a circle away he went to Kempston Wood, where he stayed about seven or eight minutes; but finding himself not quite secure there, he unhesitatingly went away at the top side, and set his head in the direction for Wooton Wood; however, he very quickly doubled to the right, leaving Wooton-bone Wood on the left, and crossed the brook—a regular rum one; indeed, such a one as only two out of about fifty dare charge. The first who attempted it, and who got well over, was a gentleman farmer of the name of Knight, residing at Harold, on a very good short-legged sort of nag; the next was a Cambridge gentleman, on a very good varmint-looking bit (a little bit of a roarer); however, roarer or no roarer, at it he went, and in one moment he found himself safely landed in the next field; but, instead of being in the elevated situation in which he left the last, he discovered that his nag had made a trifling mistake, and set him down something in the position of a pig rooting for pig nuts, with his nose on the ground, and his long tail (very long coat) turned right over his back. But to proceed with the run. After crossing the brook on he went, leaving Attwood village on the left, and appeared to be making his point over the fine country, for Clifton Spinnies; but the wind blowing from that quarter, compelled him to double to the right, which he did, leaving Grubb's Wood to the right, and straight away for the New Wood, and the gorse covert, in the latter of which he waited about five minutes, this being the first check since crossing the brook. From the gorse covert he went in the direction for Pictshill; here he made a short turn to the right, and appeared to be going to Solomon's Thrift, but he doubled again to the left, and went away to Blackwell Spinnies, leaving Sterington village on the right; from thence he went directly down to the river below Pavingham village, and the water being considerably out it is supposed he attempted to cross it, and was drowned, as the hounds drew up

immediately, and could hit him no more. Thus ended as fine a day's sport as could possibly be witnessed, the distance being at least eighteen miles; every horse in the field being completely done up—indeed, there were not more than eight or nine who saw any part of the run, among whom were H. Higgins, Esq., on his best grey, Sinner, the huntsman, who was well up with his hounds the whole time. The others who participated in the run were farmers. Two horses died on the following day, and many others have not yet recovered. On the following Saturday these hounds had another splendid day, every horse being beaten.

On Wednesday se'nnight a serious accident befel J. Edwards Vaughan, Esq., M.P. for Wells, as he was hunting near Hamgreen, Buckinghamshire. While in the act of taking a leap the foot of his horse touched the top bar of the gate, which immediately flew open; the consequence was that the horse and rider came to the ground, and in the fall Mr. Vaughan fell uppermost, with the horse's head and chest upon his breast. He, however, remounted instantly, but in a few minutes fell forward from exhaustion, and was taken senseless, and nearly lifeless, to the first public-house, where every care and attention were paid him. We are happy to say he is now gradually recovering.

FLORIKEN—*Otis Campestris*—a name commonly given by the English inhabitants of the lower provinces of India to a small kind of bustard, which, except in being a little less in size, appears to me not materially to differ from the Otis tetrax of Linnæus, or what Leach calls Otis campestris; it is a beautiful speckled, greyish-coloured bird, with a straight, conical, compressed bill, legs with three toes, connected by a membrane at the base, and wings of moderate dimensions, being commonly about sixteen or eighteen inches in length. It has got its Tamool name *Warrogoo Khoree* from being frequently found in the Warrogoo fields (Paspalum frumentaceum), and has obtained a place here as being considered a great delicacy; when dressed for the table, at certain seasons (September), it is particularly prized by the Mahomeans. The common bustard, or rather a variety of it, *Otis Bengalensis*, is not unfrequently met with in the Mysore provinces, but it is extremely difficult to get near enough to kill it.

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BUSTARD SHOOTING, &c.

Mr. Editor,

It was with great delight, the day before yesterday, that I looked over the 13th Number of your O. S. M., and have equal pleasure in being able to pronounce it a most excellent one. Nimrod's interesting account of the mischief among the tigers, the sporting in Guzerat and Kattywar, the songs by S. Y. S. and others, together with the singular feat of the midnight boar-hunters, are alike productions of great merit, the perusal of which oftentimes causeth me much regret that so fine a country as this, for trigger, leash, spear, or rifle, should not furnish a much greater proportion of matter for your laudable publication than it hitherto has done.

However, since I am no Pongo, Mr. Editor, and if the following lines can be of any service to your correspondent S. E. R., he is welcome to them, as also to my good wishes for success the next time he tries his hand at bustard, the shy nature of which game is too well known to require any prolixity of words in describing it. A good steady tattoo, a Cumley, sewed similar to those worn by natives, to cover the head, body, and gun, and dark trowsers, are sufficient disguise; for the chance of crawling up a nullah or behind a bush should never be trusted to, nature having endowed the birds with an extraordinary share of cunning and eyesight, which prompt them to keep in such parts only of the plain, as no danger can approach without their seeing it. The plan, therefore, when a flock of bustard is in sight, is to ride slowly in the direction, and, supposing there was a footpath passing at a distance of 200 yards from them, having passsed them a sufficient distance to do away their suspicion of danger and to give them confidence, a turn is then gradually to be made, bearing down upon, and always keeping them on the near side of you; after two of these turns, each gradually closer, dismount, leave the tattoo to graze, and run in, taking a hasty shot at the nearest bird, which may sometimes be managed at forty or fifty yards, and oftentimes, before the flock are thoroughly on wing, a second shot may be thus taken. Slugs are decidedly best for this work. The head must be carefully concealed and turned away on nearing the flock, in order to

give the appearance of riding from it; in fact, every art must be practised that the sportsman can invent, and even should he be ever so skilful, he will often be outwitted by these ever watchful birds; practice and perseverance will, however, do wonders for him.

From the number of half grown birds of this kind which I saw stalking about the plain full a month ago, they must be the earliest breeders of the feathered tribe.

I have been thinking, Mr. Editor, by the account given by one of your subscribers (I think in No. 11), that we ought to have the best of snipe shooting at this moment, but as I have not seen one of these birds since the time he mentions for their first appearance, I am induced to conclude that after all he is only wrong in *one word* namely, *May* for *November*. And now that we are talking of the *boring* tribe, I hope you won't think it too great a *bore*, should I conclude with two vile puns, or rather conundrums, which a friend of mine made the other day. He asks,

"Why is a severe fall from horseback the most desired object of a hog-hunter?

"Because it's a great bore (boar)."

"Why are snipes like the Bombay hawkers?

"Because they are *bhorers* with long bills."

Thine faithfully,

J. G.

Bellary, August 17th, 1831.

AN ANSWER TO "WITNESS."

Mr. Editor,

In your Magazine for February last you have inserted a letter signed "*Witness*," regarding the Arab horse "*Signal*," and giving you as much credit for wishing to expose deceit and error as has been bestowed upon you by "*Witness*," I request you to publish this answer to his letter.

The horse "Signal" was sent to England without any particular character, excepting his performance at Madras, where he won all his races with considerable ease: and as it was not known that "*Signal*" would make his appearance as a public character in England, no character *for publication* was sent with him. He was sent to a friend as being one of the best of his day and of his size; remarkable also for his shape, his great beauty, and of a temper at once the most docile, gentle, and generous, and evidently of the highest blood.

"*Signal*" was named at Madras as "*late Antelope*." He was aged and measured by the gentlemen appointed for that purpose—five years in January, 1828; 13h. $0\frac{7}{8}$in. Antelope was beaten at Poonah for the first Maiden, as stated by "*Witness*," but he won the second maiden at Poonah, on the 8th December, 1826; your expositor has omitted to mention this in his letter, and possibly did not "Witness" that performance. It is not probable, however, that he was ignorant of it, and as he asserts that the horse was not able, from unsoundness in one of his feet, to start again that meeting at Poonah, the "Witness" must not expect to be absolved from a charge of either deceit or error of omission in this instance.

"*Champion*," and several of the best known horses in India, have

been beaten at first, and unhappily many also have been lamed.

Antelope may have been lame at Poonah, but his subsequent performances at Madras afford a "Signal" proof of his recovery; and he embarked for England, to use an old sporting term, "as sound as a roach." Referring once more to his age and height, it will no doubt surprise your readers, if it should not carry conviction with it to the "Witness," to learn that in the latest accounts received from England of this remarkable horse, it is stated that he had grown up to the measurement of 14h. 1½in. !! Up to what age it is possible for a horse to grow in height at the withers I am unable to determine, but it must be remembered that the height before quoted was the Madras racing measurement; "*Signal*" was particularly high *behind* when he ran at Madras, and that he has subsequently grown *before*, I have not the shadow of a doubt. I believe this fact has not been published in England, and certainly the omission of it cannot have been intended to mislead the public *there*. I have only to add, that with whatever motive "*Witness*" may have published his letters, there is so much of insinuation, ill-nature, and injustice in his method of depreciating a good horse, as to render this exposé just and necessary.

I remain, Mr. Editor,
Very obediently,
A SPORTSMAN.

Bangalore, 24th July, 1831.

ON MEASURING RACE-COURSES.

MR. EDITOR,

In No. 13 I expected to have seen an answer to your correspondent's (Bo Peep) query contained in No. 12, with regard to the proper mode of measuring a race-course, but I am sorry to find that not one of your numerous correspondents has deigned to give it an answer; however, as I think it requires one, I will give him my opinion, such as it is. In the first place I will ask one question. Where does the horse run? on what part of the course?—as near the inside as possible; very good, as *near* as *possible*, but not *on* the inner rim or mark. Now, a horse running as near the inside as he can will be about one yard from the inner rim or mark of the race-course; consequently, in my humble opinion, one yard from the inner edge is the proper place to measure a race-course. Thus much for Bo Peep, and I only wish he had a better respondent.

I am sorry to inform you that the Mosstrooper's chestnut colt, "Rob the Ranter," by the "Giant" out of "Lauretta," died of inflammation in the bowels last month; he was a good honest colt, and must be a great loss to the Mosstrooper. He had very little training last year, when he ran against "Emerald" at Meerut; however, he managed to win the second and third heats, and in my opinion it would not have been brought to three heats had the boy obeyed his instructions in the first heat, which were to go off at score; a third heat over the Meerut course (which is 1½ mile, and 61 yards, very heavy, and the last half mile up hill) in 3m. 11s.; for a three-year-old not bad going, I think, Mr. Editor? "Rob" was beaten by "Remembrancer" in 3m. 12s., the third day of the meeting, but the

fact is, the boy could not ride him. "Rob" won the maiden country-bred Purse at Kurnaul, in a common canter, although he was amiss at the time.

Perhaps some of your sporting correspondents can inform me whether it is at all a common thing for a goat or a cow to give milk for five years in succession, without being in heat; or for a mare to go 14 months with foal. I have now in my possession a goat which I purchased in the month of April, 1827; she was giving milk when I bought her, and has done ever since. I have likewise an Arab mare that was covered on the 26th Feb., and on the 2nd and 4th of March, 1830; this mare dropped a colt foal on the 4th May, 1831. S. Y. S. or O. K. will, I hope, answer this and give me their opinion. I was disappointed at not finding anything from O. K. in the last number. I am sure any communications, however short, from S. Y. S. or O. K. will always be most acceptable to your readers. If either of them could find time to write a few lines and remarks on training, it would be very useful to griffs and young aspirants to turf fame, especially to your humble servant. I have the pleasure to enclose you a prospectus of our races for next year, when a good meeting is expected.

Yours, Mr. Editor,

FAIR PLAY.

Kurnaul, Sept. 6th, 1831.

AHMEDABAD RACES.

SIR,

I perceive in your last number "Observator," like "Nimrod," usurping a name great in the annals of English sporting. As this Eastern Observator, however, gives us a very indifferent spread regarding the Ahmedabad Races, I think a few remarks may be hazarded on his paper, especially as it is unaccompanied by any official account of the running there. Observator might have been a little more communicative if he was really, as he insinuates, in the secrets of the Poonah stable. In my humble opinion, the winner of the Ladies' Purse scarcely received fair treatment at his hands, as Lunatic, a new comer, and a Deesa horse, certainly showed himself a good nag by his beating Goblin Grey (not the worst part of his performances); besides, when it is known that Captain H. recommended his friends and backed Goblin himself, upon a trial of 1m. 56s. or under, it is scarcely fair in Observator asserting that he was not in order; and moreover, if it be recollected that he was beaten in better time than has ever been booked (for the distance) on this side of India, unfair to his opponents. Minstrel likewise comes under the lash of Observator; nevertheless Observator saw him lead the Goblin for the first half mile under 56 seconds, and win the heat easy in 1m. 57s. or 58s., certainly cutting the work well out for Lunatic. Minstrel also ran well up for the Ahmedabad Plate, one and a half mile and a distance, in 3m. 22s. the second heat; so that I rather think, if Observator is the gentleman I take him for, he would find it difficult to play first fiddle to the "Minstrel Boy," with any horse in his stable. I strongly suspect that Turf and Observator are one and the same, and I cannot compliment either on the success of their imitations. What does Turf mean by a "*good place under the Mala-*

gaum?" as also "*loose sand*" being "*too hard for running over?*" His Deesa erection, or stand, I should judge from his description, is ugly enough to frighten the ladies as well as horses!

I cannot lay my pen down without thanking "Witness," who has conferred a great benefit upon the whole sporting community by his exposé of the account published in the English Sporting Magazine of the Arab Signal, formerly Antelope. I trust, for the honour of the turf, some explanation of this cloudy affair will be given by those so deeply interested in the business; and I hope it will be most satisfactory, for I am too much attached to the turf to see with indifference any accusation tending to stain that which has hitherto been spotless.

D.'s account of the fight between the Bear and the Major is amusing enough; allow me to suggest, for the next turn up, that the bear be staked, and the Major slipped at him; the time to be publicly advertised. I will venture to back the bear at odds, in spite of the Major's hard hitting and cross buttocks.

Yours,
SCRUTATOR.

Guzerat, July, 1831.

P.S.—Why do not the Bombay turfites, who are so fond of chaffing their horses, and questioning the booked time of other courses, make a match or two with the Guzerat stables, to be run on the Ahmedabad course? They have been favoured once or twice on their own, and it is but fair to quit their own dunghill for once; but I fear "that cock won't crow."

TIGER HUNTING.

MR. EDITOR,

Having drank a little too much tea last night, and being unable to sleep, I took your last number to bed with me, and was very much amused with Nimrod in the East's account of his last tiger-hunting expedition; but as he seems to think that 25 tigers and 4 bears, in 22 days, with four elephants in the field, is unparalleled sport on this side of India, I beg to mention the sport of a friend of mine, who killed in Khandeish in the end of August and beginning of September (the worst months in the year), with only one elephant (Meudee Guj) and three barrels flint, thirteen royal tigers in 13 days, and shortly afterwards, within five miles of Dhoolia, four tigers in one day. I think this "out-Nimrods Nimrod."

I am sorry to hear of poor Cundoo's death, who was, by all accounts, an excellent shikaree, and second only to Luchman, a Bheel Naique, I believe, of Dhoolia, who I have heard my friend say was unrivalled as a sportsman; and that he never had met his equal for courage or tracking; mentioning, as an instance of the latter, his having tracked the famous Oomrana Soundana tigress for a whole day, over hard and dry ground, in a most astonishing manner. I believe two gentlemen who were present at the hunt, and one of them at the death, are now in Khandeish, and can vouch for his great skill on that as well as on various other occasions. On one of these, whilst pursuing a tigress, being desired to get off the elephant to pick up a gun which a young hand had dropped in the charge, he

objected, saying the tigress was close at hand, but being pressed by the youngster (it being his only weapon), he dismounted, and was in the act of lifting it from the ground, when the tigress charged him. He ran towards the elephant, but finding the tigress too speedy for him, although a two-ounce ball was lodged in her side as she advanced, he turned, and as she sprung on him, threw himself down on his back, by which he avoided her; she, however, bit him dreadfully, broke his right arm in two places, and then left him. Old Luchman, after lying for a few minutes, much to my friend's astonishment and delight, rose up, and gathering up his puggaree with his left hand, said very coolly, "I told you she was there." How true it is, Mr. Editor, that there is but one step between the sublime and the ridiculous; here, in Bombay, I feel quite excited by a rat hunt, and Nimrod talks of tiger-hunting being "tame work at times." I am sure our last tiger hunt at the Presidency kept us on the qui vive for a year at least, yea, even those who did not see it.

I remain, Mr. Editor,
Yours obediently,
A PONGO AT THE PRESIDENCY.

October 12*th*, 1831.

ON THE TREATMENT OF HORSES.

SIR,

Nothing afforded me more delight than the perusal of your two last numbers; you may certainly say, with all your heart and soul, the O. S. M. is *training on.* Allow me to add my mite, for it has opened a very pleasing channel of communication, long wanted; and if every well-wisher for its success will go hand in hand, record freely his opinion and practice on particular diseases incident to horses, we may venture to predict that a marked improvement in their treatment will rapidly take place. It is only from experiment and fact that a correct opinion can be drawn, either as to the nature or cause of disease. In Mr. O. Keefe and Philo Vet we have two excellent precedents. The cordial thanks of the Sporting community are due to these gentlemen for bringing on the "tapis" so interesting a subject, and I trust they will, with redoubled zeal, again appear in your pages, and that you, Mr. Editor, will endeavour to promote a free, candid, and friendly discussion; such will advance a spirit of inquiry from many intelligent men, whose opportunities of knowing diseases are by no means circumscribed *from them. From Cavalry* Officers we hope to gain something; and that they may be seconded in their laudable exertions by those of the veterinary profession, will be my anxious wish, as observations drawn from practical research are entitled to more than ordinary attention and confidence. How revolting it is to a feeling mind, when we reflect on the pain inflicted on that noble and generous animal (the horse) from an ignorance of the seat and nature of his disorder. Many, many of your readers must be aware of the cruelty practised on these faithful creatures; they have been frequently fired, blistered, and rowelled in the shoulder, when, in fact, the lameness existed in the foot. A similar treatment has been adopted to the hip and stifle joints when an incipient spavin has been the only cause of

lameness. A horse belonging to a friend of mine became lame; an ignoramus blistered both fore legs with a blister in which a powerful caustic had been introduced; the severity of the application was so great that the *skin actually sloughed, leaving nothing but bare sinews* and BONE!! A professional gentleman was called in, and of course his death warrant was signed. The owner on hearing his fate was much affected. He was totally ignorant of medicine, and had left it to a farrier. This horse was a favourite charger, and a magnificent creature; he was in truth like one described in Scripture: "He paweth in the valley and rejoiceth in his strength. He goeth on to meet the armed men. He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted, neither turneth he back from the sword." Now, let me impress on the mind the necessity of THINKING a good deal, before any blacksmith or native farrier is allowed to enter the stable door; did I possess a thousand horses, three things only would I allow these self-conceited gentlemen to do.

1st. To pare the foot *under proper directions.*

2ndly. Nail on a shoe.

3rdly. Administer a glyster.

When all this had been properly done, I would say, "*Here, my man, take this* (five or six rupees as the case may be). *When I want you again,* I will send word." If such had been the general custom, the life of many a valuable horse would have been saved. A celebrated writer has feelingly depicted his sufferings in the following words:—

"Miserable animal! bereft of speech, thou canst not complain, when to the disease to which thou art afflicted excruciating torments are superadded by the ignorant efforts of such men, who at first sight, and without any investigation to lead them to the source of thy disorder, pronounce a hackneyed common-placed opinion on thy case; and then proceed with all expedition to open thy veins, lacerate thy flesh, cauterize thy sinews, and drench thy stomach with drugs, *adverse in general to the cure they engaged to perform.*"

I cannot refrain making a few remarks on Hubbeeb Ul Hissan's letters, as his practice may lead the inexperienced into lamentable errors. The Joomalgota or Croton Tiglium is a dangerous medicine to play with, and more particularly before *the essential oil has been expressed from the seed.* It was a favourite medicine some few years since in England, and, I believe, had an extensive trial at the Royal Veterinary College, but subsequent experience has given way to the use of aloes. A friend of mine gave twenty drops of the oil to an ass; it produced excessive griping. He followed it up with ten drops more, and death ensued. The farina of the seed (after the oil had been expressed) has had likewise a fair trial, in doses of ten to forty grains. A purgative effect is generally produced; but in benefit this medicine does not surpass aloes when judiciously prepared and given. I always use the very best Barbadoes. A few rupees well laid out in procuring good medicine will be found a considerable saving in the end.

A friend gave an Arab six years old, 14h. 2in., in high condition, a dose of aloes (eight drachms), and produced no effect; another and another were given, still no purgation; I happened to be paying him a visit, one morning, when he complained of the difficulty. "Well," I observed, "it is rather odd, but your aloes are not

genuine." "Oh yes, they are," he exclaimed. "MY SALUTREE GOT THEM FROM THE BAZAAR." He showed me a part of them. It was wretched trash. I now desired him to give the horse nothing but sloppy bran mashes for three days, and then, walking over to his stable, I showed him a five drachm dose. It was given, but he at the time was extremely incredulous as to the result; however, the following morning the effect of good medicine was easily observed. Now, had this horse *been really ill*, and an early evacuation of the bowels necessary, what a source of annoyance and disappointment would have accrued by giving doubtful medicine, saying nothing of the dangerous consequences. We hear the "Schoolmaster" is abroad. I hope he will take a peep into H. U. H.'s stable, for I will venture to assert he will not find so huge an instrument as a balling-iron, with Robson, Chiffney, or Dilly; the sooner it is exploded for delicate feeders the better. Giving balls by the hand is the safest and quickest mode. I have seen them administered with almost "magic art." H. U. H., speaking of Burzauttee, thinks animalcula a cause of this disgusting disease. May not these little animals be the produce of the ova deposited by flies?

Can any of your correspondents inform me if Burzauttee is hereditary? A little history of its pathology would be highly interesting.

Trusting you will allow my maiden lucubration a place in your interesting periodical,

I remain,

Yours very faithfully,

NO QUACK.

Cawnpore.

MEERUT RACES.

SIR,

Your correspondent "Fair Play" has indeed the "cacoëthes scribendi" upon him, but had he written less, and that little correct, it would have been more acceptable to the sporting community. Nothing deserves to be more deprecated than giving to the public incorrect timing of races.

"Hæ nugæ seria ducent
In mala desisum."

Should it, however, be the fault of your "*devils*," pray acknowledge the error, and make my best apology to "*Fair Play*," who I rather suspect is somewhat connected with the celebrated horse Marmion; he is too lavish of his praises, and indeed, judging from his account, people would almost believe him to be "a regular clipper."

At Meerut, 1831, R. C., 1½ miles 61 yards, Marmion won the Give and Take, carrying 8st. 10lbs. (Mr. Chiffney), in 3m. 13s. and 3m. 16s., and not 3m. 9s. and 3m. 8½s.

The running for the Civilians' Gold Cup was won by G. A. H. Bustard in 4m. 12s.; second heat, 4m.; 10s. and third heat 4m. 9s.

In the Match 50 G. M., 10st., R. C., King Cole beat G. A. Cossack in 3m. 11s.

Purse 25 G. M., R. C., 11st., G. A. P. Baron won it in 3m. 17s. and 3m. 14s.

Purse of 50 G. M. (handicapped), won by B. A. H. Stanley in 3m. 11s. and 3m. 10s.

So far, Mr. Editor, I am correct, but "*not* 100 *miles from Kurnaul*" we again see Fair Play with his "*feathered Herald*." I cannot refrain asking one simple

question of Marmion; had he met with an accident (*which he asserts was the case*), why did he continue to run throughout the meeting against all the bad ones? (*he facetiously endeavours to make them appear so*), but *inferior* as they were, was it not natural to expect they would have shown the *white feather* before Marmion did, who was dead beat, in the two-mile race, half a mile from home *in both heats*.

"Quis talia fando
Temperet a lacrymis."

If really amiss, humanity I am sure would have prompted his owner to withdraw him from the contest.

"A regular clipper" can only be known by his public running. How far Marmion can lay claim to so *honourable* a title I am at a loss to conjecture. We shall know a little more when the great match of 5000 rupees against Lancer is decided. He is also matched for 50 G. M., P. P., against G. A. H. Sampson, giving him nearly a stone. May good luck attend the juvenile Turfites of Kurnaul, for I can with truth assure your readers that better fellows over a bottle of claret are seldom to be met with.

With every good wish for the support of your Magazine,

I remain,

Yours faithfully,

A Bit of Caustic,

Not 1000 miles from Benares.

July 31st, 1831.

To the Editor of the Oriental Sporting Magazine.

Sir,

Will you allow me to ask what is the meaning of the following paragraph in Nimrod's letter in your last No.:—

"On the 11th we killed dead, in a charge, before a shot had been fired, a tiger whose gallant attack, &c., &c.

Now, what is the meaning of "killing dead in a charge before a shot is fired"? I confess it puzzles me to know how the gallant tiger was killed. Perhaps Nimrod, who by this time is quite accustomed to "explaining," will be good enough to tell us.

Yours truly,

R. R.

PRACTICE OF NALBUNDS.

Mr. Editor,

It is really lamentable to observe the daily acts of cruelty imposed on the most useful and noble of animals, and which, whether unintentionally or otherwise, occur, in my opinion, frequently for want of the master's eye.

Anxious, therefore, though incompetent as I may be, to enter on all the various ramifications of the abuses to which horses are liable, together with their several remedies, yet I must always consider it the bounden duty of every humane person at least now and then to lend an eye to the distresses of his noble companion in the toils of war and of sport.

In noticing one of the peculiar faults in the shoeing of horses which our native faculty (yclept nalbunds) appear to inherit, it is only necessary to call the atten-

tion of a man of common sense to the form of horse-shoes made by these sons of Vulcan (who, I affirm, are for the most part unworthy of the honourable cognomen, save as regards the colour of their phiz), in the fitting of which it will be found that instead of lying flat on the foot, so as to bear equally on all parts, it is on the contrary so constructed as to press only on the fore part and heel, thereby leaving an open space between the crust and centre part of the shoe. If this fault be pointed out to a nalbund, ignorant of his profession as many of them are, though I do not say all are so,* he replies, "Wait till it is nailed on," which is accordingly done with a vengeance. What then is the consequence? why, the shoe is thus drawn close by the most extreme pressure to the heel, which is forcibly compelled to give way to the unyielding metal. Who is there, wearing a tight boot, perhaps for the first time of putting it on, that does not curse it for an infernal bore, and seize the earliest opportunity of kicking it off? But not so with the horse; he, unable to complain, is obliged to submit not only to the pain, but eventually to a diseased and ruined foot. The membranous fibres of the heel are thus, by the pressure, unable to perform their proper functions; are thrown out of action, and refuse to support the strength of that part of the foot. The horny hoof naturally contracts towards the frog, which has already been weakened, and thus gradually, from dirt, &c., rots into thrush, and finally to canker, which in due course of time, if still neglected, eats to the coffin bone, and ruins the animal for work ever afterwards.

The method of applying a hot shoe* to the hoof in shoeing is, I think, a plan admirably calculated for our nalbunds, provided the heat be not too great, as it shows when the shoe bears equally on all parts of the foot, which I again say is not only a thing of great importance to the ease and comfort of a hunter or roadster, but likewise a thing comparatively neglected both by travellers and sportsmen in this country, and thus it is that so many horses, instead of their natural pace, are constrained to go like cats upon hot irons.

It is by no means difficult to cure the feet of horses that have been thus neglected, provided they be not predisposed to contraction, by the following simple method:—Let the horse stand for a few days, occasionally during each day, in wet grass in order to soften the hoofs, or the natives will not take the trouble of paring them down sufficiently to get at the frog, should any part of it be diseased; in which case apply tar ointment, or, if bad, sprinkle into the part a little precipitate mercury every morning, which will dry it up in a week. When the foot is pared down sufficiently, put on a shoe which shall bear on the fore part of the foot only, but made long enough to protect the heel, and

* It would be unfair not to allow this indispensable race of people some share of praise. Many of them prove themselves most worthy of it, not only by their willingness to improve in the art of shoeing, but also by their aptness in taking a lesson.

* This method, I am aware, though not recognized in England as orthodox, being supposed to produce corns, is nevertheless an excellent plan in this country, for the reasons above mentioned, and can be of no sort of injury to the animal if the iron be not too hot.

quite independent of it from the last nail to the end of the shoe; so much so that a prieker may be passed between them at that part. Give the animal moderate exercise, and in a short time reaction will take place in the membranes, and the foot begin to resume its original healthy appearance.

Yours,
Mr. Editor,
A SUBSCRIBER.

August 18*th*, 1831.

JOHN DOCKERY AGAIN.

SIR,

The accompanying M.S. was accidentally discovered in the tavern at Khandalla, and is supposed to have escaped from John's breeches pocket while he was yet under the influence of the powerful narcotic administered by Nimrod in the East. I presume I cannot do better than forward it to you, for whom, if not for the Editor of the E. S. M., it was evidently designed.

Yours obediently,
PAUL PRY.

Marcy on us Muster Editur what a surproizeful site we're all missing of in old England. Dear 'art I'm sartin sure as I had never no noshun as I should have lived for to have 'eerd of such rum goins on. Theres Muster Doolittles black Vack-tote'em, or as fokes calls un, kim-over-us-there, whats always axing on me all kinds of questhiuns about our Tadcaster brede of 'orses and Cowes, and bredes a largish sight of them there his self, commed oop to me this vorenoon a laffin and snigglin like fun, having orders from measter to rede out a story as he had lited upon in your book of a 'orse as was aged as a colt in Oktobur 1825 at Bumbay in Hinjee, bein sent 'ome at the end of 1828 to Muster Tattersal, or some such deelur, and low and be old, when un gets there all the noblity and gentle fokes goes for to pernounce him a fresh foive; and moreover of that his howner is reddy to sware on the 'oly Bible he's grode an inch and a 'alf. Lord save us for to think as we should be livin in forin parts for to 'ear the loike of this. I'm dommed if Muster Tattersal ant turning a purty penny by showing of him, for who'd begruj a golden sovereign and more if he 'ad it, joost to behold so strangeful and unkimmond a soite. When Ramthunder (for that's his name) red the account, I furst stooffed my tung in my cheek, and told un not to think for to go for to hoombug and play off no tricks upon Travelurs; but he only laffed and said as 'twas put in the book by he as was howner of this here roomboostikle 'orse, and the 'orses name was Sick-and-ill, and arterwards he was transmoggrifyd into antirope, with no other meaning only to chizzle them as ad know'd him afore, which they seems to have done purty cutely, so arter all tis as troo as that plumbs grows on treaze, and when Ram-thunder had gone to look arter his own consarns and measters, I took and red it over to myself. All them noblemen as seed Sick-and-ill is a sending their mares to him to kiver, and no wonderment neither, for if he could grow an inch and a 'alf arter he wur foive year old (to say nothink of seven off), his colts and fillys will be unaccountable big creeturs afore the've done, because in course he's a nashun dele

more biggerer now nor what he was when the letter was rote. So they're all backing of his get to win the Darby and Okes, and I'm sartin sure they'll ave a purty good chance of the last, as ould feyther used to tell us younkers it was a 'undred years afore no oke commed to its bigness, and this here tremenjious 'orse ant done a sprowting at seven.

From all as I can learn from what the gentleman as rites has kermunicated about the 'orse he must have been plagued quear about the feet tho' afore he left Hinjee for to surproize the fokes at 'ome. The gentleman seems to be a leetle croosty about summut, and to be sure he has some reeson, as 'twas a trifle too peart and ungenteel of him as rote afore about this wonderful creetur, for to treduce any gentlemans names, and especiously he never had no call for to go for to say as they hadn't beeu doing the 'andsome, without as he says consoolting of their wishes. For I'll wenture to say they never had no wish as anythink should have been said about this bizness; in pertikler in this place where they be purty well know'd to Measter, and mostly all them as keeps running 'orses. In England and Yorkshire to be sure what people does is a different matter entirely from these Hinjees, for as sure as my names Dockery they never consoolts the wishes of no gentleman as lewants on the settlin day after the Ledjer, about putting his name in the noosepapers, nor does they make no apology arterwards; and not to menshun that which is as troo as yellor yokes is in eggs, theres measter his self show'd me in one of the peapers as his Brother sends him regler from Lunnun, that they was all got together by the ears, abusin and a ill usin of Muster Peal, and Lord Gray, and Lord knows who all besides about what they calls reform; and if the rights were knowd, them as jaws never offer'd for to consoolt there un any how. Lord Muster Editur, I'd joost loike for to see some reform in these ot forin parts, for dom my yellor breeches, if the ete ant enuff to suffercate any mortle man as brethes, and the more I gets accustomed to these blazing sunshiny days and to roosty overwhelmin nites, with bats and beetles and stinking boogs a buzzin and skreemin and hooming, and fritter mices flopping to and fro, the more I 'ates it. Rat me, but I'd like to see that tremenjious 'orse Sick-and-ill, and will too if I lives long enuff.

I am your humble servant
to Comand,
JOHN DOCKERY.

LETTER FROM DICK TINTO.

SIR,

Descended, as my name may lead you to infer, from that celebrated knight of the brush (not of the *broom*) to whom the wonder of the age is indebted for one of his brightest ideas,* and inheriting in a slight degree the taste, if not the talent, of my great progenitor. I take the earliest opportunity of acquainting you of the pleasure and satisfaction with which I observe your resolution to exclude from the O. S. M. sketches which, however excellent they may *originally* have been, are ren-

* The Bride of Lammermoor.

dered so wretched by passing through the hands of our Bombay lithographers.

The "Bombay Badger" is already a standing joke throughout the sister Presidencies, and one evening, towards dusk, I actually caught two subscribers contending loudly whether it was intended to represent an *alligator* or an *ancient plough*, while a third, to whom (as in the case of the Chamelion) it was referred, after such minute investigation as the twilight afforded, in a decided tone pronounced it a *turtle* in a *snow storm*, bearing on his back a considerable portion of the frozen element. At length a light was produced, when lo, to the no small astonishment of the contending parties, it proved to be—A BADGER ! ! !

The only drawing of an Eastern origin that has appeared in the English Sporting Magazine is one executed in a manner truly worthy of the subject. It represents Shikaree engaged in that most interesting of all sports, "*Peafowl shooting.*" He is clothed in a suit of unsullied white, having his pate protected from the dreaded rays, by something resembling the Mambrine helmet of Don Quixote; and his feet from the thorns, by a pair of well-polished Hobies. This personage bears in his hand a gun of a most antique construction; * and, confident of its powers and his own, the sportsmanlike indifference with which he views the *rare game* he has put up is quite inimitable. Is it from such a standard as this, Mr. Editor, that our too credulous friends in Old England are to judge of the appearance and pursuits of their brother sportsmen in the East? The spirit of my illustrious ancestor arises in my bosom and revolts at the idea!

Having hinted at the evil, permit me, like the good physician, to touch upon the remedy.

Let such sketches as possess merit be selected and sent home to be engraved; the expense would be trifling (as in England artists of the middling class abound), and they would come out in time to be bound up with the different numbers to which they might belong.* Your supply of *subjects* (to use an expression peculiar to the faculty) would, I am confident, be ample; there are many draughtsmen of a very superior order (I don't mean the author of the badger or myself), who, though at present deterred from sending you designs through the fear of their not being done justice to, would, I have no doubt, willingly come forward were that obstacle removed.

It would be unnecessary to dilate on the rich mine which India presents to the lover of the crayon; most of your readers can remember scenes which they would give much to see rendered permanent through the medium of the graver, both as regards the sublime and ludicrous. The powers of description are indeed

* The gun in question is on what I believe is called by antiquaries the flint and steel principle, and, from their descriptions, well adapted to such cool shots as I have no doubt Shikaree must be, seeing that you may pull the trigger, take a pinch of the weed, and have time to correct your aim before the various parts of the lock have done manœuvring; it has also the *advantage* of frequently killing to the right and left as well as in the front, through small apertures in the barrels, called touch holes. See 'Antiquarian Researches, A.D. 1800."

* We have often thought of our friend Dick Tinto's plan, but the delays attending it would be so great, that we have been reluctantly obliged to abandon it.—ED.

great, and more fascinating wielders of the quill than S. Y. S. and NIMROD it were in vain to desire, but in the true spirit of the founder of our House I must uphold that scenes may be embodied in a few touches, which it would baffle volumes to describe.

Relying on your consideration of a proposition which has the improvement of your valuable work as its object, and confident of the concurrence of your sporting readers,

I remain,

Yours obediently,

DICK TINTO THE YOUNGER.

Hill of Science, Kandeish,
16*th August*, 1831.

TIGER HUNTING IN DHARWAR.

SIR,

Literary pilferings are such venial sins, that I have few scruples in stealing a few pages of a friend's journal for the next Number of your very interesting Magazine.

Yours,

LAWRIE TODD.

Dharwar, 29*th July*, 1831.

Dharwar, June 10th.

Word brought in of a tiger well surrounded, not more than four miles from Camp. Old Arrak, as I have christened our fat friend the elephant, was under way in a few minutes, rolling like a deeply laden West Indiaman in a long swell. Three double-barrels and two rifles in the howdah, with ammunition enough to bombard Algiers.

When we arrived at the ground, a glance told us all was right. The nullah in which the tiger lay was not three feet deep—there was little jungle, and every tree and rising ground for miles was crowded by shikarees, to mark him down if he escaped the first volley.

The first rattle of the innumerable tom-toms in the hands of the beaters, bolted him, and away he bounded towards the hills at a long gallop. We who were on the elephant, naturally expecting that he would not face the open country while he could find shelter in the nullah, had posted ourselves at the top, while beaters had gone down the hill to drive him towards us. Contrary to our calculations, he broke away near the bottom. One ball from the howdah rung sharply among rocks as he topped the hill and disappeared, but being at least 150 yards off, and the elephant rather unsteady, it is very improbable that he was touched. The natives, however, persisted that he was hit, and from what happened afterwards, it might be so.

We followed at the best pace old Arrak could muster, and on reaching the height saw the tiger slowly stealing down the opposite side.

At this moment we were about 200 yards from him, and were watching for the moment when he would pull up; he suddenly turned from his course, and to our horror we saw him dashing with most terrific bounds at a peon who was in a field at some distance.

The man seemed stupefied, and made no effort to escape till it was too late. The tiger was upon him with the speed of lightning. He was seen rearing over him for an instant—a roar—a cloud of dust—and it was over.

The poor mangled wretch was carried off in a dying state: his

lower jaw fractured and hanging with large clots of blood, and the lacerated muscles of the throat down on his breast; his cheek-bones were crushed to powder, and nothing of a human face remained but the forehead and glaring eyeballs, which rolled about in agony.

In the mean time the tiger had skulked into a thick bush close to the spot where he had taken his bloody revenge.

The elephant was brought up within ten yards. A crash through the branches and a stifled roar told us he was coming, and we were ready for him. He charged close to us, and three balls sent him back growling to his lair; every successful shot brought him out again grinning with rage, and lashing his sides with his tail, till another crippling shot sent him staggering back. This lasted for about ten minutes, when, in a fruitless attempt to burst through the bush, he rolled over and growled out his last breath.

I suspect few tigers ever showed better sport, and were it not for the melancholy accident, a more brilliant day could not be desired.

On examining him he was found to have received eight balls, all in mortal places, except one, which struck him on the hip, proof, if such were wanting, of the folly of shooting tigers on foot.

The poor fellow who was struck lingered till next morning, when he died, without suffering much pain.

HOG HUNTING.

Mr. Editor,

I have the pleasure of sending you an account of two hog-hunting trips which I have been lately engaged in. The former was exclusively a Poonah affair, and, in my opinion, a very brilliant one. The latter, bearing the name of the Nuggur Hunt Meeting, although as pleasant as it could possibly be, was not the crack thing it might have been—at least in my opinion. But now for the former. Five of us left Poonah on the 15th July, with every prospect of having an unpleasant excursion, for rain was daily expected to fall in torrents, the clouds wore a threatening aspect, and our friends unanimously advised us not to go, but off we went; and although an accident that happened to one of our horses, at the end of the first stage (his eye was put out by the horn of a buffalo), was looked upon as a sinister omen, our boldness was amply rewarded by the finest weather that ever was met with. On the 17th we arrived at the village of Khooshwarree, about 70 miles from Poonah, and commenced beating the hills at that place, without loss of time. A fine boar was immediately found among the stones at the bottom, and on being pursued, ran up to the top, where he gave us a clipping run for about a mile over terrible ground, but on finding one of the riders unpleasantly close to him, he descended, was driven up again, and crossing over the hills, like a good one as he was, went fairly out into the plain, where he was killed. A sounder and another large boar were seen during the day, but the steepness and difficulty of the hills prevented us doing anything more than seeing them.

18th. Beating along the same hills, two more boars were found, one of which was killed by a

single rider, who saw him coming up to the hills from the plain, where he had most probably been feeding, for he had no running in him. On approaching the village of Bangaum, another boar was found, and here, the ground being better, bad as it was, he gave us a splendid run, but the severity of it put one of the horses "hors de combat" for some days. No sooner had we settled this fellow, than we were off on fresh horses after a sounder. The ground still improving, seven more hog were numbered with the dead; two of the runs were contested, but the hog were almost all very small.

19th. We were called out of bed before daylight, to go and kill a thumping boar that had remained, after his night's carouse, in a grain field close to our tents; we were at the cover's side in a twinkling, and as soon as Aurora was descried in the east, sprinkling the earth with early light, the beaters gave a shout, and out rushed the boar in the middle of us. He was speared before he had crossed the field, and killed at the end of the second in about 1m. 4s. In the course of the day two more "solitaires" were marked down among the stones at the bottom of the hills, and were both killed after flicking runs.

20th. We hunted at Gogurgaum, and found one good sounder of 12 hogs; their descent from the hills through the low jungle into the plain, now crossing, one after another, a deep nullah, now waiting to listen, and at last dashing off at full speed as they heard the riders behind them, was splendid. Eight were killed—I believe all singly: but the horses were terribly cut about the legs from the stones.

21st. We arrived at the far-famed jungle of Hunmuntgaum, and beating down towards the wall, the hog came tumbling out by dozens. After giving them a good deal of law, we let out and killed eight, but not without considerable trouble, for they would keep to the nullah, which every one who has seen the place knows to be difficult riding.

22nd. Early this morning Velocipede, as noble a hunter as ever carried a sportsman up to a hog, and who had greatly distinguished himself in one or two trying runs during the party, died of inflammation, to the inexpressible grief of his unlucky master; he was, however, interred with all due honours, for three splendid boars, a fine sow, and a squeaker were sacrificed to him before the spear was laid aside. The first boar (a noble fellow turned out of the Hunmuntgaum jungle) came to the charge without a turn, and ripped a circular piece out of a gentleman's gaiter with the greatest neatness; the two others were turned out of the Seral jungle, one after the other, and afforded each very pretty and well contested runs. The sow was killed singly, and the squeaker, with the whole field after it, gave more trouble than any squeaker I have ever seen. Here our sport ended, and I think every one will allow that it could not well have been better, not to mention that thirty-four hog in six days is good hunting: the same number of solitary boars and contested runs, which constitute the *real thing*, has been, I think, seldom met with. And now let me proceed to the Nuggur Hunt Meeting. It was at first thought that the party would consist of about 15 or 16 sportsmen, among whom three in particular, of known kidney, and *tiptop sawyers* across a country, were reckoned upon, and the young hands were all up in their stirrups at the idea of riding

against these *old covies* — in short, *taking a lesson from them;* but when the rest of the gentlemen (among whom was Nimrod himself) arrived at the appointed rendezvous of Hunmuntgaum, the old ones wrote a letter something about "too old fogies and qualifying horses." "O tempora, O mores!!" and went hunting by themselves. Eleven sportsmen, however, were mustered on the 7th of August, and beating the Hunmuntgaum jungle once down, five hog broke cover, and were all killed; three others also were driven out separately in the course of the day, and dispatched.

8th. Two hog only, a fine boar and a sow, could be got out of the jungle; they took the same country as yesterday, viz. over the stony tickrees opposite the wall, and were killed after tolerable runs. A batch of squeakers was afterwards found in the direction of Merritchgaum, and three of them were killed, giving all the trouble among the bushes that squeakers generally do.

9th. Beat the hills near Rowndah, and found a sounder of two well grown hog and pigs, of which ten were killed; shortly afterwards another sounder of a largish boar, and a lot of very fine sows and pigs, got up under our feet, of which the boar and seven others were killed. Here Nimrod in the East left the party. His reasons for doing so, as published in his letter to one of the gentlemen, after his departure, were "old friends and bad horses." As for friends, what has he older, or with whom he can take greater liberties, than "the boar, the mighty boar?" and as for horses, his stable made up in numbers what it wanted in quality. The fact is, Mr. Editor, that Nimrod has given up hog-hunting.

10th. The tickrees between Merritchgaum and Taklee were beaten, and eight hog were killed.

11th. Early in the day, hunting the same ground as yesterday, a squeaker gave us a severe run, the horses being thoroughly done up before he was killed. Towards evening a sounder of two fine sows and some pigs were found in a patch of jungle, on a lonely hill near Taklee; the sows (as vicious as I ever saw) and two pigs were killed. On the way to the tents another squeaker was found and killed.

12th. Was spent in marching to Nimgaum; our party was to-day reduced to eight.

13th. A sounder was marked down on the banks of the river Seena, and we were not long in giving a good account of it; seven hog were killed, two of them very fine sows, and the sport was excellent.

14th. A fine sounder was ready marked for us at Waga, on the banks of the most difficult nullah that can be imagined; although there must have been fifteen or sixteen hog at least running about in all directions, yet one only was killed; another sounder was found soon after tiffin, and four were killed. If the party had not been induced by some heavy rain that fell during the night to take to the Rips, leaving the hunters at home, I am confident at least a dozen hog would have been slaughtered, instead of only five.

15th. A sounder of a very fine boar and eight or nine other hog was marked down by some villagers in the open plains, which we lost no time in paying a visit to. The boar and six others were killed; in the course of the day three more were added to the list of the slain.

16th. On the road to Goreygaum a fine solitary boar, found

in a jungly ravine, gave us a sharp run; having a good start, he led us for upwards of half a mile down a road as smooth as a race-course, and then, just as four horses abreast were coming up with him, he struck off to the right, and, although twice turned, made good another ravine without being speared; he was, however, after a turn or two more, laid low.

17th. Moved to Daikna among the Ghauts.

18th. We toiled among the hills all day without being able to get a jungle hog to break, although dozens were found, and returned to the tents at last well drenched with rain, and thoroughly disgusted with the hill work, an unfortunate hyena being the only animal killed.

19th. On the road to Patroor and near Kurdah, three hog were found, and two of them killed, one a fine boar; and towards the evening two very fine sows shared the same fate.

20th. To-day, after hard work, six more hog were killed, and we were obliged for the next three days to remain in the tents, for the rain came down in real earnest. On the 24th the party, tired of inactivity and rendered furious by the daily accounts of the pigs that arrived, made a sortie, and with great difficulty killed a fine boar and two pigs.

25th. Three hog were ineffectually pursued through the mud and over the hills early in the morning. In the middle of the day a sounder of fourteen was turned out of the hills, but so difficult was the ground, that only four hog were killed: two more that had been marked down were then turned out, and mobbed sharp.

26th. A large boar after a short run was brought up, but it took a good deal of time to settle his hash.

27th. A sounder of three (two fine sows and a pig), marked down by the villagers, were sent to the shades below.

28th. We paid another visit to the Wager nullah, killing two squeakers on the way there. On the side of the nullah three fine hogs were ready marked for us, and we did all we could to drive them up the tickrees by which the nullah is bounded. One of them, a fine boar, went up and was killed easily; of the other two, one was killed after great trouble, and the other got away wounded.

29th. Notwithstanding heavy rain, it was determined to endeavour to make up the number of hogs killed to 100, and fortune favoured us, for we killed four more, two fine sows and two pigs, which, reckoning one hog that was killed by the Poonah division before it arrived at the rendezvous, makes exactly 100. The meeting here broke up. There certainly was a scarcity of boars, and there might have been more riding together, but I only hope we may have another meeting next year like it.

I have the pleasure to be,
Mr. Editor,
Yours, &c.,
H. W. R.

Poonah, Oct. 3rd, 1831.

FOR THE O. S. M.

The hunter came down like the storm in its speed,
And the foam was all white on the flanks of his steed,
Where he passed in his course there was trembling and fear,
And the mighty boar shrunk from the gleam of his spear!

When the hills brighten'd o'er with the first glance of day,
The grim monster secure in his mountain-frank lay,
And the blade of the spear flash'd unstained to the light,
That was dull'd o'er with blood ere the coming of night.

Fear never till then chill'd the heart of the boar,
For he ne'er had met man the destroyer before,
Who came down to meet him, with spear and with steed,
With a hand for the blow, and a heart for the deed.

He fled as the hurricane swoops in its flight,
He charged as the storm rushes forth in its might,
But his strength was but weak, and his speed was but slow,
To fly from or cope with the arm of his foe.

He dash'd through the stream, and he rush'd down the hill,
But man the destroyer was close on him still,
There was fame to be gain'd, and a deed to be done;
The blow has been dealt, and the tushes are won.

THE JACKAL PACK.

Sir,

I have just returned from a wandering excursion through the Southern Mahratta country, and while the recollection is fresh in my memory, I send you an account of a pack of dogs, intended to represent hounds, which I met once during my stay at a station near Belgaum.

To judge from what I saw, it will take much time, trouble, and whipcord to make anything of them. But these not spared, some judgment used in breeding from the best, and no mercy shown in hanging the incorrigibles, they may become a second Nuggur Pack! There are only four couple of old ones, and about five couple of puppies, some of the younkers really handsome. To describe their caste is impossible. There are terriers of high and low degree —rough and smooth—long and short legged; a setter, a beagle, and sundry nondescripts, whose species are not mentioned by any naturalist. The most prominent feature of the pack is Bob, a large brown cur with a long head and a short tail, a sagacious expression of visage, and an indescribably vicious, cunning green eye, that measures the distance between himself and the whip to a nicety.

The only time I met this motley pack was the third of their appearance in the field, and much could not be expected.

Five o'clock was the hour, and a plain close to the kennel the place of meeting. The first omen was the appearance of a bandy-

legged nigger tottering under the weight of an immense box; his sable cheeks streaked with a thousand milky ways from the white decoction of assafœtida dropping from the victim within, through the bottom of the box. He bore it like a martyr.

The box was opened, and away went a fine jackal, stinking like a nosegay.

Then came sounds from afar—"Bob, you d—d son of a b—h! Doll, you devil back!" with a sonorous application of whipcord to fill up the lapse in conversation with the pack, which appeared straggling after the huntsman—a long-backed amorous-looking gentleman, mounted on a very clever chestnut. A field of six or seven, dressed in caps, cords, and gaiters, followed.

I remarked amongst them a portly gentleman, mounted on a white Arab mare—a beauty. There was ever and anon a knowing smile curling his lip when the huntsman looked with much complacency on his pack, and it burst into a loud laugh when, in utter defiance of words and whipcord, away went Bob in full cry after a plover, followed by his willing brethren. After many floggings and much canine eloquence had been expended, they were brought to the scratch.

The scent was acknowledged by a whimper—rough, smooth, short and long-legged, rattled along at a very dashing pace, Bob leading, mute as a fish, but looking much in earnest with his expressive green eyes.

They ran well, without a check, for nearly three miles over a dry rocky country, where the scent could not lie well, and ran into their jackal in good style. I was much pleased, and more astonished, for I certainly had no idea that such dogs could ever kill a jackal in any style, not even trot him to death; but they killed him brilliantly, and every one looked satisfied.

I was amused by seeing the long-backed gentleman dismount and hit the jackal a clout on the head with his whip, to make him die easy, as he called it, for fear he might bite some of the young dogs and discourage them. I have since heard from a correspondent in that part of the world that they have killed six jackals, and had always tolerable sport. In a few months, I have no doubt, they will be a very respectable pack; at present the great fault is that no two run alike, and one of the principal beauties of hunting—seeing the pack well together—is quite lost; nothing but time can remedy this, for their number is much too small to draft from.

At present, the whole turn out seems rather ridiculous, at least to me, who have not been a year from England, and can recollect what a pack of hounds is there, but, such as they are, they are better than nothing, and whoever set the thing agoing deserves credit, and I wish his example may be followed at other stations.

I have such a dread of being burked, in case I have laughed too much at this queer pack, that I dare not sign my own name, but shall call myself after my canine friend

BOB.

Bangalore, July 22.

To the Editor of the Oriental Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

It would greatly oblige very many of the readers of the Oriental Sporting Magazine, if you would elicit information on the following important point, viz.—Is there, on the Newmarket course, any difference between the number of yards laid down for the *distance* in a mile, two mile, two mile and a half race, and races for a still greater journey? And also if the stewards of the Poonah course profess to conduct their forthcoming meeting on the principle of the Newmarket rules. An early answer would therefore be useful to those who are engaged to run there, and by inserting this in your next number, perhaps some one will informed on the point would have the goodness to mention it in the Courier, so that we may go to work with our eyes open.

Yours obediently,

TURF.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE—POONAH.

The great closing at Poonah for the Maiden, the Welter, the Three Spears Stakes, the Claret, the Champagne, and the One Thousand Rupees Sweepstakes, was celebrated on the 15th October, by a public dinner in the new race stand, attended by about forty persons, amongst whom were all the known sporting gentlemen in the Deccan. After the cloth was removed the secretary addressed the company in a speech which was (as he promised it should be) like a good race—short and sharp. His health was next proposed, and drank with three times three, after which the *books* were opened, and entrances were registered until 12 o'clock, when, *time* being called, the bustle ceased and the above mentioned and other races stood thus—

To the Maiden Sweepstakes ...	5	subs.
Welter	6	,,
Three Spears	9	
Claret.....	5	
Riddlesworth	3	
Pony Sweepstakes, catch weights	6	
Ditto, 8st.....	5	
1000 Rs. Sweepstakes...	6	
Silver Tankard.....	11	
Cup.....	34	

Second day.—The only matches yet booked are Zinganee and Feversham, 1500 Rs., two miles, 8st. 7lbs. Sebastian, 8st., and Pyramus, 9st., 10,000 Rs., three miles.

Third day.—Piaree, 2000 Rs., and Sir Richard, 1000 Rs., one and a half miles, 8st. 7lbs.

The horses named for the Champagne stakes are—

Mr. Phillip's G. A. H. Sir Richard.
Capt. Mansfield's B. A. H. Major.
Capt. Morris's B. A. H. Echo.
Mr. Harvey's G. A. H. Humbug.
Mr. Park's Roan A. H. Naughty Tom.
Capt. Daly's G. A. H. Piaree.
Mr. Charleston's G. A. H. Prospero.

There will be four country-bred concerns for the Malcolm Plate.

These, with the other races already published, form as fine a bill of fare as any sportsman could wish to look at, and the certainty of Sebastian, Pyramus, and Goblin Grey meeting in some of them gives a brilliancy to the hopes of all; and here I will pull up with the concluding words of the secretary's speech, "May the best horse win!"

PARODY.

ON CHILDE HAROLD'S SONG OF THE SULIOTES.

Oh, Duca! oh, Duca! thy sty on the hills
Gives hope to the sportsman and promise of *kills;*
True lovers of sport, all arise at the cry,
"*Dekho! gala sahib gala:*"—This day he must die!

Say, who are so blest as the huntsmen who ride
On the ground at which *milksops* too often have shied?
They care not a d—n for a house, or a home,
But betimes sally forth through the jungle to roam.

Shall the sons of old England, thus exiled afar,
Not enjoy the best sport in the land where they are?
For your guns so unerring I care not a fig;
What mark is so fair as the rump of a pig?

The Deccan produces this four-footed race;
For a time they abandon their styes for the chase;
But those spears that are bright must be crimson with gore
E'er the *Duca* is slain, and the battle is o'er.

Then the huntsman of Nuggur, who dwells by the hills,
And tells the pale griffin of charges and spills,
Shall return into camp, and have one story more,
Of the pace of the sow—of the pluck of the boar.

I ask not the pleasures the rifle supplies,
With my spear I will follow the boar as he flies;
Will bag the grey hog with his long bristly hair,
And many a sow from her offspring will tear.

I love the fierce look of the hog when at bay,
With a firm steady hand, let him come when he may;
Let him charge, let him rip, let him grunt, let him foam;
He sooner or later must find his long home.

Oh, remember the moment the *Duca* was slain,
How he foamed, charged, and fell when exhausted with pain;
The number we killed—*the chops that we shared,*
The large ones we slaughtered—the squeakers we spared.

I talk not of courage, I talk not of fear;
But the fearless are ever the first for the spear;
Since the days of Mahomet, the Deccan ne'er saw
Any sport half so glorious as hunting the boar.

Nuggur, Oct., 1831.

TIGER SHOOTING IN THE SOUTHERN MAHRATTA COUNTRY.

SIR,

I have the pleasure of sending you a journal of a few days' sport in the Southern Mahratta Country, which may serve to fill up a vacant leaf of your Magazine.

LAWRY TODD.

Sept. 10*th.*

Word brought in this morning of four tigers marked down, in a nullah, a few miles from our encampment. All the preliminaries being arranged, we took up our position opposite a pass, which the tigers must cross in their way to their stronghold in the hills. After half an hour of tedious suspense the cry of the beaters, from a faint indistinct sound, came echoing shrilly up the nullah. Every rustle was listened to with breathless attention, when a rush from the jungle on the opposite bank was answered by a hearty laugh, which all our caution could not restrain; instead of the noble form of a tiger, the grizzly muzzle of an old mangy bear was pushed slowly through the bushes to survey the enemy. One glance at the elephant was enough for him. Not daring either to advance towards us or retreat to the beaters, he threw himself down a precipitous bank into a dry tank with the most uncouth activity, his grey snout appearing at intervals where his tail ought to be, until a projecting tree put a stop to his unwonted evolutions. We had hardly time to recover our gravity when a whisper from the mahout told us nobler game was coming, and the next instant a tigress in all the pride of her beauty was gliding by us.

"By Heavens, she's missed!" muttered my companion, as she disappeared in a thick jungle, without giving a sign of being hit. She did not take the slightest notice of our shots, and we gave her up as lost. We had hardly reloaded before a tiger, not quite full grown, dashed by, roaring at the sight of the elephant, as if he anticipated his reception. Two short growls at each shot, and a broken leg dragging after him as he got into cover, made us feel certain of him at all events. Directly after came a third roaring like the last; but the elephant, who is never very steady, now got so frightened that he fairly turned tail, and we could not get a shot.

Having learned from the beaters that the fourth tiger had broken away in another direction, we began a search for the wounded one.

Close to the bush where she had been last seen lay the tigress stretched at full length, and quite dead. Both balls had passed through her, and she must have dropped the instant we lost sight of her, as she was shot through the heart. A little farther on the stifled growling of the wounded tiger from a thick bush guided us to the spot. He would not stir till the elephant had torn away every branch which concealed him, when he crawled out in a crippled state, grinning most savagely, but too weak to charge. Four balls immediately rolled him over, apparently finished, when, to our astonishment, he got up again and gained a small patch of jungle. A ball under the eye, which broke his jaw, brought him out into the plain once more, when a general volley from the

howdah dropped him dead, literally cut to pieces.

Sept. 18th.—While at breakfast this morning news arrived of three tigers surrounded six miles from the village. They lay in an open nullah, skirted by very thick low jungle, and were beat towards us without any difficulty. The first, a very large old tigress, came up facing the elephant, and being severely hit, turned back, and laid up in the nullah. She was immediately followed by two well grown cubs, about a year old, who passed at a long gallop. The elephant behaved very ill, and wheeled round so rapidly, that it was with great difficulty we got one shot which told, and by drops of blood in the track of the hindmost tiger we marked him into a patch of impenetrable jungle, where he was left to meditate till his mother was disposed of. She was quickly found, and again beat up towards us, who were stationed on a high bank overlooking the nullah. She appeared distressed, and came on slowly. Two balls struck her when immediately below us, and the next instant, by a desperate spring, as her final effort, she gained the top of the bank, and when within five yards of the elephant was shot through the head and rolled lifeless into the nullah.

We now returned to finish the young one. Rockets and crackers were thrown into his retreat, guns fired, and every means we could think of employed to bolt him. He would not stir. The bushes were so completely interwoven by a sort of creeper which formed an impenetrable barrier, that every effort to force the elephant through was unavailing; and while we remained undecided what to do, a tremendous fall of rain, which rendered our guns useless, decided the matter, and we were obliged to give in.

The best shikaree in the district was killed by the tigress a few months ago. He had fired and missed, when she immediately charged him, pulled him down from the tree into which he had climbed, and broke his back.

25th.—A tiger marked down in the same nullah where the last was killed. Although gorged with having eaten a whole bullock this morning, he was more active than any of the preceding ones, and passed the elephant at full speed, making a tremendous spring into the nullah, when he was hit.

We traced him by his blood into a small thicket at a short distance, where he lay growling, but nothing would induce him to charge.

The elephant could not drive him out, and it was impossible to see him from the howdah, he was so completely concealed by a thick creeper interwoven with the branches. In this case there was nothing for it but to dismount. The sharp eyes of a peon soon discovered him lying desperately wounded in the centre of a bush, and a rifle ball sent him to sleep with his fathers.

October 1st.—Two bears were beat up to us this morning; one shot dead, the other when severely wounded rolled down from a great height into a deep ravine, where he charged one of the beaters and spattered him all over with blood from his wounds, but never attempted to seize him.

The man pushed him off, and old Bruin continued his course to a thickly wooded nullah, where we left him, having discontinued the search in consequence of finding a panther, which we could not beat out.

4th.—Two bears were marked down by our people this morning, and just as we were proceeding to

attack them, a sounder of hog entered the same nullah in which they were lying. A few stones drove out the hog, and after killing the old sow, who gave us a good run, we returned to the bears. They were quickly beaten up to us, and both severely wounded as they passed. One fell dead after running some distance; the other gave us a most amusing chase on foot for nearly half an hour. Her hind leg being broken, she could not run fast enough to get away, and we blazed into her as often as we could get up pretty close, hitting her repeatedly, but nothing would drop her. A long-legged peon, who had the speed of us all, kept mauling the brute with a large stick, till we at last got close enough to use pistols, as she became weaker from loss of blood, and we finally dispatched her in a bush in which she had lain up, completely done. Between laughing at the valiant peon, and the exertion of running till we were ready to drop, I have no doubt half our balls missed the bear, but I counted ten wounds in different parts of her body after she was skinned—rather a large dose of glory for a bear.

8th.—A very large male tiger was beat up to us to-day. He came on most gallantly to within ten yards of the elephant, when he was dropped quite dead by the first shot, which hit him in the back of the neck. He reared to his full height, and fell back like a stone the instant he was struck.

11th.—A tigress and four young cubs were marked down this morning in a large nullah near the village.

After being driven into a small thicket, behind which the elephant was posted, she left her cubs in the jungle, and came out to reconnoitre. When she saw us she stopped, and stood growling and showing her teeth, as if uncertain whether to charge or not. A shot from the howdah rolled her over grinning and tearing up the earth with her claws, but she rose again instantly, and before we could get another shot at her she had crawled in a crippled state into cover. We soon found her lying in a small bush, gathered up ready for a charge. Her spring was like lightning, roaring as she came on with her tail in the air; when close to the elephant, who had bolted, yelling louder than the tigress, a shot told and turned her, and she walked back into cover.

We found her lying in a similar situation a few minutes after, but this time we were too quick for her, and she was floored before she had time to charge. Again she rose, and gained a small thicket, where the people on the trees marked her down. The elephant was brought up, and we saw her with her head between her fore legs prepared to spring; she charged, but it was her last—one ball between the eyes, besides others in the chest, dropped her dead under the elephant's trunk.

The cubs all escaped, owing to the length of time their mother resisted; as they were not longer than a pointer dog, their loss was not very annoying. While on the subject of tigers, I should be particularly obliged to any of your Kandeish correspondents who would gratify my curiosity by inserting in the O. S. M. the measurement of a large tiger and tigress killed in Kandeish. My reason is, that I wish to know whether they really grow to a larger size in that part of India than in the Southern Mahratta Country, as I have been informed they do.

A gentleman who signs himself Nimrod in the East is eminently qualified to decide the question, if he will be good enough to do so.

I have given the dimensions of a full-grown tiger and tigress killed lately near Dharwar.

	Tiger.		Tigress.	
	ft.	in.	ft.	in.
Length from the nose to the end of the tail	9	5	8	4
Shoulder to toe	3	11	3	2½
Girth of body	5	3	3	6
„ foreleg to elbow	2	7	1	4½
„ head	3	3	2	2¾
„ neck	3	0	2	1½

The measurements are taken with the greatest accuracy; those of the male may seem exaggerated in the girth of body and foreleg, but the singular size of those parts was remarked by every one who saw him. He was a very old tiger, and considerably larger than any other I have ever seen.

Gootul, 20th Oct. 1831.

To the Editor of the Oriental Sporting Magazine.

Sir,—I have to apologize to you and your readers for an error which I unintentionally committed in my letter to you concerning the Arab Signal, late Antelope.

I stated, "One thing is certain, that unsoundness in one of his feet prevented Antelope from starting again that meeting at Poonah, or in Bombay." This is incorrect, as Antelope started, three days after he was beaten by Elfin for the great sweepstakes, for the second sweepstakes, and won them.

The sentence being so corrected, will stand thus: "One thing is certain, that unsoundness in one of his feet prevented Antelope from starting again that meeting at Poonah, after he won the second sweepstakes, or in Bombay."

I beg to return thanks to the person signing himself "A late owner of Signal, late Antelope," in your last Magazine, for setting me right on this point.

Having no further observations to make on the subject, I again take the liberty of subscribing myself,

Your constant reader and
very obedient Servant,
Witness.

To the Editor of the Oriental Sporting Magazine.

Sir,—May I trouble you to insert the following question in your next number, in hopes that one out of your many subscribers will oblige a brother sportsman by answering it.

A has two matches, one against B, the other against C, both matches *same weight.* A wins his first match against B easy; C starts his horse against A for the second match, without weighing, intending to put up the same jockey, saddle, and bridle as B's horse carried; the bridle is unfortunately changed, which makes a difference of 2lbs. or 3lbs. in the weight; C's horse starts and is beaten after a hard race by A's horse; a cross is however claimed and substantiated by C, *to whom the race is given*, and all parties leave the ground under the conviction that the race is C's. Some four or five hours afterwards it is discovered by A that the bridle was changed, and consequently the same weight was not put up as agreed upon, and A claims the race also. Should both horses be considered distanced or not? or ought C to conceive himself entitled to the race, as A left the ground under the impression that he had lost it, and did not discover the mistake until several hours afterwards?

Your well-wisher,
Red Pepper.

Cawnpore, 18th Oct., 1831.

SELECTIONS.

A VISIT TO ASCOT HEATH RACE-COURSE.

Sky Parlour, June 1st.

Mr. Editor,—I took a trip to Ascot Heath Race-course on Tuesday, and being seized with a desire to commit to paper an account of my journey, perhaps you will do me the favour of its insertion in your Journal—it may give some amusement to your country readers, and will certainly afford gratification to a long list of my "country cousins," who are staunch admirers and supporters of *Bell's Life in London*.

Perfectly persuaded of the truth of the old adage—"the early bird catches the worm"—I got into my gig at half-past six o'clock A.M., and was soon jolting over the execrable pavement in front of Somerset House. I had arranged with a friend, on the preceding evening, to join him at breakfast at Long Ford (rather more than fifteen miles from Hyde Park Corner, on the Slough road), at nine o'clock, in order that we might set off from thence in his gig for the Race-course, leaving my horse to refresh preparatory to our return to town in the evening. As I passed Hyde Park I naturally expected to find a muster of travellers going the same road with myself; but here I was mistaken, for I never saw a more paltry "turn out," and in fact, with the exception of a few go-carts, laden with itinerant musicians and their instruments, there was nothing to indicate the existence of a fashionable festival. In vain did I look out for the "pull up" for a drop of water and a mouthful of hay at the roadside public-houses—there was no such thing to be seen—and the melancholy phizzes of the ostlers proved that they fully participated in my surprise, while to that feeling grievous disappointment was added. Up to the distant end of Hounslow town, where I arrived at eight o'clock, the same funereal aspect prevailed; and but for the rapid progress of the early Bath coaches, which passed me one after the other, I should have come to the conclusion that the road had been altogether deserted. At Hounslow I turned off towards Cranford Bridge, and here the adage with which I set out was fully confirmed. I had left behind me, in Hounslow, one of the Bath coaches changing horses, and had noticed on the box and on the roof two dark-visaged passengers, who (being a bit of a physiognomist) I concluded in my own mind to be Jews. This coach now rapidly overtook me, and the Jews and I had another squint at each other. At the moment of passing I saw something drop from the roof, and instantly called out to the coachman. He pulled up as well as myself, and on alighting I picked up a very valuable snuff box, which had fallen from one of the Jews. It is odd that the moment before I had been wishing for a pinch of snuff to titillate my olfactory nerves, and seizing the lucky chance, I opened the lid, and helped myself to part of the contents. I then remounted my gig, and drove up to the coach, which had got some fifty yards in advance of me, and delivered my prize to the right owner, who was almost struck dumb with surprise, for he had not discovered that his own negligence had been the cause of the stoppage and the impatience of the coachman. The moment he saw his box he exclaimed, "Sho help

my Got, I'm much obloiged; I didn't know I had dropped it." Without further parley off went the tits, and I could hear the delighted Israelite remark to his companion, "Who'd a thought there was so much honesthy in de vorld?" and indeed I began to ask myself whether I had not been extremely foolish in throwing away the "worm" which my "early rising" had placed in my way. Be this as it might, it was then too late to retract, and I was obliged to find an excuse for the natural impulse of honesty over cupidity. I now jogged on, only wishing for another pinch from the now far-distant box, till I reached Old Bedford's, which I did a quarter of an hour before my time. Here I found my friend waiting under the umbrageous shade of the fine old elm trees in front of the house, and while our meal was preparing we took a walk in the luxuriant garden in the rear, in which the growing salad, the podding peas, the rich summer cabbages, and the blooming strawberry-beds, gave earnest of future enjoyment, of which the comfortable character of the premises induced me to flatter myself with the promise. The cheering intimation that "breakfast was ready" from the pretty lips of the pretty daughter of the landlord now drew us into a neat little parlour, where the first object that struck me was a pile of fishing rods and other piscatory implements in the corner. "Ha!" thought I, "there is something beyond the salad, the strawberries, and the cabbages, to attract me to this spot hereafter" (for I am a bit of an angler, you must know); and on inquiry I ascertained there was excellent sport to be obtained in the neighbourhood, the river Colne affording abundant opportunities for this pleasing recreation. Over the chimney-piece, too, was the characteristic print of "The Enthusiast," in which a confirmed angler is represented as enjoying his favourite amusement by the fire-side, whilst laid up with a fit of the gout—a large tub being the substitute for the pond, and a collection of tame carp and tench forming the objects of his pursuit. I had not much time for speculation on these subjects, however, and only mention them as an additional recommendation to Long Ford, and as an useful hint to some of my cockney friends, who like to combine a favourite pastime with solid comfort. Our breakfast was excellent—I like to be particular in these matters—and after disposing of three mutton chops, two eggs, and a *qauntum suff.* of good tea and other et ceteras, I declared myself a "giant refreshed." By-the-by, there is nothing like laying a good foundation at starting on these excursions; and although it may cost you half-a-crown (I speak of those who know how to enjoy a breakfast), 'tis money well laid out, for you may "box Harry," the day, and put up with stomachic as the travellers say, for the rest of privations with a very good grace. I remember a friend of mine—a lawyer, too—who adopted this system, and who always praised the morning coach repast at Salt Hill, calling it the cheapest thing in life for the aforesaid half-crown; "and why"? said he—"because I invariably contrive to eat about five shillings' worth, while my *green* companions content their maudlin stomachs with a bit of toast and a cup of tea." To such cropsick customers half-a-crown may seem enormous; but I write as I think, and I speak of

things as I find them. And now to proceed. My friend's nag being put to, off we set at a jog-trot; but 'twas not till we got to Datchett that anything like a "race day" met our observation. Here the bustle of anxious and lively preparation convinced us that the people of Datchett at least were alive to the anticipated sport; and a number of dashing barouches, phaetons, and gigs, the horses gaily caparisoned, and the fair occupants in their best costume and smiling faces, were seen just starting for the scene of attraction. Our blood, and that of the horse, now began to warm, and joining the gay cavalcade, on we went with renovated spirits. In Windsor town the note of preparation was still more animated, and the crowd began to thicken. The magnificent view of the Castle, with the Royal standard floating over its keep—the signal of the Royal presence—of course caught our eyes, and filled us with affectionate recollections of the existing Monarch; but soon turning from the splendid pile, we dashed into the park, leaving the long walk to the left; and every yard we proceeded brought us into more agreeable company, distinguished by a happy mixture of all ranks, and all apparently equally happy—some singing, some laughing, some cracking jokes, and others cracking nuts. The weather, I ought to tell you, was most propitious, and the concentration of so much human happiness, amidst the lovely scenery which the park affords, excited sensations of delight which no pen can describe, and which I wish every honest heart could enjoy. The procession, for in that light it might be viewed as it slowly wound up the hill, consisted of every variety of equipage, in which the heavy waggons, decorated with sprightly lasses and their sweethearts, "all in their best," formed not the least interesting part. These vehicles were occasionally accompanied by bands of music, or persons playing the key bugle, sending a note of happiness and joy across the forest that filled even the timid deer with ecstasy. Amidst such cheering sounds and sights did we "wend on our way," without noticing a single occurrence to mar the general good humour, except a few of those little jealousies which a sly wink, or a passing nod of recognition to the blooming damsels, was calculated to excite amongst their lynx-eyed swains.

I could dwell on this happy theme at greater length, but I fear that I must "keep moving," and so I shall at once take you to the far-famed Heath of Ascot, which—

"Impregnated with mild perfume,
Bares its broad bosom's purple bloom,
Gives me to view the splendid crowd,
The high-born racer neighing loud."

The moment we came in sight of this delightful scene all our sensations were quickened. The throng was here multiplied a thousandfold, and the rushing of carriages, of equestrians, and pedestrians, all towards the same goal, produced a panorama of the most animated character, and proved that the morning promise of the road from London was anything but a just criterion of the features which the course would present. It was clear, in fact, that the *beau monde* had "taken time by the forelock"—and, by concentrating their forces in the neighbourhood of the Heath on the preceding day, were enabled to "take the field" with more convenience, as well as more striking effect, than if they had delayed to brave the nuisance of a

dusty and tiresome journey, and thus we had—

"The managed steeds, that, side by side,
Precede the glittering chariot's pride"—

in all the holiday trim and glossy condition which the most fastidious groom could desire. Nothing, in fact, could excel the splendour of the equipages, if we except the "peerless beauties" who, from their silken covertures, occasionally sent forth those "killing glances," as the poet says, that would make man a sinner in thought, at least, against his better judgment. But let that pass—suffice it to say, there were eyes in the assemblage of such vivid fire, that, to parody an old joke, I should have been happy to have lit my cigar in their rays.

You and all your readers have been at a race, and therefore I need not tell you that all the equipages were congregated in the best positions they could obtain, to gain a transient view of the course. Here all distinctions were lost—first come first served—all were intermingled without distinction; and here again "the early bird" had the best chance—a chance which some secured by the old soldier's trick of being up all night to be up early in the morning, for many carriages and waggons had been drawn on the Heath overnight. Having left the horse to the kind care of the owner, I dashed at once upon the course, which now formed a brilliant promenade, studded with gems of British beauty, and rich in the display of fashionable costume, worn by persons of the highest rank of both sexes, and rendered doubly attractive by the occasional contrast with vulgarity—I do not mean the single rustics, who, "coming unadorned, came adorned the most"—but with those "would-be great people," those holiday fussocks, who, in adopting the suggestions of the latest *Magazin de Mode*, think they hide their natural and unalterable defects, and who, like the peacocks, trust more their feathers than their voices for distinction. But I must not be severe, as I remarked that many of my friends exposed themselves to the just censure. Again, I say, let that pass, and be content with my assurance that on the first day these races were never more brilliantly attended; and why? I will tell you—because it was known our "Patriot King" was to be present, and all were desirous of paying him a well merited homage. That he was coming you yourself told us, and at the usual hour, one o'clock, all eyes and all necks were stretched in the direction in which he was expected. Twenty minutes' suspense was endured; but at last the approach of the red coats of the Yeomen Prickers in the distance operated as a telegraphic signal of the advance of the Royal cavalcade. A universal buzz ran through the multitude—a lane was formed, and all prepared for a determined gaze. First came Lord Anson, in his green costume, as Master of the King's Staghounds; then came a body of Yeomen Prickers; next, eight of his Majesty's stud, led by grooms; next half-a-dozen outriders; and then the lion of the day, the King himself, seated in an open carriage, drawn by four horses, and accompanied by the Duke of Richmond, Earl Grey, and Earl Albemarle. He was habited in a plain black coat, without star or other distinctive badge, and looked extremely well. He was cheered respectfully, but not enthusiastically; still what was said was meant, and his

Majesty evidently felt that there was more of sincerity than of mobocratical noise in his reception. He looked cheerfully, and bowed kindly to his delighted subjects. Next to the King's carriage came that of the Queen, who was accompanied by her sister, the Duchess of Saxe Weimar, and Earl and Countess Howe. She, too, looked happy and cheerful, and, for the benefit of my female acquaintances, it is fit I should state she was attired in a white chip hat and white ostrich feathers, with a blond veil, a lavender-coloured silk pellisse, with vandyked cape, trimmed with blond lace; a dark-coloured boa, with gold chain and eyeglass hung round her neck; the latter, from being short-sighted, she repeatedly used, and, like the King, nodded affably to all around her—so much so as to induce many to flatter themselves that they were the particular objects of her regard. I think I hear you say, "What a yarn the fellow is spinning," but I must give you all the particulars, or my "cousins" will not be satisfied. In the third carriage sat the new Earl of Munster, the eldest son of the King; he is a fine, handsome fellow, and, to speak technically, does honour to his sire. He may be a little too full in flesh, and if he will take my advice will train down, "but take him all in all," he is every inch an Earl. There were five other phaetons and carriages containing members (I presume) of the household; but I had not sufficient curiosity to inquire into their titles. The Royal *cortège* took the customary sweep to the back of the Grand Stand, where they were received by Sir Andrew Barnard and Sir F. Watson, and were immediately conducted to the Grand Saloon in front, which, since the last meeting, has been thrown into one large room, instead of being divided by a partition, as in the reign of George IV. The moment the King and Queen appeared at the open windows they were again cheered, and in return smiled graciously on the throng, which collected in a dense mass beneath them. The Queen's sister stood on her right hand—she is a younger woman, I think, than her Majesty—and was soon joined by two sons, two fine little fellows, in blue dresses and cloth caps. These children occupied much of her Majesty's attention during the day, and prattled and played without restraint with all who approached them. I could not help remarking the wide contrast between the unaffected and domestic familiarity which prevailed among the Royal group and their guests, and the stiff and statelike formality which I had noticed on similar occasions in the presence of the late King. With the latter it was all dignified restraint: he sat with his hat on, and all who approached evidently felt the necessity of convincing him that they forgot not the marked deference due to his rank. His Court all wore the Windsor uniform, and the ceremony of introduction was as precise as if he were seated on his throne of state. Even to the ladies he merely lifted his hat, and having received the honour of his recognition, with the exception of a chosen few, they retired to an adjoining room, created, as I have already stated, by a temporary partition. Far different was it on Tuesday—all mixed indiscriminately—and the King and Queen seemed to study rather to make it appear that they were all upon an equality than to create particular attention. The King stood back, except when the races were in progress, with his hat off, and chatted

and conversed with all who approached him, with a kindness of manner perfectly consistent with his "off-hand" character, without in the slightest degree compromising his kingly dignity. The Queen was equally agreeable, and frequently during the day opened and shut the windows with her own hands, in one or two instances, I thought, a little to the discredit of the gallantry of those gentlemen who stood near to her. I may add that there was no Windsor uniform worn. Among those whom I noticed in the saloon, independent of their Majesties and the Duchess of Saxe Weimar, were the Earl of Munster and his brothers, the Rev. Lord Fitzclarence being particularly conspicuous from his spectacles, and the Captain in the Navy for his blunt, tar-like *sang-froid*. Besides these, were Earl Grey, and his amiable Countess and two daughters, who remained throughout the day in the Royal presence; the Marquess and Marchioness of Ely, Earl and Countess Howe, Admiral Gore, and his two lovely daughters, together with many other individuals of rank, who paid their respects during the day. Earl Grey, with his fine bold forehead, was particularly observable, and repeatedly conversed with his Majesty, who, I was told, said to him in the course of the day, "To-morrow, my lord, we will devote to business, for that must not give way to pleasure;" and his Majesty kept his word.

It was amusing to witness the various expedients to which the itinerants, who seek general countenance on these festivals, had recourse to win with the Royal notice. At one time a weather-beaten tar, but evidently a practised pensioner on public charity, exclaimed, "My noble Admiral—hard up—I hope you'll remember an old shipmate." At another a Savoyard set his monkey to perform his most active evolutions: and, at a third, a set of glee-singers sang several popular songs, finishing with "God save the King" and "Rule Britannia," both of which were followed by three hearty cheers; and, if I am not much mistaken, from the motions of the ruby lips of some of the fair companions of royalty, they could not restrain themselves from joining in the chorus. This may be fancy; but even were it not so, such an ebullition of feeling might well be excused at such an opportunity. The Royal party seemed all heartily to participate in the amusement of the day, and remained till half-past six, when they departed, again greeted by the populace.

Having thus disposed of the grandees, I shall now turn to other topics; and first I must give due praise to Lord Anson, whose urbanity and good temper, as steward, by virtue of his office, gave general satisfaction. The course, I am bound to say, also, was admirably kept, and the most perfect order preserved—a circumstance mainly attributable to the excellent arrangements of Sir Richard Birnis, who was attended by the *élite* of the old Bow-street police, including Townsend, Sayers, Bishop, Atkins, Ledbetter, Taunton, Ellis, Ruthven, and several others—all "good men and true," and thoroughly acquainted with their business. To these were added a large body of mounted and dismounted patrols, under the superintendence of Mr. Day, of the Home Office, a sharp-sighted vigilant man, fully aware of the utility of his force, and every way qualified to apply it with judgment. I could not but smile at the quaint originality of my old friend, Jack Townsend, who is a perfect character in his

way, and respected by the higher ranks, while he is feared by lower —I mean, of course, those who have reason to dread his vigilance and his power. While, on the one hand, a wink, with a sly shake of his head, was sufficient to send a group of *cadgers* to the right about; on the other, his obsequious bow and good-humoured "How do you do, my lord? Hope your father or my lady is well"—produced as familiar a recognition on the part of the nobleman to whom he addressed himself. Here I cannot refrain from giving you a speech which I heard him make to a set of "nobbers," as he called them, who were collected in a drinking booth at the back of the course. This was before the King arrived, and when he was marshalling his forces. All these fellows paid him great respect, and one of them, he said, he knew to be a "nobber" for forty years. "Now, gentlemen," said he, "I've a word for your private ear. I shan't stand no nonsense to-day, and you knows I means it. Remember, for the first offence, seven days; for the second, fourteen; and for the third, a month, and hard labour, in his Majesty's gaol for the county of Berks! and this without gammon. I give you all fair warning—let us have no tricks —and, above all, keep clear of the course. Now, I have done my duty, and damn me if I spare you should you come into my clutches. You know I'm a man of my word: I've hanged a couple of you, and I shan't be partiklar in hanging a few more, if you deserve it!" With this speech he took off his hat, screwed up his mouth, and made his exit with a knowing twist of his eye. I must have one word more respecting Jack before I leave him, and that is simply to state that he still wears the identical broad-brimmed hat left him by his late Royal master, which he declares he will wear as long as it will hang together, and then hand it down to his descendants as an heirloom.

I feel, Mr. Editor, that I am exhausting your patience, and yet a thousand topics crowd upon me; but I must be brief. I will not recount the numberless tables belonging to the heroes of "the thimble-rig" I saw broken; I will not attempt to describe the long faces of the flats who, at the gambling-table or on the turf, dropped their "siller," as a Scotchman would say; nor will I enumerate the thousand other occurrences, serious and comic, which gave variety to the frolics of the day. But before I conclude, I must allude to an order which was made by his late Majesty, I am convinced, in a moment of temporary caprice, and, no doubt, under unwise counsel, by which the horses of all persons not belonging to the Jockey Club, or not being members of some of the other aristocratical Clubs of the day, are excluded from being entered for the "Gold Cup," which is run for on the third day. You are aware that this order was made in the year when Mameluke and other celebrated horses were entered—a year distinguished for a greater concourse of spectators than ever before graced the Heath. His Majesty supposed, on that occasion, that some personal slight was intended to him by Mr. Gully, who rode hastily up to ask Lord Maryborough a question upon some unfair direction which he had given. That Mr. Gully could have meant such slight no man who knows him will for one moment believe; and even his Majesty afterwards conscientiously confessed his error. The *fiat*, however, had gone forth,

and has not since been withdrawn. The consequence has been obvious —instead of being the best entry of the week, that for the Gold Cup proved to be nearly the worst; and his Majesty's horse, the Colonel, having broken down, its character was still further reduced—so that the "grand day," as the third day had previously been called, from the fame of the horses usually entered the Cup, has become no way distinguishable from the others, except in name. That his Majesty will be generously pleased to rescind an order so injurious must be the anxious prayer of all admirers of the Turf, and especially of those who wish to preserve the importance of the sports at Ascot; and when we reflect on the decided encouragement his Majesty has hitherto given to the breed of horses, we are persuaded it is the horse, and not to the breeder, to which he will look—unless, indeed, some stain should attach to the owner, from which no man is more free than John Gully, who, whatever may have been his origin, has secured to himself the unqualified respect and the confidence of the most elevated and the most honourable men in the kingdom.

With this paragraph I must close my letter, which has gone far beyond the limit I intended, but which, were I to gratify the *cacoëthes scribendi* by which I have been seized, might be extended still further. I shall only add, for the gratification of those whom it may concern, that I arrived safe and sound in London on the same night, highly gratified by my day's amusement, and only hoping that the great majority of my fellow-travellers may have had as little reason to regret it. I must leave the description of the races, and the other three days, to your more practised pen, and subscribe myself, with great respect, yours,—A HIGH-METTLED SCRIBE.

[In addition to our correspondent's letter, we have to state that on Wednesday the Royal family did not attend the course, and that the general assemblage of company was limited. On Thursday, however, the King and Queen were again present, and were joined in the course of the day by Prince Leopold and Prince George of Cambridge. Neither the Duke of Cumberland nor Duke of Sussex attended, and many of the high Tory families were absent. Still the assemblage of rank and fashion was truly "prodigious!"—including a long list of persons of distinction, too numerous to particularize. The heat of the sun was oppressive, but the weather throughout was favourable. The reception of the King and Queen every day they were present was most cordial. We subjoin an account of the sport.]

EPSOM RACES.

These popular races commenced on Tuesday, and concluded on Friday. For the first two days the attendance of company, though highly respectable, was not very numerous. The Stewards had been, as usual, on the alert to make the necessary arrangements to preserve order; and the attendance of a large body of the new police secured the public from the attacks of the marauders, who frequent these scenes, while perfect order was preserved on the course.

Thursday, being "The Derby Day," was, as usual, attractive, and all those who had reserved the exhibition of their finery or restrained their "racing curiosity" during the two preceding days,

set out for the Downs in the full anticipation of a delightful excursion. The morning was extremely propitious, and the sun had scarcely arisen in its full splendour, before the roads towards Epsom displayed the lively bustle of those cautious travellers who deemed it prudent to be early on the course, not only to secure advantageous positions for themselves, but comfortable accommodation for their cattle. As the day advanced the cavalcade increased in numbers as well as in importance, and at last the accumulation of dashing equipages and the display of fashionable company revived the most favourable recollection of similar exhibitions on former occasions. All was gaiety and good humour, and all seemed bent on giving full scope to their pleasurable sensations. For the first six or eight miles, the roads being well watered, rendered the ride delightful; but after this, the rising clouds of dust, unchecked by a single drop of water, proved not only destructive to the costume of the passengers, but mortifying to their vanity—the careful labour of the toilet for many hours being completely eclipsed by a chalky powder, which reduced all colours to that most prevalent among our practical millers. As the throng passed through Epsom town, this appearance was particularly conspicuous; and if any addition were wanting to the coat of dust already obtained, it was here supplied, for, owing to the niggardly disposition of the inhabitants, although there is a large pond in the centre of the town, not the slightest attempt had been made to abate the nuisance; and the betting men, who commonly assemble to view the company or book their speculations, might be said to be enveloped in a cloud so dense as almost to prevent their being able to recognize each other. Indeed, a celebrated Hibernian speculator exclaimed, he could scarcely distinguish his father from a bull-dog, or Mr. Crockford from a baked mackerel. It is to be hoped this annoyance may be abated in a future year, or that the patrons of the town may transfer their favours to the equally convenient town of Ewell, where they may receive more respectful treatment. Indeed, we see no reason why the trustees of the roads on these occasions should not water the roads the whole of the way. This might be effected at a trifling expense, which the public would cheerfully pay in the way of a slight additional toll.

On the course, the *coup d'œil* was brilliant, although we thought there was a lack of those dashing equipages we have been wont to observe on the Hill. Much of the distinguished company, however, who were in the habit of taking their station on this spot directed their steps to the Grand Stand, which was crowded to an overflow; and certainly, when all the visitors were assembled just previous to the start for the Derby, this building, in all its departments, exhibited a most magnificent spectacle, fully equal, if not superior, to anything of the sort on any race-course in the kingdom. The display of beauty and fashion was extremely imposing, and gave a lustre to the meeting peculiarly attractive to the eyes of many groups of foreigners who were drawn to the spot by the celebrity of the festival.

The long lines of carriages, formed in treble and quadruple rows, covered with gaily dressed persons, combined with the myriads of pedestrian spectators, added to the interest of the

scene, and equalled any former display of a similar character.

Immediately previous to the grand race the public attention was particularly attracted to the Princess Victoria, who sat in a carriage with the Duchess of Kent, close to the Stewards' Stand, and to whom the most affectionate homage was paid. She looked in good health, and evidently enjoyed the liveliness of the scene. From her Royal Highness the eye of curiosity was turned to the Stewards' Stand itself, in which the Duke of Cumberland and his son, Prince George, with Prince Leopold, and several persons of distinction, were stationed; and after the race was over, it may not be unworthy of remark that an ill-judged effort to get up a cheer for the Duke of Cumberland was met by a slight indication of feeling of a different description. It would be impossible to recapitulate all the distinguished persons who were present, independent of the Royal family.

During the race for the Derby the excitement in the immense multitude was extreme, and the result produced the customary expressions of exultation, astonishment, or mortification. We heard of two or three instances in which the enormous odds of £1000 to £5 had been laid against the winner, but whether these were events of fiction or reality we had no means of deciding.

Soon after the race was over most of the *beau monde* commenced their departure, as if in apprehension of a threatened storm—for the high wind having subsided, black clouds began to collect in the firmanent in a most portentous manner. These apprehensions were soon justified by the fall of a smart shower. The confusion occasioned by this "untoward" visitation was excessive; few had had the foresight to come prepared with umbrellas or bad weather habiliments, and the scrambles among those who had not close carriages in search of shelter were truly ludicrous. A cessation of the shower enabled many to get off the ground; but the respite was unfortunately short indeed, and for the rest of the evening there was a succession of heavy showers, by which thousands were sufferers. The effect upon their finery beggars description, and the metamorphosis was as sudden as it was complete, exposing the unfortunate sufferers to all the waggery of those in whose costume little change for the worse could be effected. The cant exclamations of "What a shocking bad bonnet!" and "What a shocking bad hat!" were heard in all directions; but patience was the only consolation, and all submitted to their fate with becoming resignation. The old adage, "'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good," was fully verified by this sudden change in the weather, and hundreds of honest tradesmen will no doubt profit largely by the casualties of the day. In the hurry to escape from the scene of these disasters dreadful confusion arose, and the rough collisions in the narrow roads from the Downs towards London produced many serious additions to the mischief, which embraced not only every variety of fracture to which carriages are liable, but in many instances serious personal injury. Every house of entertainment was crowded to suffocation by persons seeking shelter and comfort, and the night had far advanced before comparative regularity was restored. The scene at the conjunction of the roads leading from the Downs and Epsom, at Ewell, was

truly alarming. Here triple rows of carriages were seen battling for precedence; and the crack of panels, and shrieks of the fair sex, combined with oaths and exclamations of the charioteers, baffled all description. The Poles and Russians (or *rushers*) in full conflict was nothing to it; but the Poles seemed to have the best of the battle, and their unceremonious obtrusion into the vehicles before them frequently produced consequences of the most alarming description. We did not, however, hear of any fatal accident, and we trust none occurred.

ANGLING.

SIR,—I promised to renew my correspondence with you on the subject of angling as the season advanced, and it affords me much pleasure in redeeming that promise, and satisfaction that I may possibly be instrumental in imparting some useful information to the real lovers of fly-fishing. I did make free to say, in my first letter to you, that fly-fishing was not known to any very great scientific extent in England, and what was meant by that remark was justified by the practical and ocular demonstrations I have had the opportunity of witnessing amongst the English gentlemen, when put in comparison with the Irish and Scotch anglers. It is very true that in Ireland the rivers and streams are far more numerous than in England—so they are in Scotland—and hence we may infer that, opportunity being so frequent, practice is the more extensive—in addition to which advantages, prohibition is less usual in these countries. Deriving, then, such benefits as practical experience never fails to produce, it is very easy to account why superiority in the art of fly-fishing is manifest in those countries. You will scarcely find a boy twelve or fourteen years of age who is not a fly-fisher in Ireland; besides which, he can make his own flies, and throw a line as level as a rule to the extent of fifteen or twenty yards with the greatest ease. This is the result of practice and the opportunities they have of seeing experienced anglers on the rivers. In England, there is scarcely a river in which trout are to be found but is strictly preserved, and the laws of trespass nearly as bad as the game laws: hence we have but few who indulge in this sportive and pleasing recreation but the Lords of Manors and their immediate friends. The reason, then, is obvious—that in Ireland and Scotland there is abundant practice, and in England, comparatively speaking, little or none. Fly-fishing is a beautiful science, and admits of great cultivation and improvement: even to the most experienced there is something new every day to be learned. If we take into consideration the increasing changes of the fly species, the great variety of the insects and animalcula of the rivers, we will have an abundance to reflect upon, and yet most difficult to arrive at the final truth. If, too, we observe the capricious humour and appetites of the fish, and study the causes of the sudden changes in their feeding, it will occupy our minds with wonder—we shall find trout one hour feeding voraciously on worm or minnow, the next leaping sprightly at flies, and disdaining to look at their former food; but, whilst they are taking minnow or ground bait, if a thousand flies were over their nose, they would equally disdain to touch them *at that time*. Thus we have often the most sudden changes imaginable in the appetites of trout. The state of the

atmosphere has a great control on their feeding; and when rain threatens they are always sick, and will be seldom found to take anything whatever; an easterly or northerly wind is always unpropitious, and, until it changes, good sport will rarely be had; but in or after a good brisk shower of rain, with west or south wind blowing, you may then expect the fish to be on the feed. But it signifies very little indeed in what good humour the fish may be in if a person has not skill in the throwing of a fly, which is the very first and most important thing to be learned. It should be thrown very lightly and delicately, so as to make no splash on the surface; for, if a line is cast heavily on the water, more especially where it is smooth, the fish will dart off in all directions with fright. Trout have a peculiarly quick eye, more so than any other fish; and if the angler does not study to keep a long distance from the bank, he has no chance in taking trout—they are very wary, and the sight of any living thing on the banks terrifies them more than any other fish whatever. In the month of April trout begin to get a little stronger, and make more up towards the head of the stream; they are getting into better condition, and the water-lice, which torture them during the winter and early part of spring, commence gradually falling from their skins. In this month a considerable number of flies approach the waters, and trout commence taking them much more sprightly than in March; black and red hackles and fox-flies, as in March, continue good; but the hare's ear flies begin to disappear. There are two flies which are much used, bearing the name of coghlans—the first is the grey, the second the brown coghlan; they are excellently good in a rough-blowing day. There are, likewise, a number of others used, but too tedious to name here. I merely think it worth while to mention the principal or best ones. About the middle of April swallows begin to make their appearance on the rivers, and it is worthy of notice that the moment they do they are accompanied by a vast number of very small blue flies, as if nature intended them for their tender food on their first approach. It is really astonishing with what avidity the trout feed on them for the time they continue on the water (about a fortnight); in fact, the fish will take no other fly, so amazingly do they dote on it. It is somewhat larger than a midge; the wings are of a dark blue, the body is the same. The best imitation of it is produced from the tail of a tomtit, and the fur of a mole-skin, intermixed with a *few* yellow or copper-coloured hairs of mohair, the tail of the tomtit for its wings. This fly is forked (or, to speak more intelligibly, it has a tail); it must be made on a very small hook, and it is, without exception, the most killing fly I have ever known for the period it lasts. I have taken a trout, and opened it on the banks of the river, and found it quite gorged with this fly only, not a particle of anything else in its stomach. It is called by sportsmen the *blue-blow*. These few remarks I have offered as respects the flies are applicable to the months of March and April only, and for the present shall not trespass on your patience more, but reserve some other observations for a future occasion, that is, should you deem the subject worthy of further development, or the letter worth the trouble of publication in your Sporting Journal.—Yours, &c., R. E.—*To the Editor of Bell's Life in London.*

THE

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POONAH RACES OF 1831.

There has seldom been a race meeting carried on with the harmony and spirit which so truly characterized the season this day concluded; and proud as Poonah may justly be of the numerous first-rate horses which have made their maiden efforts on its turf, it loses no feather from its cap by the turn out of the present year: a glance at the time of some of the Plates will be sufficient to corroborate this assertion. The running had been fixed for the evening, I believe, with the view of attracting the ladies to witness the sport; and as this object was fully attained by the attendance of a great portion of the beauty and fashion of the camp, it would be perhaps uncivil to say anything against the arrangement, though so much was to be done every afternoon, that at the very first day the Stewards were compelled to run the Maiden Sweepstakes and the Riddlesworth Stakes early in the morning, leaving the Spear and Claret Stakes to come off at the time appointed.

With all due deference to the politeness of those who thus sacrificed the healthful and exhilarating charm of the daylight's cool breeze to the influence of ladies' smiles, I confess I cannot agree with them in thinking the exchange of a morning's pleasure in the pure fresh air for the heat and dust of four o'clock fun at all counterbalanced by the greater display of laughing lips and sparkling eyes, even though the one in some instances might have been lovely enough to have lured a trainer from his stable, and the other so bright as to have blinded a betting man to the long odds. However, it had been so settled, and every evening certainly changed the Race Bungalow into a *winning post* for the mere spectators, while the business men crowded to the Stewards' Stand. But the ladies are leading me astray (and not for the first time too) from my desire to describe the races of this year, which I will now endeavour to do without further digression. I shall therefore start with repeating that the morning of Tuesday, the 6th of December, was marked off by the owners of horses entered for the Maiden Sweepstakes and the Riddlesworth, to open the performance of the season, and at sunrise five maidens appeared at

the two mile starting-post. Sir Robert, a large and beautiful brown horse (rode by a jockey—Large—well known on the Calcutta Course), was the favourite at odds; Skiff, a powerful little bay, stood next; Filbert, a fat looking grey, and Echo, a bright bay, with four white legs, and a tail like a frigate's bowsprit, were a *little* spoken of, and Prospero scarcely mentioned, though he rated it in good style with Echo for the first half mile, closely watched by the Baronet, who at the turn went up to them, and, leaving Prospero, caught Echo at the mile and then allowed him to go away again; at the straight run in, however, he again tried his foot, but little *Echo* was wide *awake* and proved himself a *sound* horse by cleverly winning the race from his more promising opponent.

	min.	sec.
Time—First half mile	0	56
Second ,,	1	3
Third ,,	1	4
Fourth ,,	1	7
Total...	4	10

The run for the Riddlesworth between the Emerald colt and the Emerald filly, now Lady Louisa, was a mere canter for her ladyship, though she lost some lengths by a bad start, and being the favourite long before, little was done in the betting way on this race; they took 2m. 39s. to get through their journey.

In the afternoon Brown George, Clodhopper, Beggarboy, Allegro, and the Doctor started for the Three Spear Stakes, and came in as I have placed them. Beggarboy jumped off at a tear-away pace, but soon was headed by Brown George and Clodhopper, and if the latter had possessed more of the *hopper* and less of the *clod* he might have given a little more trouble to the *brown* gentleman, who managed to win tolerably easy.

The sun had set before Pyramus, the long-talked-of and well-known horse, and Paris, a Presidency runner, came to the post with the celebrated Goblin Gray. A sharp and a merry race was expected, but Pyramus proved lame, while little Paris against two such flickers ran to save his distance, and Goblin, therefore, had little to do to come in first. The second heat was a pretty neck and neck run all round, and ended amidst tumults of applause in what the judge pronounced a *dead heat*, but the evening was now so dark, and both horses being grey and very close together, he could not distinguish one from the other, and therefore decided in favour of neither. Paris had before proved himself a good bottomed little nag, and that he had foot the time of the dead heat fully established. This, added to his carrying nearly ten pounds less than the Goblin, lifted him well up in some of the betting books, though the old turfites stood by the old horse; and the event justified their good opinion of him, for he won the next heat tolerably easy, though nothing was seen of the horses from the time they started until they came in.

So much for *evening racing!*

	min.	sec.
Time—First heat	3	6
Second ditto ...	2	59
Third ditto.....	3	7

On the second day the Champaign Stakes had only three tickets out of six subscribers. Echo, the winner, and Prospero, a loser of the Maiden Sweepstakes, took their places with Piarree, a beaten horse of two seasons, but a beautiful creature and apparently in tiptop condition. Echo, however, made all the running, and

kept the lead steadily, and though he could not prevent Piarree collaring him at the fifth half mile, he maintained his place and won very cleverly.

	m.	s.
First half mile, less by 205 yards	0	45½
Second ditto ditto	0	58¼
Third ditto, and 205 yards more	1	18¼
Fourth ditto	1	7
Fifth ditto	1	4
Sixth ditto	1	9
Total	6	22¼

For the Malcolm Produce, Lady Eliza, a very young three-year-old black filly, purchased at one of the Poonah horse shows, Patell, a dark four-year-old colt, bred by the Purunderry Chief near Sassoor, and Kundoo, a five-year-old from Kandeish, were rode to the mile and distance, for their chances of the 800 Rupees purse. In both heats Patell led from the post, and won without any difficulty in 2m. 23s. and 2m. 24s. Pyramus, though cruelly lame, seemed determined not to lose a chance, and went merrily off with Sebastian, who carried a stone less for his three mile match, and up to the 1½ mile seemed to have a fair hope of winning, but here his lameness must have seriously affected him, for he began to drop in the rear, and allowed Sebastian to go along just as he pleased for the rest of the journey.

The Hunters' Stakes brought out the well-known and once celebrated horse Creeper, to run against Rajah, who has also had 1m. 1s. against his name in many a race, and Brown George, and Professor, the former a handsome high conditioned horse, and the latter "unknown to public fame," a lofty carriaged Persian-looking grey. Brown George went off at a coach-horse pace, waited upon by Professor, Creeper *close* up, and Rajah *knocked* up. At the fourth half mile, contrary to the opinions of the knowing ones and terribly against the best betting books of the day, Professor challenged for the lead, and appeared to gain it with great ease to himself, and won with great credit, running without being pressed the last half mile, carrying the break-back weight of 11st., in 3m. 6½s. Another match followed, in which the Doctor beat Allegro half a mile in the dark. Next followed the second heat of the Pony Sweepstakes, the first of which was cleverly won by the Game Cock, though Robinson Crusoe, having had a bad start, tried to make up for it by cutting across through the Kirkee fields, but it would not do, and the Cock carried off the race in grand style.

On the third day, Echo, having beaten Sir Robert and Prospero in the maiden, had a fair chance of winning the Deccan Cup, for Professor was scarcely thought of, and Roshun not at all so. Echo led, closely watched by Sir Robert for three-quarters of a mile, who there, to the surprise of Echo's friends, took up the running, while Professor merely looked on and saved his distance, a feat which Roshun almost forgot to accomplish. The Baronet was then left alone, and he won of course, apparently well in hand, by two or three lengths. In the second heat it was evident that Echo intended to let Professor avail himself of his freshness, and he led off with Sir Robert hard held, and Guardsmen at his best, up to the two mile starting-post, where a tickle from the spur brought Professor almost abreast of the Baronet, in which way they came in and made a near and a pretty rush of it. Few races have occasioned so much speculation as this, and some there were who would rather have won this Deccan Cup than have carried off all the other races of

the season, but they were doomed to disappointment, and "*the glorious uncertainty*" of the Turf bore the blame. For the Give and Take, Bustle, the winner last year of the Ahmedabad maiden (described by a rough-and-ready writer in your 12th No. as the best of three *indifferent horses*), entered against Paris, and in spite of the recorded opinion of "Observator," proved himself as *good* a little horse as ever ran, winning his first heat in 4m. 3½s.; and although the evening was too dark to admit of the time for the second heat being taken correctly, it was in the opinion of every one as gallant a race as had ever been witnessed; but the fact is, that the "*cloven foot*" peeped out in the "*pithy observation of an old Sportsman,*" which Observator publishes, viz. that "at all events none of that money goes to *Poonah.*" What right had Observator to give publicity to so envious a remark? If the Poonah people ran the risk of sending their horses to Ahmedabad, they deserve more courtesy at the hands of their Guzerat sporting friends than such ill-natured triumphs because they chance to be defeated. Let Observator send his horses to the Deccan, and, if they happen to lose, he may depend upon it that his conquerors will not stoop to any *ill-nature* to add to their victory. That Observator's *bull-in-the-china-shop* remark was meant for the Goblin is very apparent, and though he also mentions that on this occasion Goblin's friends were "*sadly in the mud,*" yet, unluckily for his wit and his accuracy, he was quite as wrong about their losses as he was ungenerous in his own remark.

The Sungum Stakes called out Creeper, Goblin Grey, and Sebastian with 10st. each, against Vivian Grey with 9st. 10lbs. and Piarree with 9st. 7lbs. The Goblin's owner thinking Sebastian and Piarree would kill each other in the first heat, and setting little score in the bottom of either, saved his distance, but could not manage matters as was intended, for Piarree won both heats in good style in 2m. 1s. and 1m. 59½s. After this Allegro tried his luck for one mile against the Doctor, and lost again.

The fourth day proved one of great sport both in the running and betting, the fun commencing with the Ladies' Purse, for which Creeper, Bustle, and Sebastian were entered. In the first heat Bustle, running to save his distance, allowed Sebastian to do the work with Creeper, who would have his own way in spite of a strong pull, and in the third half mile got his head loose and pushed Sebastian to his best pace, though he lost the heat to him, in very good style. In the second heat Bustle kept Sebastian up to his mark from the starting-post, and made one or two dashes to avail himself of Sebastian giving a wide berth to the inside of the course, but was foiled in all his manœuvres till leaving off his tricks as he approached the second half mile, he went up, challenged fairly, got ahead, and kept his place handsomely, winning with a strong pull upon him, from the distance post. This was the *indifferent* horse, Mr. Editor. Creeper, in the third heat, having saved his distance in the second, was *open* now to a little play, and commenced with strong running, collared Bustle several times and once or twice got his head in front, but in spite of good jockeyship he was compelled to let the little horse win the race. But the winner was the *indifferent* horse. Mr. Editor, mark that again.

Of the six subscribers to the

1000 Rupees Sweepstakes, a mile and a half and distance, with 8st. 7lbs., only four produced horses to start, and Sir Robert and Echo drew up at the starting post with Professor, the winner of the Hunters', and Sligo, a new performer. The odds were in favour of Sir Robert, who went away with his little antagonist at score, leaving Professor to save his distance and Sligo to try to do the same. The Baronet won the heat with great sang-froid by upwards of a length. In the next heat Professor took a good place from the start, and made such play, that Sir Robert found it was no fun, for at the distance the whip told tales against his ribs, while he lost the heat by a length. Professor's powers were now the chaff of the rubbing down time, and he certainly jumped off for the third heat with a spirit that led every one to believe that he was well entitled to the praise he had already earned. Echo made some pretty lunges down the distance, but Professor won handsomely in 3m. 25s.

All eyes were now directed to the Silver Tankard, a handsomely executed but ill-designed piece of workmanship from Cutch, which was placed on the table in the Race Stand, in shape (without the cover, which was surmounted by a *curly-tailed* animal with a back arched like Sunderland Bridge, and meant to represent a wild boar) somewhat resembling a Roman urn, covered all over with lions, tigers, deer, hogs, and horsemen in every extravagant attitude which the operations of the chase could possibly supply. For this elaborate looking thing to be called a tankard! There were thirteen subscribers, and great sport had been anticipated. Great therefore was the disappointment when only two horses entered, and still greater did it prove when Skiff was seen to sail away from Clodhopper, and left him without even a shade of a shadow of a chance. To make amends, however, in some measure for this follow-my-leader thing of a travel, the Goblin's appearance with Lady Louisa to try their speed in a four mile race gave some interest to the scene, for the former had to give 13lbs. to the filly, who was said on the ground to require 8m. 16s. to be beaten in. However, the Goblin's friends were not to be frightened, and the odds in his favour were about five to two, which after they had gone a mile and a quarter rose to five to one, for at that part of the race the Goblin, having waited upon her ladyship with most becoming gallantry, grew forgetful of his good manners, and left her behind him as the French say "*sans ceremonie*," winning the race at his own convenience in 8m. 55s. The evening concluded with a match between the Doctor and Allegro. The latter having been well beaten in his half mile and mile races, was thought to have but little hope of success in this, but he went away like a sky-rocket; and though the Doctor caught him up at the distance, where both were handsomely brought to the whip, he won by a head.

The sport for the Kirkee Cup and Free Handicap, with the fun expected in the rush for the Hack Stakes, brought a shoal of visitors to the Stand, and the course was covered with spectators. The Cup horses were handicapped as follows:—

	st.	lbs.
B. A. Sir Robert	8	7
B. A. Skiff	8	4
G. A. Piarree	9	0
B. A. Echo	8	6
G. A. Professor	8	8
G. A. Clodhopper	7	12

I have placed the horses as they were marked off in the judge's paper. The three greys went off at score, leaving the bays in a cluster about four lengths in the rear. At the quarter mile Piarree shot ahead, and then the Baronet, with Echo and Skiff close at hand, bustled up to the front, and all except Clodhopper, who had tailed off, crept up in a crowd and so continued till they reached the mile post, when Sir Robert made a rush for the lead and gained it; but they were yet far from home, and Skiff began to creep up till at the distance post he made play in *earnest*, closed on Sir Robert—whips and spurs were in full play—and he ran neck and girth with him to the ending post, losing by barely a head in 3m. 17s.

For the Galloway, a little unknown animal called Ranger presumed to enter against the beautiful and blood-looking Feramorz, giving him 5lbs. too. It was thought farcical and absurd, but Ranger led the whole way round by two or three lengths to the turn in, where Feramorz came up, but was brought to the spurs to make him win by a head. This was a squeak for the great little horse, but he was not in any condition for running, and nothing but his carriage carried him through the second heat, which was a splendid neck and neck race the whole way round, and only won by a nose, as decided by the judge, though many deemed it a dead heat.

Eight horses, headed by the black country colt, Palace, and Brown George, dashed off at the word, helter skelter for the Hack Stakes. It was a capital start, and a grand rush for half a mile, when Palace, Brown George, and X. Y. Z. pushed out of the crowd, and came in as I have named them, the colt winning, assisted by the whip, in two minutes by nearly a neck.

The Goblin with 9st. 5lbs. once more met Lady Louisa, who with 7st. 7lbs., and Sebastian 7st. 12lbs., contended for the Free Handicap of 1000 Rs., a two mile and a half race. The time was 5m. 10s., and the toddle was a very nice affair for the Goblin's exercise, for he did as he pleased throughout the business, and won with the greatest ease.

The last day's running began by the forced handicap where the judges had placed 9st. 6lbs. on the Goblin, 8st. 10lbs. upon Bustle, 7st. 12lbs. upon Professor and Skiff, 7st. 7lbs. on Echo, and 7st. upon Lady Louisa. Goblin and Bustle were drawn, for why the devil should the Goblin have his back broke by such carthorse weight against Professor, with twenty-two pounds less in a *two mile* race on Bustle? But it's no use to say anything about it now, though Skiff might have shown good cause to grumble, and loudly too. The odds at starting were in favour of the filly, who went away with Professor close at hand at a tremendous pace, Skiff about two lengths, and Echo double that distance in the rear, Professor taking the lead just before they approached the first half mile, which was run in 54½s. During the next half mile, which was done in 59½s. (making the fastest mile ever recorded at Poonah), he gained ground on all his competitors, and continued two or three lengths ahead until they passed the post from which they had started, when Skiff made a gallant push, ran up to Professor's quarter, and lay there to the distance post, but then fell off a little, and was beat by a clear length in 4m. 3½s.

The Pony Plate and Pony

Sweepstakes excited little or no interest, for the Game Cock was booked to win, and he did so in both races with the greatest ease. Pretty pickings!

The Welter, six subscribers, three paying, with gentlemen up at 11st. 7lbs., brought out our old acquaintances, Sir Robert, Piarree, and Professor. The latter having already run so sharp a race as he had done for two miles in the forced handicap, could hardly have been expected to take a conspicuous place in this, but he proved himself an honest and courageous as well as a speedy horse, for he kept close to Piarree's quarter for upwards of a mile, then took the lead, and won in great style by more than two lengths. The great weight must have crippled Sir Robert, who was very early in the race "all nohow, like a dog's elbow." Look at the grand time for such weights, and I think the Bombayites will be cautious how they bet lest they should find Professor turn into Performer, and keep the promises his appearance gives.

	min.	secs.
1st half mile	0	58
2nd ,, ...	1	3
3rd ,, ...	1	7

The Beaten Plate was prettily enough contested between Creeper 9st. 2lbs., Ranger 7st. 7lbs., Sebastian 8st. 9lbs., X. Y. Z. a feather, and Vivian Grey 8st. 6lbs.; the latter winning very easily, with Sebastian close up.

As a wind up, and I suppose a clap trap to ensure a merry termination to the season, there came a Donkey Sweepstakes—heats the distance in. The following started after being placed by the judges:—Mr. Andrew's Sheriffe had his long tail tied by some wag to the post; Mr. Locksley's Esterhazy not placed; Captain Tickleme's Pyramus not seen; Mr. John Raw's Echo not even heard; Mr. Varmint's Sir Robert, 2 1 bolted and threw his man; Major Pulford's Lady Louisa, 1 2, 1 1; Capt. O'Toole's Emilius wouldn't start; Capt. Popjoy's Chapeau de Paille couldn't start; Mr. Pentweazle's Goblin Grey hid himself in the Kurbee; Mr. Howard Russell's Boxkeeper behaved indelicate; Mr. Fitzherbert's Pomade Divine up bray-ded Boxy, and bolted; Mr. Long Ned's Maccassar slipped away home; Mr. Sam. Buggin's Champion fought shy; Capt. Butler Bluelight's Queen *Adelaide laid down*; Mr. Nathan No-go's Gruaud-la-rose stood stockstill.

It was so dark when this crowd of creatures crawled to the distance post, that it was impossible to distinguish one from another, especially as the greater number of jockeys made their appearance in "Nature's uniform, turned up with ashes." But amongst the group Sir Robert was seen in great force, with a huge, tightly blown bladder (of course containing some peas) fastened to the end of his tail. Louisa concealed her north pole extremity with peacocks' feathers, and Pomade Divine looked as fine as a profusion of yellow ribbons could possibly make any jackass in the world. No language but that of Babel could possibly describe the confusion, uproar, riot, and row; for, like the O. P. affair, I may justly say "A sound as of the tower of Babel rose." Horns, drums, tin trumpets, sheets of copper, punches and slaps, thwacks of all sorts and sizes, from the knobbed bludgeon to the taper whip, ran echoing round the *Course*, whilst shout and scoff, "Ya—ha—off off," gave notice that the creatures were at their work. After the first heat, which was won by Lady Louisa, a dark coloured,

lob-eared, bandy-legged, mangy-looking donkeyess, in spite of the bundles of crackers which had been tied to and bounded off in furious sparks under the very tenderest part of the trails of Queen Adelaide, and Gruaud-la-rose, and the pushing and shoving of the partisans of the others, the finale was postponed to the following day, which after some desperate struggling came off as I have marked it. Sir Robert, at starting for the second heat, made a desperate effort to gain the inner course, and succeeding in this, he won the heat with apparent ease, and with a strong and steady pull on his tail by his backers. For the third essay, Sir Robert again went away as though resolved to win, but disgusted by a blow most cruelly unmerited over his left eye, he like the Hackney coachman for his shilling "*wouldn't go no furder*," but made a rush at the ropes and ran off to his stable, throwing his brutal long-legged rider most meritoriously over his head, upon the only heap of stones in the place. Lady Louisa thus left to herself (for only these two came to the scratch in the morning), in the most lady-like manner disdaining to take advantage of the heat she had gained the night before, and of the Baronet's unworthy desertion, allowed herself without a murmur to be led back to the starting-post to give her opponent another chance, but he having passed the night luxuriating in a fine kurbee field, with no doubt other "appliances and means to boot" to amuse himself, felt in no condition for another contest, and therefore flung off his rider at one tremendous kick, and with his bladder banging from side to side, dashed off to his nocturnal residence, leaving Lady Louisa to canter in alone to the winning post, where she triumphantly announced her success by depositing her peacock decoration, and "loud as a trumpet with a silver sound" sent forth a glorious bray.

S. Y. S.

Dec. 31*st*, 1831.

ON THE DISEASES OF HORSES.

To the Editor of the Oriental Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

When I communicated to you, in a former letter, the result of my limited experience in the use of arsenic in the stable, I never anticipated that it would procure for me the flattering distinction of bringing my name into the same sentence with that of O'Keefe's; far less that my humble endeavours to extend our knowledge of veterinary practice would have been so favourably noticed as they have been in your last number.

My object then was, as it still is, to induce the free communication of all cases, either in or out of the common line, tending to afford a better or clearer insight into the nature of the diseases incident to the horse, as well as of their remedies, and any new ones that may have been discovered, which either from their simplicity or superior effect may be better calculated to counteract them. But it is a lamentable fact, and one often deplored by others as well as myself, that in this country, where sportsmen are so entirely dependent on themselves for veterinary aid, they should

be so averse to communicate to their brother sportsmen any little "wrinkle" they may themselves have picked up.

It is no less to be regretted that the few professional gentlemen who have of late honoured us with their presence should be so disinclined to point out to the ignorant the right road, or even to set them aright, when they may perceive any to have gone astray.

Another thing to be deprecated is, anything like a spirit of acerbity or of critique—any disposition to cut up or turn into ridicule productions the mere language of which may not be so elegant, or the ideas so correctly expressed, yet which have for their object improvement and the extension of knowledge by the communication of the experience of different sportsmen (for in India all are more or less sportsmen), and which ought to secure for them the leniency and forbearance of the more highly gifted, rather than severity of remark or sarcasm. At the same time, I should be sorry to be thought desirous of putting an end to open and quiet discussion, which convinces by argument and sound sense, and points out errors with delicacy and kindness.

In the hope that the above remarks may have the desired effect of stirring up as well those who can, but won't, as those who can, but don't know how, so that your pages may in time become a book of reference in veterinary practice as well as in matters relating to the turf, I shall proceed to a subject more immediately connected with that I wish to advocate.

The only circumstance worthy of notice that has occurred since my first communication, within the limited sphere of my observation, is a case of sudden and fatal inflammation of the kidneys, which carried off, in the course of four days' illness, during the past rains, a very neat and good galloway, belonging to a friend of mine. He was about six years old, and from the time he was bought out of the Bomb-proof, in Jan., 1830, until his death in August, 1831, had never had an hour's illness. He had been partially trained in the latter end of 1830 for a country meeting, and promised sufficiently to warrant an idea of his being a good and fast horse for his size, but going amiss, he never started, and was therefore taken out of training, and got into high order during the hot weather and early part of the rains, which he retained till the day of his death. The only symptom tending to show that anything was wrong within exhibited itself about three weeks or a month before he died, by his passing high-coloured urine of a consistency much resembling blood; but as this was temporarily removed by reduction in his feed, and a few mashes and some nitre daily, it was not deemed of serious import. It returned, however, and particularly about four or five days before his death, when he became dull and spiritless at exercise, refused his grain, and lost his appetite generally. A hollowness of the flank too was observable, although hardly amounting to a "*tuck up*," and he appeared to lose flesh a little. On the fourth day before his death he was bled to the extent of six quarts, by which he was apparently relieved, and which was deemed sufficient for one of his size, even though in high order and young. On the second day after the bleeding the symptoms returned, and he was

again bled, but how much was taken I do not know; a fresh sheepskin was also applied to his loins. He appeared weak and in pain, and lay down and rolled occasionally without appearing to be relieved by the skin or the bleeding. In this state he continued during the night, and died on the fourth day. On being opened, his kidneys were found to be one mass of putridity, and the blood vessels thereabouts and urinary organs were inflamed and full of clotted blood, some of which, I believe, was also found in the bladder, but of this latter I am not certain. All the other intestines were found in a perfectly healthy state. As I was not myself present after the first bleeding, I cannot say what the state of the pulse was, but before it, it was strong and quick, though to no very great degree, and there was a considerable redness inside the eye, both of which pointed out the necessity for the fleam. Perhaps had he been bled sooner and more copiously, he might have been alive at this day. It must have been a very violent inflammation, for which no cause could ever be assigned by his owner, whether of sudden exposure or chill, or any exertion or straining of the back.

Perhaps the experience of some of your readers may enable them, from what I have stated above, either to account for or adduce some similar instance where remedies have been successfully applied, and to state what these were and the mode of their application. Others, too, may be able to favour us with different cases of internal inflammation and the different modes of treatment pursued, whether successful or otherwise; and I am sure not only myself, but that all your readers who take any interest in the subject, would feel highly indebted to the sporting owner of the late Velocipede if he would favour us with the circumstances attending the death of that horse, which I regret to learn from H. W. R's. letter happened so soon and at such a time.

In the hope that you and your readers will pardon my long-winded epistle, but with a threat to give you another soon, with a case of *hydrocele*, unless you previously cry enough,

I remain, Yours,
PHILO-VET.

29*th Dec.*, 1831.

A FEW DAYS' SPORT IN KATTEWAR, &c.

Oh! leave the gay voluptuous dance
Where maidens flirt and lovers sigh,
Gaze not on beauty's starry glance,
The love's own lightning of the eye.
Oh! listen not to music's flow,
But rove in memory back with me,
Again to lay the wild boar low
At Jooria and at Mandavie.

I'll tell thee how each monster died,
While ev'ry hunter's panting steed,
Though the sharp rowels gored his side,
Scarce gained upon that wild boar's speed;

And how each rider's only fear
Was not of tusks or break-neck ground,
But lest perchance his lengthen'd spear
Might fail to give the aim'd death wound.

And when at last the waning sun
Told that the glorious sport was o'er,
Our spears, their crimson duty done,
Bathed in the blood of many a boar
That dimm'd the brightness of their shine,
Leaned idle 'gainst each neighbouring tree,
And deep we pledged the flowing wine
To Jooria and to Mandavie.

At Mandavie 25 hog bit the dust in a few hours' sport, and at Jooria 23 were killed in two hours. This abundance brings to recollection former days, when the hog swept by our tents in countless sounders, and required not the assistance of beaters, tom-toms, or elephants, or any of the present legal means, to cause an ejectment. I think hog may, O abomination of Israel! be compared to the Israelites themselves, without any great stretch of imagination. Both are dispersed tribes, hunted and reviled, and seldom permitted to congregate together; and both daily suffer such pains and penalties as suit the interest or pleasure of men. By-the-by, what a desideratum on all sporting trips would a portable sausage machine be, combining the utile cum dulce; how many carcases that are now left to feed the vultures would then titillate the taste of the Pongo, and perchance urge him on to deeds of high daring?

At Sadra 300 beaters, elephants, and a field of 20 were insufficient to rouse one ruffian from his couch of rest "the monsters lay firm in the midst of all the fray," so, seeing some female neilghee ahead, we made up our minds to have a heat with them. The country beyond the jungle was open and clear, and to it they boldly took, bounding and leaping as if conscious of their own beauty and speed. The first quarter of a mile was rather sharp work, after which we gained ground rapidly upon them, and in a few minutes speared five. They were full of green food, which easily accounted for their fate. Neilghee are not so quickly disposed of, as we discovered some time afterwards, when out of three horses, one was broken down, and the other two lamed for the season, without our having had a distant chance of a spear, although a fine blue bull had been previously wounded by a ball. At Dholka we received intelligence of two lions about four miles distant. The elephant unfortunately was untrained, and permitted a lion to sneak away. The other, a lioness, was seen and bagged after two shots, one entering the shoulder, the other the head; but night—sable goddess—was now preparing to cast the darkness of her shadow over the world, and compelled us reluctantly to return home without his royal highness, whom a native, however, had the luck of killing the following day with one shot.

"D—n my eyes!" said the devil, when a broad-wheeled waggon went over his nose. "Preserve my snout," bawled out —— when a spear, turned by a stone, went through his nose and touched the

corner of his eye, and with reason too, for if it had gone but a little further it would have caused instantaneous death. I recollect a spear, thrown at a deer, being turned upwards by coming in contact with the hoof, and cutting the horse's windpipe in two, and have heard of another that passed through the horse's side and the flaps of the saddle without damaging the rider; but fortunately these little mistakes are not frequent.

A little beyond Bhadra, in one of those open plains abounding in Kattewar, we roused up two sounders of hog, and speared six without any particularly interesting run from contested spears. A little further on, a six months boar started up, at whom we slipped four dogs. The little fractious brute fought and charged with infinite spirit, but was at last mauled to death. The morning's sport was closed by another varmint being chevied and speared.

Yours obediently,

BUSHMAN.

Guzerat.

FLY FISHING.

To the Editor of the Oriental Sporting Magazine.

"Perituræ parcite Chartæ."
Juvenal.

"In pity spare us when we do our best
To make as much waste paper as the rest."

SIR,

As I have just now an idle half hour on my hands and the necessary implements for gratifying a sudden attack of the *cacoëthes scribendi* are lying conveniently near, I have decided on forwarding to you a few remarks from the head-quarters of the Weywaur Field Force—a sort of rambling, desultory sporting epistle. Of course you may print my lucubrations or consign them to the Balaam box, as seemeth good unto you, but I shall perhaps secure a corner in the O. S. M. by hinting that I am really interested in the prosperity of the work and sincerely wish it success.

We shall begin with our Neemuch fly fishing.

The Goorgoora (as mentioned by a "Friend to the Art," in your February number) is of the tribe scarabæi, genus coleoptera, usual antennæ, &c.; is found along the banks of rivers and nullahs in great numbers, and of all baits he is the most repulsive and disgusting. He stares you in the face whilst being impaled on the hook, and your true angler is considerably annoyed that during such necessary operation he cannot obey old Izaak Walton's injunction to "use your live bait as if you loved him," for the goorgoora is furnished with a pair of horny nippers which, in his agony, he never fails to impress severely on the cuticle of his "biped tormentor." So the poor fellow is generally "whistled down the wind" as quickly as possible. I have seldom used the animal, but, to quote Izaak again, he is "a very choice bait," and I have seen very fine trout taken with him. The "Friend to Fly Fishing" in your February number is rather severe on those fishermen who have put this bait in requisition, but he should remember that many of these he satirizes are mere tyros in the art, and have not had the advantage of enjoying "artificial flying" in the rivers of Wales and in some of those on the continent of Europe; nor can the worshippers

of Zebedee, in Hindostan, so easily command the services of Shenken ap Williams (corner of Winifred Street, Abergavenny) to busk a fly for them as our "Friend to Fly Fishing" could and used to do.

The only peculiarity observable in our favourite fish, the trout, as compared with the species in Europe, is the black spot instead of the crimson and yellow, and its only singularity is the truly "oriental taste" he shows in preferring such artificial flies as display the most gaudy and glittering colours. He is most successfully allured by a fly of tasteful compound, exhibiting a variety of crimson and yellow, purple and gold; in short, by using feathers of every hue radiant and glowing, such as the birds of this land of caloric, "with wings like their own sky," offer for our selection. Our Neemuch Izaak (a staunch, enduring, and steady angler) and myself have taken in one day, with the artificial fly, sixteen dozen of fine trout, besides several mahseer of two and three pounds each, which fancied the gaudy fabric.

I would fain say a few words of our mahseer fishing, and talk of fellows weighing from five to upwards of 20lbs. and of the delightful reel music with which they entertain us, but I must refrain, as the "Friend to Fly Fishing" has promised you information on this head, and he will do much greater justice to the subject. One word only—these heavy fish do not take the fly in any of the rivers I have fished in this part of Hindostan—the Clumbal Sinde, Newnj, Parbutty, and others. The largest so taken I saw a few nights ago on Izaak's table, a couple of mahseer of four pounds each.

On looking at your February number again, I think there must be some mistake in Nimrod's statement of his camel having actually gone twelve miles in the hour; by-the-by, that able correspondent of yours patronises our two Bengal sportsmen a *leetle* too much. I cannot fancy the "Old Tiger" relishing being patted on the back after the fashion that he with the cognomen of the mighty hunter hath patted him. S—, the man who in the space of a few weeks single handed, made forty-five tigers bite the dust!!!

OLD IZAAK'S GHOST.

Neemuch, 1831.

SONG.

GOBLIN GREY.

TUNE—"*Alice Gray.*"

He's all my judgment pictured him,
Not faultless in his birth,
But his blood and bone in frame and limb
Gave promise of his worth;
And long'd I as man never long'd,
His price at once to pay,
For my heart, my heart was throbbing
For the gallant "GOBLIN GREY."

His light long neck, his bold broad head,
His finely lifted loin,
His splendid shoulder's depth and slope,
Proclaim'd the coming coin;

Alas! the coin is not for me,
Then let me steal away;
How could I hope to win against
The gallant "GOBLIN GREY?"

I've watch'd him in his trials too,
And trembled at his pace,
But my turf pursuits will never do,
I cannot win a race;
And when upon the course I come,
May no wag aptly say,
"Oh! his hair, his hair all grey hath grown
From the dread of 'GOBLIN GREY.'"

T. T.

VETERINARY PRACTICE.

SIR,

Having observed rather a dearth in the contributions to your last number, I am induced to send you the result of a few lucubrations on the diseases of horses, &c., leaving it entirely to your judgment whether they deserve a place in the O. S. M.

I see a correspondent gives an account of the effects of arsenic in bringing a horse that was remarkably fallen off into condition. Arsenic is a very powerful tonic, and I am inclined to think would act more efficaciously if given at first in smaller doses and with less intervals between them—say, begin with one or two grains and increase the dose a grain every second day, i.e. for the first two days, two grains for the next two, three, and so on. It would certainly have more a gradual and insensible effect on the constitution, and an animal perhaps would be able to take more without feeling any deleterious effects from it.

Arsenic has been given to dogs with good effect in obstinate mange and other disorders of that nature, depending on a diseased and weakened tone of the absorbents, and consequently, also of the digestive organs; the dose from one-eighth to half a grain, but when such a small division is required the watery solution of the oxide is a preferable form.

I think if any one has ever turned his attention to the disease called glanders, the results of the experiments and observations he may have made on that head would be interesting to a great many of your readers, especially as regards the following points:—Has it ever been ascertained if a horse that has once had glanders, or farcy, is again liable to the disease at a subsequent period, either from contagion or any other cause? Is it possible in any manner to prepare a horse's body by the use of previous medicines, so that he may receive the disease in a mild form from inoculation? I believe instances have been known of strangles, where the case has been severe and not properly taken care of, degenerating into glanders. White says that inoculation with the matter of strangles or grease, will produce the former disease, and that it is a sure preventive against glanders. I have never tried the experiment, but think it probable that the case may be analogous to that of vac-

cination for the small pox, which is supposed to have originated from the cow-pox, and gradually, during the lapse of time, to have developed itself under its present form.

Now I am on the subject of small pox, I may observe the great resemblance the distemper in dogs is generally supposed to bear to it by medical men; indeed, on the first symptoms appearing, a few dark coloured pustules may almost always be observed on the belly, the dog evincing heaviness about the head and dulness of the eyes, accompanied sometimes with a slight cough and generally a disrelish for his food. In this early stage, bleeding is no doubt of great benefit, afterwards it can only do harm. Calomel and tartar emetic are the proper medicines, with perhaps a seton behind the ears or a blister on the sides, according to circumstances. From what I have seen, the exhibition of a full dose of calomel at first, and from one to three grains of tartar emetic every day, or every other day, is preferable to giving the calomel in a succession of small doses mixed with the tartar emetic. As the dog recovers, give some tonic to strengthen his stomach. His diet during the whole time should be nutritious, as milk thickened with fine flour, but perfectly free from anything heating, bringing him back to his former food very gradually. However, in every case, since prevention is better than cure, vaccination, as recommended in one of your early numbers, would no doubt be found highly beneficial in doing away with the disease altogether; I believe the matter from grease in the heels of a horse is equally efficacious as that taken from the pustule on a cow's teat.

Before I finish, Mr. Editor, let me recommend the use of the lancet in preference to the fleam. With a little practice one can be used equally well and as quickly as the other. Besides, there are many places where, to say the least, there is some danger in using a fleam; for instance, the vein that runs from the corner of the eye down the nose, the plate vein especially, if it is required to bleed near the knee for broken knees, &c., &c.

I think I have already trespassed too long, so beg to subscribe myself

Yours obediently,

TENO.

Dec. 6th, 1831.

SONG.

I'LL LEND THEE THESE.

TUNE—"*I'll Give thee All.*"

I'll lend thee these, for luck attends
The aged sportsman's loan;
My spurs and spear, the truest friends
I e'er could call my own.
The spur whose gentlest touch can coax
The dullest steed to go,
And better far, the spear whose pokes
Have many a boar laid low.

Tho' hogs may hide or steeds may swerve,
And *blank* may prove the day,
Yet still the search itself will serve
This lesson to convey,
If ever care should bring thee pain
Or sorrow dim thine eye,
Let spur and spear be used again
And see how grief will fly.

D.

TIGER HUNTING IN THE DOOAB.

To the Editor of the Oriental Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

After reading the account by Nimrod in the East, of tiger shooting in Khandeish, I am almost ashamed to continue the journal of our humble performances in the Dooab; but I am consoled by the reflection that while his party, with five elephants and the assistance of Bheels, devoted their whole time to sport in the finest tiger country perhaps in India, we, with one elephant and the aid of very ordinary shikarees, sallied out only when news came of a tiger having killed a bullock, or when our peons had marked one down; in short, we trusted to chance throwing tigers in our way, not having time or opportunity for a regular campaign. Under these circumstances, if your crack tiger-killing correspondents smile, I hope they will not laugh outright at our diminutive list.

I must here mention that from November 1st to December 9th my friend had all the sport to himself, as I was laid up by fever.

November 1st.—A breathless ryot brought word of a tiger lying in an old fort where he had just killed a bullock; it was now almost sunset, and there hardly remained sufficient daylight to reach the spot: luckily there was little cover, and in five minutes a fine small tiger was on foot running along a low wall towards the elephant; two balls hit him in passing, and after galloping through a complete lane of people without atttempting to charge, he dropped dead.

Nov. 5th was a brilliant day in the calendar, four full grown tigers, a tigress, and two cubs being found, and three of the royal family numbered with the dead. A peon had marked down the tigress the preceding evening in some open jungle about ten miles distant, and kept her surrounded all night; she was found and killed after a deal of skulking without showing much sport, and one cub shared her fate. They were no sooner dispatched than a ryot rushed up with open mouth, and eyes starting from their sockets, to say that a tiger as large as an elephant was taking his siesta in a jawarree field close by. The beaters were immediately posted on trees, and old Anak walked in, when an immense tiger, although not quite so large as an elephant, soon showed himself, and was saluted as he rose by a ball through the ribs, which he answered by a growl and a brilliant charge. A second ball turned him and he immediately crouched among the jawarree, from which he charged when we approached and was hit again; he then made off at full speed,

steering towards some jungle. A chase now commenced in sight, the tiger going along at a lobbing gallop, escorted by a horseman on each side to mark him down, and the elephant following in his wake at a more sober pace.

He laid up in the first bush he reached, when he was again hit, and unfortunately this shot had the effect of turning him back towards a crowd of people who had assembled to see the sport. All reached a place of safety except an unfortunate boy who was overtaken, and one gripe of the tiger's jaws crushed his skull to pieces. All the ferocity of his nature now seemed roused, and leaving the dead body he charged back at the elephant, rushing on with the most savage determination. He came on so rapidly that there was no time to spare, and he had almost reached his object when a ball turned him. Thrice he repeated his charge with the same result, and it was only when completely crippled and exhausted from his wound that he desisted, and sat down on his haunches, with his head erect, and grinning defiance at his enemies. A rifle ball through the heart made him rise once more, and he dropped dead while in the act of rushing forward at the elephant, making a complete somerset in his dying agonies from the impetus with which he sprang.

A more beautiful sight can hardly be imagined, and the last struggle of that tiger was alone worth more than the tame death of many such as we generally meet.

Although it was now almost dark, yet the intelligence of three more tigers in a nullah about two miles distant was irresistible, and it was resolved to attack them. They were driven up just as the last gleam of daylight had vanished, and passed at full speed, all roaring at once; the elephant seemed to think three at a time too much, and bolted; one random shot was fired, and so ended this day's sport. I forgot to mention that a hyena was killed on the road in the morning. Here ends, I fear, our tiger shooting, for the elephant, which had been borrowed from a native, was restored to his owner to-day.

21st. — When an elephant cannot be had a tree is no bad substitute, and two tigers were shot this morning without missing the comforts of a howdah. The place in which they were lying was certainly most favourable, the banks of a narrow nullah, or rather rivulet, and directly over their path there was a tree which looked as if it had been planted on purpose. Four full grown tigers were beat up. Two, suspecting some mischief, made a wide circuit out of shot; the other pair came boldly on, and were both bagged, each with a single shot. One dropped on the spot, and his companion was found dead next day.

Dec. 9th.—A tiger which had just killed, a cow and calf was marked into a nullah early this morning. He was beat up to the tree where we were seated, and hit in the *neck and loin*, but escaped into a thick jungle and was lost. Here we *did* miss the elephant.

25th.—A tiger beat up in a similar way, which showed splendid sport for upwards of an hour. He passed within ten yards of the tree, and received three rifle balls in the shoulder and back, two of them from a double-barrelled 1½oz. rifle weighing nearly 11lbs. One would think this must prove a quietus to anything less than an elephant, but he merely winced at each shot, and galloped across a large plain

as if nothing had happened, leapt over a nullah, and laid up in a small bush on its banks.

A council of war was now held, and the issue of the deliberation was to pitch our tiger basket * within fifteen yards of him, into which I got, while my companion mounted a tree on the opposite bank. A rocket thrown into his quarters bolted him, and he broke away on my friend's side, who hit him twice before he could reach any covert. To gain this he swam across a river, and concealed himself among the rushes. There he was safe, and by going some way round I got within five yards of the spot, protected from his charge by the river and a steep bank. The moment I showed myself so did he, rushing forward with a growl. Two balls from the 10-pounder pulled him up, and he dropped in the water, where he was despatched; but not till three more shots were fired. This finale was brilliant in the extreme, and his charge from the rushes was one of the finest I ever saw.

26th, 27th, and 28th.—Beat the great ghaut jungle near Hangul, and killed a fine bull bison and a samba. The natives had several shots both at bison and deer, but bagged none, although they wounded several.

Jan. 3rd.—Killed a boar and a sow, and lost another in the jungle after being speared.

4th.—Killed a boar and two sows.

5th.—A tiger was beat up, and wounded by one of the party, but made his escape.

LAWRY TODD.

Dharwar, January 10, 1832.

* This we found most useful in situations where there were no large trees to shoot from; it is used by the natives on the Malabar coast with great success, and is perhaps the best substitute for an elephant. Ours was about 7 feet high, and large enough to hold three people comfortably, made of bamboos so strong as to resist the charge of a tiger. It can be carried by four men, and when used is pitched with tent pegs to make it more secure.

SONG.

COME, LISTEN, MY LADS.

Come, listen, my lads, whilst I sing you of joys
That only are known to us true sporting boys;
With spears in our hands, and sharp spurs on our heels,
There's nought like the joy that the hog hunter feels.

CHORUS.

Then join me in chorus, and shout to the sky,
And cry up the pleasures of sporting on high;
Come, fill up your glasses, and drink to the day
When the next bristly boar in the jungle we slay.

In the morning betimes we rise up with the sun
And see that our steeds are quite right for a run,
That their shoes are all tight, that the tackle is strong,
That our spurs are all sharp, and nought can go wrong.

Come, tell us, old Duttoo, what khuber to day?
"A sounder of hog in the grass cover stray,
One huge bristly monster, of others a score."
Then hurrah, my brave boys, for the death of the boar.
Chorus, &c.

The beaters all ready, we ride to the ground,
The arrangements are good, so the hog are soon found,
Then, away—hark! away—off we go like a shot,
Over nullahs and holes, who the devil cares what?
Some keep to the plain, others take to the hills,
Each sticks to his hog, which he very soon kills,
Then returns to the cover, for still there is one
Must be killed ere we say that our duty we've done.
Chorus, &c.

Out he starts, a huge beast, and looks fiercely around,
Half inclined to go back, he examines the ground,
Not a word now is spoken, all as mutes we remain,
See! see! he breaks out and takes off for the plain;
He's soon brought to bay, though we see by his eye
He's determined to give us some sport ere he die;
Now he tries us all round, though he charges in vain,
Till he adds still one more to the list of the slain.
Chorus, &c.

Now, our sport being o'er, to our tents we return,
And sit down to a meal that no monarch would spurn,
Whilst a hearty good cheer our exertions repay,
And true social fellowship closes the day.
When old age creeps on, which it must do at last,
Oh, then shall we think of the days that are past,
And freely acknowledge all pleasures must yield
To the joys that we've known, in the sports of the field.

CHORUS.

Then join me in chorus, and shout to the sky,
And cry up the pleasures of sporting on high;
Come, fill up your glasses, and drink to the day
When the next bristly boar in the jungle we slay.

G.

ANSWER TO LAWRY TODD.

To the Editor of the Oriental Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

In perusing the last November number of your Magazine, I find a correspondent who subscribes himself "Lawry Todd" calling upon some of your Khandeish correspondents, and upon Nimrod in particular, to give the measurement of a large tiger killed in Khandeish, that he might satisfy his curiosity by knowing whether tigers are larger in that part of India than they are in his own hunting country, the Southern Mahratta.

Now, Mr. Editor, I have good

reason to believe that Nimrod is on the eve of leaving this country to enjoy his "Otium cum dignitate" in England, and his time must therefore be fully employed in getting the culinary apparatus, &c., &c., so well described by Silledar, snugly stowed in his own cabin, on board some homeward bound vessel, whose commander's table is celebrated for soup à la Carmelite and Destournal claret. This, together with the fact of his having been shown up in your November number by H. W. R. at Hunmuntgaum, makes me doubt whether he would not answer to that high sounding title of Nimrod in the East. Under this supposition, and being able to count some 30 or 40 tigers, whose deaths I have been present at and assisted in, both in Khandeish and elsewhere, I have taken up my pen to try and satisfy your correspondent Lawry Todd in the way he has asked for, and I hope to show, by the accompanying measurement, that the Kandeish tigers are of a much larger size than those which he describes as being killed in the Southern Mahratta country.

The skin of the largest tiger I ever saw, and which was killed by Captain O. and myself at Ranjingaum in Khandeish in 1829, measured, when dried and stretched, 12ft. 2in. from the nose to the end of the tail; the following are the exact measurements of the animal, taken with a string shortly after it was killed.

	ft.	in.
From nose to end of the tail ...	11	9
From shoulder to toe	4	6
Round the fore leg	3	1

I beg to assure Lawry Todd that in Khandeish, or in the Adjunta country, any tiger under 10ft. 9in. long would be called small. Tigresses killed there measure from 9ft. to 9ft. 8in. I killed a panther at Kirmar in the Deccan, which measured upwards of 9ft., and a more savage and fearless animal I never saw. He charged and struck down a villager who was close to me, and held him down until I killed the brute upon him. The unfortunate man, although dreadfully torn and shaken, as a dog would do a rat, is still alive, but with the loss of an arm.

The tigress * which caused the melancholy death of Mr. M. M. at Malligaum, near Jaulnah, and which was killed by Lieutenant C., measured exactly nine feet; its skin is at this moment in the room in which I am writing —it was never thought to be remarkably large.

I remain, Sir,
Your most obedt. Servant,
A MULL.

Not 60 miles from Adjunta Ghaut.

* Tigresses are notoriously much smaller than tigers everywhere, and generally much fiercer.

WOODCOCKS IN INDIA?

One of the four gentlemen of the Sholapoor Hunt who saw the woodcock noticed in No. 12, O. S. M., immediately after it was killed, called into Court, duly sworn, and examined.

Q. Were you one of a party at Gargaum, six miles from Purinda, in Kurmulla, on the 26th February last?

A. I was.

Q. Do you conceive yourself to be one of the four persons implicated in No. 12, O. S. M., page 113, as having witnessed a dead *woodcock*; and if so, do you retain a

distinct recollection of all that transpired on that occasion?

A. I do.

Q. Then state for the information of the Court, with all the perspicuity you are master of, the particulars of that disgraceful transaction, observing the exact order in which they occurred.

A. On the 26th Feb. two of our party returned from shooting, bringing with them the body of a bird which they maintained to be a woodcock. It was minutely scrutinized by every person present, and declared to be a floriken by one, a curlew by another, and a genuine woodcock by a third. So great indeed was the diversity of opinion, that it was resolved to *cut him* with a view to determine the point by the absence or existence of a *trail!*—and in communication with mother Glasse, it was roasted and served up on a toast accordingly.

Q. Monstrous! and what was the result?

A. We discovered something resembling a trail, but tough, unpalatable, and covered with soft down.

Q. Recollect that you are upon oath,—will you swear positively that you partook of this tough, unpalatable, hairy substance which you have just particularized to the no small disgust of your audience?

A. No; many did, the person who shot the bird more especially; but I confess I could not divest myself of the idea that it resembled the undigested skin of a mouse, or some such abomination. I tasted the flesh, however, which, like that of every other bird in this country, was dry and destitute of flavour.

Q. There were present five or six persons styling themselves sportsmen, I believe? Did *no one* oppose this atrocious act of gluttony, or was every better feeling alike absorbed to pamper your ungodly guts?

A. It was certainly suggested by one or two that the bird should be stuffed and preserved; but the lovers of the pot having carried the contrary by acclamation, it was handed over to the cook as already described.

Q. State all you recollect of the conformation and general appearance of the bird.

A. I do not pretend to preserve a very distinct recollection of an English woodcock, but I think the bird in question resembled one in size and plumage; the bill, however, was short and somewhat incurvated, and the hinder toe of the foot was unusually long.

Q. You are clearly a naturalist, and have probably taken the precaution of preserving the wings, legs, head, or at all events a portion of the feathers; or did you venture to anticipate public credence without any such corroboration of your opinions?

A. We had each a feather in our caps (laughter) when we left our ground next morning, but I cannot take upon myself to say what became of them, and no one thought of preserving any part of the bird.

Q. Do you not think that this neglect carries with it the appearance of a conviction, in the minds of the party, that the bird was not a woodcock, and therefore not worth preserving?

A. I must beg to decline answering that question.

Q. Then you will swear positively that the bird *was* a woodcock?

A. I decline that also.

Very well; since we appear to be in possession of all you are disposed to reveal of this most mysterious affair, you are at liberty to withdraw. (Witness withdraws.)

Antonio Xavier da Silva, commonly appellated Antone, cook to the party, called into Court and examined upon oath.

Q. Be good enough, Sir, to let us have your unbiassed opinion of the shikar you dressed for these gentleman in February last at Gargaum.

A. "Shikar! who call him Shikar? Burra Khoorab janwur!—Ooloo, owl, bad bird;—I tell all people so;—too much like child in face,—crooked beak, sharp claws, large eyes, catch rats and mice, eat everything. Go to saf kurro his inside, my master fly in passion—*Buttrel* give abuse, curse, swear, and use plenty bad language. Never mind galli, that's black man's custom, send him up with toasted bread, and gentlemen eat him up guts and all. That burra Khoorab business I never see my life."

MEERUT RACES.

To the Editor of the Oriental Sporting Magazine.

MR. EDITOR,

When I sent you an account of the Meerut Races, I sent you what I believed to be, *and still believe to be, a correct one*, and you will be surprised when I inform you that the Secretary, previous to my leaving Meerut, applied to me for the timing of the various races, but unfortunately being a military man, I was obliged to join my regiment at muster, and had not time to comply with his request. Your correspondent "A Bit of Caustic" disputes the correctness of my statement; he evidently goes by the account that was published in the Bengal Hurkaru of the Meerut Races; and to prove to you at once what reliance can be placed on that account, I will merely bring forward the race between Stanley, Charley, and Leek, for the 50 G. M. Handicap Purse, heats *R. C. and a distance*, being 1½ miles and 301 yards, which he (A Bit of Caustic) states to have been won in 3m. 11s. and 3m. 10s. I have attended the Meerut Races for the last three years, and the best going I have ever seen *round the Course* was B. C. B. horse "Remembrancer," carrying 9st. 2lbs., beating G. C. B. filly "Francisca," 7st. 11lb., in 3m. 5s., both good horses, and I would trouble either of them to have done the remaining 240 yards in 6 *seconds!* I am sorry, Mr. Editor, that my statement should be disputed, because if I had had a doubt on the subject I certainly would not have sent it you at all, for I agree with "A Bit of Caustic" that "nothing deserves to be more deprecated than giving to the public incorrect timing of races." Being a rider myself, I was unable to time several of the races; however, three friends of mine with separate watches timed the various races and did not differ one second in either. I again say that Marmion, carrying 8st. 10lbs. 8oz., won the Give and Take, heats R. C., in 3m. 9s. and 3m. 8½s., by the watches of my three friends. That Bustard was beaten for the Civilians' Cup, 8st. 7lbs., each heat two miles, the first heat in 4m. 14s., and won the second and third heats in 4m. 12s. and 4m. 13s. That King Cole beat Cossack in the match for 50 G. M., 10 stone each, R. C., in 3m. 18s., and that the Baron won the race of 11 stone each, heats R. C., 3m. 19s. and 3m. 13s. I think it is a good proof that I am correct with regard to the timing of King Cole and Cossack more especially, because,

if the timing of the Give and Take was such as "A Bit of Caustic" states, viz. 3m. 13s. and 3m. 16s., Cossack, carrying 8st. 6lbs., ran fourth both heats in that race, and I should think it very improbable that a horse being beaten by three others in a timed race of 3m. 13s. carrying only 8st. 6lbs., could with 10st. run another horse the same distance so close as to make him do it in 3m. 11s. I leave the sporting community to judge from this whether my statement or that of "A Bit of Caustic" be correct. I again agree with him that "humanity should have prompted his owner to have withdrawn Marmion from the contest at Kurnaul," but I cannot agree with him in the character he gives of the "little horse." Mr. O'Keefe said, when he heard of his performances, "Marmion is a trump," and I fancy he is much more versed in the affairs of the Turf than "A Bit of Caustic" who by-the-by appears to me to no other than *Ned Pepper* in disguise. I have, as I have before stated, attended the Meerut races for the last three years, and during that time the best going I have seen R. C. was B. C. B. horse Remembrancer, with 9st. 2lbs., beating G. C. B. filly Francisca, 7st. 11lb., in 3m. 5s. Second, G. A. Candidate, 8st. 7lbs., beat G. A. Lancer and G. A. Kuzzilbash for the 100 G. M. Sweepstakes in 3m. 7s. Third, G. A. Pelham beat G. A. Clem, 8st. 7lbs. each, in 3m. 9s. Fourth, G. A. Marmion, 8st. 10lbs. 8oz., beat the Baron and others, heats in 3m. 9s. and 3m. 8½s. The best going I have seen for three miles during that time was G. A. Champion, carrying 8st. 7lbs., beating G. A Barefoot, C. A. Creeper, and G. A. Bombardier in 6m. 15s. The second, G. A. Marmion, 8st. 7lbs., beating G. A. Lancer, 8st. 2lbs., and C. A. Creeper, 8st. 7lbs., in 6m. 22s.—This is the second best timing for the three miles I have seen during the three years I have attended the Meerut races, and I should imagine a horse that could do that in inferior hands would in good certainly do much better. Has your correspondent "A Bit of Caustic" any documents by him to prove what he asserts with regard to the timing of the races he disputes? I have, Mr. Editor, documents that were written at the time, and the remarks thereon also, for the last three years. It is a most extraordinary thing that the timing of the three mile race should not be disputed as well as the rest, for the same watches that timed that race timed the whole of those that "A Bit of Caustic" asserts I have given incorrectly. I fancy he has been *stargazing* and must be mistaken; should such be the case, I would advise him to be careful how he stargazes, again. I really am sorry, Mr. Editor, that there should be any dispute on the subject, but I could not allow the letter signed "A Bit of Caustic" to pass without comment, for it would have been admitting his statement to be correct. We shall see, as he says, when the match between Marmion and Lancer is run, whether my opinion or his is right, with regard to the nag. You will have, I expect, a splendid meeting at Poonah this year from the account you have given in your last No., and may the "best horse win" is the sincere wish of yours,

FAIR PLAY.

CHARGES FOR FOWLING-PIECES.

To the Editor of the Oriental Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

The public has been so unceremoniously bored, through the medium of the Sporting Magazine, with vapid discussions touching the respective and comparative merits of flints and percussions; with long winded digressions affecting to impart dexterity in the science of shooting flying; with rules to be observed in the selection of stocks, locks, and barrels, and much more equally reprehensible balderdash, that I cannot but conjecture the odds to be at least 100 to 1 in favour of my consignment to the rubbish basket without benefit of clergy. Trusting, however, to the superscription I have prudently adopted, to procure me a reading thus far, I beg to be allowed most distinctly to disclaim all intention of committing the like indiscretion; my object, as will presently be seen, being rather to solicit than to offer instruction.

With regard to the first of these nuisances to which I have excepted, we may be allowed to pity those who are so unfortunate as to entertain a predilection for the *tinder-box*, and who thus debar themselves the more refined and exquisite enjoyments of a "detonating copper cap;" but to tease the public with fruitless attempts to give sight to the blind, or wisdom to the foolish, is the height of madness and presumption, and cannot be too openly reprobated. Of the second I crave permission to record it as my unalterable opinion that the art of shooting on the wing is a natural talent, which practice may improve to perfection, but which can never be acquired in any extraordinary degree by years of indefatigable adherence to all the *Balaam* that has been committed to paper since the invention of gunpowder. One advises a steady aim; another, no aim at all; a third requests you to look only at the bird, and a fourth only at the gun! I do not doubt that all these are excellent in their way, but, although I hate prophecies, I will venture to predict that the tyro who condescends to follow, in preference, the unerring dictates of his own hand and eye, will be the first to discover the best and surest method of securing a heavy bag.

If gentlemen affecting to be more than commonly cunning in these matters would have the goodness to tell us a little less of the tokens to be attended to in the selection of a fowling-piece, and a little more of the charge to be put into one when purchased, we should, perhaps, have much greater reason to feel obliged to them. I have looked in vain for any sensible or definite instructions on this most important head, and shall feel inexpressibly grateful to any of your competent correspondents who will take the trouble to favour me with the result of their practical or theoretical experience.

In the August number of the E. S. M. for 1829, one "*Ramrod*" has given birth to an abortion in the shape of the most preposterous and fallacious advice ever penned on this subject. I believe the data upon which he pretends to found his relative proportions of shot and powder (equal measures of each) to be

radically correct; but the sequel proves him beyond all doubt to have been possessed of Jews' scales. Equal measures, he says, yield the following weights:—

1¼oz. shot to 3¾dr. powder.
1¼ „ 3 „
1 „ 2¼ „

Now, begging *Ramrod's* pardon, equal measures give no such thing. An impartial pair of *balances* will assure us that 3¾ drachms of powder go near to fill a 1½oz. measure two and a half times; and so on for the rest, in the same ratio. Besides, if we consider for an instant, it will be self-evident that if one of his proportions are correct, the rest cannot be so; for in the second the shot are reduced ¼ of an ounce, and the powder ¾ of a drachm, from which we are at liberty to infer that these two quantities will respectively fill the same measure. But in the third proportion the shot are again reduced ¼oz., and the powder only ½dr. Assuming half a drachm, therefore, as the proportion to a quarter of an ounce of shot, we have only 3dr. instead of 3¾dr. of powder to 1½oz. of lead.

I have shot for several years with considerable success, and have always found a measure containing 3dr. 7gr., or thereabouts, to be amply sufficient at any distance for 1oz. of shot, which is my usual charge; but these proportions being founded rather on chance than on theory. I am not the less anxious to hear the subject discussed by some one capable of handling it. As to *Ramrod*, he had better keep his advice to himself; I should like to inspect his shoulder after a long day's work with 3¾dr. of treble strong canister powder saluting it at each explosion. 'Twould be well worth the contemplation.

Your obedt. servant,

EURYTION.

A HINT TO BREEDERS.

I flatter myself, Sir, that you will be the last person to vituperate when I declare candidly, and without reserve, that I am in the habit of weekly spelling the Bombay Courier and Supplement *ab initio*—to wit, the blazing title and illumined old English type, "published every Saturday and Tuesday morning," not by any means forgetting the provoking stimulant to convenient and treacherous memories, bracketed in the right-hand corner of the third line from the top, videlicet "price thirteen rupees per quarter," *usque ad finem*, in capital Roman characters, which proclaim Shreecrustna Jagonnathjee Prabhoo, No. 7, Bell Lane, to be the illustrious individual to whose subtle craft, ingenuity, and perseverance, despite of defaulters, we are (next to you, Mr. Editor) principally indebted for this periodical enlivener of our monotony. Hereupon, let those who are in the full enjoyment of all the envied advantages which result from their proximity to public libraries, and who may feel disposed to chuckle at this gratuitous confession, condescend to exchange situations with me for a moment only—alone and condemned to a spot upwards of eighty miles removed from the vicinity of my *caste*, where the scent of civilized population greets not the perception; possessed of nothing in the shape of literature

saving two odd volumes of the Asiatic Researches, which I purloined from a passing stranger who was indebted to me for a dinner, breakfast, and night's lodging:—"Farriery" by White, a code by Aitchison, Sterne's "Sentimental Journey," and Gilchrist's "Hindee Roman ortheopigraphical ultimatum, or systematic discriminative view of Oriental and occidental visible sounds," of all and each of which, but *especially of the latter*, I am satiated even unto repletion; and lastly, rejoicing in one solitary correspondent, whom I am ready to back as a bad one at any odds, to any amount and against the world;—let him, I say, exchange places for a moment and declare without mental reservation whether in my forlorn and unhappy situation he would not be glad to "make the most" of a newspaper.

And here, although somewhat irrelevant to my subject, I must be permitted to avail myself of an opportunity which, peradventure, may never again present itself of testifying to the managers of the S——poor Library and Reading Room the very profound sense I entertain of the honour intended me by their recent invitation to become a subscriber to that institution; and my regret that having ascertained from indisputable authority that they have absurdly disbursed the whole of their most inadequate funds on the construction of the latter, whose ample shelves support nothing at all resembling the former, barring an obsolete Encyclopedia, a handful of superannuated novels, and Gulliver's Travels, whose respective title-pages bear ample testimony to the munificence of the donors, I must be permitted to yield the palm of preference to my own little collection, and decline all participation in so rotten a concern.

But to return to the paper, for perusing which I trust I have now offered sufficient apology in the extraordinary and almost unprecedented nature of the predicament in which I am so unfortunate as to be placed. I had this morning waded through nearly five columns of Aviso's with my customary circumspection, when a piece of such unparalleled audacity and impertinence arrested my attention, that my very tongue clove unto the roof of my mouth; the paper fell from my hands, and I was for some moments overwhelmed in the ocean of silent amazement. Here it is—

"For sale, a capital grey Persian brood mare, in fine health, nearly fifteen hands high, and eight years old; *well worthy the attention of the gentlemen of the turf*, price 550 rupees."

Shades of Eclipse and Flying Childers, what dirt and abomination is this we have been eating? What ashes and cinders are these we have been piling on our own pates? Is the advertiser attempting to tamper with doctrines founded on the experience of centuries, and corroborated by hourly experiment; or has he, from avidity of wealth and undue greediness of gain, unwittingly appended a culinary utensil to his own tail, and laid snares for his own entanglement? Can he possibly be ignorant that an attempt of the nature he has suggested would be an act of madness, very little removed from beating cold iron or measuring air with the hand; would arise in foolishness, and set in vexation, disappointment, and ridicule? or does he really contemplate to confer a lasting obligation on the racing world by exposing their silly creed regarding *blood* and *caste*, and thus opening the door to more important discoveries? Whatever

may have been his intentions—whatever his motives for thus blackening his own face, and exalting the standard of derision in the four quarters of the universe; if he be still above ground—if the weight of his own shame has not caused him to sink deep into the bowels of the earth, he is hereby invited to come forward and embody in English phraseology, for the edification of the sporting generally, to what use he apprehends his Persian brood mare, price 550 rupees, could be converted by gentlemen engaged in the speculations of the turf, together with the benefit which he anticipates to result from the introduction, on the course, of a breed of cattle from Persian Turcoman and country dams? I sincerely trust this may not prove a puzzler.

Yours faithfully,

N.

THE ARAB HORSE SIGNAL.

To the Editor of the Oriental Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

In referring to the letter in your Magazine signed "Witness," and the reprehensible method adopted by that anonymous scribbler of detracting from the fair fame of a good horse, I find that he has been compelled to apologize, in your Magazine of November, for one misstatement contained in his former letter, with thanks to your correspondent who detected and exposed it. Having been favoured with a certificate unsolicited or required by me regarding the registry of the horse Antelope (now Signal), I give the following extract:—"This is to certify that Mr. Oakes' grey Arab horse Antelope is registered in the Poonah race book *fourteen hands one quarter of an inch* without shoes, on Saturday, *Dec. 2nd*, 1826."

Signed, T. D. MORRIS, *Sec.*

Poonah Race Stand, Dec. 21st, 1831.

Your correspondent "Witness" will no doubt feel doubly thankful for the opportunity thus afforded him of inserting another apology for *another mistake* in his exposition of error. Whether he will feel sorrow to learn that his letter has led to unpleasant occurrences or not, is a matter of very little moment, but *that* being the case, I give you authority to publish that I am the author of the answer to "Witness" signed "A Sportsman" in your November Magazine, and this I should not have done, had not Witness' first letter been much misrepresented and misunderstood. Requesting you to insert this letter in your next number,

I am, Sir,

Yours obediently,

A. T. MACLEAN, *Capt.*

Madras, 4th January, 1831.

SONG.

'TIS THE BOAR.

TUNE—"*C'est l'Amour.*"

'Tis the boar, the grim grey boar,
The boar with the foamy tusk,
That burst o'er hills at "the pace that kills,"
From dewy dawn till dusk;
That leads the throng of the chase along
With their spurs all dashed with gore,
And tries the speed of the fleetest steed,
Who ne'er was tried before.
And it's hey! over the jungle-plain,
With the tall spears glancing bright,
And it's hey! over the mountain-top,
Morning, noon, or night.
Chorus. 'Tis the boar, &c.

And what can make the spouse forsake
The blush of his blooming bride,
And leave the bliss of the smile and kiss
For the joys of the jungle side?
And oh! what lures the wise and brave
From their tomes of learned lore,
The toils and care of the chase to dare
As bold ones dared of yore?
Chorus. 'Tis the boar, &c.

And what, in sooth, can tempt each youth
To forget his failing purse,
To laugh at his debts and the bailiff's threats,
While his pay grows worse and worse,
For tentage and full-batta too
No longer now to care,
But dash aside the tear of pride,
Man's tribute to despair?
Chorus. 'Tis the boar, &c.

Since nerve and health win love and wealth,
The hopes we chiefly prize,
Let's seek the field and the bright spear wield,
For there the elixir lies.
While it's hey! over the jungle green
When the game is once in sight,
And it's hey! over the deep ravine,
Morning, noon, or night.
For 'tis the boar, the grim grey boar,
The boar with the foamy tusk,
That bounds o'er hills at the pace that kills,
From dewy dawn till dusk.

S. Y. S.

STABLE LOSSES.

To the Editor of the Oriental Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

Conceiving it to be the primary object of your Magazine to mingle information with amusement, I shall trouble your readers with a few remarks upon the circumstances attending the deaths of two very promising racers in my stables last September, as well as the dreadful state to which the disease of which they died reduced another maiden, and in a lesser degree affected the health of three more, all under the same roof.

Almost all your Poonah subscribers, and many of those at Bombay, are aware of the losses I sustained, and knew the horses I allude to. On the 17th of September last, Café-au-lait, the first of my stud that sickened, showed symptoms of fever, similar in every respect to those which he had exhibited about a month, and which after a few mild doses of calomel and tartar emetic left him. On this second attack he had immediately a dram of calomel and a dram of tartar emetic; on the 18th the same, with the addition of one dram of aloes; towards night the fever increased. On the 19th, the same medicine was administered, only increasing the aloes to 2½ drams, giving the dose half in the morning and half at sunset. On the 20th the fever increased so much, notwithstanding the medicine he had had, which however had not operated, that I bled him to the extent of eight quarts. The blood flowed very slowly, though both veins were opened with my largest sized fleam, and was nearly black. Previous to bleeding, the tongue and gums had exhibited a colour approaching to purple, which the loss of blood changed a little, but only for a short time, when the purple tinge again came on, and the breath became peculiarly offensive. From the commencement of the attack the bowels had been very costive. They had now become worse, (though repeated clysters had been given), and the fæces showed evident signs of the first stage of internal ulceration. It therefore seemed to me to be necessary to have recourse to medicine more certain in its operation than aloes to loosen his bowels, and I took the advice of one of your correspondents who signed himself Hubeeb ul Hissan, and administered five seeds of the croton berry, and ten beans of the pullas-popra, well pounded up together and given in a ball at noon.

Early on the morning of the 21st the horse was slightly purged, and though the action of the pulse had rather increased, and the dry heat of his skin as well as the unnatural colour of his gums still continued, yet, from the favourable way in which the last ball had operated, I begun to entertain some hopes of the animal's recovery. Previous to this actual *purging* produced by the croton, the dung had become soft and very healthy in appearance, having lost the dark slime as well as the spots of blood and matter with which it had been marked. Before noon the purging ceased, and then the fever increased momentarily. At 6 p.m. the horse was seized with violent spasms, followed by extreme debility; at 7 he broke out into a most profuse cold sweat, which ran down like water.

He now began to stagger about the stall, knocking his head violently against the walls till he fell, and after two or three convulsive shiverings he died at ten o'clock. The other horse was a bay with black points, and known as "Dancing Master." He was seized with fever three hours after Café-au-lait, with the same symptoms about the gums and tongue, and was treated in the same manner. The disease progressed by the same stages, and terminated his life in the same number of hours, for he expired at one o'clock.

Thus, with two dead horses in my stable at the same moment, it was with no small alarm that at two o'clock I found a maiden (heavily matched) and two others with every appearance of the same fever upon them. With all I had immediate recourse to profuse bleeding, taking in twelve hours, at three bleedings, twenty-four quarts of blood from the one most seriously ill; and by constant attention to his diet, together with the advice of a skillful professional man, I succeeded in saving them. His opinion was that the immediate cause of Café-au-lait's death was violent inflammation of the stomach, in which was found an enormous ulcer enclosing a *core* nearly the size of a man's fist. In Dancing Master's stomach there was an ulcer also, without a core, but full of very small worms.

From this account your readers will probably agree with me in thinking that copious bleeding in the first instance would have probably saved both horses. May others *profit* by my *loss*. This hint may be of service to them.

Yours obediently,

S. Y. S.

THE OPPOSITE MAN.

To the Editor of the Oriental Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

I know not whether the generality of your sporting readers have ever had the misfortune to fall in with any turf character who would exactly come under the denomination of an "Opposite Man" (the term, strange as it may sound, is in truth apposite enough), but as I have had that bad luck within the last three weeks I will endeavour to describe him, so that some of my acquaintances may be saved from the horrors of vexatious controversies as useless as they are endless.

Nature, when she bestowed upon him his contradictory disposition, gave him also a body as crooked as his mind, for his frame and his features were both in direct opposition to her general rules. His brow is scarcely an inch high; his eyes are of different colours, the one being black, the other blue, and both placed in an oblique direction from the top of his nose, the tip of which grim protuberance seems ever in the action of *rearing;* his ears appear *bolting* from the sides of his head, and his mouth is like the round hole in the upper crust of a penny tart. His head resembles a mallet, oblong and flattened at the ends, growing out of his chest instead of between his shoulders; he is, besides, chicken-breasted, and bowed in the back, knock-kneed, pigeon-toed, and with the bones of his legs *convexing well* to the front. Who in the world can mistake him? If,

therefore, any of your subscribers should meet with a person answering this description, or if in the dark he should have his conversation broken in upon by "*I don't know that. How do you know that?*" let he or they be sure of being in the vicinity of the Opposite Man.

By this little cautionary epistle of mine I do not in the least mean to decry *opposition;* on the contrary, I think opposition is the grand fulcrum on which the spirit of racing is supported, possessing, like mercy, a twofold property, which, if my Shakespearian recollection serves me truly, carried in its beautiful career weight for inches, for I think Portia, in the Merchant of Venice, says of mercy—"it is twice blessed—it blesses him that *gives* and him that *takes*," so in all opposition it is of equal advantage to the *knowing* and the *unknowing*, it excites emulation, it stimulates exertion, it awakens pride, and it opens the purse-strings, properties, I should think, quite sufficient to bear me out in my observation that this feeling tended in no small degree to keep up the spirit of sport on every race-course in the world.

But, Sir, there are two kinds of opposition; the one is the legitimate offspring of a mind acting determinedly on its own powers, the other is the cross-grained whelp of a feeling which is induced to act diametrically opposite, or say directly the reverse to what another person has done or has said, although fully convinced that the action or the assertion has been perfectly correct. During the short course of my unlucky acquaintance with the individual who belongs to this latter class of oppositionists, I never by any accident praised a horse for good make, small action, or fine cast, that he did not make him out to be an ungainly brute, a clumsy mover, or a Persian garran. On the contrary, did I object to a horse's shape, or his go, or his blood, most surely then he was proved to be a Bundoola in proportions, a Pyramus in motion, and a Feramorz in cast; and even when I assented to any of his own assertions he would change round, alter his opinion, and was in a moment at hammer and tongs against the argument in which I had agreed with him.

I well remember one day, while busy making up my betting book in the race stand, my attention was attracted to his conversation with a third person at the table, not by contradictory asseveration or disputatious remark, but by the very extraordinary description he was most elaborately detailing of a horse, as I in my simplicity and ignorance of his jargon had supposed, whose proportions, as he ladled them out of his mouth, seemed to me to be almost Behemothian.

"He stood," said the Opposite Man, "at least 18ft. 2in., had lost almost all his mouth marks, colour an iron grey, and *had been* flea-bitten." We all know, Mr. Editor, that iron greys very frequently become flea-bitten, but here was the cart before the horse, the flea-bitten had turned iron grey; but this was "the Opposite Man" exactly. Well, he went on "he had a fine muscular arm, and being goose-rumped, looked rather poverty-struck in the quarters." "Ay," said the third person (the victim I may call him), "that was bad." "*Decidedly good*," said the Opposite Man in a rage. "All the best horses I have known have been goose-rumped. Look at Sulky, look at Mercury, look at Goblin Grey," and he went on with a string of fifty or sixty, till the victim looked con-

vinced, and then he proceeded, "His hocks well *in*, his elbows *out*, long in the back but the loin well lifted, had one grand extremital point"—(the O. M. did not say which)—"and very lengthy striding."

Well, here I thought I had caught my "Opposite Man," and I determined to venture upon an agreement of opinion which he could not contradict or reject; I therefore made this very unprovoking remark, "What a very extraordinary horse he must have been!"

"Horse," cried the Opposite Man with a sneer which elongated his round hole of a mouth to the shape of a keyhole, and elevated the tip of his turn-up nose to his monkey-like brow, "Horse! what horse?"

"Why," said I, "the horse you have just been describing."

"Describing a horse!" he exclaimed, "why, Nincompoop, I was describing a *Man*."

"Good heavens!" said I, "a man? What man?" "Why," cried he, "don't you know Lollypop Dobs?" Mr. Editor, I never attempted to agree or to disagree with the Opposite Man again.

Yours,

BROTHER TO NOVICE.

To the Editor of the Oriental Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

After having been so constant a correspondent of the O. S. M., it would not look well to quit the shores of India without a parting line, though a mere line it must be, as time presses on, and long before the publication of your next number I shall have vanished—in smoke!

I am obliged to your correspondent R. R., in your last number, not on account of his giving me an opportunity of making the passage he alludes to more clear, for, although by no means elegantly expressed, it is intelligible, but because I was induced by his observations to turn to my letter, and on reading it I found I was made to say that my Bengal friends set to work "*hunting the tanks*."* What I *did* write I cannot recollect, and I have not the original letter to refer to, but I know full well that I never talked of *hunting tanks*, which is downright nonsense, and what is more, is impossible, I believe, for I do not know of a tank in the whole of the tiger-hunting part of Khandeish. Your correspondent must be little of a sportsman to have passed over unnoticed so extraordinary a passage, though I suppose, like your critic "Stephen," he thinks he does a Sporting Magazine good service by finding fault with the *style and grammar* of its correspondents. So I convey to others a correct idea of the sport on which I write, I have answered my purpose, and Stephen and your new critic may find fault with my grammar till they have spelt every word and taken a note of every comma, they will never be troubled with any reply from me on that head. If I have anywhere conveyed incorrect ideas on *sporting subjects*, I should really feel obliged by any one putting me right; but that requires a sportsman, and Stephen started by admitting he had not much claim to that title. I think his letters fully prove his admission to be warranted.

* Nimrod is the last person who ought to complain of mistakes, as his manuscripts are seldom or ever written legibly.—*Printer's Devil.*

I wish I could give "Lawry Todd" a positive answer to his question about the measurement of the largest tigers that have been killed in Khandeish. I have not time enough to procure the information he requires. Though I cannot speak positively, I *think* one has measured thirteen feet, and I should say the ordinary run is about ten feet. I have never kept a memorandum of the measurement of those I have seen killed, or of those floored by others. I have no doubt, if your correspondent's letter has caught the eyes of the Khandeish men, he will soon get an answer to his question.

I now come to H. W. R.'s letter. He tells you that I have *given up hog-hunting*. Now, this is so far true, that for the space of a year and nine months I have been without hunters, and for the best of all reasons; I left a hog-hunting country just as my stud was completely floored by age, work, and accidents, to be shut up in an impenetrable thicket of baubul (no trifle though) thorns, for such is Khandeish. Would H. W. R. have purchased a *new* stud under such circumstances? Before leav- Khandeish my passage was actually taken in the steamer for England; of course H. W. R. would instantly under these altered circumstances have purchased a stud of hunters just for the pleasure of selling them again! H. W. R. knows well there is no hunting in Khandeish, except of tigers—can he suppose any man fool enough, however fond of hog-hunting, to keep up a stud for a whole year on the mere chance of being enabled to join the Nuggur Hunt meeting for fifteen days in March? I am as fond of hog-hunting as any man in the world, but for a few days' sport once in a year, of which, as it turned out, I could not possibly avail myself, I am not fool enough to keep up hunters in a country where neither a pack, nor greyhounds, nor hogs can be rode to. If H. W. R. had thought for five minutes, he would not have joined the outcry raised some months ago, that I had turned an old *fogy* and cared not in reality for hunting. It is too hard to be so taunted, when for years past I have not only constantly attended every hog-hunting meeting, but kept up at my own sole expense a pack to keep sport continually going, between the intervals of the other more glorious and soul-stirring diversion. Enough, however, of myself. I pass over the publication of the contents of my private letter, to take up H. W. R. when he talks of my "stable making up in *numbers* what it wanted in *quality*." Except for the purpose of running me down a little more, I cannot imagine how your correspondent, whom I well know to be a good sportsman, could have been led to have put such a sentence on paper. It might gull a griffin, but every one who knows what hog-hunting really is will at once pronounce the position untenable and calculated only to mislead.

If killing a hog by *oneself* on a buggy horse be called hog-hunting, and be all that your correspondent aspires to, then indeed *numbers* without regard to *quality* may suit him, and I no longer wonder at the maxim he has started; but if on the contrary by hog-hunting is understood a glorious struggle for each spear, contested heart and soul at every difficulty, at every turn, by four or five good performers riding as if their lives depended on the issue, then I should like to know what pleasure, what excitement, what sport, H. W. R. would enjoy on a broken down, hard-mouthed buggy brute:

No man, I assert, with the heart of a sportsman in him, could brook to find himself distanced at every spear, run after run, without a chance of occasional success. Disgusted and dispirited, would he not send his dozens of brutes to the devil, and procure *one* good one in their stead? If H. W. R. conceives that I have the smallest pleasure in killing a hog *by myself*, even on a *hunter*, he knows about as much of me as he does of the Emperor Nicholas. If he means to say that I had a brute with me fit to contest a spear, he knows very little of the carriage horses I have out. The truth is, I went out to meet a few friends, and *not hogs*. The boar, the mighty boar, is, as he observes, certainly an old friend, and too old a friend for me to wish to take liberties with, unless he is to fall under the united exertions of good horses, good spears, and good men. Then indeed does hog-hunting rank with the finest sports in the universe. If the mighty boar is to be rode single-handed, and sacrificed at leisure, and such termed sport, why then, all I have to add is, that I most willingly give up my share of it to those that *can* enjoy it. As your correspondent may say that this is *my opinion only*, I will just tell him that in one of the Nuggur Hunt meetings it was proposed that *no uncontested spear should be allowed a place on the list*, and what is more, the proposition would have been carried at once, had it not interfered considerably with the amusement of one gentleman—a stranger —who appeared to have a peculiar penchant for sticking hogs by himself, and it would consequently have appeared as directed solely at him.

It is high time, after having promised only a line, to bid your Magazine and its contributors a hearty, and, I hope with sincerity, a long farewell. The long list of enjoyment to be had in old England will readily account for such a sincere hope. When I *do*, however, return, I trust I shall find H. W. R. and several other friends as devoted to hog-hunting as ever. That I shall retain till old age floors me the thirst for sport which ten years in India, in spite of the insinuation to the contrary, has not, I can truly assert, quenched in the smallest degree, is the fondest wish I can cherish. It is the mainspring of the move I am so soon about to make, and let but nerve hold on, a right good hunter underneath me, and hurrah for the stiffest fences, the strongest fox, and staunchest pack of foxhounds that old England can produce! There is but one thing more I require, and that is, a right good place at the finish, for yours for the last time.

NIMROD IN THE EAST.

December 26th.

PERFORMANCES OF FERAMORZ.

MR. EDITOR,

I send you the performances of a gallant little Arabian, whose speed and bottom combined have proved him the best of his size in India. Feramorz is a chestnut galloway, measuring 13h. 2in. He first started at Nagpoor for the Galloway Maiden, 8st. each, one and a half mile heats. On the 15th December, 1828, was beaten by Dubashee in 3m. 12s. and 3m. 3½s. He won the Ladies' Purse, 600 Rs. and 60 subscription, one and a half mile heats, weight for inches, carrying 7st. 3¼lbs., beating Octavian, Dubashee, and Escape, in 3m. 2½s. and 3m., and

was drawn for the Handicap on the 19th November.

On the 22nd, at 7st. 10lbs., he beat Symmetry, a feather, and Octavian, 8st. 2lbs., for a Handicap of 600 Rs. and 60 subscription, two mile heats, in 4m. 6s. and 4m. 7s. On the 5th day of the meeting, carrying 6st. 6¼lbs., he beat Octavian, 7st. 6½lbs., in 4m. 4s. and 4m. 2s., for the Kampee Whim Plate, 800 Rs. and 10 G. M. subscription, two mile heats.

At Hydrabad, January, 1830, he was beaten by Little Tough, carrying 8st. 4lbs. each, in 3m. 5s., and 3m. 8s., for the Galloway Plate, winning the first heat in 1m. 6s. He won the Give and Take, two mile heats, 1000 Rs. and 100 Rs. subscription, at 7st. 7lbs., beating Phantom, 8st. 2lbs., Little Tough, 6st. 9lbs., in 4m. 8s. and 4m. 2s.

At Hazareebaug Races, on the first day, he beat Viva a Post Match, 50 Gold Mohurs, one and a half miles, in 3m. 2s. On the 2nd, at 8st. 7lbs., he won the Galloway Plate, 400 Rs. entrance, heats one and three-quarter miles, beating Symmetry, 8st., in 3m. 32s. and 3m. 40s. On the third day he won the Rajah's Plate, 500 Rs. at 8st. 7lbs., beating Symmetry and another. On the fourth day, on the Kamptee Course, he walked over for the Ladies' Purse, 7st. 6lbs., 500 Rs., 50 subscription, one mile heats; and on the same day won a Handicap, 200 Rs., 20 Rs. entrance, in 3m. 3s. at 8st. 7lbs., beating Escape, 8st., and Symmetry, 7st. 10lbs. On the sixth day he walked over for the Winner's Plate, 600 Rs., thus winning every race he was entered for during the meeting.

On the 8th December, 1830, at Benares, he was beaten by Brian Boron and Gildrig, 8st. 7lbs. each, R. C. heats. He won the Galloway Plate, 15 Gold Mohurs, and three Gold Mohurs subscription, at 7st. 9lbs., beating three others easily.

On the second day of the Gazeepoor meeting, at 7st. 9lbs., he won the Galloway Plate, 25 Gold Mohurs and three Gold Mohurs entrance, one and three-quarter miles and 21 yards heats, in 3m. 33s. and 3m. 34s., beating Goody-two-shoes, Scorpion, and two others. On the third day he was beaten by Brian Boron, but beat Gildrig, two mile heats, 8st. 7lbs. each, in 4m. 1½s. and 4m. 3½s.; and on the fifth day, at 8st., beat Brian Boron, 8st. 7lbs., a match 50 Gold Mohurs, P. P. one and three-quarter miles and 21 yards, in 3m. 39s.

Yours,
MOOSAFUR.

THE

ORIENTAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

No. 16.—MAY, 1832.

TIGER SHOOTING IN THE SOUTHERN MAHRATTA COUNTRY.

I continue a journal of the sport we meet with while out in the districts, although 1832 has not yet produced a day worthy of being recorded, but we live in hopes of something brilliant occurring before this is despatched to your editorial box.

In January two unfortunate bears were the only victims, and neither of them made a good die of it; a third, which escaped after being severely wounded, was nearly taking liberties with one of the party, whose gun fortunately received the gripe intended for himself.

In February we had four days' hunting, and killed nine hog, all sows. The ground being a perfect bowling-green, I suppose 2m. 2s., or thereabouts, might have been the average duration of each run, but, as I do not sport a ticker, I cannot take an affidavit on the subject. While beating a date grove on the last day, our hunting was agreeably interrupted by two tigers stalking out into the plain. They were marked into covert and beat up. One contrived to steal away out of shot; and the other, although hit twice, eventually escaped. He passed within three yards of the tree in which my friend was seated, who planted a ball in his shoulder that made him lay up in a bush close at hand. From this he was driven with some difficulty, and offered a fair shot to me at a distance of about 40 yards. I hit him apparently in the back of the neck, for when he reared the branches of the date trees above him were spattered with blood to the height of several feet from the ground. We thought it was all up; but no, he got into a thick covert, from which he charged out and slightly clawed a silly old man who looked into the bush to see whether the tiger was dead or not. This was a sickener; we had no elephant, and it was too dangerous to go up on foot where it was impossible to see three yards in front, so we left him with heavy hearts, and the only traces we could discover next day were marks of blood in the thicket where he had been last seen. Except shooting some antelope and small game, nothing was done till the end of the month, when we shot five bears. They were all found among high cliffs, and we

generally sniped at them from a considerable height, which they could not possibly reach if inclined to charge, thereby losing the only sport in bear shooting—the excitement which a slight sense of danger produces when on a level with them. On one occasion we found three asleep so closely huddled together, that we imagined there was only one enormous bear; and after firing every barrel we had, two rolled over in their last agonies, and the third rose from under them and made his escape. An old female with three cubs refused to bolt from her den till speared, when she rushed out looking very savage with the bamboo in her mouth, and was knocked over with the first volley; the other two, one of which was an unusually large male, were regularly *smouched*, and the only sport was to watch the great awkward brutes rolling down the hills when a successful shot made them lose their footing.

It is a most mistaken notion that the Indian bear *(Ursus labiatus)* is a harmless animal: although he feeds entirely on vegetable substances and insects, yet he frequently attacks men out of mere wantonness, and I have met with repeated instances of people being killed by bears without having previously molested them.

The old male we shot the other day killed three unfortunate shepherds last month, whose only offence was driving their goats to feed in his dominions; yet what a contemptible animal the bear of this country is compared to those of Europe and America, which carry off horses and bullocks, and grow to the enormous weight of 700lbs.

March commenced with the death of a tiger shot from a tree; two balls fired at the same instant dropped him as if by lightning, and no wonder, for his spine was broken in two places. This was tame enough, certainly. Apropos of tame game, I recollect a ludicrous circumstance occurring at a shooting party some years ago. A Frenchman armed up to the teeth and most bloodthirsty for the chase, but still not the most sporting man I have ever met with, accompanied us. He had not distinguished himself much during the day except in discussing tiffin, where he excelled, but on our way home he made ample amends. An ill-fated, wild looking black sheep started up suddenly before him; Monsieur just waited to bawl out, "Mouton sauvage, tirez, tirez," and then bang bang went both barrels into him. A cloud of wool from the unhappy sheep followed each discharge, and the exulting Frenchman threw himself on his fleecy prey in an ecstasy of delight.

On the 23rd, while listening to the strains of a pretty little nautch girl, who was vainly trying to persuade us that screeching was music, or shuffling her feet about dancing, word was brought of a tigress eight miles from camp well surrounded.

To the winds with our intended lecture on the graces; la prima donna, with all her rascally fiddlers, fifers, and tom-tom tormentors, were bundled out sharp, and we were soon at the ground. An elephant had arrived the day before, but was a stupid raw brute, and would not beat the thick cover in which the tiger lay. She had been repeatedly caught in nets, and would not bolt, so there was nothing for it but to make her house too hot to hold her. A few rockets set the jungle on fire, and when the flames had seized the bush in which she lay, not till then, she showed herself and dashed out with a roar. A

broken leg was the effect of the only ball which hit her. She scrambled into a bush and frightened the elephant out of his propriety when he came up to her, but she would not show fight, and after giving us a little trouble was pulled up by a ball in the back and gave in. A more sneaking brute I never saw; but she was a notorious man-eater, which accounts for it.

On the 25th a tiger was marked down, but so late in the evening that we had no time to finish him. He charged the elephant before he was fired at, who bolted so suddenly that we could not take aim. This would never do: there was only about half an hour of daylight remaining, and no time for giving a frightened elephant a lesson, so we took to trees and had the tiger beat up. He came pretty close to me, and I hit him with both barrels, but he contrived to crawl into a small thicket where we lost sight of him. The few remaining minutes of twilight were vainly employed in beating for him with the elephant, and we were obliged to finish the day with a tedious ride of nine miles in the dark. Next morning I took out the elephant to search for the wounded tiger, and luckily succeeded in finding him. He was much exhausted, and must have died in a few hours, as his wounds were already mortified; one hind leg was broken, and his entrails were hanging on the ground, but he still looked savage, and able to make a fight. A ball between the eyes put him out of his misery before he had time to rise.

Some natives lately killed a tiger which we had wounded about two months before; and how an animal could have survived so long in the state in which they described him to be is inconceivable. His foreleg was broken in two places, the ball, which was fired from a high tree, having entered the shoulder. The wound was festering and full of maggots, and the animal reduced to a skeleton, yet in this crippled state he killed one of the men who attacked him.

30th.—A panther was killed this morning after a great deal of sport. He was found in his hole among rocks, from which he bolted when the elephant was brought up. We gave chase in view and found him crouched among bare rocks, from which he dashed back towards his old den at a regular racing pace, untouched by one of the many balls fired. A native marked him into a small hole where he could occasionally catch a glimpse of him, and several random shots were fired in hopes of either finishing him in his parlour or making him appear. After a few seconds he charged out most gallantly, and I certainly thought from his appearance that he intended to pay us a visit in the howdah; but his intentions, whatever they might have been, were stopped by a ball in the back of the head, which dropped him dead.

April 1st.—Shot a bear and two cubs, which the old lady was carrying about on her back.

2nd.—Speared a wolf after a very long run.

6th.—A bear showed sport after being slightly wounded. He took across the country; we gave chase and ran him for upwards of a mile, during which my friend speared him repeatedly. My horse would not go up—he had been mauled before. The bear at last got disgusted and laid up in covert, where we shot him. His expression of face when speared was most ludicrous.

Here I must pull up if I wish this to reach you in time for your

next number. I return my best thanks to "A Mull" for his information about the size of Khandeish tigers, and I am now quite convinced that ours are much smaller.

I have taken the trouble to measure seventeen killed here in the last few months, and the largest was only 9ft. 5in. in length, and I have seen upwards of a hundred skins none of which would exceed that length and very few equal it. Can any one tell me if there be any truth in the popular idea that a tiger's age may be known by the number of lobes in his liver? It sounds ridiculous, and the *savans* will laugh at me for asking such a question. I shall, however, give a few instances tending to establish the truth of what is apparently a vulgar prejudice. A tiger, apparently old, and the largest ever killed by an old shikaree who had shot many, had twelve lobes. A tigress, which had been known to frequent the same nullah for upwards of five years, whose teeth were much worn and the sutures of the skull unusually close—both marks of old age—had eleven lobes. A tiger full-grown, but from the appearance of the teeth a young animal, had only seven lobes. These are the only instances I have myself remarked, but a correspondent in one of your early numbers mentions a tigress having, I think, eight lobes and her cub only four.—This is certainly not proof, but it inclines me to believe.

LAWRY TODD.

Dharwar, April 10th, 1832.

A LINE FROM OBSERVATOR.

On the appearance of my very unpretending letter in your 12th number my enemies crowded so thick and fast upon me, and so "compassed me in on every side," that I unexpectedly found myself in a similar predicament with the Holy Psalmist, and had wellnigh ejaculated, "*peccavi.*" *Time*, however, which develops the most inscrutable mysteries, and not unfrequently establishes the unworthiness of fancied excellence, has at last thrown a little light on the subject at issue, through the medium of a true and faithful account of this year's entertainment at Ahmedabad;—a document which was this morning put into my hands, and will save me the trouble of convincing your correspondent *Scrutator* that "the winner of the Ladies' Purse" experienced, if anything, *better* treatment at my hands than his subsequent performances have shown him to deserve.

There are three points, however, on which I am anxious to satisfy myself. Does *Scrutator* intend to imply ignorance of the *fact* that the Goblin was only recovering from a severe indisposition, which had interfered with his exercise for upwards of ten days prior to that preceding his defeat, and had wellnigh caused it to be said of him, that his "sublunary race was run?" Does he pretend to deny that his very appearance, except in the eye of the most blindly prejudiced imagination, did not plainly indicate him to be in *no fit condition* for the contest? and does he moreover desire to be considered ignorant of the expressed opinion of almost every person present (who had one in the matter), that the time of the first heat was booked

several seconds better than the reality warranted? Because if he does, I can only say the sooner the subject is dropped the better.

I regret to observe that Minstrel has not come to the *scratch* this year, because I have little doubt in my own mind that he also would have found means to ratify my recorded opinion of his capabilities. As the case stands, however, I can only put it to *Scrutator* whether, until a horse has most indisputably established a character for excellence, his most enthusiastic admirers even can expect him to enjoy the reputation of that attribute unquestioned? Minstrel was beaten easily by Lunatic, who was in his turn as easily beaten by Regent, who was "licked" by Master Henry, who was "leathered" by Oomrah, who was "wallopped" by Wildrake, who all the world has defeated. So he is no *great shakes* after all. I can assure *Scrutator* that he has egregiously blundered, too, in his opinion of the identity of Turf and Observator;—he must "try back."

To S. Y. S., who I have unfortunately touched in a sore place without intending it, I beg to offer my apologies. He will also accept my gratulations on *Bustle's* successful efforts to exonerate himself from the imputation of mediocrity cast upon him by my letter. After all, I only spoke of him as I found him—*ordinary* enough, certainly—and not in the spirit of prophetic vision, and the report of his improvement has therefore afforded me considerable gratification. By-the-by, the sporting community in this part of the world have found inconceivable difficulty to reconcile the conflicting issue of many of the races at Poonah this year, and have in consequence formed opinions very far from creditable to the training capabilities of proprietors. *Goblin*, amongst others, appears to have been fairly *bewitched*. Perhaps S. Y. S., as an unbiassed spectator, will be able to clear up this mistake with the same unanswerable perspicuity that he has others from the pen of

OBSERVATOR.

Guzerat, 22*nd Feb.*, 1832.

A HINT TO GOURMANDS WHO READ THE O. S. M.

There's not a bird that skims the air
  Whose praise has not been rung,
Whose notes so sweet or plumage rare,
  But what's by some one sung.
And some there are, which on the board
  Are reckon'd dainty fare,
And fit for Aldermanic Lord,
  Ay, e'en were he Lord Mayor.

The hooting Owl midst other birds
  Has had his share of praise,
And 'twould be but a waste of words
  To attempt his fame to raise;

But not till lately was it known
That when he's neatly dress'd,
Both legs and wings, both flesh and bone,
Are meet for any guest.

But such is fact, and when you kill
A bird with long hind claw,
With human face, and crooked bill,
And mouse-trap for a maw,*
Pray don't forget to tell your cook
To make of him a roast,
And not to mind about his look,
But serve him up on toast.

* See the Cook's description of an Owl in No. 15 of the O. S. M., supposed by several persons, from its exquisite flavour, to have been a woodcock.

THE REGULAR-BRED FARRIER.

It was in the beginning of '24, I think, that Mr. Bruton, of Bristol, promulgated his new system of shoeing in the Deccan; but before we enter on an investigation of the merits of that system as opposed to the practice of the inventor's predecessors, we must subject his person to the preliminaries of a formal presentation to your pages; and to this end I cannot do better than narrate the circumstances attending his self-arranged introduction to me.

I was in the stable one morning shortly after my arrival, when a procession insinuated itself by the compound gate, and stood in my presence. It consisted of about five or six sable aspirants to veterinary celebrity, severally encumbered with a "symptom" emblematic of their profession; and was preceded by a short, rubicund, consequential personage, who, while he exhibited no positive unwieldy obesity, was nevertheless possessed of striking *posterial*, and corresponding abdominal, luxuriance. A cylindrical arm, bared to the elbow, terminated in a hand which—to borrow an idea from my facetious acquaintance, Corporal Jenkins—bore a glaring resemblance to *a foot*, while—to pursue the figure—his foot bore a still more obvious similitude to a fire shovel. His head, which more nearly resembled a spherical case shot than anything I can at present recall to my recollection, adhered to a pair of huge brawny shoulders, without the customary but clearly superfluous cartilaginous interposition of a neck, and was decorated with a pair of cheeks of the cherub description, but somewhat bloated and inflated, and combining that happy amalgamation of purple and carnation, not altogether removed from the general aspect of a mulberry. From the exact centre of these cheeks protruded the nasal excrescence of the shape vulgarly denominated "bottle," its fungous and phosphoric extremity bearing unequivocal testimony to many a brimming bumper of *Pop*, and "British Compounds."

An atrociously low forehead was enhanced by a small unbecoming cap, which appeared to be an *omnium gatherum* for every filth

and abomination that had come in its way for the last twenty years, and on either side of the forehead, hedged in and fortified by a stockade of closely-shorn bristles, were two auricular protuberances of the sample emphatically termed "*lob*," but of the most preposterous and alarming dimensions, and their circumferences in a state of such intense irritation as to convey to the spectator the idea of an approach to the last stage of mortification. A pair of dizzy reddish eyes, indicative of recent intemperance, and a mouth which, from being instrumental to the propensities of its proprietor, had acquired an indisputably *bibacious* appearance, at the moment engrossed with the mastication of a *fid* of the Virginian plant, completes the portraiture.

By a protracted rectangular movement of the arm, Mr. Bruton (for it was him) brought the dexter bony appurtenance I have already described as doing duty for a hand into immediate contamination, not with the leather peak of his cap—for after the most minute scrutiny I failed to discover even the smallest traces of such an appendage—but with the centre of his very remarkably ugly forehead, and by a simultaneous but dissimilar movement of the sinister, a balling-iron, which had been previously revolving on the forefinger, was rapidly lowered to the occupation of that indispensable position on the outer seam of the nether garment, so precisely defined by Torrens and other military enthusiasts. Moreover, during these operations the *fire shovels* were to be seen diligently arranging themselves to the prescribed measure of one-third of a semicircle, although, from the eccentric conformation of the legs to which they were appended, a compliance with this latter injunction was clearly attended with no inconsiderable difficulty.

"Good morning, Sir. I came to enquire if you have any jobs wants doing in the veterinary line, because all the gentlemen mostly prefers employing of me to do their work; and it's better to have cattle properly tended and looked after at once by a regular-bred farrier, than to have it bungled by any of them *young 'ands* which are always either in canteen or the kanjee rooms. D—n 'em" (here his feelings quite overpowered him), "I taught them what little they does know, and now the *wipers* is all fighting who shall be first to pull the bread out of my mouth. *My* father and grandfather before me was both regular-bred farriers."

I was fain to acknowledge the advantageous circumstances under which he had received his education, and expressed an intention of occasionally availing myself of his profound veterinary erudition. He rejoined—

"Yes, Sir, because I was thinking of physicing the bay pony, and taking a spoonful of blood from his plate vein—I'll warrant it wouldn't do him no harm; but of course" (and he assumed an air and tone of positive indifference) "you can please *yourself* about that."

The option being thus obligingly left me, I declined on the part of the bay pony the honour intended him, on the grounds that he enjoyed perfect health. Mr. Bruton proceeded. "The grey's 'oofs is terrible, and so is the yellow 'orse's, and that's why I wanted to come to some sort of a settlement whether you'll find your own shoes and nails; and then it will be only half-a-rupee all round, and a quarter cutting. As for the matter of that, it was but as long back

as '24 that I introduced my new system into the Deccan, and Sir Lionel Smith, commanding the Poonah division, give me fifteen rupees, the first shoe I ever tacked to his favourite grey 'orse's foot; you was there, Succoo?"

This appeal was made to a lank, ill-favoured, attenuated disciple, the expansion of whose olfactory organ warranted the supposition that it had, at one period of his life, formed a prominent feature of the wearer's physiognomy. It had however succumbed to the violent impingement of some hard body of superior specific gravity, which had brought it to a rude level with the rest of the face; and the obsequious alacrity with which Succoo adduced his testimony in the matter referred to him, gave birth in my mind to a very natural suspicion that Mr. Bruton's Bristol knuckles might not improbably have been that opaque substance.

The group had now departed some distance, when Mr. Bruton, appearing suddenly to recollect something of importance unsaid, returned, and abating at least half of the rectilinear stiffness of his former salutations, approached me with a singular assumption of confidential disclosure. "I beg your pardon, Sir, but I'm *a Brother*, because I was tyler of Lodge Hope, acting under orders from No. 63, when you was i-niti-ated, and by the same rule I'll trouble you for eight Rupees and a bottle of beer." But I obstinately denied all knowledge of the transaction, and the tyler of Lodge Hope deemed it prudent to lower his demand. "Ah, well," said he, "if I am mistaken, never mind the eight Rupees, only I'll thank you for the beer all the same." And, with a bottle of pale ale under his arm, the regular-bred farrier made his adieu and departed.

Not long afterwards Tom was so unfortunate as to become himself the inmate of the kanjee rooms, a dilemma which I ascertained was by no means of unfrequent occurrence, and was on this occasion preordained to result in his supercession by one of his obnoxious pupils, the *young 'ands*. The following *éclaircissement* took place after his enlargement. He was pacing the stable in ludicrous discontent, and venting his spleen on the horsekeepers collectively—"A pack of d—d dewanas." I demanded the interpretation of the word.

"Dewana,—why, it's *moors* for a fool; I thought everybody knew that. Come, *ootao his pawm*, d'ye hear me" (to the horsekeeper), "and let's see how they've shod him."

"It is some days since I have seen you, Bruton, I'm afraid you have been exceeding."

"No, Sir, because I thought Sergeant-Major was going to give me liberty from watering parade, that's why I got into kanjee for an hour; and if I had been drinking it's no odds, for I was no worse for liquor than you are at this moment. Farrier Hobridge tells me he's adoing of your work now, Sir; he's just finished the grey." Here followed another military salute which had reverted to its original obstinate squareness. I replied that his long absence had obliged me to seek for assistance elsewhere.

"Long absence—why, I was only *in* six hours anyhow."

"Then how came it to pass that you did not exhibit your person for more than three days?"

"Well, and supposing I didn't, that's only twelve hours, make what you will of it."

"You got *in* on Sunday, and *out again* on Wednesday; that's a long twelve hours."

"Now I think of it, I believe it was Lord's day. Ah well, admitting that it may have been four-and-twenty or thereabouts, it's no use my doing nothing in the veterinary line if them *young 'ands* is continually called in over my head. Yesterday was a fortnight I received a letter from my brother, who is body-servant to a gentleman; and as I can't get my *rights*, the sooner I'm away to Bristol to see the old woman the better."

So ended my acquaintance with Mr. Bruton, who is at the present instant diligently prosecuting a voyage to the seaport town of Bristol, for the laudable purpose of hugging his superannuated mother, and feasting her old eyes (if indeed they be optically available), after an absence of twenty years, on the comely exterior I have attempted to pourtray; and there, in his native town, under the influence of a cool thermometer, free from the persecutions of and at an immeasurable distance from the "*young 'ands*," Tom purposes to drive the same honest trade that his father and his father's father drove before him, and that he himself has driven from his cradle upwards—that of a regular-bred farrier.

N.

ENGLISH RACING TIME.

Sir,

It is not often that mention is made in any of the English prints of the time in which races are run upon a public course. The enclosed extract from the *Times* of the 8th August last, showing the time occupied in running the two miles at York for one-third of the great subscriptions of twenty-five sovereigns, with fifty added, on Friday, the 5th of that month, and for the three-year-old Produce Stakes on the preceding day, will therefore, in all probability, be acceptable to your sporting readers, and serve also as a record of what is considered a "*severe pace*" on the York course at the present time.

I am Sir, your obedient servant,

Pro Bono Publico.

Poonah, 20th April, 1832.

York August Meeting, Aug. 5th.

The list of this day's races was more attractive than in any other part of the meeting, and the attendance, in consequence, more numerous. The following are particulars of the running:—

One-third of the great subscription of twenty-five sovereigns each, with fifty added; for four-year-olds, 8st. 3lbs.; five years, 8st. 10lbs. Two miles. Thirteen subscribers.

Mr. Petre's ch. h. Rowton, 5 yrs.	1
Lord Scarborough's br. c. Windcliffe, 4 yrs.	2
Lord Cleveland's Tamboff, 5 yrs.....	3
Duke of Leed's ch. c. Redstart, 4 yrs.	4

Betting—6 to 5 on Rowton against the field.

As usual, Lord Scarborough's horse made the running, Rowton lying two lengths behind, with the race in hand. At the stand Rowton went in front, and without any difficulty won by three-quarters of a length. Rode by Scott, Windcliffe by Nelson, Tamboff by Lye, and Redstart by Templeman. The severity of the pace may be collected from the fact of the two miles having been done in 3m. 36s., being three seconds less than the same distance was done by three-year-olds for the Produce on Thursday.

To the Editor of the Oriental Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

May I beg you to insert in your valuable work another performance of that game little horse "Hookey," whose former performances I some time ago gave you an account of? The match I am about to relate was made from some idea that the distance he performed before was not actually thirty miles (if you recollect he performed that distance in 1 hour and 8 minutes); his sporting owner now backed him to do the 30 miles, carrying 10 stone, in one hour and a half. He started this morning at half-past nine o'clock to go 20 times round the course, which is exactly one mile and a half round, and finished his task in 45 seconds under the given time, running the last mile and a half in 3m. 42s. The betting, after he had gone 15 miles, was in favour of time, and 3 to 2 went a begging. This performance is *really wonderful*, and I should thank you if you can inform me if anything like this has appeared in your Magazine, or come to your knowledge, as the sporting world here say they have never heard it equalled.

I am, &c.,

LONG.

Bangalore, 1*st April*, 1832.

CHARGES FOR GUNS.

SIR,

Seeing in your last number some remarks by one of your correspondents regarding the best charge for fowling-pieces, I have been induced to send you a few lines on the subject, which, if you think worthy of insertion, are at your service. In my opinion, one drachm of powder to seven drachms of shot, apothecaries weight, is the right charge for a flint gun, but I have generally found one quarter less of powder quite sufficient in this country for detonators, thus making the charge of both guns nearly equal, allowing for the priming of the flint gun.

For a heavy piece intended mostly for duck, the best charge I know of is one drachm and a half of powder, exclusive of priming, to an ounce and a half of shot; this I conceive to be the heaviest charge that can be fired with convenience.

For my own gun, which is a particularly light one, I merely load with *two scruples two grains* of powder to six drachms of shot, and it kills remarkably well. But as guns differ in their weight of metal, so must their charges in a small degree differ also, which convinces me that the surest method of getting the correct charge is to apply to your right shoulder for it, for few can shoot if their guns kick them, and a heavy bag and unbruised shoulder is a greater proof of a correct charge than any other I know.

I am, &c.,

AN OLD SPORTSMAN.

Guzerat, 1*st March*, 1832.

RIFLE SHOOTING.

SIR,

If *Nimrod* be the last, I am assuredly the first amongst your contributors who should complain of any misapprehension of his *caligraphy*, for such is the hand in which my former communication was transcribed. In the 9th line, 2nd col., of the 279th page of your 15th number, however, Mephistopheles has contrived most effectually to subvert my meaning by the artful substitution of a 3 for a 1. Now, to save the reader the trouble of suspecting that I am a fool, and actually make use of the very proportions I have ventured to deride, I shall feel obliged by your announcing the mistake without loss of time, and to save me the trouble of pointing out such glaring blunders, I shall further feel obliged by your admonishing the offending party to beware how he perpetrates them in future. Excuse my plain speaking.*

Having thus fully accomplished the object of my letter in so few words, I shall endeavour to put the bitter taste of the pill out of your mouth with something sweet, and tell you of two very extraordinary circumstances that have happened to me since I last had the honour to address you; but upon this condition only—that in consideration of my being able to adduce the corroborative testimony of more than one respectable housekeeper to both facts. Extraordinary as they may appear, you will not, for a single moment even, suffer yourself to labour under the erroneous impression that I am a disciple, imitator, or humble admirer of Baron Munchausen. It is a bargain—very well.

On the 27th of January I fell in with a herd of antelope at Sidpore, near Deesa, and succeeded in approaching within eighty yards of the two nearest, a black buck and a doe. They were standing exactly parallel to each other, but looking in opposite directions; the doe's broadside presented to me, and the head and horns only of the buck visible. My ball passed through the heart of the former, and entered the shoulder of the latter, penetrated the liver, and was only arrested by the skin of the opposite side. Both trotted on a few yards, and then incontinently yielded up the ghost. I feel assured that any man who has had experience in these matters will readily acknowledge the difficulty* of securing even one large antelope with a single ball, and the occurrence I have narrated cannot therefore fail to excite his astonishment.

The rifle employed on this occasion was an 18 gauge detonator, and the charge of powder exactly the fill of the bullet-mould.

At Meysana, a few days afterwards, I fired at a female goat antelope, also presenting a side

* We cannot help smiling at the assurance of our correspondent. It so happens that we have the manuscript alluded to now in our possession, and the clearness with which he boasts it is written serves only to render his error the more conspicuous. Our poor *devils* have become so used to groundless complaints of this description, that they have grown quite callous.—ED.

* In elucidation of this difficulty, I may mention that about ten days since I put no less than *three* consecutive balls into the hinder quarters of a buck, before bringing him up. The first broke one hind-leg at the hip, and the third performed the same office for the other.

front to me, at the distance of 300 yards. The ball carried away the back part of her head, and she turned over on the spot. When I came up she was struggling violently, and I therefore held her down until she appeared *quite dead.* I then mounted my horse, and while in the act of issuing orders for the removal of her remainders to the tent, was thunderstruck to observe her again on her legs and absconding. A gentleman, who had been a cool spectator of the transaction, assisted me in an attempt to ride her ladyship down, but she ran perfectly strong, and fairly beat us both to a jungle a mile and a half distant, where we lost her. It is for your medical correspondents to solve this problem.

Before I conclude, I wish you would endeavour to persuade S. W., who I have reason to believe ranks among the *first flight* of the most successful rifle shots on our side of India, to give you a paper on the charges of rifles, and on the *subterfuges* he is in the habit of resorting to for the purpose of approaching within shot of very wild antelope. I feel convinced that he would readily attend to such a request civilly made, thereby obliging, amongst other admirers of the *detent*,

Yours,
EURYTION.

GUZERAT TURFITES.

SIR,

Being well acquainted with the liberal and sporting feeling existing on the turf in Guzerat, I have been induced to forward the following for insertion in your valuable Magazine.

The last number has just reached me, and I cannot refrain from making a few observations on the leading paper containing an account of the Poonah races.

The unassuming Guzerat turfites appear to be severely handled by S. Y. S., who states that a bad feeling was evinced towards the Deccan horses in the north last year; this, as a spectator of the Guzerat races, I have no hesitation in denying; and I really believe that Observator's "bull-in-a-china-shop" remark was a hit at a northern stable, and not at the far-famed Goblin.

Should S. Y. S. be a proprietor, and conceive it worth his while to visit Guzerat next season, he will, he may rest assured, meet with a hearty welcome, and, should his nags prove successful, a heavy bag, as it can be safely asserted that the northern stables never have, nor ever will stand in need of backers.—I entirely agree with S. Y. S. in thinking that Observator was "out in his know" regarding the three "indifferent horses," as their maiden time was far from mediocrity, and the performances of Bustle and Red Jacket this season have stamped them as good ones.

What I have written will, I trust, convince the sporting world and S. Y. S. that the only feeling prevalent in the north is a desire to lick those southern kill-devils, about whom there appears to be no inconsiderable quantity of chaffing.

QUIS EGO.

Guzerat.

P. S.—Any communication regarding matches, &c., &c., for next season, over the Ahmedabad course, will, I make no doubt, remain but a very short time unanswered.

BACK-ACTION LOCKS.

SIR,

During a week's excursion to the delightful hills of Mahableshwar, I one day borrowed a double-barrelled gun from a sporting friend and rambled down the valley at the foot of the heights, winding with the brawling streamlet whose banks are fringed with fern and wild flowers, here and there graced by the silvery beams of the willow trees that throw their hoar branches "ascant the brook," and bring home and old England in vivid recollections back to the magic mirror of the mind.—Sport was my object certainly, but the pleasures of a solitary stroll made ample amends for the scarcity of game; however, at last having flushed a snipe or two, and being careless as well as out of practice, I made some atrocious misses with the right barrel and invariably found the left at the half cock. For the first four or five times I thought I must have forgot to full cock it, though, having shot for many years and always carrying both barrels at the full cock, I could not account for such forgetfulness. At last, becoming more circumspect and somewhat suspicious, I cocked both and fired in the air; this I did several times, and each time I found that the left cock invariably went down to the half cock on the discharge of the right barrel. Now, Sir, my borrowed gun had locks commonly known as "back-action locks," and on mentioning the circumstance the other day to some sporting friends, they all, I found, had had occasion to notice the same thing in locks of a similar description, and as we could not account for it, I resolved to bring the circumstance to your notice, in the hope of eliciting some information from your sporting readers that may lead to a remedy for this certainly very serious defect. There is no evil, I believe, without some good—except the loss of our Batta—and since my return I have learnt that *back-action* locks in one instance were the cause of a pigeon match at double shots being lost, and of another at single shots being won. In the first case, the left-hand lock went to half cock, and so much time was lost in cocking that the distance of the bird became too great; and in the second, the left barrel went off *with the right*, and then such a cloud of shot at once, that not a bird escaped. I suppose a servant loaded this last gun, since the double loading must, after a discharge or two, have reminded the shooter that both barrels had gone off.

The attention of any of your crack shots to this subject would greatly oblige

Yours,

BLUE ROCK.

MARCH OF INTELLECT IN THE DECCAN.

SIR,

If you think the following copy of a note, written by a shikaree in the Deccan, worthy of the honour, pray insert it in the O. S. M.

ONREAD SUR,

With greattest spimen of my and I writing to your Honrs I bag leave your most Humbely servend to Cooperam g. ws. Panala next vills Coerelan ther was teo Tiker and nother l ssersai ther was to tiker and Mr. whens Sir cawm send my faust and bai Honrs send Sir you somteels.*

1832 *rped * 7th rely neame Cooperam fram Coerelam.*

This elegant epistle led us to understand that there were two tigers at Coorelan and two at Lasselsye, so Mr. Cooperam was first informed we were coming according to his request, and we started soon after break of day next morning to the scene of action.

Mr. Cooperam had in the mean time begun to feel a little shy after his great specimen, for he had moved off some six miles from the place he mentioned; but the villagers told us there was a tiger where he had gone to, so on we went, and sure enough we found Mr. Cooperam with his musket cocked and quite cocky himself too. "Well, where is the tiker?" "No see tiger to-day, Sir, eat a dog two days ago though," and he showed us some bones and some hair. The only place that would have afforded cover to a tiger or cheeta* was a small sugar-cane field; it was however "no find," and we were debating which way to go home when in came a fellow out of breath and gave us news of a tiger and hyena marked down in a hill some four miles off; away we went, thinking we should have a pop at him after all. After having climbed the hill, a steep one too, we met the shikarees. "Well, where is the tiger?" "Not see tiger quite, sir, but see his fresh and footmarks for a great hole, so he gone in there, I think." "A pretty specimen this," said I, and went to smoke the hyena from his hole, but he would not bolt; the wind however began to blow, and the grass caught fire, and away went the flames crackling all over the hill, and that was all the sport we had that day; got home at seven, went to bed at nine, and dreamt all night of teo tiker and nother.

A DUCK WITH &C.

Poonah, 30th April, 1832.

* The meaning unknown.

* A cheeta has since been killed there.

WE FOUND, 'TWAS IN A FIELD.

A PONGO PARTY.

We found, 'twas in a field,
And proud Pongoes were nigh me,
The boar, he made his rush,
Not a Pongo stood by me;
He charged, his keen white tusk
Cut my girths thro' like feathers,
I knew how much I felt,
For my heart was in my leathers!
The monster took to flight,
And I blest him for flying;
My chums were out of sight,
How I cursed them for shying.
I call'd them by their names
With a bit of abuse too;
Oh! 'twas all fright and rage,
And of d—d little use too.

And once again we found,
And we *Yoicks'd* as we view'd him;
He broke—a glorious brute,
And each Pongo pursued him;
His grunt—oh! not a bull
Could have bellow'd much louder.
I knew how fierce he'd prove,
And my proud heart grew prouder.
We dash'd o'er the ground,
But the boar beat us hollow;
He went such a pace
Who the devil could follow?
We cramm'd at each wall,
Every rasper we swish'd too;
We craned at no nullah,
Tho' God knows we wish'd to.
'Twas done, and we return'd
Back again to our tent, sir,
And each Pongo appear'd
Just as proud as he went, sir;
And oh! when the tiffin
Was brought, they paraded
A mess which no groom
Could have grabb'd at as they did;
And the beer which they *swiped*,
And the *swizzle* they swallow'd,
And the thumpers they told
Of the boars they had follow'd,
Kill'd me dead, and when they
Gallop'd home—'twas a long go—
And I *then* swore I'd ne'er
Hunt again with a Pongo.

G. M. T.

To the Editor of the Oriental Sporting Magazine.

Sir,

I read with feelings of surprise, not unmixed with regret, the captious and querulous complaints of S. Y. S. regarding the treatment of the Deccan horses last year in the north, which break out in his description of the Poonah running.

I cannot allow the remarks to pass unanswered, reflecting as they do on the sportsmen of Guzerat.—S. Y. S. appears tremendously sore at the Poonah Bustle having been termed by "Observator" an indifferent nag. Now, Mr. Editor, I venture to affirm that his performances on the Ahmedabad course, in his maiden year, did not entitle him to a better name; for though it is true he won his maiden race in 4m. 8½s., he was afterwards nowhere in the mile and a half and a distance, run in 3m. 22s., and which was won by a maiden of the season. I am even now doubtful, notwithstanding all the puffing bestowed on him by S. Y. S., whether he can be ranked higher than a second rater.

I cannot but admire the perfect nonchalance with which S. Y. S. determines Observator's "bull-in-a-china-shop remark" to be a cut at old Goblin Grey; if S. Y. S. would do me the favour to examine the racing calendar, he would find that the Goblin never played those pranks in the north, as altogether he was only four times a winner.

If S. Y. S. be on the Turf, let me recommend him to bring his nags to the north next season, whether they be good, bad, or indifferent, and I have no doubt he will find the northern horses ready at the post, and their owners as ready to back them, possessed of none of those unsportsmanlike feelings which he has so good-naturedly attributed to them.

Nim North.

Guzerat, 20th April, 1832.

THE RIFLE.

SIR,

As few countries afford a more enticing field for the use of the rifle than that of which your work is the sporting chronicle, I shall offer a few remarks on that head, which, if they fail to interest your readers, may at least have the happy effect of bringing to the Indian market a species of rifle more adapted to the country.

Our English gunmakers appear to have adopted the idea that nothing but the ounce, or two ounce, tiger rifles (as they style them) will find a ready sale here; now it is well known that some of our most successful sportsmen in the *royal* line prefer the double-barrelled gun on those occasions, as in nine cases out of ten the animal is killed at a distance so short as to render the rifled or plain barrel in the hands of a *steady* sportsman equally efficacious. The erroneous idea in question has been the cause of numberless *great bores* finding their way to this country, to the exclusion of a description of rifle at the same time more portable and certain.

I am aware there are advocates for the large calibre, who found their support chiefly on the fact that the large ball meets with a less proportionate resistance from the opposing air than the smaller one; but when you take into consideration the increased charge of powder requisite to propel that ball with a velocity proportional to its weight, and the additional recoil which must arise from that charge, the disadvantages of the large calibre are particularly obvious.

Action and reaction being equal, or in other words, as the exploding force of the powder acts equally on the breech of the gun and the ball, the recoil of the former must increase with the weight of the latter.

To fortify a large calibre (a two ounce one, for instance) with proportional metal would render the rifle of a weight extremely inconvenient.

I need not observe that, although the greatest theoretic range of all projectiles is at an elevation of 45°, it has been found by practice that small balls, with great velocities, sometimes range furthest at an elevation of 30°, consequently the curve, or parabola, of a small ball projected from a rifle by a greater proportionate charge, and therefore greater velocity, must be much less marked than that of a large ball with lesser velocity.

The advantage of the slight curvature in the flight of the small ball in all the shots between the eye and the pointblank, is evident.

It appears in the first case, namely of the large ball and curved flight, that unless the sportsman can judge his distance well, so as to aim at a proper and not inconsiderable distance below the object, he will be very much thrown out by the rise of the ball above the line of sight; whereas in the second instance (of the small ball and slight curvature) he may aim pointblank at all the intermediate distances without being much out.

The English are, I believe, the only nation in the world who make use of the large bored rifle: the Americans, Swiss, Germans, and Tyrolese have been led by experience to give preference to the small.

The following description of a

rifle, as suited to all work in this country, has been approved of by several sporting characters.

Double barrelled—having one barrel over the other—the bore from 24 to 26 to the lb.—length of the barrel, 27 to 28 inches—percussion of course, and weighing from 8 to 9lb.—pointblank of the first sight, 120 yards. Such a rifle would, I have no doubt, find a ready sale.

I have been led to prefer the double-barrel by witnessing many instances where, had it not been for the assistance of the second barrel, the sportsman would have failed in bagging his game; besides, it frequently happens that a good shot may kill his brace of deer out of one herd.

I fear you will find the above dissertation somewhat dry and perhaps unsuited to the taste of the general reader, otherwise I might be induced to write more fully on the subject of Rifle shooting, as well as to hint at several improvements in that branch of gunnery.*

Your obedient servant,
TOBY.

Shandy Hall, 2nd March, 1832.

* We can assure "Uncle Toby" we shall always be glad to hear from him.

MATCH AGAINST TIME BETWEEN POONAH AND PANWELL.

SIR,

I subjoin, for the information and amusement of your sporting readers, a brief account of a match against time which took place on the road between Poonah and Panwell, on Tuesday, the 24th of April. The terms of the match were, I believe, as follows: Messrs. —— bet one thousand Rupees that Mr. R—— would not ride from the 70th mile-stone at Poonah to the Tavern at Panwell in the space of four hours and ten minutes; the same to come off on Tuesday, the 24th of April; time of starting, fifteen minutes past five a.m. P.P.—Fifteen hundred Rupees was subsequently bet against the match being won in four hours, thus making the amount ridden for 2500 Rupees. The betting at starting was rather in favour of horseflesh, in the time originally specified, but against it in the four hours, and odds were offered against anything within that time.

Everything had been excellently arranged: two chronometers had been set together in Poonah on the 23rd instant, and sealed; one was delivered to the umpire, who proceeded that night to Panwell, to be opened by him on the succeeding morning, and the other remained in charge of the umpire at Poonah, who broke the seal about five o'clock and gave the word "off," as soon as fifteen minutes after that hour were completed. Eleven horses were used upon the road, and the match was run as follows:—

Reached	Hour.	Miles.	Minutes.
Ound	5.33	6	18
Penowlie	5.52	6¼	19
Wurgaum	6.20	10¼	28
Carlie	6.50	11	30
Top of the Ghauts	7.16	9	26
Campoolie	7.30	5	13
Kulapoor		4¼	0
Chowk	8.0	7¼	30
Nullah (New Bridge)	8.13	5¼	14
Panwell Tavern	8.32	6¾	19
		71¼	197

The match was thus won easily with fifty-three minutes to spare.

The backers of time attribute this unexpected result to most unparalleled luck in an escape from those many "moving accidents by field and flood," with which they supposed the path would be thickly set; a few encounters with bullocks, garees, &c., a runaway horse upon the ghauts, and a *deposit* in the last stage, being the only incidents which served to diversify the monotony of the ride. A long lobbing canter was the pace ridden at, and one horse alone (who unfortunately lost three shoes) suffered from his morning's exercise.

TESTIS.

Poonah, April 26th, 1832.

HOG HUNTING NEAR POONAH.

SIR,

I was sitting at my solitary breakfast the other morning, and for want of better thoughts was thinking how long my hunters were destined to stand idle in their stalls, or how long my spears would hang rusty on the wall, when a sudden bustle outside the door attracted my attention, and the words "Dooker" and "Shikar" caught my listening ear. My heart rose in my mouth, and the tales of former times passed like lightning through my mind. Had the hog dared to come near Poonah again? Impossible! The door opened, and four hog in the Kitroor jungle laid hold of a spoonful of mango fool which was destined for a receptacle I always carry about me. A summons to the sporting community of Poonah was issued immediately; a couple of spears were soon glittering in the sun at my stable door, and a couple of hunters were cut off their usual quantity of gram and water. My dirty old leather breeches, as soft as an old kid glove, were soon ferreted out of their hiding-place, and as I was settling myself into them, I already felt my little Arab flying o'er the hills exulting in the sun's warm rays, his long mane flowing in the breeze, and, as if despising the winds, his tail stretched out behind, offering the gale a thing to hold by. The summons was soon answered by the avant couriers of their owners' horses and spears, which were all sent on to the rendezvous.

Six riders were soon mustered, and, after discussing the probabilities of a find, a run, and a kill —some of the party first taking a pull at the mug—away we went. The unfortunate pigs fell victims in anticipation to their rashness in approaching the cantonments; the long plain between the hills could only be certain death to them! Such, or something like it, was the subject of conversation for our six miles' ride. We overtook the led horses at the right place, and we could just see the man's head on the top of the hill, as he stood and watched the pigs below. All right, thought I, as I brandished my spear with murderous intent, giving my gallant bay his head, and allowing him for a moment to revel in his speed. A little hesitation as to the propriety of ascending or keeping below the hill, was at last settled by our getting a little nearer to the sun. One of the party scrambled up the hill, a little on one side of the path, and exclaimed as he reached the top, "I saw them in a bush;" the man who was on the watch now poised a large stone in his hand, and in an instant it was flying through the air in a straight line for a few bushes below, knocking off the leaves as it

entered the thicket; a slight rush was heard under the canopy of the foliage, and in another instant, breaking splendidly down the hill, away went—not the hog, gentle reader, but the stone which the man threw in the bush. The happy watchman had had a *nightmare* at 10 a.m.; the four pigs ran over him, but he could not call to bring them back.

HOPE.

HUNTING EXTRAORDINARY.

SIR,

I hasten to communicate an account of an uncommonly successful sporting expedition, where the brilliant energies of the *gentlemen* composing the party (five in number) could only be rivalled by the extraordinary activity, bottom, and speed of the game!

On Sunday, the first day of the present month, the party went out with the full and resolute purpose of dealing death and destruction to "*the grim varmints.*" On reaching the spot, beating commenced, and 17 fine fellows broke, taking away in fine style right and left across the open country with nothing to stop them. The rushing, the roaring, the screaming, and the shouting, added greatly to the interest of the scene, for every one was instantly at full speed. Of this sounder *eleven* bit the dust! think of that, Mr. Editor, and let your Deccan dookur-killers pause ere they think of boasting of *their* feats in the fields—eleven killed by only five people in *one* burst! by the fist o' my father, I envy the fellows! Returning to the cover, beating again began, and after some time out started a grey monster, grim as "*the boar, the mighty boar,*" as the song says by S. Y. S. (meaning, I suppose, Some Young Spoon). The eyes of every man sparkled with delight as the grizzly monster dashed from his den, and in an instant all were at speed; no start for a race could have been finer, and had the correspondent I have just mentioned been there, no doubt you would have had a devil of a description of it—"jumping off like kangaroos," and "rushing for the lead" and "flying to the front," and "lunging forward," and all the pretty technicals with which he garnishes his accounts of the Poonah races; all these and many more would have been employed on this interesting occasion. However, as I am no dab at the picturesque or the poetical, you must take my humble unpretending style of stating the affair. After the tremendous brush above mentioned, the field gradually thinned, but the chase never for an instant slackened till half Poonah heard the roar "of his deep death groans," and the other half were instantly told of it—for they keep nothing secret here. The maddening exultation which attended this fortunate chase was soon after a little damped by intelligence that five others in the interim had stolen away. However, no way discouraged by this, recourse was had for the third time to beating, and, strange to say, was for a third time successful, and the party were gratified with the sight of seven tolerably large fellows, who really faced the country as if confident of escaping, but they little knew the speed and pluck of their pursuers. After a dreadful run over all kinds of ground, the five gentlemen each singly won a fine head; and night now coming

on, they returned to their respective domiciles, well pleased with their excursion, delighted with their sport, and resolved to request through the medium of your Magazine that Mr. S. Y. S. would compose a song on the occasion and sing it himself.

SUMMARY OF THE SPORT.

	Started.	Killed.
At 5 o'clock	17	11
,, 7 ,,	1	1
,, half-past 9	7	5
Total	25	17 Bandycoots.

The party consisted of Balloo the dog-boy with a bamboo, Bhina the bhungy with his brush, Lalla the Mussaulchee with a lamp-iron, Antone the cook's-mate with the ladle, and Poproo eldest son of the K. B. B. with his father's basket.

Adieu, Mr. Editor. Should I hear of any more sporting affairs like this, you shall again have a line from

Yours faithfully,
RUMTY IDDITY.

To the Editor of the Oriental Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

The following was submitted to the members of the Bengal Jockey Club for their decision, but as I conceive it to be incorrect and at variance with the rules and orders of the Jockey Club in England, I shall feel particularly obliged if you, or any of your sporting readers, will give me your opinion on the subject.

Your constant reader,
FAIR PLAY.

April 22nd, 1831.

Match for 25 G. M. between Mr. W.'s G. pony, Pepper-Jacket, and Captain F.'s B. mule, Lottery, 8st. 7lbs. each, six times round the Calcutta course.

Captain F. claims the race for the following reasons:—

1st.—That the pony was prevented from bolting off the course two distinct times by individuals.

2nd.—That Mr. W's. jockey dismounted on the course before he was desired so to do by the umpire, mounted again, and afterwards dismounted for the purpose of being weighed. It may be as well to state that the match was regularly drawn out and signed; the jockeys both weighed before starting; the animals regularly started, and the race judged by the umpire, who refused to decide the race in consequence of the objection being made at the scales. In the event of this being decided in favour of the pony or mule, how do the bets stand?

Signed, J. F.
J. W.

Mr. W. objects to the race being claimed on the following grounds:

1st.—Some person kicked the pony in passing the stand, and waved a handkerchief at him, but perfectly unconnected with Mr. W., and Mr. W. might as well have brought forward a claim in case of his having lost the race, of his pony having been injured by a blow from individuals.

2nd.—His jockey having, after winning the race, gone to the weighing-place and there dismounted, certainly without the sanction of the umpire, and as I was not at that moment aware that the Newmarket rules allowed him to do so, I ordered him to remount and wait for the umpire's order, which I find according to rule, page 28, Racing Calendar, 1828, is unnecessary.

Signed, J. F.
J. W.

SPORTING RECOLLECTIONS OF LIFE IN THE DECCAN.

Introduction.

"Is it your opinion as a sportsman of the days that are gone, that the spirit of the chase in modern times has degenerated from the ardour of feeling which characterized the deeds of the hunters in those days when you yourself

'Bounding over these hills in proud hopes warm,
Braving alike the sunbeam and the storm'?"

Such was the question put to me one jovial evening over a cool bottle of St. Julien Medoc, by one of a merry set of devil-may-care youngsters who thought as little of their necks *in* the field as they did of their debts *out* of it.

Now, trite though true as the context of the old quotation "Laudator temporis acti" might be in its application towards myself, I could not avoid expressing my real sentiments on the point in question, and therefore regardless of that unpleasant kind of head-shaking distrust and nose-screwing dubitation with which the judgment and inferences of old and worn-out sportsmen are always received by the "*post nati*" (as a facetious friend of mine denominates the present generation), still I had no hesitation in giving my reply in the affirmative.

Before I mention the reasons which I intend to adduce in support of the preference I have given, I must beg to disclaim the slightest intention of detracting from the fair fame and well known gallantry of those Deccan riders who still keep their right places over the plain, and would sooner crack a collar-bone than crane at a nullah, and who would rather see "*the flash of the boar's brown eye*," and hear "*the roar of his dying groan*," than be sunned in the brightest glance of the proudest beauty, or listen to the melody of the loveliest lips in the world.

No, I can assure the reader, gentle or *simple*, that I had no such unworthy motives for affirming, that in days of yore *hog-hunting* was carried on with a zeal and an ardour which, combined with local advantages (now no longer existing), gave a kind of devotedness to its duties, a dignity to its dangers, and a splendour to its enjoyment, that I think I may fairly affirm the modern sporting cannot compete with.

Among the adventitious circumstances which I have adverted to, no one will hesitate in agreeing with me that the primary superiority of the *ancients* over the *moderns* is established by the former having been always led to their wild pleasures and pursuits by the *Head of the Society*, and when I add that *that leader* was the Honourable Mounstuart Elphinstone, what modern will not admit the truth of my assumption? What reader will not recall to his recollection the memorable and spirited address of Sir Lionel Smith, in one of his more than usually felicitous speeches when proposing Mr. Elphinstone's health? "Up, civilians," said the gallant General, while a sympathetic glow animated his expressive countenance, "up, civilians! for he is one of yourselves; up, soldiers! for he has shared your dangers and led you to victory; *up, sportsmen! for he was the foremost of you in the chase;* up, then, up all classes, and let us

make these walls echo back the name of Elphinstone!"

In the field he ever evinced patience and perseverance during the tedious search for the game. Bold and ardent was he in pursuit of it, and cool and determined in moments of difficulty and danger, joining to all these eminent qualifications for a good sportsman the most affable deportment and the most obliging condescension—a manner and a kindness, indeed, which threw a halo of enjoyment over every party and every pastime.

This, from a man of such acknowledged talent, of noble birth, and high situation, gave, I again assert, a fervour to the spirit of our sport and a dignity to its passion, which must be wanting *now*. In addition to this advantage, the Union Hunt, composed of the gentlemen residing at the Sungum and the officers at Dapoorce, was then in its zenith of success; each member giving in turn his party; the parties taking place once every week; and to them it was a settled arrangement among the members, that all the sporting characters in Poonah, without distinction of rank or situation, were invited.

Each excursion, therefore, assembled nearly forty persons; the entertainments were on the most liberal scale of hospitality, and the fun and amusements of the evenings were sometimes of almost as much interest and excitement as the glorious chase itself. I will confidently appeal to those "*friends whom death hath spared*," and who partook of our sport, for the truth of this account, and then let me ask the present race of huntsmen, where anything like this is now to be found in the Deccan? Alas! prophetic indeed sounds the language of the author in his farewell address to *him*, whom he justly designates "our friend, our patron and our pride."

"The Genius of the Deccan speaks in me.
Farewell, great Elphinstone, to *sport*
and *thee*."

There were others of the party whose merits in the noble use of the spur and the spear were of first-rate order. Who remembers the splendid style of the huntsman, John Jeffrys, when manœuvring a boar on the precipitous side of Casselsye, without a glow of delight at the recollection? There was also the enthusiastic intrepidity of Captain Close, joined to the reckless dash and joyous daring of one who still distinguishes himself, even among the most fearless of the present race, and is a proud specimen of what hog-hunters were in the olden time, since neither age nor increasing bulk (and he was no feather-weight sixteen years ago) can even now keep him from the foremost in the fray. I allude to Colonel Henry Pottinger, the present Resident in Cutch, who will not, I am confident, disdain to see his name in the same page with that of his noble patron.

But, while mindful of those who are still alive, let me pay a passing tribute of regard to the memory of those who are gone, especially the late Robert White, the richly-talented and the highly-gifted; an enthusiastic lover of the sport, who breathed his last in my arms at Nuggur, and whose dying words in the moment of insensibility which immediately preceded his last gasp were "GHORA LAO;" and to Tiger Davies, than whom a bolder and more honest rider never crossed a country, and who was as ardent in pursuit of a sounder as he was cool and undaunted in his conflicts with the royal animal that furnished his cognomen.

Such was my feeble attempt to

prove the propriety of my answer to my young friend's question. It was received with a deference I did not expect, and with a sadness which I was not sorry to see, for conviction had flashed upon their minds that the desultory parties that now take the field are not characterized by the spirit which existed of yore in those whose influence and situation, as well as command of means, enabled them to create sport, and I hoped it might induce them to take some measures to render their sport more general and more frequent.

At the united request of the persons present, I promised to draw up a brief description of some of our merry meetings, and the chapters which have already appeared in your Magazine under the designation of "*Sporting Recollections of Life in the Deccan*" were the result of that promise. Should I find those contributions to have been acceptable to the majority of your readers, I shall resume my pen for your next number, and in the mean time, like a solitary grey boar stealing into his covert, I toddle on to

My signature.

S. Y. S.

SELECTIONS.

THE SAUGOR ISLAND RHINOCEROS.

Dear Sir,—Being on a visit at the Quarantine Station at Edmonstone Island, I was informed that a rhinoceros had several times made his appearance close to the residence at Middleton point, on Saugor Island; I was requested (being a killer) to go over and try my luck. I did so, and made preparations for a regular set to, a stage being erected on a tree close to a tank at which my customer was in the habit of drinking every night, and there (in company with the resident at the point) I took my seat at eight o'clock in the evening, it being then quite dark. My first cheroot had not quite burnt out, when a noise from the jungle in our rear warned us of an approach; from the noise I thought it was an elephant; our anxiety, you may be sure, was very intense: however, in a few minutes a very large animal showed his back within thirty yards of us. I saw it and immediately pointed it out to my companion through the gloom, and we both agreed that it was *our friend;* his approach was slow, grazing as he came along, until almost immediately under us, and then we fired. He seemed a little astonished, but did not move; the second volley (for we were well armed, having two double barrels each) disturbed him, he turned sharp round and made off with a curious snorting noise like an overgrown hog. He had the benefit of eight balls, which were at the distance of about fifteen yards, poured upon his impenetrable hide, but he seemed to mind them no more than so many peas. Ten minutes had hardly elapsed before he came again, but not on the same ground; he strolled along rather cautiously, towards the tank. We had another beautiful view of him, and again fired together as before, when, I am sorry to say, the gun of my friend burst, blowing off two of his fingers on the left hand, and slightly wounding me in the arm. Nothing was now left for us but to go home; and at that time of night, and in such a place, with such an

animal in our neighbourhood, it was no joke. My friend took a cutlass and I took two of my guns. We cautiously descended the tree and made good our retreat.

A month and a half passed before the hand of my friend had healed, when we determined upon another attack, but in a different manner. The artillery of the station (two six-pounders) were placed in his path, and there we agreed to watch his approach; everything was got in readiness, the moon was favourable, and we took our station at the old look-out tree on the evening of the 6th instant. Our first starting was ominous, a tiger springing almost from under our feet, as I was levelling the guns. One was pointed to sweep the corner of the tank and the other to take him, if he came in a different direction. A long, tedious night passed, and no rhinoceros. The tiger above mentioned prowled about the tree all night, but we could not get a shot at him. Another night passed in like manner, but the third night, at ten o'clock, our old friend once more showed himself. Down I jumped to my post at the gun, but he saw my movements and vanished. Nearly an hour passed before he again made his appearance, but when he did come I got him right before my gun, and as I was raising the match to fire he charged full at me; but he was too late, the fatal spark had done its duty, and the *canister* met him half way. I lost no time in getting up the tree, for you may be sure the idea of his ugly horn being near me was not at all comfortable; it gave me, however, surprising agility, and I stumbled over my friend who was coming down to assist me. In the midst of the confusion a terrible groan proclaimed our victory. The next morning we found he had run nearly fifty yards, and there fell, to rise no more; many of the shots had taken effect, one (the fatal one) in the left eye, three in the shoulder, one in the flank, passing through his kidney and in the hind quarter. His dimensions were 12 feet in length, without the tail, which made two more, 7 feet high, and 13 in circumference; altogether he is a perfect monster. On opening him, one of the leaden balls of our first attack was found in his stomach, and appeared to be mortifying the flesh all round. I had a tough job to skin him, &c.; five of our balls were cut out. I have brought his hide and horn with me, and send the latter, with a tusk also, for your inspection; and should you, Mr. Editor, be anxious to possess a sword-proof shield, I shall be happy to supply you with the makings of one tough enough to resist the blows of any man, and even to set at defiance the horns of your Tauric political antagonist. I am, dear Mr. Editor, your obedt. servt., A SHEKAREA.—*Calcutta, March* 16, 1832.—P.S. The flesh of the animal was greedily devoured by the famished crew of a Burmese boat, which arrived at the point in distress.—*To the Editor of the Bengal Hurkaru and Chronicle.*

ANIMAL POISONS.

On the Cure of Animal Poisons and probably Hydrophobia by the local application of common Salt. Rev. J. Fischer.

The Rev. J. G. Fischer was formerly a Missionary in South America, and is anxious to call the attention of the public to the probable utility of common salt as a remedy in cases of hydrophobia, if at least the opinion be correct, that what will cure the

bites of venomous serpents will be efficacious in the former class of cases. He says, "I actually and effectually cured all kinds of very painful and dangerous serpents' bites after they had been inflicted for many hours, for immediately after I had applied my remedy the pain subsided, and the patient calmed, which remedy was nothing else than common table salt; and I kept it on the place or wound moistened with water, till all was healed, within several days, without ever any bad effects occurring afterwards. I, for my part, never had an opportunity to meet with a mad dog, or any person who was bitten by a mad dog. I cannot, therefore, speak from experience as to hydrophobia; but that I have cured serpents' bites always, without fail, I can declare in truth." Mr. Fischer then quotes Dr. Urban's practice from Hufeland's German Medical Journal. He had six methods; but his most successful was to apply a thick pledget, soaked in any saline solution, to each wound, or to each place where the teeth had made a mark without breaking the skin, and retain them there by bandages. The best solution is—of salt one ounce, or one ounce and a half to a pound of plain water, and the wounds are to be kept constantly moistened with it. The lint is to be renewed, and soaked twice a day; the places wetted every two hours, and even washed by the patient, especially if any indications of relapse, as itching or pain, should manifest themselves. A case is then quoted from the Kent Herald, and Morning Herald of July 28, 1827, as follows:—"A friend of ours was some years since bitten by a dog which a few hours afterwards died raving mad. Immediately upon receiving the bite he rubbed salt for some time into the wound, and in consequence never experienced the least inconvenience from the bite, the saline qualities of the salt having evidently neutralized the venom, and prevented in all probability a melancholy death by hydrophobia. That which induced Mr. Fischer to try the above remedy in the case of serpents was a page of the late Bishop Loskiell's (with whom I was personally acquainted) history of the divisions of the Moravian Church in North America, which says, as far as I recollect, that at least among some tribes they were not at all alarmed about the bites of serpents, having always in use such a sure remedy as salt for the cure of them, so much so that they would suffer a bite for the sake of a glass of rum. It was this that induced me to try the cure of venomous bites with salt; and the trial has exceeded my expectations. P. S.—The advice of killing all dogs is neither practicable nor necessary; apply salt to man and dog, the bitten and the biter, all will be most probably well, &c."

Antidote for the bite of venomous animals:

In the first number of the journal of the Royal Institution, which we noticed in a former Gazette, we observe a recommendation of common salt as a cure for serpents' bites, and cases of extraordinary success are mentioned. It is a long time since the researches of chemists, on the most successful applications to wounds of this nature, have led to a general belief in medical men that the poisonous fluid is similar in its chemical properties to an acid, and that consequently its best neutralizer is an alkali.

We have often tried the effects of common soda and potash, where persons have been stung by bees

and wasps, and uniformly found an alleviation of pain and a mitigation of the other symptoms. In the last number (October, 1830) of the Asiatic Journal there is also an account of a case communicated to the Medical and Physical Society of Calcutta, in which the dangerous symptoms caused by the bite of a karaut (a poisonous serpent) were removed by the internal use of ammonia or hartshorn, a powerful alkali.

THE HARDEST FEND OFF, OR THE BEAR AND THE ALLIGATOR.

On a scorching day in the middle of June, 1830, whilst I was seated under a venerable live oak, on the evergreen banks of the Teche, waiting for the fish to bite, I was startled by the roaring of some animal in the cane brake, a short distance below me, apparently getting ready for action. These notes of preparation were quickly succeeded by the sound of feet trampling down the cane, and scattering the shells. As soon as I recovered from my surprise, I resolved to take a view of what I supposed to be two prairie bulls mixing impetuously in battle, an occurrence so common in this country and season, when, as Thompson says,

"———through all his lusty veins
The bull, deep-scorched, the raging passion feels."

When I reached the scene of action, how great was my astonishment instead of bulls to behold a *large black bear* reared upon his hind legs, with his fore paws raised aloft, as if to make a plunge. His face was besmeared with white foam, sprinkled with red, which, dropping from his mouth, rolled down his shaggy breast. Frantic from the smarting of his wounds, he stood gnashing his teeth and growling at his enemy. A few paces in his rear was the cane brake, from which he had issued. On a bank of snow-white shells, spotted with blood, in battle array, stood Bruin's foe, in shape an *alligator*, fifteen feet long. He looked as if he had just been dipped in the Teche, and had emerged like Achilles from the Styx, with an invulnerable coat of mail. He was standing on tiptoe, his back curved upwards, and his tongueless mouth thrown open, displayed in his wide jaws two large tusks and rows of teeth. His tail, six feet long, raised from the ground, was constantly waving, like a boxer's arm, to gather force.

The combatants were a few paces apart when I stole upon them, the "first round" being over. They remained in the attitudes described about a minute, swelling themselves as large as possible, but marking the slightest motions with attention and caution, as if each felt confident he had met his match. During this pause I was concealed behind a tree, watching their manœuvres in silence. I could scarcely believe my eyesight. What, thought I, can these two beasts have to fight about? Some readers may doubt the tale on this account, but if it had been a bull fight, no one would have doubted it, because every one knows what they are fighting for.

The same reasoning will not always apply to a man fight. Men frequently fight when they are sober, for no purpose, except to ascertain which is the better man. We must then believe that beasts will do the same, unless we admit that the instinct of beasts is superior to the boasted reason of man. Whether they did fight upon the present occasion with cause I cannot say, as I was not present

when the fray began. A bear and a ram have been known to fight, and so did the bear and alligator, whilst I prudently kept in the background, preserving the strictest neutrality betwixt the belligerents. And now, if the reader is satisfied that such a battle as this might have taken place, in the absence of any known cause, I will go on to tell what I saw of it as a witness.

Bruin, though evidently baffled, had a firm look, which showed he had not lost confidence in himself. If the difficulty of the undertaking had once deceived him, he was prepared to go it again. Accordingly letting himself down upon all fours, he ran furiously at the alligator. The alligator was ready for him, and throwing his head and body partly round to avoid the onset, met Bruin half-way, with a blow of his tail, which rolled him on the shells. Old Bruin was not to be put off by one hit; three times in rapid succession he rushed on the alligator, and was as often repulsed in the same manner, being knocked back by each blow just far enough to give the alligator time to recover the swing of his tail before he returned. The tail of the alligator sounded like a flail against the coat of hair on Bruin's head and shoulders, but he bore it without flinching, still pushing on to come close to his scaly foe. He made his fourth charge with a degree of dexterity, which those who have never seen this clumsy animal exercising would suppose him incapable of. This time he got so close to the alligator before his tail struck him, that the blow came with half its usual effect. The alligator was upset by the charge, and before he could recover his feet Bruin grasped him round the body below the fore legs, and holding him down on his back, seized one of his legs in his mouth. The alligator was now in a desperate situation, notwithstanding his coat of mail, which is softer on his belly than back, from which,

"The darted steel with idle shiver flies."

As a Kentuck would say, "he was getting up fast." Here, if I dared to speak, and had supposed he could understand English, I should have uttered the encouraging exhortation of the poet—

"Now, gallant knight, now hold thy own,
No maiden's arms are round thee thrown."

The alligator attempted in vain to bite; pressed down as he was, he could not open his mouth, the upper jaw of which only moves, and his neck was so stiff he could not turn his head short round. The amphibious beast screamed in despair; but being a warrior "by flood and by field," he was not yet entirely overcome. Wreathing his tail in agony, he happened to strike it against a small tree that stood next the bayou; aided by the purchase, he made a convulsive flounder, which precipitated himself and Bruin, locked together, into the river.

The bank from which they fell was four feet high, and the water below seven feet deep. The tranquil stream received the combatants with a loud splash, then closed over them in silence. A volley of ascending bubbles announced their arrival at the bottom, where the battle ended. Presently Bruin rose again, scrambled up the bank, cast a hasty glance back to the river, and made off dripping to the cane brake. I never saw the alligator afterwards to know him; no doubt he escaped in the water, which he certainly would not have done if he had remained a few minutes longer on land. Bruin was forced by nature to let go his grip under water to save

his own life. I therefore think he is entitled to the credit of the victory; besides, by *implied* consent, the parties were bound to finish the fight on land, where it began, and so Bruin understood it.

Z.

SPORTING CASE—THE GUY STAKES.

WOOD, BART., *v.* ATKINS.—This cause excited considerable interest in the sporting world. It was an action brought at the Warwick Assizes, on Monday last, by Sir Mark Wood against Mr. Atkins, the Clerk of the course for the Warwick races, to recover the sum of £600, the amount of the Guy Stakes run for at these races last year. The Duke of Richmond, who was subpœnaed as a witness, was on the bench. Other members of the Jockey Club were also present.

Mr. Serjeant Goulburn, on opening the plaintiff's case to the Jury, stated that the real defendant in the action was Mr. Beardsworth, of Birmingham, who, as well as the plaintiff, was well known on the turf. These gentlemen were the respective owners of the two horses that had come in first and second in the race for the Guy Stakes, run at Warwick on the 7th September, 1830. There were thirty-one subscribers to these stakes, of fifty guineas each, several of whom, as usual, became defaulters, and paid forfeit. Nine horses ran; and the produce of the subscriptions and forfeits amounted to nearly £1000, and had been paid to the defendant Atkins, whose duty it was, as clerk of the course, to receive subscriptions, and hand them over to the person whose horse was declared by the stewards to be the winner. Mr. Beadsworth's horse (Birmingham) came in first, and Sir Mark Wood's horse (Cetus) came in second; but the latter was declared entitled to the stakes under the circumstances about to be stated, according to the rules by which such matters were governed, and so declared by the stewards of the Jockey Club, to whom the case had been referred. A decision so pronounced, by a tribunal the most competent in such matters, after an agreement to refer the question to that tribunal, was, the learned Serjeant contended, final and conclusive between these parties, and he therefore apprehended that they were precluded from going into the original merits of the question, although, if they did, the plaintiff would be shown to be entitled on the merits, as well as by the decision already pronounced in his favour, to the amount of the stakes in question. The learned Serjeant here referred to a case reported in the volume of the Racing Calendar for 1810, in which the Court held a decision of the Jockey Club on a question of this kind binding. [The reference to the Racing Calendar as an authority for a legal decision excited some pleasantry in Court, which was increased by the learned Judge pointing out in the list of subscribers to that volume the name of Sir James Mansfield, the then Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas.] The learned Serjeant was happy to see, although he had merely quoted from this book as an authority amongst sporting gentlemen, that it was one of a high legal character also, as it had come forth with the sanction of no less a personage than the Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. [Laughter.] The horses which were to run for the Guy Stakes of 1830 were the produce of mares covered in 1826, to be named by

the owners. They were hence called "Produce Stakes." Mr. Mytton, a gentleman not unknown in sporting circles, named the mare, Miss Craigie, of which the horse Birmingham was the produce, by Whalebone; Mr. Gantlet named the mare Lamia, of which the horse Cetus was the produce, by Filho da Puta. It was unnecessary to mention the names of the other horses that had run, these being the two that had come in first and second. There was no dispute as to the fairness of the race; but it was a rule laid down by the Jockey Club, and well known on the turf, that no person who is in arrear for subscriptions or forfeits shall be allowed to start a horse until he has paid up; and that if the horse of such person were to start and win the race, he would not be entitled to the stakes, which would in such case go to the owner of the horse coming in next after him. The objection against Mr. Beardsworth in the present instance was, that Mr. Mytton, in whose name Birmingham had been entered for the race, was in arrear at the time for stakes and forfeits, both at Warwick and at Winchester, and consequently Sir Mark Wood, who had become the owner of Cetus, the horse that came in second, claimed the stakes from the clerk of the course, who, of course, refused to give them up to either party until the question was decided. The parties referred the matter to the stewards, with power to choose a third party as umpire. These gentlemen—namely, Mr. Lucy, the present High Sheriff of this county (then acting as steward for Mr. C. Wise, who was at Hastings), and Mr. Gifford—not feeling themselves competent to decide upon the point, referred it, with the consent of the parties, to the stewards of the Jockey Club at Newmarket. Written statements of their respective claims were required from Sir Mark and Mr. Beardsworth, which were accordingly sent in, and these statements were transmitted by Mr. Lucy and Mr. Gifford to the stewards of the Jockey Club, two of whom, the Duke of Richmond and Mr. C. Wilson, met at Newmarket in October, and chose Mr. Irby, a member of the Jockey Club, to supply the place of Lord Verulam, the third steward, who was absent. After having considered the statements sent in on both sides, these three gentlemen decided that Sir Mark Wood was entitled to the stakes, and forwarded their decision in writing to the clerk of the course. Mr. Beardsworth, nevertheless, persisted in his claim, and the defendant consequently refusing to pay over the money, he being no doubt indemnified by Mr. Beardsworth, the present action was brought to recover the amount in his hands.

The facts, as detailed in the learned Serjeant's statement, were then proved by the evidence of the jockey who rode Cetus; the editor of the Racing Calendar; Mr. Lucy, the acting steward of the Warwick Races in 1830; the secretary to the stewards of the Jockey Club; and his Grace the Duke of Richmond, one of the referees. The latter stated that Mr. Wilson, Mr. Irby, and himself took the written statements of the respective parties into their consideration about the 11th or 12th of October last, at the house of their secretary, at Newmarket, and made the award which had been mentioned. The fact of the horse or owner being in arrear at Warwick disqualified him from running on that course, but he did not think that his being in arrear at

any other course would disqualify him here.

Mr. Clarke, in his address to the Jury on the part of the defendant, contended that they had nothing to do with the rules or decision of the Jockey Club. Neither Mr. Beardsworth nor Mr. Mytton was a member of that Club, and consequently they were not bound by its rules. Why should the rules of that Club be allowed to govern all the races of this country, and supersede both the established law of the land and the law of common sense? It was not denied that Birmingham, Mr. Beardsworth's horse, came in first, and had therefore won the race. There was no complaint of any unfairness on Mr. Beardsworth's part; and why then take the stakes from him and give them to the owner of a beaten horse? The Jury were bound to attend to the merits of the case, and not trouble their heads about any absurd regulations of the Jockey Club, upon plea of which it was attempted to deprive this gentleman of the prize he had won. All the parties were on the course on the day of the race, and why did not Sir Mark Wood make his objection, if he thought it a valid one, before the horses started? If not valid, it would then at least have been a fair one, and Mr. Beardsworth would not have had so much reason to complain of it. But Sir Mark Wood, although he saw both Mr. Mytton and Mr. Beardsworth on the course, thought proper to lie by and take his chance of winning, in fraud of the other subscribers, if the objection was a good one; and then, finding his own horse second, he came forward with his objection, and claimed the stakes. With respect to what had been called the award of the Stewards of the Jockey Club, that was no award at all, nor anything in the form of an award. But Mr. Beardsworth never submitted his case to the Jockey Club; he merely submitted it to the stewards of the Warwick races, who, although they admitted that his horse had come in first, without any unfairness, yet declined to decide the question, but sent it to the gentlemen of the Jockey Club. Mr. Beardsworth, however, dissented from this, and actually wrote to Mr. Gifford to that effect. The learned counsel, therefore, submitted that any authority he might be supposed to have given to submit the case to the Club had been revoked; and that, not being a member of that Club, and his horse having fairly won the race, he was clearly entitled to the stakes, notwithstanding any rules by which that society might be themselves guided.

Evidence was then called on behalf of the defendant; but the only important point proved was that Mr. Gifford had received a letter from Mr. Beardsworth, in October last, in which he told him he might do as he liked; but that he (Mr. Beardsworth) did not wish to submit his case to the Steward of the Jockey Club.

Mr. Serjeant Goulburn having replied,

The Lord Chief Justice informed the Jury that the questions for their consideration were, whether or not the parties had submitted their case to the decision of the Stewards of the Jockey Club, and whether that decision had been pronounced? With respect to the letter proved to have been written to Mr. Gifford by Mr. Beardsworth, his Lordship was of opinion that the terms of it did not amount to revocation of the submission.

The Jury, after having retired for some time, returned with a verdict for the plaintiff—Damages £600.

THE

ORIENTAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

No. 17.—AUGUST, 1832.

HOG HUNTING IN THE DECCAN.

Sir,—You must have heard of the grand hog-hunting meeting that took place last March. I was one of those who had the luck to be present; and although I possess not the magical pen of S. Y. S., I will attempt, for the benefit of your readers, to give some idea of it; and I am sure, if I succeed in doing so, you will agree with me that, however deficient our meetings may be in style now-a-days, the spirit with which they are carried on will not yield to that of the best of those which are bygone.

On the 5th of the above-mentioned month, then, seven heroes of the snaffle, spur, and spear, myself included, left that tiptop of all hog-hunting places, Ahmednuggur, and arrived at Merrichgaum on their way to Carnulla, the place of meeting. Here, as we learnt that there was a large boar in the sugar-canes near Round, we instantly set to work at him. It was near sunset when the few people we could manage to muster commenced beating, and we began to be alarmed that we had acted precipitately in not leaving him until next morning, when our friend bolted right across a large nullah, in which the sportsmen were waiting for him. After following the course of the nullah a short distance, he re-crossed it and made for Merrichgaum, but the riders being injudiciously close to him, the cunning brute turned round short, charged straight at the two gentlemen nearest him, passing under their spears and horses, and legged it as hard as he could for his haunt; but short as the distance was, I take it he must have wished it shorter, for he had three digs through him in no time, and the whole party closing upon him, it was as much as he could do to crawl through the fence of the wished-for canefield, and then lie down and die. Here, a straightforward going friend of mine was nearly having the *spirit* (and no small portion of it either) taken out of him, for in dashing at the hog when close to the cover, he rode over him, and man and horse came down such a spinner as I never again wish to see. The next moment he was lying on the ground as quiet and pale as a boiled fowl. Many remedies were immediately suggested, as is usual in such cases; but only one applied cold water, when, after being well doused by every one of the

party in their turn, he showed signs of life, and in half an hour rode home. The lancet next morning perfected his cure.*

On the 6th we killed three more hog at the cane-field, and proceeded to Nimgaum to sleep. On the 7th we came to the rendezvous, Carnullah, † where we found three gentlemen from Poonah, with tents pitched and horses ready, and three more from Sholapoor arrived soon after. I shall pass over the greetings, the examination of the studs, the frequent questions relative to the anticipated sport, and above all, the conviviality of the evening; everything went off just as everyone knows it should, and on the morning of the 8th we were at the Potrat jungle, each mounted on his best hunter. Most inauspiciously, nothing but two very small squeakers were found. I dare say most people know the feeling experienced when, expecting something superlatively good, they find it a *do.* I observed the whole of the field on this occasion most determinedly silent, which is generally the effect of this feeling, and thus they continued during the whole of our unlucky beat along the river Seena, until, on our arrival at the tents at Donjah, that good fellow Hodgson opened their mouths.

9th.—We hunted at Domgaum, where a sounder was marked down. The ground on the Seena at this part is the worst I ever hunted on. The Godavery is a drawing-room floor compared with it. The river is full of mud and water, the banks difficult of descent everywhere, and in some places impracticable: the thorns on each side are bad, and a nullah stares you in the face at every thirty yards. Out of seven good-sized hog that started, five were killed at the first burst; another was found after tiffin and killed after a long run, in the course of which Mr. J——, of the Artillery, broke his leg in one of the nullahs, but I am happy to say he is now nearly recovered. We afterwards killed a half-grown boar that led us a long way, and then returned to our tents, but had hardly taken our seats at the mahogany when we were summoned to rise, and in half an hour were in full cry after a boar and sow at Dewulgaum, about a mile and a half from Donjah. These were quickly run into, and completed our day's sport. During the two ensuing days the spear remained idle, as no more hog were to be found, and we awaited the arrival of a surgeon to take charge of our unlucky friend. On the 12th he arrived, and leaving the two to settle matters between them quietly, we moved towards the Beema, where the accounts of hog were tempting.

13th.—We were at Hingnee, with a sounder of sixteen waiting for us; through a mistake, however, three gentlemen had all the fun to themselves, and killed a large sow. The next day not a hog was to be found in the jungles, and we were obliged to make a very wide circle in beating, during which one hog only was found, but he was a very fine boar. Here, again, the fun fell to the share of only one of the party, who being behind the rest shooting, twigged the hog sneaking back, and after a hard run killed him.

15th.—We tried Jeetee; thirty hog at least had been promised us, but six only were found, and what were they among so many?

* This boar measured 5ft. from the snout to the root of his tail.

† Carnullah is distant from Poonah, 95 miles; from Sholapoor about 60, and from Nuggur 50.

A fine sow and four pigs were run into, while the other one ran into a well, thirty feet deep, to save his life, as it turned out, for the party were so touched by his appearance when he was fished out after half an hour's swim, that he was allowed a furlough on sick certificate to his native jungles until the next party.

16th.—We killed two hog at Sepoorah, and might have done much better, for five fine hog got away. The jungle, however, is a very difficult one, being a deep thick nullah, that spreads into numerous branches all well covered, so that keeping sight is mere luck if you ride in the midst of it.

17th.—Our tents were sent to Nanug Jowla—the Beema being voted no go. On our way there we went through the Wurgaum jungle, where I walked up to a bush in which I had twice before found hog, and actually again turned up a sounder of a large sow and six pigs, which gave us royal sport, each hog having his quantum of riders after him, and all being killed.

18th.—We beat the Wágah nullah, and another nullah, in which we found last year, bush by bush, without seeing a pug. This was miserable, and we did not know in which direction to move, so much discouraged were we by our ill luck, until old Duttoo, who had been left in this part of the country while we went to the Beema covers, came in with his report. He had been to Patroof and Ambee, and found next to nothing, and recommended our returning to Merrichgaum, or going to a tank near Barsee, forty miles further in the direction of Sholapoor. We decided on the latter alternative, and on the following day proceeded as far as Annalah, beating a sugar-cane field on the road, in which fresh pugs were visible, but found no hog. At this place the shooters had capital sport, the quail being very numerous.

20th.—On our road to Ashtee we had the luck to *find* in some sugar-canes. One hog broke along after a great deal of beating, and being speedy and a good turner, gave the field a little fun. Three then broke together, all fine hog, but one, a sow, remarkably so. I need scarcely say they were bagged.

21st. — Our fortune now changes. We were hardly dressed for breakfast when in came a villager, puffing like one who had to run for his life, with information of a sounder in a patch of grass within sight of our tents. Although the men who watched knew when the hog had squatted, and the grass was not so high as a man's knee, yet we actually beat till we were tired, and were thinking of giving them up as a bad job, when they were found through the means of a gentleman's horse refusing to tread upon them, as they were lying under his nose. The ground was beautiful; we gave them fair play, and every rider being in a line, the word was given to ride. A large sow had three riders at her, and the spear was taken without a turn; the poor pigs were mercilessly slaughtered, five out of six being killed. On our road to the tank, on some hills to the left, another fine sow and a litter of four or five pigs were turned up out of a pile of kurboe, on rather awkward ground; however, this did not save them—every one was killed. Eleven hog had now been sacrificed, and we fully expected that our work was over but no such thing; Duttoo made his appearance while the "mug'

was still flowing, and ordered us to mount again; he had found another sounder of a large sow and pigs in a cane-field close at hand. Out we went, and at the first burst the old lady and five of her pigs were bagged; the only one that remained ran back to the cane-field, from whence he was soon beaten, and the day ended with a very closely contested run at him. Total of this day's sport, eighteen.

22nd.—We hunted at the tank, which is surrounded on every side by low hills, very steep though not very stony, but very trying work for the horses. A sounder of twenty was marked in these hills, and made for the tank on being roused. Thirteen never reached it; of these, three were splendid sows; of the others, three had taken refuge in the weeds that fringed the water, and were afterwards beaten out and killed. An immense boar, found lying under a *dry stick* on the top of the hills, was run down to the tank by three gentlemen, who had the luck to be in for him, and was killed with great difficulty, one horse being severely ripped during the operation.

23rd.—While our shikarrees were out on the search, we were at work with a sounder found by the villagers, whom the hope of reward had animated to exertion. Every hog was killed: viz., three very fine sows and three pigs. Duttoo arrived as soon almost as we did at the tents, with more good news, and we were remounted and among the bristlers again in no time. A fine boar and six large sows, with a lot of pigs, after crossing the hills away from the tank, took straight down into the plain near the village of Kategaum, and 16 of them bit the dust after excellent running. That good old horse Exmouth was ripped once more by the boar and put "hors-de-combat" for some weeks. To-day's hog amounted to 22.

24th.—To-day we bid farewell to the tank and marched to Boom.

25th.—On our way to Patroof, and about two miles short of it, we killed three boars and one large sow that broke singly out of some sugar-canes—every sportsman in the field riding at each of them; and to finish this most superb of all our hunting days, we turned out a sounder of one large boar and six welting sows, of which every one was killed, though it was nearly dark before our work was ended. The ground this day was by no means bad; three of the severest tumbles, however, short of breaking bones, I ever witnessed, were met with in the course of one of the runs. Two porcupines and a fawn were also speared during the day.

26th.—Moved on to Kurdah, beating the Patroof teeknees on the way, and killed five hog, three very large sows, and two pigs.

27th.—By dint of beating and riding up and down the difficult hills at Daicknah all day long, three of the party, all the rest having struck work, got a sounder of five to break into the plain at the top, and with their jaded but indefatigable bits of blood, managed to kill four fine sows.

28th.—Razooneet; the party beginning to break up. Three gentlemen left.

29th.—Another good one went. The remaining gentlemen beat the Jamkeir hills, but our Daickna luck would not stick to us, although we richly deserved it, and we returned home with the spears as bright as they were when we went out.

30th.—Another sportsman left. Seven now constituted the party, and we went by Pimpulkeir to

Nimbgaum, where sport was met with last year. Not a pug was to be seen, however, this year.

31st.—We killed a very fine boar and a large sow at Táklee out of sugar-canes, and then separated. Our list of hog amounts to 110, besides which some attention was paid to deer, bustard, foxes, and other game. I cannot conclude without making some apology for the length of this stave, but you will allow that 110 hog are not to be accounted for in a line.

H. W. R.

Poonah, July 9th, 1832.

ON THE SIZE AND SHAPE OF THE ARABIAN HORSE.

SIR,

In perusing a newspaper of an old date, the accompanying letter accidentally caught my eye. For the benefit of the sporting community in general, I think the publication of it in your excellent Magazine will be highly advisable, in order that every lover of the turf may draw his own conclusions. For my own part, I am too fond of sport not to feel in some measure annoyed that I never had the pleasure of meeting the highly gifted horse mentioned in the *Scotsman*, for if I had, you may rest assured that a little tit 13h. 1in. then in my stud, would have puzzled the "ci devant" Humdanieh to have beaten, although he is described as "having, during two different trainings, gone at a speed against time, surpassing anything known on the Indian turf."

I have no doubt that his owner will oblige the sporting world with an account of his performances, for, from the description given, they must indeed have been unparalleled!

The racer Humdanieh, I believe, is a bay. He ran and won the Welter at Poonah, and is now in a celebrated stud not many miles from Madras, enjoying his *otium cum dignitate*.

With regard to the last paragraph of the letter, it will only be necessary to say that the following celebrated horses were all iron greys: viz., Mercury, Pyramus, Salonica, late Renegade, Emilius, Bundoola, Sackcloth, and Harmonica, and were all winners.

Yours faithfully,

ZEAL.

Poonah, May 25th, 1832.

To the Editor of the Scotsman.

SIR,

From some conversations I have lately had with gentlemen well skilled in British horses, I was surprised to find so marked a difference in their information regarding the size and proportions of the Arabian, from whom has sprung the superlatively excellent racing blood of Great Britain.

From all I have been able to collect, I consider myself warranted in coming to the following conclusions on that point.

The pure Arabians never exceed 14h. 2in. in height. Their heads are very beautiful, clean and wide between the jaws; the forehead is broad and square; the face flat; the muzzle short and fine; the eyes prominent and brilliant; the ears small and handsome; the nostrils large and open; the skin of the head thin, through which may be distinctly traced all the veins, the neck rather short than otherwise. The body as a whole may be considered too light, and the breast rather

narrow; but behind the arms the chest generally swells out greatly, the ribs deep, leaving ample room for the lungs to play; the shoulder is superior to that of any other breed; the scapula or shoulder-blade inclines backwards nearly in an angle of forty-five degrees; the withers are high and arched; the neck beautifully curved, and while in action, long, thin, and flowing; the legs are fine, flat, and wiry; with the posteriors placed somewhat oblique, which has led some to suppose that their strength was thereby lessened, but this is by no means the case; the bone is of uncommon density; and the prominent muscles of the fore arm and thighs prove that the Arabian horse is fully equal to all that has been said of his physical powers.

Two of the most perfect Arabians which have ever reached Britain are now alive. The Buckfoot Arabian, the property of A. R. Thornhill, Esquire, was landed in September, 1828. He is the best that ever ran in India. The Humdanieh Arabian, the property of Captain Horne, of the Madras Horse Artillery, landed in October, 1829, and is now at Neilson's Stables, Rose Street, Edinburgh, where I would recommend a speedy inspection of him by all lovers of horses, as he is shortly to be sent to England. This beautiful animal is supposed to be the fleetest Arabian that ever was brought to Britain, having, during two different trainings, gone at a speed against time surpassing everything known on the Indian turf. He is of the finest action in all his paces. Captain Horne has challenged him to run any Arabian now in Britain, or which may be landed within six months. Buckfoot and Humdanieh are exactly of the same height, 14h. 2in., and both of a silver grey. In a comparison of these horses, it appears to me that Buckfoot has more depth of rib, but wants the beautiful curvature, strength of loins, and depth of flanks of the latter; his hocks are much stronger, and may be considered models of excellence; he is shorter from the hocks to the fetlocks than Buckfoot, consequently has more length above the hocks to the setting on of the tail, a character which naturalists have always found to prevail in animals of great speed, such as greyhounds, hares, &c. The hoofs also of Humdanieh are excellent, being free from contraction of any kind.

Some of the fastest Arabians on the Indian turf have been under the ordinary size of these horses. Wild Blood was 13h. 3⅞in., Pyramus 13h. 3½in., Tadllalah 13h. 3⅜in.

India is the only racing country where horses are trained and proved against time. Consequently I would recommend that all who import Arabians should do so through the medium of that country, where the bottom and speed of all their horses are proved, as we have too often seen that horses of the highest form and lineage have turned out worthless as racers. Captain Horne, from the Racing Calendar, appears to have possessed the best horses on the Madras side of India, as his horses Phantom, Scorpion, Warden, and the Major carried the principal cups in 1828 and 1829. In a conversation with that gentleman, he informed me that Humdanieh surpassed them all in speed, and, in consequence, chose him from among them to improve the blood of his native country; and was prevented matching in India, from his being obliged to return home on sick certificate.

The Arabian horse is never known in a tropical climate to be a rearer, or to have curbs, the point of the hock to the fetlock being always very perfect. It is a remarkable fact that an Arabian of a dark grey colour was never known in India as a winner. Bays, chesnuts, and silver greys are always to be depended on. The skin of all the latter horses is black or bluish black, which gives that silvery appearance to the coat.

I am, &c.,
THOS. BROWN.

Edinburgh, April 13th, 1830.

SONG.

AWAY, AWAY.

Away, away, like lightning's flash,
O'er yon hill and nullahs dash,
The baubul branches round us crash,
A spanking boar is gone ahead.
Away, away, nor jungles heed,
Ply well the spur, increase your speed,
For glory's in the daring deed,
The path where fame and honour tread.
Near, and more near's the panting nag,
The weary boar begins to lag,
Unceasing still he yet does fag,
To gain the covert of yon bhier.
His vicious eye is backward cast,
And views his foes approaching fast—
Soon must the monster breathe his last,
Without a shade of dread or fear.
The verdant ground is tinged with red,
For steady, strong, the spear was sped
That sent him to his gory bed,
E'en in his strength and savage might.
But did he die alone—that boar?
The gallant nag that swiftly bore
His master on, he ript and tore,
Before his vengeful soul took flight.

C.

TROUT FISHING.

SIR,

Although I had not the gratification till lately of reading your O. S. M., yet, being a well-wisher to its success, and knowing that contributions are favourably received, I could not refrain from giving you a sketch of the occurrences of an excursion, from the camp of a certain regiment which halted at A———, to a most romantic and picturesque spot on the banks of the Banass, unrivalled for its piscatory celebrity.

At our convivial assemblage the night before at the mess, we had been highly entertained with the brilliant wit and inexhaustible fund of anecdote with which our gallant Colonel enlivened our board,

banishing the powers of Morpheus, which used generally to steal imperceptibly upon us after our day's march. Amongst other topics fishing was introduced, and some of us related the extraordinary success with which our exertions had been repaid; when, to the astonishment of all present, our commandant announced his intention of proceeding to M——— the next morning, inviting any one who chose to accompany him to partake of a sumptuous breakfast. Two or three of us accepted his invitation, and the next morning we mounted our nags and set forward, armed with rods and tackle for our attack on the inhabitants of the liquid element. Some business, however, of a political nature occasioned the return to camp of our commandant, but he soon again joined us at the tent, where he had the gratification of finding a dish of fine trout ready to compensate him for his long ride. Our breakfast table was ornamented with an iron spoon, and one manufactured of bamboo; our meal was hearty, our fare the produce of our labour, which gave zest to its natural qualities, and our board simple and unadorned, as became the followers of the immortal Izaak. After breakfast we resumed our sport, and it would have done your heart good to have seen the patience of our leader, who, after having been tantalized with two bites and a nibble, succeeded in landing by the aid of his casting net one of that well-known species of the finny tribe called a potee, length one inch and a quarter!

One of our party stood some few yards off whisking a fly in his well-known Abergavenny style, and convulsed with laughter; he, for a moment, lost his placidity, and his rod, sliding from his relaxed hold, was nearly becoming sacrificed by his fit of risibility to the goddess of the rapids; but he endeavoured to make up for his rudeness by inviting our leader to enter further into the stream, and join him in capturing higher game; he was, however, contented with his good fortune and the exertion of his patience, while the remainder of the party conjointly netted 16 dozen trout.

A Son of Comus.

Mofusil, 1832.

FISHING IN MEYWAR.

"As inward love breeds outward talk;
The hound some praise, and some the hawk;
Some, better pleased with private sport,
Use Jennis; some a mistress court;
But these delights I neither wish
Nor envy, while I freely fish."

Sir,

Many months have now elapsed since I wrote to you upon trout-fishing; and if my recollection fails me not, I promised that you should hear from me again. However, the prospect of a long march, and the time being rather close for our start, obliged me to defer it until now, hoping, of course, to be able to add to the epistle by so doing. It was a constant practice with those fond of the sport at Neemuch to go out between musters as often as they could get leave, which was seldom or ever refused by that fine old fellow who commanded us; and the first and second of every month were happy days for some five or six of us, who generally made all sail to get to the banks of the rivers Chumbal or Banass by breakfast time.

It was on the 1st of February,

last year, that three of us arrived at our tent, pitched on a high piece of ground on the banks of the Chumbal, about two miles from the city of Rampoorah, having obtained permission to proceed in anticipation of general leave for three months. The rivers in this part of the country are pretty full during the months of January and February, but the mahseer do not bite freely on account of the cold; we did not, therefore, do much with the rod until the 25th of February, when we came upon some good rapids at a place named Loonhova; here we killed several very fine mahseer of 6, 8, 9, and 11lbs., together with several of a smaller size. The next day at Deepree we netted one fish of 11lbs. and two of 9lbs. From this date until the 22nd March, when we arrived at Kunkrouta, the number taken was sixty-three mahseer, most of them of 9, 10, and 12lbs., two of 14lbs. and one of 14½lbs. On the 25th March, at Rajpoora, one fish of 11lbs. and others of 8, 7, 5, and 4lbs. Up to this time we had fished four rivers, viz. the Chumbal, Lind, Newaj, and Parbutty; and although we returned nearly the same road we came, and occasionally came upon a new rapid, the sport was very bad, having only killed 18 mahseer.

The Lind we found full of very fine trout, a few of which we caught with the fly and minnow; they are also to be taken in the Chumbal below the junction of that river. We, however, preferred trying for the heavy mahseer, there being a sort of rivalry as to who should catch the largest fish. The trout were, therefore, troubled very little.

The former river also abounds with very fine mullet, and in such large shoals, that eight or ten were sometimes killed at a shot; the difficulty, however, was in getting them out, and we hardly succeeded in bringing home more than a tiffin of them.

By the 15th of April this fishing is at an end; the rapids present a sad picture of what they were a month before, and I fancy the large fish must rusticate in the deep water during that melancholy season, the hot winds. The trout, however, are as eager as ever for the fly, and I think are to be taken in larger numbers at this season than any other.

I often regretted, after my return, that I had not tried the large salmon fly, and also the minnow, as I am pretty certain that the largest mahseer might have been taken by this means.

On the 20th April we returned into cantonments, having been many days without seeing a single fish. During the march of the regiment in November last year, we halted at a place named Ameerghur, and several of us took the opportunity of visiting Mungroop, a place celebrated for fishing. Here three of us killed the enormous number of 51 dozen of fine trout in one day, all of which were brought into camp by four coolies. Many of your readers will doubtless exclaim "Wah! wah!" but I assure you that several officers can vouch for the truth of this, having seen the fish brought into camp. The most extraordinary part of the business is, that myself and our Neemuch Izaak did not stand twenty yards apart, or more than double that distance, to the right or left, during the time we caught upwards of 19 dozen each, and it often happened that two and three fish were pulled out at a time.

The flies used were on a No. 4 hook.

The end fly—Scarlet hackle, gueer body, and gold twist, bustard's wings and tail.

1st drop—Red hackle, Jay's wings, bulbul's tail and legs.

2nd drop—Red hackle, wings of the golden pheasant, scarlet body, and silver twist, scarlet tail and legs.

The only other place where we had any fishing was at Rajmâl, on the river Banass, and the lake at Dônee. At the former we caught three or four fine mahseer, and at the lake a fish of 23lbs. of the gwallee species.

I wish, Mr. Editor, that some one in your part of India would send you an account of their success in the fishing way, the baits they use, and the best wood for making rods, &c.

One more word before I wind up. I see by a letter I received a few days ago from that staunch sportsman, Tiger S——, that he has had some very good sport in the vicinity of Gwalior, but the old cock was very near getting floored by a very large leopard; he, however, managed with his usual coolness to tumble the beast over at his feet.

He also seems to have been rather successful with the rod, having taken some very heavy mahseer, as well as a few dozens of trout with the fly.

In the shooting way he killed in January, during six days, 1 leopard, 10 neilghee, 14 hog, and 7 spotted deer. From the 15th to the 25th February, 10 hog, 8 neilghee, and 4 elks.

It is a great pity that such a keen sportsman as *the tiger* does not occasionally tip you a stave like

A Friend to the Fly.

On the banks of the Sye,
May 30th, 1832.

P. S. What a pity Nimrod is off, as, being in the secret, I should like to have revealed to him how the Griff whom he patted on the back has been enabled to *kill more tigers* in one season than the "Mighty Hunter" ever saw, viz. by feeding on tiger's flesh—particularly the chops; it attracts tigers, *and renders the aim more steady.* This food, being given to camels, *enables them to trot at the rate of* 18 *miles an hour!!!*

SONG.

LET OTHERS WASTE.

Let others waste their lives away
In stirring strife or calm decay;
Let others seek in beauty's eye
The pleasing pains of ecstasy,
And while their time from lip to lip,
Now here to feast, now there to sip;
Let others by loud thund'ring war,
From home, and friends, and love, afar
Be led, or by ambition curst,
For place, for rank, and riches thirst;
Give me my Arab nag and spear,
A boar from out yon thorny bhier—
I want no other pleasures here.

'Tis sweet to see an infant smile,
So tender, soft, so void of guile;
'Tis sweet to view a mother's joy,
When gently sleeps her only boy;
'Tis sweet to see two lovers kiss,
And deem this life a life of bliss;
But oh, 'tis passing sweet to rear
The boar from out his grassy bhier,
Undaunted meet his frenzied eye,
And all his savage might defy.
Give me my Arab nag and spear,
A boar from out yon thorny bhier—
I want no other pleasures here.

C.

LION HUNTING IN GUZERAT.

SIR,

I send you an extract of a letter from a friend of mine, which I think interesting; and as I may often have similar opportunities of communicating sport in which I do not share, I shall be happy to send you accounts of it, if this is considered worthy of insertion.

COLLECTOR.

"I never send any account of our sport to *the* Magazine, as the success that attends others who have the power of devoting themselves entirely to it, eclipses our performances so terribly. However, I see no reason why you should be kept in ignorance of our doings, so I will commence by telling you what we have done since I last wrote; giving it in the shape it bears in my journal.

"May 11th,—At Wansa, Mega came in and said there were two lions and some cubs in a small patch of grass, about two miles from the tents. We went out on the Nawab's elephant, and had hardly entered the patch, when H. descried a lioness under a bush. He fired, and the first ball hit her, while the second, as she was slowly walking off, knocked her down; she laid lashing her tail for some time, but at length got up and walked into the bushes. Immediately on this I perceived a lion about twenty yards in front, walking quietly through the bushes, and when we went on we found him sitting under a grass clump. We fired, and he fell, but afterwards got slowly away round some bushes. I kept my eye on him, and saw a few paces in front of him another lion walking quietly on. We found the lion again, and fired, when he rushed violently across the elephant's path, bleeding at the mouth and distressed; I fired a second time and broke his hind leg, which rolled him over into some grass, from which he afterwards crawled into a bush. After a short time we again found him, lying well exposed; we fired, and he came at the elephant in front, though he was so terribly wounded. At the same instant I saw from the howdah a lioness coming on from behind, at full speed, and roaring furiously. H. knocked over the lion, and he retired; but the lioness came on with such rapidity, that I had not time to fire at her, and she sprang upon the elephant's hind quarters. It

was all the work of a moment. I brought my gun up at her when I first saw her, but could not lower the muzzle quick enough, as she came on like lightning. This, I believe, is a singular instance of an elephant being charged by two at once. The elephant ran on towards the lion and passed him, as we thought, in a dying state. We again found the lioness, and she sat down close to us and crouched; when we fired, she came on, and the elephant ran off. I reserved both my barrels, and gave her the second when she was springing up, which hit her through the head and sent her under the elephant's hind legs; he then ran straight home. E. returned in the evening, and found the lion dying; one or two shots finished him. The lioness went into the thicket, and as it was getting dark we came home. Next morning I went on the elephant with Soeltan, and saw her lying under the same green bush where she and the lion had both been the day before. She was in the act of springing when I fired, and fortunately, striking her in the forehead, killed her."

"I told you in my last of our killing the lion and lioness at Wansah, and of the elephant running off more than five miles to the tents. On the 14th, K. came out to us, and when I arrived at the tents, E. asked me what I had seen. I told him six bustard, but that my hand shook so from my not having slept all night, that I could not hit them, so I left them, and in riding put up a sounder of about thirty hog, and rode and killed the largest, which was a sow. I then asked what he had seen. He said, in coming home he saw a large looking deer in a field, on his way to the Banass, and going up to take a shot, discovered that it was a lioness staring at him. We got Mega, and went out, but did not find her. We borrowed one elephant from the Nawab and took the other out, but he always turned when we pushed him into the thicket. Mega then followed up the footsteps, and came in yesterday morning, informing us that she was very small, but that there was a lion about four miles from the tents lying near a bullock that he had killed the night before—a garee bullock, worth a hundred rupees—what a scoundrel! H. and K. would not go, as they could not trust the elephant, so E. mounted the new elephant, and I our old friend. We soon found the dead bullock, and immediately afterwards the lion, and I got a shot as he was going through the bastard cypress in the bed of the river (like Kandeish), but I don't think that I tickled him up. He turned round and looked at us for a second or two; and though he was full of dinner, went off very fast into a thick place. My beast of an elephant kept turning round every now and then and trying to run home, but we always got him back. At last we put the lion up, and walked him twice up and down a strip of cypress, without being able to get a clear enough and near enough sight for a shot. E. fired at him, and he turned short round, passing him within ten yards, at the outside of the bushes, when he fired a ball into his side which made him give a tremendous roar, and sent me and my friend out of the place in double quick time. On going up, he was found lying on his belly, with his head on his fore paws, as in the act of springing, and stone dead. He was a most magnificent fellow, measured 11 feet three inches, and his mane was very shaggy and of a reddish brown."

Baroda, May 22nd.

ENCOUNTER WITH A HYENA.

SIR,

About a month ago, while Captain G., of this station, was out one morning with his greyhounds in search of a fox, he came suddenly upon a large hyena, who was quietly taking his repose in the bed of a lindy nullah. The dogs, four in number, were immediately slipped at the animal, who set off for the adjacent hills as if the devil was after him. The dogs, however, had the speed, and soon brought him to bay. Whilst he was in this predicament the gallant captain came up; he had only a short thick stick in his hand, which belonged to his dog boy. No sooner, however, did the animal perceive the approach of another enemy, than he charged open-mouthed at Captain G.'s horse's legs. Fortunately for the latter, at that critical moment, one of the dogs laid hold of the hyena's tail, and on his turning his head to chastise the dog for his impudence, he got a tremendous blow on his head from the captain, which stunned him a little, and forced him to take refuge under a bush; but there, after gallantly standing for some time the attacks of the dogs, the volleys of stones flying about his ears and head from the dog boy, and receiving a few more blows from the captain, he breathed his last. When he was brought into the cantonments I saw him, and he was certainly a very fine animal. The dogs, before they saw him, had killed a hare, which being taken into consideration, I think shows they performed their duty for that morning very well. By-the-by, I must tell you that not many weeks ago we had a ghora-wallah race here for a purse of 10 rupees. The distance half a mile. The man who came in second to get 2 rupees. There were six competitors for the prize. The race-course was thronged with natives of all descriptio s to see the race, it being quite a novelty to them. The men started well, but ere they had finished a quarter of a mile only three seemed inclined to contest the prize. They continued in this way until within 100 yards of the winning post, when one dashed forward and kept the lead, winning by about 15 yards. Time, 3m. 15s.

TIM TAFFY.

Ellichpoor, June, 1832.

HOG HUNTING IN ENGLAND!!

SIR,

I enclose you the following copy of a letter, which a young friend of mine has lately received from his *governor* in England, and with the perusal of which I have been favoured. It relates to the conduct of his brother, who is in Europe on sick certificate, and gives us but a poor idea of the opinions regarding hog-hunting in our native country.

I remain, &c.,

SCREW.

"MY DEAREST SON,—I have received with much pleasure the letters of which your brother Edward was the bearer. He arrived at Silence Hall on the evening of the 19th of June. I will leave you to guess the joy of his dear mother and sisters at seeing him again. He was in high spirits, and stated that the voyage home had perfectly recovered him, which circumstance he confirmed by an oath. I was shocked to observe the laxity of his morals

in this instance, and still more so when, after being about half an hour in the house, he rang for his servant, and in a most peremptory tone ordered him to bring some brandy pawnee and a cheroot, a request which I am sorry to say the fellow obeyed with an alacrity, sufficiently showing that this was an everyday occurrence. It was in vain we pressed him to take wine in preference: he merely replied that he supposed we should ask him to take tea with sugar in it next. He then, as your poor uncle Toby would have said, commenced '*spinning*' a series of '*long yarns*' relating generally, if I rightly remember, to the sport of tiger shooting, by which his younger brothers and sisters seemed greatly terrified; the removal, however, of his audience to the nursery stopped him, and he himself shortly after retired, letting me know, however, as he left the room, that he should be up betimes to have a '*dekh*' at the stud. I paid no attention to this information, but alas! I was severely punished for my indiscretion. About six o'clock the next morning I was awoke by a loud noise in the stable yard, and a stentorian voice exclaiming: 'Damnation! *kencho*, you'll be letting him go; I haven't half touched him up yet.' Perfectly at a loss to guess what this alluded to, I hastily put on my dressing gown, and ran to the window, when conceive my surprise, and I may say indignation, at seeing our poor old pony Thistle (upon whom all my children have ridden for the last twenty-two years) extended upon the ground, with his legs securely tied together, and kept in that position by the united strength of the whole male portion of my household, whilst my hopeful young gentleman, in a pair of coloured calico drawers and his shirt sleeves tucked up, was performing the operation of firing on the unhappy animal, which he appeared to do with infinite 'nonchalance.' I threw up the window and called lustily to him to desist, but apparently no one heard me. I therefore instantly dressed myself and hurried down, in propriâ persona; but, alas! I was too late. Thistle was standing up when I arrived at the scene of action, and four of the men were each anointing a leg with some kind of ointment, which your worthy brother was constantly exhorting them to rub well in. I was indeed displeased beyond measure at the appearance of the poor creature. To each leg the cautery had been applied from the hock to the fetlock. 'Good heavens, Edward!' I exclaimed, 'what have you been doing?' Master Edward, without removing his eyes from his victim, and with a most complaisant smile, replied, 'Beautiful case, as I'm a sinner; his legs, my dear Sir, were, without exception, the most decided sticks you can imagine; I have no doubt, however, that the slight cautery I have applied will render him useful for easy work, but damme, he'll never be worth anything over the stones again.' Finding all attempts to reason with him useless, I desisted, and poor Thistle was conducted back to his stall, out of which he has never since made his appearance.

"My young friend conducted himself with tolerable propriety for the next three weeks, save and except putting all the horses through a course of physic and bleeding; without, in my opinion, any grounds for so doing. During this period, likewise, my old hunter Murphy was put in constant requisition every evening for a gallop of four or five miles, and was pronounced by Master Edward to be a 'first-rate clipper over stiff

country.' I am sorry to say, also, that he dreadfully scalded his youngest sister, by upsetting a pot of melted sealing-wax over her, when engaged in affixing a steel spear to the end of a long stick prepared for the purpose. However, this kind of inactive life did not suit him, as will appear by the following circumstance, in my opinion bordering strongly upon insanity.

"You probably remember David Johnson's farm, about two miles from the hall; you may likewise remember that he (the farmer) was celebrated for the fineness of his swine, which he attributed to the good offices of a pig of the male species in his possession. This worthy patriarch of his race (for I have myself known him executing his functions for the space of nine years past) was allowed considerable latitude, and was in the habit of wandering about everywhere as best suited his convenience; in short, he was a most worthy character, and much respected in the village, so much so, that the most profligate schoolboy would have been ashamed to have cast a stone at him. Conceive, then, my astonishment one fine summer's afternoon, when sauntering quietly through the grounds, as is my general custom, to see this identical pig roll over a bank at the foot of which I was walking, in a manner totally unbecoming his dignity. I at first concluded that he had slipped down by accident, but was sorely surprised at seeing him, when he got to the bottom, take to his legs, as if the 'avenger of blood' was behind him. I was now aware that a horse was approaching at a rapid gallop on the other side of the enclosure, and the next instant Master Edward had cleared the hedge, ditch, and everything, and was in full pursuit of the flying pig; he was mounted on Murphy, whom he seemed to be spurring in an unmerciful manner, without any occasion, as the horse was evidently going his best. In his hand, he held the spear above mentioned. I was so confounded, that I was unable to speak till he was far out of hearing, and stood fixed in astonishment, having no doubt that he would break his neck; however, in a few minutes the pig and his pursuer again appeared in sight, the huntsman having, as he afterwards expressed himself, taken a turn out of him. The matter seemed now reduced to a certainty, the unhappy fugitive not being more than 12 yards in advance of his pursuer, who was rapidly gaining upon him; in vain I exerted my voice to the utmost, his whole soul seemed riveted upon the devoted victim before him, and his countenance exhibited a ferocious malignity truly horrid; and whilst in the act of passing me, Murphy's reins were slackened, in went the spurs, the rider leant forward, and seven inches of his spear was safely stowed in the rump of farmer Johnson's *spes gregis*. The weapon was instantly whipt out with as much celerity as it was whipt in, accompanied with the words '*speared, by G—*,' and a few more pokes of the same description settled the business. The victor immediately dismounted to ascertain the length of his tushes, with which he was so much gratified, that all further comments upon the subject were put a stop to by the matchless impudence this exploit inspired him with. These kind of tricks are not the only annoyance he subjects us to. He is perpetually reading a work styled the 'Oriental Sporting Magazine' to all persons whom he can prevail upon to listen to him, and is particularly fond of expatiating upon the merits of

one 'Nimrod in the East,' who is, according to him, 'a most mighty hunter before the Lord,' but who, in my private opinion, deserves hanging most richly for instilling such doctrines as he has done into the minds of youth. Your brother treated me with a chapter the other day; the only passage I have any remembrance of was something to this effect. 'March 14th.—We were this day early in the field, the shikarrees reported *lots* of hog; after a little beating, we roused a sounder of six *welters*, which, after *seven spurts*, were all *spifflicated;* two of the party had *awful spills* during this run. One gentleman, Mr. R., broke his leg, and the other, Mr. B., his collar-bone. It was the general opinion that R. would certainly lose his leg, as it was broken in six places. We *started* them to the tents and proceeded to beat a sugar-cane field to the left of the nullah, when we found a *spinning* boar. He dashed through the line of beaters, gallantly ripping three of them; one of them died on the spot. The other two have since partially recovered, but will be cripples for life. The boar was speared in a few hundred yards, but it took "*a devil of a time to settle his hash.*" We then adjourned to the tents, highly delighted with our day's sport.' Really, my dear Roland, your brother, instead of the quiet gentlemanly boy he was when he left us, has returned a perfect madman. I am very glad to hear from him that you do not follow such uncivilized amusements, on which account he always designates you as a *regular spoon;* however, I trust you will continue in the proper path you have chosen, and eschew hog-hunting as you would the devil. All at home unite in best remembrances, and believe, my dearest Roland,

"Your ever affectionate father,
"LAURENCE STEADY."

ON CASE-HARDENING.

SIR,

As the following receipts for gunsmith's work may prove useful to sportsmen in India, I place them at your disposal for publication.

To case-harden hammers, cocks, lock-plates, false breeches, screws, &c., &c.

Brown some pieces of hide, old shoes, &c., and beat off the black cinders as they form; then collect and pound them; polish the work and clean it carefully from oil or greasy particles, first with chalk and water, and then with dry chalk or whiting powdered. Take a wrought iron or earthen box; lay about three quarters of an inch of the leather dust on it; arrange the work upon this; cover it with three quarters of an inch more of dust, and submit it to a steady fire (not a blast) for an hour; then while it is red hot all through, throw it suddenly into the water by inverting the box over the fluid. Wipe the work and oil it. Bone or ivory raspings mixed with the leather dust gives a better colour. When the work is fine protect the engraving by a coat of clay or chalk and water, dried on before firing.

To blue iron, like heel-plates, triggers, guards, &c.

Polish and clear the work as before; prepare some small charcoal powder to the size of bird shot; lay it two inches or more

deep in an iron pan over a fire; as soon as the small coat gets heated and firing, bury the work in it with tongs; examine it by taking it out every three or four minutes, wiping it with a bit of tow or linen rag, then replace and repeat it until it blazes; the first blue goes off by continuing the operation, and the second blue which appears is permanent. Do not let it get too hot.

To Blacken Iron.

Heat it just under redness. Rub it with a bullock's horn, or a rag dipped in oil, until you like the colour.

To Temper Springs.

While red hot extend them to the shape required. Harden them by immersion, while red hot, in cold water; lay them on a clear fire, until on rubbing them with a piece of tallow it runs freely all over them; then lay them on the fire and blow lightly until the tallow takes fire and burns off. Let them cool. Some people burn the tallow off twice if the steel is very hard.

When case-hardened work is to be altered, soften it by a low red heat, protecting the ends and holes of the screws by chalk paste or clay, and when done re-case-harden it afresh.

Yours,

BIN HUDDAD.

To the Editor of the Oriental Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

I have just perused the letter of your valuable correspondent S. Y. S. in No. 16 of your Magazine, and, as a constant reader, trust he will favour us with more "Sporting Recollections of Life in the Deccan." But without aspiring to the name either of "gentle or simple," I must dissent from his opinion, "that the parties that now take the field are not characterized by the same spirit which existed in those of yore." Let him depend upon it, lips quiver as of old, jaws become as pale, and hearts beat as quick at the sight of "The boar," as when the Union and Deal-table Hunts flourished. Indeed, I think as with fox-hunting in England, the pace "that kills" has increased, so also has it in hog-hunting. That it has since Williamson's book of Sports in the East was written, is certain, for after telling you how to beat for hog, and ride them at first, he says, "when the hog approaches water *then* is the time to press him." Had he seen a hog hunt in these days, when from the time the word "Off" is given, the horses are at their best pace, he might have curtailed his instructions regarding riding down a hog. True it is that the scarcity of hog has rendered the votaries of the noble sport fewer, and the parties less frequent; yet had S. Y. S. been present at a meeting which took place at Kurnulla in March last, when 108 hog were killed, he would have found no want of "fervour;" and that for good fellowship and the true spirit of sport no meeting of old times could have excelled it. Twelve sportsmen met, and were I at liberty to mention names, there are three or four of them that would rank with any riders either of the old or modern days; one man in particular who, though riding upwards of thirteen stone, has such a nack of taking the most out of a horse, as to be often more than a match for light

weights, let them ride as straight as they please. It is a most lamentable fact that the pigs are rapidly decreasing in number in the Deccan; and I fear that in a few more years hog-hunting will exist but in story: "*sic transit gloria mundi.*" So much is this the case, that in covers which have been seldom hunted before we scarcely found a hog, and were obliged to move to a new country for the hog we got. The only way of perpetuating the spoil would be, as in pheasant preserves in England, they spare the hen birds, so in this country it should be a general rule not to kill the sows. But I fear this would be impracticable, for the excitement is so great, that at the first sight of a pig the preservation rule would be sent to the devil. Trusting that there will yet be pigs in the country for another merry meeting next year,

I am, &c.,

K. K. K.

WOODCOCKS.

SIR,

An anonymous correspondent in No. 15 of your periodical, in speaking of "Woodcocks in India," appears to be sceptical as to one having been shot near Sholapoor. He may have better reason for doubting it in the present instance, than I for believing it; but I certainly consider it probable enough, as I know of two having been killed at Madras and one at Cuddapah, and therefore believe it to be equally probable that one should be shot at Sholapoor. There is no doubt that these birds must alight at some intermediate places on the line of their long migration between the Himalayas, and perhaps the Burman mountains, and the Neilgherries. The cock above alluded to was shot in March, which is the time they leave the Neilgherries, and therefore corroborates my opinion. The short stay which they make at these intermediate stages; the choice which they no doubt make of the most solitary places to alight in; their unwillingness from fatigue to rise, and their great scarcity, all combine to account for their being seen so seldom at these resting places. One of the birds which I have above mentioned as having been shot at Madras was killed by a friend of mine, who told me that it was so exceedingly lazy that he nearly trod upon it before he flushed it the first time, and it settled again within twenty yards of him. Not having his gun, he went home (a short distance) and got it; but could not find the cock again, until he had beat for a long time, and the bird was forced to rise. He missed it; it settled again within a few yards, and was with the same difficulty again flushed and shot. This shows the great probability of their being often passed over by sportsmen in the lone country without being flushed, or their being shot in such situations might not be so very uncommon an occurrence as to excite the merry vein of your correspondent.

Upon the Neilgherries a still rarer bird is occasionally found, which is called the "great," or by sportsmen, the "solitary snipe," and answers very nearly to the following description given by Latham. "Size, between the woodcock and the snipe; weight eight ounces; length sixteen inches; bill fourteen inches long, and like

that of the cock; crown of the head black, divided down the middle by a pale stripe; over and beneath each eye another of the same; the upper parts of the body very like the common snipe, beneath white; the feathers edged with dusky black on the neck, breast, and sides, and those of the belly spotted with the same, except the middle, which are of a plain white, quills dusky, tail reddish, the two middle feathers plain, the other fringed round with black; legs black." The few that have been shot on the hills differ from the above description in the following points. The weight is less than an ounce and a half; the centre of the breast is not of a plain white, but barred and spotted all over with dusky marks as dark as the woodcock; the legs a dark dirty green.

Yours, &c.,

PARTICULAR.

N.B. Perhaps some of your readers will kindly solve these questions, if you will favour me by inserting them in some part of your Magazine. The answers given in the O. S. M. are to decide bets upon each.

1st.—In a double match at billiards, does it require *a hazard* between two misses to save the player from losing his cue, or will a cannon answer the purpose?

2nd.—In driving, A overtakes B. Which side of the road ought A to take?

3rd.—Is the established height of a galloway the same in India as in England? and what is called galloway height in each country?

4th.—In a hasty bet, the moment before it is decided, A cries out, "I'll bet 500 to 1;" B says, "done." It terminates in A's favour, who demands 100 from B, but B will pay only one. A declares that a hasty bet called out in that way alludes to round numbers, and that by 500 to 1, he meant 500 to 100. —B denies it. Which is right?

A FEW LINES ON HOG HUNTING.

Hog hunting of all hunting bears the belle;
'Tis such a noble and courageous calling,
It must all other manly sports excel,
Tho' sometimes very dangerous and appalling,
Entailing risks of being cut or falling.
But Englishmen are made of such odd stuff,
They feel a relish for the chance of mauling,
Encounters and adventures rude and rough;
And hair-breadth 'scapes to give them stimulus enough.

The Indian boar has not a curly tail,
Like the fat monsters bred domestically,
That grunt and fatten o'er the swashby pail,
And waddle round our farmyards rustically:
Their's are quite straight, and cock majestically,
When their huge bristles elevate with ire;
And turning round most energetically,
They squad down amidst the reeds and mire,
With gnashing tusks and eyes of brightly sparkling fire.

'Tis somewhat odd to introduce a tail
As the first feature of a sporting story,
And critics may impertinently rail
That we have placed the nauseous thing before ye,
Yet in straight tails the best hog-hunters glory,
And would not have them curled for anything;
It is a trophy, grisly tho', and gory,
That, when they hunt alone, convictions bring
That they have nobly fought, and conquered the grim *King*.

Oh, 'tis a sight to cheer the dullest breast,
When morning's dappled wing shuts out the night,
To see the sportsman starting from his rest,
Hail with anticipated joy the light,
Forerunner of a day of fond delight;
To see him mounted on his prancing steed,
Poising his lance, dread weapon of the fight,
And pricking nimbly o'er the verdant mead,
We must be, gentle readers, on this point agreed.

Onward he paces with a numerous train
Of servants, bearing many a sounding rattle,
For hogs delight not in such boisterous strain
('Tis much the same too with all other cattle),
And when they hear the calls of war and battle,
They grumbling quit their snug miry hole,
Of twenty little pigs that squeak and roll.
'Tis very cruel to disturb them—'tis, upon my soul.

The readiest place to find a fierce wild hog
Is in the reedy confines of a tank,
Or, where amidst the grassy plains, a bog
Exhibits its foul bosom, green and rank,
These shelters, many a sportsman has to thank,
For here they wallowing lie or delve for roots
(When roots are scarce, and boars are lean and lank,
They are the fiercest—all your rustic fruits
And fattening sugar-canes but stupefy the brutes).

The tom-toms sound, the rattles rend the skies,
The hog disturbed pricks up his pointed ear,
His bristles stand on end, his glaring eyes
Express—perhaps his rage, perhaps his fear,
And both perhaps, though that's not very clear;
However, this is certain—out he pops:
The sportsman grasps with double force his spear,
And gives his courser rein, who never stops
Till in the dread encounter one or other drops.

Now is the time to have your wits about ye,
Or you will surely overrun the monster,
And he, unceremonious, back and cut ye;
If once he makes his fierce and grisly sconce stir,
And forward you're inclined to venture one stir;

But coolly eye the moment of his charge,
And to the left inclining boldly on stir,
Then, as he passes, your exertions urge,
And on the grunting foe the murderous shaft discharge.

If well and scientifically aimed
Just at the shoulder and beside the bristle,
His fierceness in a moment will be tamed,
And the spear enter clear as any whistle,
For there 'twill meet no sinew, bone, or gristle,
To counteract its laudable intent;
It is the surest of all weapons missile,
And often through the belly finds a vent,
Pinning him to the ground, so forcibly 'tis sent.

Yet some there are, who unexperienced throw
The loaded shaft, and wounding, deeper wake
The angry passions of the wrathful foe,
Who, writhing in convulsions, tries to shake
From his tough hide the long and loosened stake,
With maddened rage oft seizing it, his tusks,
Fresh whetted for the charge, he strives to break
It, and he crunches it like oaten husks,
Or in some hungry mouth, well-dried crackling rusks.

Renew the war: his wound denies him flight,
But courteously approach, lest fury urges
The wild boar, still to charge with freshened might,
When, from his stupor he again emerges,
And rushes on you like the foaming surges:
Oh! if he gets beneath your startled nag,
For ever rung his last funeral dirge is,
He will not of his belly leave a rag,
But rip it open with full many a venomed jag.

A Lover of Hog Hunting.

SPORTING RECOLLECTIONS OF LIFE IN THE DECCAN.

Chapter XXV.

A fortnight had elapsed since the dashing and dangerous affair of the midnight chase, during which time Clifford and Elsmere had become more intimately acquainted with each other's tempers and dispositions. The knowledge thus acquired only served to ripen their friendship into real regard and brotherly feeling; for nothing so soon produces intimacy as an association in difficulty and risk, and the recollection of scenes in which friends have shared a mutual danger almost always tends to bind them in the warmest ties of attachment. The nightly bivouac, the laborious march, and the bloody field—more noble, more glorious, and more honourable as they are—have not been more productive of firm and pure friendships than have the difficult search, the tedious watching, and the headlong chase. Both have their pleasures, both their perils; both have their days of despon-

dency, and both their moments of rapture and delight.

Thus it was with Elsmere and Clifford; their many sporting pastimes had linked them together more closely than any indoor association could ever have effected, and though a clever and a witty author asserts than domesticity is a great promoter of love between the sexes, so much so that he doubts if any man ever saw a woman in her *nightcap* without falling in love. Yet, granting the possibility of such a thing, the passion could only be of that evanescent kind alluded to by Tom Pipes in Smollett's novel, when asked by Emilia if he was ever in love—"*sometimes*," said Tom "*in a morning*." And certainly, with men living under the same roof for years, the intimacy seldom grows into that fervour of esteem, and that confidence on both sides, which a few months of field sport will generally establish. At least with our spirited sportsmen, such was the effect of their hunting excursions, that they became more like brothers than friends, and both were improved by the circumstance. The steadiness of Clifford kept within bounds and chastened the ever effervescent spirits and reckless disposition of Elsmere, whose light and buoyant temper imparted some of its vivacity to the constitutional sedateness of his older friend.

It was shortly after the lapse of the period mentioned at the commencement of this chapter, while the two friends were pressing their horses at a rapid rate along those turfy banks where, to quote from an old and once favourite song—

"The sweet Induranic glides calm and secure
Like the days of our childhood, unruffled and pure;"

when the deepening gloom of the approaching night, rendered still more dark by the appearance of a thunderstorm, compelled our horsemen to abate their speed, and to proceed with more carefulness than they had hitherto done. The rising dust now rolled against them on the gusty breeze, followed by large and heavy drops of rain that plashed upon the ground with audible force, and plainly announced the approaching fury of the threatening tempest.

"I have been thinking," said Elsmere, as he buttoned his riding coat closer round him, "how surprisingly this fitful rushing of the wind, and the pattering downfall of these heavy raindrops, resemble the outward and visible signs of an angry and disappointed woman."

"A mental, if not a literal plagiarism," said Clifford, "of Byron's description of Gulbeyaz—

"'And the deep passions flashing thro' her form,
Made her a beautiful embodied storm.'"

"Yes," replied Elsmere, "you may justly designate it as such, though I was not thinking of Byron at the moment, for witty and opposite as the simile may be, it never, in my opinion, equalled the poetical illustrations of ill-nature in Burns's old woman—

"'Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.'"

"I wish, then," added Clifford, "that yonder cloud had followed the old lady's example, and kept its wrath at nurse a little longer; but, hark! what's that?"

"Why," said Elsmere, "some one croaking a psalm, I think—yet listen!"

At this moment the figure of a horseman moving slowly and carelessly in their front, and singing at the top of his voice the

burthen of an old hunting song, became sufficiently distinct to enable Clifford to discover that the stranger was Lesmore, who, with one hand on the reins and the other firmly holding a load of some kind upon the pummel of the saddle, was leisurely riding on towards the rendezvous appointed for the next day's sport.

He was soon overtaken, and after a mutual recognition had taken place, Elsmere inquired of Lesmore where he had been, that he, like themselves, was so belated.

"Why, faith," replied the latter, "a half crazy huntsman, on our way hither, got a side-wind sort of intelligence that a boar was outlying near the Chinchore Hill, and coaxed me away to call upon the grizzly gentleman."

"A great deal of coaxing, no doubt, you required," observed Clifford.

"On the honour of a sportsman," replied Lesmore, "I *did* act the coquette a little, for you know it was so cruelly out of our road, and evening was already closing in, and we could have pitched upon the *grim solitary* another day; however, go we did, and found immediately at that point of the heights where you may remember we once rattled up a whole troop of wolves."

"Well, and what success?" impatiently exclaimed Elsmere.

"Oh!" said Lesmore, "our usual good luck; but really the chase was attended with a circumstance that certainly never happened to any of our hunting fraternity before."

"Well," said Elsmere, "as this rain has rendered these cross roads only rideable at a slow walk, tell us your story to beguile the time."

"Why, the truth is—though I *half* blush to tell it, and old Jefferies will go quite mad if he knows I had preached."

"Tush, man!" interrupted Clifford, "we will not betray anything you may wish to be concealed."

"Well, then, my good friends (in solemn secrecy, remember), on riding towards Chinchore, to our great surprise we came in the corner of a small bheer of grass, on a sounder of seven—a sow and six pigs. After them we went, and closed on them just as they reached the edge of the precipice that forms the bluff point of the hill, when, without a pause, *over went every one of them*, except the very smallest, a mere sucking squeaker, who either funked the leap (which we found afterwards had killed mother and pigs, for the sheer fall was upwards of fifty feet, and the bottom a sheet of black rock) or fancied he could foot it with us on the plain, and therefore turned to the left towards a patch of grass. I believe we both felt ashamed to ride after such a diminutive suckling, but neither of us said a word till Jefferies, coming up to the animal, poked his huge spear through and through its little carcase, the point of the blade striking on a rock, the consequence of which was the destruction of the weapon as well as of the porker."

"Ha! ha! ha!" shouted Elsmere, "it served him right. I can fancy his grim phiz, when he contrasted the loss of this spear with the profits of his sport; but pray go on."

"Why," continued Lesmore, "the farce of the affair certainly made me laugh, but I was really afraid to make a remark, while he in sulky silence dismounted and with the broken blade cut off the pig's head, to keep, as he said, as a memento of his first and only unsportsmanlike achievement. Our chase having led us far out of sight of the ramoosee, who was to have shown us *the boar*, he took the bloody head in his lap, and we

ode onward, shaping our course towards to-night's encampment, when, lo! under the brow of the rhill we came unexpectedly on the very object we wanted, and a large grey slashing fellow he was. On seeing him, he, to my surprise, called out, 'I have disgraced myself to-day by the murder of this damnable squeaker; lend me your spear, and let me redeem my character by killing (by myself if I can) this glorious-looking monster.' I was ashamed and sorry to give it up, but I could not bear to see his evident distress, and I complied with his request, and begged at the same time that he would throw down or give me the pig's head, which would only encumber him. 'No,' he replied, and shaking the squeaker's face at me, 'no; I will wash out this blot upon my sporting escutcheon by bathing this piece of pork in the best blood of yon huge monster's heart.' So saying, he strung the mangled head upon the bridle, forcing the rein through the mouth, till it came out at the throat, when he tied it together with the snaffle, and then off we went at full speed. The boar, who had not noticed us until we put our horses to their gallop, immediately struck out for the low bushes that fringe the banks of the Powna, but in going over a small ploughed field, where we rapidly gained upon him, Jefferies, too eager and too impatient to manœuvre with his usual steadiness, pushed his spear into the boar's hock, dividing the back sinew, and as it went into the heavy ground the blade smashed into shivers. Mortified and almost savage at this second disaster, he sat mute and motionless on his horse, while the hog, with the shaft of the spear still sticking in his leg, crawled to the bottom of a narrow ditch which formed the boundary of the field. On seeing his disabled state, I immediately dismounted, and drawing my sword (you know I never hunt without it), went towards him for a fight on foot, at which he was delighted, his countenance brightened up and 'Kill him!' he cried out; 'only kill him, and by G— all's right.' He then accompanied me on horseback, shouting, as he said, to distract the attention of the boar, who no sooner saw me on the top of the ditch than up he rushed with a swiftness and vigour that surprised and alarmed me, for I had certainly not bargained for his being so fresh and so active; however, I stood my ground ——" "More afraid of the shame of running away than frightened at the boar?" said Elsmere. "Yes; my heart was for the moment in my mouth," continued Lesmore. "Up he came, lowered his grim visage for a moment, to make his charge more deadly, when Jefferies, with great presence of mind, in the twinkling of an eye, very luckily for me, unstrung the squeaker's head from the bridle, and threw it at the boar with all his force. It fortunately struck him over the ear, and caused him to turn his head aside for one instant, and in that instant I pushed my sword through his heart, and he fell dead at my feet." "Upon my word, a gallant affair," said Clifford; "and what have you done with the monster?" asked Elsmere. "His carcase," said Lesmore, "is feasting the wolves by this time; but as darkness was fast approaching, and the rain was threatening, and not feeling quite sure of my way across the country, I decapitated my enemy, and, with his head in my lap, I galloped along until darkness and this drenching storm compelled me to pull up; and thus ends my story, and here is my prize."

So saying, he held it up by its

long bristles. It was of enormous size; the tushes terrific, and fully evinced the danger which the young Nimrod had escaped from by the huntsman's lucky presence of mind.

"And where is Jefferies?" inquired Clifford.

"Gone back," answered Lesmore.

"Gone back! at this time of night, and *such* a night! and for what?"

"*To look*, as he told me," said Lesmore, "*at the dead sow and pigs over the precipice!*"

"Good God!" exclaimed Clifford, "what folly! what madness! But come, let us push on; here is the high road at last, and yonder are the lights of our encampment."

Putting their horses into a canter, they soon reached their halting ground, which was on the banks of the Induranie, and covered with tents of all sorts and sizes, pitched without any regard to regularity, and now glittering with the hundreds of fires at which the beaters and servantmen were cooking their evening meals.

Immediately after dismounting a party with torches was sent in search of the wild and wandering huntsman, whom at midnight they found at the foot of the precipice, fast asleep in the midst of the *dead sounder*, upon whose crushed and mangled carcases some jackals were quietly regaling when the approach of the lights scared them away, and also awakened the sleeping hunter, who accompanied the party to the encampment, and there threw himself on his couch to slumber until daybreak.

S. Y. S.

ON THE MEASUREMENT OF ANIMALS.

SIR,

Among the various purposes of instruction, amusement, and discussion to which a work like the O. S. M. is adapted, not the least important would be to make it the vehicle for communicating curious and interesting facts of natural history, which must fall under the observation of most of your readers. No person possesses such good opportunity for becoming acquainted with the habits of animals as the sportsman. His enthusiasm and perseverance in quest of game, not only furnish him with an intimate knowledge of the character and instinct of the particular animal of his pursuit, but his observation is naturally directed to the other inhabitants of the forest, the jungle, the mountain, and the plain, and he thus becomes acquainted with animal life under every aspect, and views it under circumstances which are hid from the philosopher and the less enterprising votary of science. Yet, with the exception of a few highly interesting anecdotes from Nimrod in the East relating to the habits of the tiger, and some remarks of S. Y. S. on the proportions of the Arab horse, how few of your pages are devoted to the above purpose? I was much amused by a correspondence which I observed in some of your late numbers, between Lawrie Todd and an old Khandesie on the dimensions of tigers, in which, after the average size of the northern and southern animal is stated at 12ft. and 9ft. long respectively, Mr. Todd mournfully acquiesces in the inferiority of his victims, and concludes that the tiger of the southern Mahratta country is a stunted and inferior breed. Had they, however, followed

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the orthodox rule of discussion and exactly understood the point they were to argue, by first defining the precise meaning of the terms in dispute, I suspect they would have found themselves arrive at nearly the same conclusion. Most sportsmen are fond of ascertaining the size of any large or fine acquisitions of their skill; but while one measures the length of the animal as it lies where it dropped, another contents himself with taking the longitude of the skin when flayed (stretched and pegged or not, as may be), little aware, perhaps, that between these two modes there exists a difference of two or three feet in an animal of the size of a tiger. Again, one will ascertain the length from the nose to the end of the tail over the head; another carries the string along the brute's cheek, so as to have a perfectly straight line, thereby causing a difference of several inches. So of birds, some take the length from the beak to the tail, some to the end of the wings, or of the feet, while others note the expansion of the wings alone.

As the comparative size of different individuals of the same race of animals is an object of curiosity to the sportsman and of value to the man of science; and as many of your correspondents have already furnished measurements of different kinds, I should be glad to propose a set of dimensions by adopting which all would understand each other. For instance:—

I.—Length from the muzzle to the end of the tail, taken from the muzzle *over* the crown of the head, the tape being carried in a straight line, without allowing for the plecures of the body.

(1) Ditto, from the muzzle to the acceput.
(2) Ditto, acceput to insertion of the tail.
(3) Ditto, origin of tail to less of ditto.

II.—Ditto, ditto of tail.

III.—Height at the shoulder, taken from the heel, not from the point of the toes.

(1) From the elbow to the top of the shoulder.
(2) Heel to the elbow.
(3) Extremity of the toes to the heel, giving the length of the sale.
(4) Height at the croup.
(5) Girth behind the shoulder.
(6) Circumference of the head.
(7) Ditto of the fore-arm below the elbow.

Add length and circumference of the horns, ears, tufts or brushes of hair, or other peculiarity where found to exist.

These, if possible, should be taken when the animal is just killed, before the muscles have become rigid, or else after allowing an interval of six or eight hours to elapse, the animal being laid on its side in the most natural position. Soon after death it becomes so stiff as not to display the just proportions, some parts being more contracted than others, according to the position in which it fell; but when the process of decomposition has begun, which is always the case in a few hours, the muscles again relax, Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 5 would naturally offer themselves if any measurement was attempted. The suggestion of an uniform mode of taking them has only been proposed. The remaining points are interesting where there may be leisure and inclination for noting them; and the details of 1 and 3 are curious as exhibiting relative proportions, and are more particularly valuable in the instance of a new or little known animal.

In the case of birds, it is usual to take the length from the point

of the bill to the extremity of the tail, along the side in a straight line, and where the latter is very long to note it separately. The length of the bill, of the tarsus or bone of the leg, between the knee and the foot, and the breadth between the extremities of the stretched-out wings, are also deserving of attention. Bewick and many other naturalists likewise give the weight of birds according to the avoirdupois standard.

Should the subject prove interesting to any of your readers, I shall be glad to offer the result of such observations as I may happen to make in the course of my venatic excursions, and I for one shall be delighted to have my acquaintance with the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air increased by the contributions of any of your correspondents.

FOOT RULE.

Jungleturree, July 15th, 1832.

ON THE DESTRUCTION OF HOG IN THE DECCAN.

Thursday, Mr. Editor, is a holiday in the Deccan, at least among the military (blessings be on the head of the man who so ordained it), when every sportsman can kick his heels and enjoy himself. It was on a Thursday in the beginning of last month (I forget the date) that a party from Nuggur proceeded to the village of Waugra, twenty-five miles from Camp, in search of hog. Hog were accordingly found, and an enormous boar was bagged; he was so uncommonly large and showed such fine tushes, that the skeleton of the head was preserved, and the Bowarchee in cleaning it discovered buried close to the cheek bone, and perfectly grown in, a piece of another tush two inches in length, and about the same thickness as that of the boar's in whose head it was found; the wound was healed, but the piece looked fresh; perhaps it had been there two or three months. This was evidently the effect of hard fighting.

During the week "khubar" was again brought in by the shikarrees, and Waugra on the ensuing Thursday was again destined to be the scene of action. On arriving at their ground over night, the party commenced a discussion upon the chances of sport on the morrow, and so forth, when it was observed that it would be rather a curious circumstance if the pugnacious gentleman with the broken tush (who, there was good reason to suppose, resided in the neighbourhood) were to be killed next day; the remark passed off, and nothing more was thought of it; however, as luck would have it, on the morrow a large boar was killed; one of his tushes was broke, his ears were hacked about into all sorts of shapes, the evident effects of fighting, and there remained very little doubt as to his being the identical boar who was the subject of conversation on the previous evening. To make assurance doubly sure, his head was brought into camp, and the piece of the broken tush was found to coincide exactly with it in size and shape, with the exception of a few splinters which had been carried away.

This boar was fallen in with accidentally by one of the gentlemen who was returning for a spear, and twigged him just as

one of the shikarrees came up. It was a forlorn hope. The shikarree's spear, bad as it was, was better than none, so after him he went; the first poke shivered it to pieces; the blade, however, rather above the maker's name luckily buried itself between a joint in the hind quarter, the animal was thus pulled up; another shikarree's spear was then procured (they were the only individuals within hail), and after a hard fight he was finished; not, however, without having ripped the horse, and nearly pulled the rider off, by catching the spear between his teeth and hawling like the very devil.

The rip was fortunately made by the broken tush, and not much damage was done; had it been the other one, which was something of the sharpest, and a good three inches out, the chances are it would have been a settler.

The first boar was found with a large sounder, all fine hog, mostly sows; and the second must have been lying at no great distance from the sounder that was first ridden, no doubt enjoying himself, and vainly rejoicing at the disappearance of his formidable rival.

The Nuggur hunters, I can assure you, Mr. Editor, are not idle, but appear much fonder of handling the spear than the pen, which accounts for your having lately heard so little of them.

I was about to conclude here, but find I have a few words to say on another subject.

It is an acknowledged feature in the character of John Bull, that as long as he has something to grumble about he is happy, whether there be cause or not. Now, although not much given to grumbling myself, I think I cannot do better than fill the remainder of this sheet with the following mournful complaint, which is of the utmost importance to that branch of the sporting world, yclept hog-hunters, from whom any hints as to a remedy will be most thankfully received — at least by the Nuggur sportsmen.

A party left camp a few days ago for that famous cover, the Date Grove, of course anticipating elegant sport; what was their horror and disappointment to find, after five days' hard work, that they had killed just five hog. Not only was the Grove beat blank, but on all the hills and ghauts in the vicinity, which in former times were *sure finds*, not a hog or even the pug of a hog was visible. This required some investigation, which was soon cleared up by the villagers; they said that the hog had been making such havoc among their crops, &c., and that, as the "Sahib logue" would not come and kill them, they had actually paid a set of fellows, called Lummuns or Bringarees, to do the needful, and that within the last month upwards of 150 hog had been killed by them in the neighbourhood of the Grove. Camps of these sable hog-hunters were to be seen on every hill, and their dogs, which were in large packs, were of such make and size, that they would soon run into the lankiest sow that ever legged it across country, and appeared as capable of attacking a royal tiger as anything else. The men evidently *shikarreed* all day long, leaving their cattle and tents to the care of the women; they were armed with spears and matchlocks, with which weapons they settle the animals that are brought up by the dogs.

These shikarrees are fast spreading over the country; and if the slaughter continues as stated above, there won't be such an animal as a hog heard of shortly,

and the "Sahib logue" must resign this noble sport.

Such will evidently be the case unless something be done towards the extermination of these destroyers of sport. Can any of your sporting readers put us in the road towards the accomplishment of this end? Perhaps those gentlemen who are in authority over the districts might assist us, by endeavouring to impress upon the minds of Patells and other great men in the villages, that the "Sahib logue" can kill their hog just as well as the "Lummun logue," and will always reward them handsomely for bringing intelligence.

Trusting that the above-named gentlemen will do all they can to arrest the decline and save the fall of hog-hunting, I beg leave to subscribe myself

A MEMBER OF THE NUGGUR SPORTING CLUB.

Nuggur, July, 1832.

To the Editor of the Oriental Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

The appearance in your last number of a letter signed S. Y. S. has induced me to address you, and to express my regret at your suffering the columns of your Magazine to become a receptacle for the declamations of superannuated hog-hunters. I deny that any good can follow from thus exciting a spirit of deedless boasting, and filling with the morbid overflowings of vanity and vexation of spirit the pages of a miscellany intended as a channel of communication in sporting matters. Let the heroes of old times rest contented with the recollection of the past and the memory of their former prowess, and let the rising generation strive to emulate their well-earned fame by deed, not word; with the spear, and not the pen. I seek not to detract from the celebrity of the "glorious ancients" nor to uphold the superiority of their modern rivals. The former have had their day, and a bright one it was, and the latter should rather let their *actions* speak for them.

In conclusion, I beg to remark that the verses quoted by S. Y. S. in the communications above alluded to have already appeared in your Magazine, *under the same signature*. For an author to cite his own poetry is a practice in literature for ages unprecedented, and I had hoped would always have remained so.

I am, Sir, &c.,

FRANK.

A CENTRAL COURSE.

SIR,

I am surprised that the amateurs of the turf in India have not hitherto thought of having an annual race meeting at some central station, where the great studs at Madras, Bangalore, Poonah, Bombay, &c., &c., might compete for the prizes. I was mentioning the subject the other day to a sporting friend of mine, and he agreed with me in thinking the scheme a feasible one enough, and suggested Hyderabad (celebrated for the liberality and spirit which characterized its sporting seasons) as a central course on which, perhaps, on some bright morning we might have the pleasure of seeing Agonista, Sack-

cloth, Goblin Grey, Pyramus, Launcelot, Skiff, Longwaist, and other celebrated horses starting for the same plate. Besides the splendid sport which must attend such a meeting, it would really render the races at other stations much more interesting by tempting the kill-devils to Hyderabad, and leaving the other horses a better chance of sharing the plates and purses, instead of their all going away into one great stable, as we have lately seen, a circumstance that certainly deadened both interest and amusement.

I hope, through the medium of your little Magazine, that the project may become known to our sporting characters, and very probably the object in view may be gained. One effort on the part of such leading characters as Mr. Andrews, Mr. Fox, Mr. George, Mr. Locksley, and Mr. Mordaunt would ensure success. Where are the obstacles? What are the objections?

Yours obediently,
AN OWNER.

Poonah, July 10th, 1832.

DASH ONWARD, MY STEED.

Dash onward, my steed, while the crowd creep behind us,
The boar leads the way, and we're bound to pursue,
Tho' vengeful and swift, never doubt but he'll find us
Both able and willing to dare and to do.
Like the lightning that flies from its home in the heaven,
And strikes into ashes the tower or tree,
So deep in his heart shall our spear-blade be driven;
Then onward, my Arab, bound onward with me.

Fly onward, my steed, see the monster before us,
Still struggling right upward, the hill-top to clear,
And hark to the tinkers all roaring in chorus;
They view him, they press him, shall they win the spear?
Heed *not* the broad river, oh! well we've got thro' it.
Now strain for the steep, tho' a mountain it be,
And *now* for the nullah—I knew we could do it!
Then onward, my Arab, bound onward with me.

Now gently, my steed, for we're close on his quarters,
I hear his gruff grunt as he slow lobs along,
Full soon shall he add to the list of our slaughters,
Full soon shall his death be recorded in song.
There, *that's* thro' and thro' him—he staggers, he stops too,
He sinks to the dust with his blood flowing free,
And here comes the tinkers in time for the chops too,
Hurrah! then, my Arab, now homeward with me.

S. Y. S.

THE PROGRESS OF RACING IN ENGLAND.

We have little authentic information on the subject of the English Turf till the time of Charles the Second, under whose reign it attained a splendour and an importance unknown at any former period. Many centuries, however, previous to this we know that most of the considerable towns in England boasted their annual races, though in few instances was the renown of the horses known beyond their immediate neighbourhood, and in general their occupations were far from being confined to the course, but the winner of a plate was ignominiously attached to the plough, and the victor in a sweepstakes was made the humble instrument of conveying the produce of his master's lands to the neighbouring markets. The earliest account which we have of horses racing in England is in the time of Henry the Second, when the citizens of London are said to have been very fond of this amusement. In the time of Elizabeth races were the cause of much speculation amongst the nobility, and the celebrated Earl of Cumberland is said to have nearly ruined himself on the turf.

During the reigns of James and Charles the First great attention was paid to the improvement of the breed of our horses, and both these monarchs were ardent patrons of the turf. James, besides patronizing the ancient course of Croydon, established races at Enfield Chase, and Charles introduced them in Hyde Park, and laid the foundation of the future glories of Newmarket. The melancholy events of the civil wars diverted the attention of the people from sporting subjects; and on the return of tranquillity under the Commonwealth, the Puritans of those days were not less zealous than at present in putting down these (as they thought) unholy amusements, and met with greater success than is to be hoped will crown their present efforts.

In 1657, Daniel Collingwood, Esq., a gentleman of Northumberland, was sent for as a delinquent by the House of Commons for declaring, by allusion to the prohibition of races, that "there were none now in power but the rascality, who envied that gentlemen should enjoy their recreations." With the Restoration things brightened, and Charles the Second became a more determined friend to the improvement of our breed, and a more ardent supporter of the races, as well at Newmarket as throughout the kingdom, than any of his predecessors. He gave Royal Plates to be run for at several of the principal places of sport, which had before been confined to those courses which were honoured with the Royal presence. Instead of the senseless prize of a bell, at first of wood, or other worthless material, afterwards of silver, he substituted silver cups, and money prizes became general throughout the kingdom. He despatched his Master of the Horse to the Levant to purchase the best horses of the Arab and Turk breeds, and in this he was spiritedly emulated by the noblemen and others attached to his Court. Hamilton, in Yorkshire, which had formerly been used as a training ground by the celebrated Duke of Buckingham, became a sort of second Newmarket, under the patronage of the

principal noblemen and gentlemen of the northern counties.

In the death of Charles the Turf experienced a severe loss, for neither the bigoted James nor the restless and active William the Third turned their attention practically to it, though they continued the pecuniary encouragements which had been granted by their predecessor. But the passion for horse-racing had taken too deep root in the English nation to stand in need of the fostering hand of royal encouragement, and every year witnessed an increase in the number of places of sport, an augmentation in the prizes, and an improvement in the breed of horses. The science of riding also advanced, and regular jockeys now took the place of the grooms, who had before displaced the "gentlemen riders," for in the origin of racing the owner was in general also the rider of the horse, and his fame was almost as much exacted by success as that of the animal he rode. Towards the latter end of the reign of Queen Anne commenced a new era in the breeding of horses by the importation of the celebrated Darley Arabian. For a century previous most of the East had been ransacked for the finest mares and stallions that were to be met with, nor had the studs of Arabia been altogether neglected, for James the First had imported one, for which he gave five hundred guineas, at that time of day a most extravagant price. The speculations, however, did not succeed; indeed, the merits of the breed were not fairly tried, for the Duke of Newcastle, who was then considered the best judge of horseflesh in the kingdom, was loud in his censure of the King's importation, and he consequently fell into neglect, nor have we any record whatever of his produce. This failure discouraged any further attempts in the same quarter till Mr. Darley, thinking that the experiment had not been sufficiently tried, ventured on another attempt, and was completely successful. He had in the first instance much prejudice to contend with, but no sooner were the stock of his Arabian generally known than his fame was at once established, and mares flocked in to him from all quarters. It is not consistent with our plan to notice the various importations which shortly afterwards took place from Arabia, and the celebrity of the various horses; but it is sufficient to remark that this cross produced an animal infinitely superior in form, speed, and stoutness to anything which had before appeared in England; and there are none of the thoroughbred horses of the present day which have not more or less of Arabian blood, whilst, by a judicious admixture, horses of every other description have been improved, and many of our stoutest breeds, and best adapted to hard work, may boast a remote descent from the coursers of Arabia. Nor did the art of training improve less rapidly; for though it did not so soon arrive at its present degree of perfection, the grooms of England (indebted, perhaps, a little to the peculiarity of our climate) have long been esteemed vastly superior to those of any other country in the world, not even excepting the Arabs themselves. So universal had the love of racing become during the reigns of George the First and George the Second, so deeply rooted was the interest taken in it by all classes of society, and so large a portion of the earnings of

the lower orders was risked on their favourite amusement, that it was deemed prudent to put a stop to the petty races which took place in almost every village, and to the dissipation consequent thereon. In the year 1740 these village races appeared to have reached their height; a class of persons had sprung up whose sole means of livelihood rested on the success of hacks, ponies, and asses, which they kept merely for the purpose of running, every means was resorted to to raise money for the prizes. The publicans, who were amongst the chief promoters, were far from inattentive to their own interests, and a usual condition was, that horses intending to run must be kept for a week previously at the houses of one or other of these caterers; whilst, on the other hand, no person was allowed to sell ale or spirits on the course who was not a subscriber to the plates. With a view, therefore, of annihilating this species of sport, an Act was passed in the 13th of George the Second, by which, amongst other things, racing was prohibited for a less sum than £50, except on the Courses of Newmarket and Black Hamilton, under penalty of £200; and any person advertising races for a less sum was subjected to a penalty of £100. The effect of these regulations was immediately apparent, for on looking over a provincial paper of that date (*The Newcastle Courant*), it appears that the number of races advertised in 1739 was thirty-six (having increased, within ten years, from twenty-six, whereas in 1741 they only amounted to six. The propriety of thus curtailing the amusements of the lower classes has been frequently disputed; but this act produced another effect, which, though not contemplated by its authors, proved of the greatest possible benefit to those races which were continued. The plates were in some instances so low as three, five, and eight pounds, and in a majority of cases did not exceed ten, fifteen, or twenty, which, having perforce to be raised to £50, produced the most extraordinary exertions from the lovers of the turf to procure the requisite supply, and the increase in value made it worth the while of persons possessing first-rate horses to send them to places at which nothing but the most wretched hacks had previously appeared.

This result was not, of course, immediately apparent, for in many places it was found impossible at once to raise the ways and means, and the races were for a few years suspended; but if we examine the *Racing Calendar* twenty years afterwards we shall find the country races at least as well supported as at present, and rather more numerous, Newmarket keeping, as it always must do, the lead amongst the races of the South, whilst York stood "*Facile Princeps*" in the North. Black Hamilton, or Hambledon, so long celebrated as the second Racing Meeting in the kingdom, but which long before this period had been on the decline, was now unable to raise the requisite supplies to keep up any part of its former consequence, and after thirty years' struggling with fate, at length ceased to exist at all as a place of sport—the King's Plate, which had for some years been its sole support, being transferred to be contended for alternately at York and at Richmond. Since the establishment of the spring meeting at the former place, this plate has been assigned to it on those years on which it belongs to York. The only other King's Plate which has

been taken away was, most deservedly, from Burford, in Oxfordshire, and it would be well if they were withdrawn in all instances where, with that assistance, a tolerable show of sport is not kept up, and transferred to others which would afford better proof of the Royal bounty. Doncaster has now usurped the supremacy so long held by York, whilst Epsom has become the friendly competitor of Newmarket. The large amount both of fame and money to be acquired at the greater races, has had a most injurious tendency as regards the others, and a good horse is hardly allowed to show himself at any of the minor races, lest he should hurt his chance of success at Epsom or Doncaster. Some spirited attempts have, indeed, been lately made to reinstate the York races in their former position, but not as yet with the desired success. This is not an object in which York alone is interested, for it is obvious that it would be greatly to the advantage of all the northern counties to remove the great objects of attraction from a place so little central as Doncaster, or, at all events, that York should possess a fair share. The more northern races have deteriorated still more. Newcastle, Durham, and Carlisle are miserably supported, and Richmond is entirely maintained by horses trained in the immediate neighbourhood. Beverley is by great exertions kept from going down altogether, as has been the case at Hull and several other considerable places. The north of England has also suffered greatly from the falling of the Scotch turf, which has, within a few years, lost a number of supporters whom it would be difficult to replace. There is, however, no reason to despair of the complete renovation of country racing generally and we advise our sporti[illegible]roposed, as stead of looking dis[illegible]ntle stages, to former times, to pu[illegible] charge of ders to the wheel, [illegible]nued very what can be done to i[illegible]road lay present. [illegible]ng our

The weights to be ca[illegible]ds, so horses were in the first in[illegible] in- very little attended to, and [illegible] general depended upon the greater or less size and corpulency of their owners; but when regular jockeys were employed, 10st. appears to have been the usual weight, and this we find to be the regulation for the two most ancient King's Plates, viz. at Newmarket and Black Hamilton. The object of the King's Plates being to encourage the breed of strong and useful horses, 12st. was afterwards considered preferable; and the ten next plates which were granted were for horses carrying that weight. After the middle of the last century, however, it became obvious that with such a burthen the race was not always to the fleetest, and accordingly, in 1770, we find of the more recent plates, one of 10st., one of 9st. 12lbs., two of 9st., and two of 8st. 7lbs., the last of which weights was also assigned to the Chelmsford Plate, given a few years afterwards. The only other grants during the last century were to Ascot (for hunters), to Warwick, and to the Caledonian Hunt, each for horses carrying 12st. Since that period great alterations have been made as well in the weights as in the other conditions of the King's Plates, a recapitulation of which would be tedious; and new plates have been granted to Chester, Doncaster, and Manchester. The weights for other races were reduced at a much earlier period than for the King's Plates, and little alteration has taken place in this respect for the last fifty or sixty years. Formerly a single heat was considered

a sufficient criterion of a horse's speed and strength; and at no time has the system of running heats prevailed at Newmarket, except for two of the King's Plates and a plate given by the town. The killing exercise of running three, four, and five heats, seems to have been introduced for the sake of making the most running at the least expense; and till up to nearly the end of the last century was, with the exception before stated of Newmarket, almost universal. All the King's Plates, with the exception of two, were in heats, three-fourths of them of four miles each.

The people of the present day, however, attach more importance to the quality than the quantity of the running, and a few Maiden Plates and such like, with a dozen of the Royal Purses, are the only examples of this absurd system, and these, too, chiefly at the third and fourth-rate meetings. The distances also have been cut down from four miles to two, one and a half, and one, and this is pretty generally the case even where heats are continued.

The greatest change, however, in the racing of modern times, is in the age at which the horses are brought out. Formerly they were not put into training till four years old, and frequently later; whereas they now figure on the turf as yearlings. Whether this is a change for the better has frequently been a matter of dispute; but it at all events shows the great superiority of the training of the present day over that of the last century. It is, however, a matter of regret that the great prizes are almost exclusively confined to two and three year olds, and all that is left for those of maturer age, is the empty honour of picking up a few cups in the country. This, however, has also its advantage, for, from no inducement being held out to keep a horse too long in training, mares are put to much younger horses than formerly, and so the probability of superiority in the produce is greatly increased. It is difficult to conceive that the science of the turf can be brought to greater perfection than at present, and few subjects give a more cheering view of what human skill and perseverance can effect than to look back at the various improvements which have taken place in the most useful of our domestic animals; nor can anything be more satisfactory in the lover of the turf than to consider that whilst he pursues his own favourite amusement, he adds most essentially to the prosperity of his country, by keeping up a constant supply of horses such as no nation on the earth can parallel.—*From the New Sporting Magazine.*

THE

ORIENTAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

No. 18.—NOVEMBER, 1832.

POONAH TURF.

We understand that the great day (the 15th ult.) for closing the most interesting races of the ensuing meeting terminated more auspiciously than had been anticipated; for, although the meeting was but thinly attended, still the entrances were sufficiently numerous to keep up the spirit of the turf.

To the Maiden Sweepstakes there were—

550 Rs. P.P.	3	Subs.
To the Claret	4	,,
,, Riddlesworth	2	,,
,, Champagne	5	,,
,, 1000 Rs. Sweepstakes	2	,,
,, 250 Ditto	2	,,
,, Welter	2	
,, Three sealed races, each	3	,,

Horses named for the Champagne:—Capt. Mansfield's Alonzo, Capt. Morris's Hazelnut, Mr. Charleston's Jolly Ensign, Mr. Phillip's Fugleman, Mr. Phillip's Oscar.

THE HOG HUNTER'S DREAM.

SIR,

'Tis but a short time ago, when out on a hog-hunting expedition with some friends, that I experienced the following terrific vision, from the effects of which, I am afraid, I shall never recover.

Fatigued with a severe day's work, during the course of which I had mercilessly slaughtered four small pigs, which (to use a vulgar expression) I caught, on a midhan, with "*their tails up;*" and being rendered somewhat somniferous by the contents of five bottles of Hodgson's, which I had swallowed in celebration of this exploit, I lay down in the cool shade of some trees near our encampment, and fell into a deep slumber.

Methought my soul had departed from its earthly tenement (or, more concisely speaking, I had "*kicked the bucket*"), and found myself standing with others in the same situation, at the gates of Elysium. Minos, whom I immediately recognized (from the descriptions given of him from time immemorial), was seated in state on the right of the gate, and decided on the merits and demerits of each person, as they

presented themselves before him. On the left was an immense gulf, into which those whose actions had not entitled them to admission into Paradise, and were therefore ordered to revisit the earth in some other form, were cast by two attendants (devils, I fancy), who acted in this manner to all those who had sentence passed upon them.

It now fell to the lot of the person who stood next to me to speak. As he stepped forward for this purpose, I cast my eyes towards him and recognized my friend, who had during life been considered as the most confirmed *Tinker* in our hunt. To my surprise, he could adduce nothing in favour of himself, save his passion for hunting; and on being questioned as to his prowess, reluctantly replied (for on arrival here we lose the power of prevarication), "that though he had possessed horses without number, and had spared neither time nor expense in the accomplishment of his object, his intentions had never been crowned with success; and moreover, that he fancied that this ill luck was occasioned by his constitutional timidity, which always prompted him to '*hold hard;*' in consequence of which failing he enjoyed the *soubriquet* of '*Rear rank, take close order*' amongst his contemporaries: he trusted, however—" But he was here interrupted in a voice of thunder by the judge, who thus addressed him: "Miserable wretch! and is this all the account you can give of yourself? Not only have you devoted your life to the attainment of a foolish object, but have failed even in accomplishing it. Begone, infamous tinker, and inhabit the vile carcase of a pariah dog, fit receptacle for such worthless spirits." So saying, he accompanied his benediction with an application of his foot "*a posteriori*," which whirled my unfortunate friend into the yawning abyss before mentioned; then, turning to me, he desired to know what I had to say for myself. I instanter started at score with a long list of killed and wounded. I enumerated numerous first spears which had fallen to my lot; I touched upon sundry spills which I had undergone in the course of my vocation; I expatiated on divers horses which I had broken down; and summed up my statement with a brilliant account of the four pigs I had *spifflicated* on the day of my demise. When I had concluded, Minos, with a stern air, thus spoke. "On my conscience, if blood offerings were the price of admission here, thou wouldst be well off; in faith, you are but little better (save in executing what you attempted) than the miscreant I but now disposed of. What a pretty use hast thou made of the sense and talents intrusted to thy charge! the whole strength of thy mind and body has been directed towards the extermination of a race of animals which had done thee no harm, and the cultivation of that intellect which might have benefited mankind has been thrown away in the obscurity of a stable. But go and assume the form destined for thee, and then learn how you yourself can enjoy the misery you have so long wantonly inflicted upon others." The devils (who, by-the by, from the commencement of my speech, seemed to have an inkling as to how the matter would terminate) now laid violent hands on me and, before I could utter a word further in my defence, "*carted*" me into the pit.

On coming to myself, I indeed found that I had undergone a change. My spirit was incarce-

rated in the body of a boar, and, "God of my Fathers," *such a boar!* It appeared to me that I had just waked from a sound nap, and on casting my eyes about me saw that I was in the midst of a luxuriant sugar-cane field; and that a sow "*fair as the first who fell of woman-kind*" was slumbering by my side. As the sun was shining clearly, I fancied I might without impropriety awake her, which I did by an affectionate grunt or two; we then made a delicious repast on some canes, after which, having been always of an amorous disposition, I could not refrain from paying a thousand little attentions to my fair partner. We were soon on a good footing with each other, and had passed some time most delightfully, when we were interrupted in the midst of our mutual endearments by a rustling amongst the canes, and the next instant, to my infinite horror, the well known visage of old Dutto (the shikaree to the Nuggur Hunt) appeared through an opening in the canes, taking a deliberate "dekh" at us. As his eye met mine, he hastily retreated with an exclamation of "*Ah, you burra b—n o—t—.*" I was perfectly confounded at this apparition, for, strange to say, I had till this moment forgotten that there were such things as hunters and spears in existence. Had I possessed my faculties at the time, I would, without scruple, have rid the world of such a cruel monster. As it was, I lay perfectly quiet, hoping that he had been merely sent out *to look* for hog; but can I describe my feelings when, on his arrival outside the field, I heard the villain exclaim, "*Sahib! Sahib! do janwar hie; ek burra, burra, dantwalla*"? This information was received with a loud shout from throats of (to judge by the noise) a dozen *Sahib-logue* at least. After the first transports of their joy had evaporated, I heard the order given to turn in the beaters, and the next instant they turned in with a vengeance, tom-toms, horns, matchlocks, and every other damnable instrument that can be imagined. At this horrible *shindy* my gentle partner lost all presence of mind, and bolted from the field like a shot, with the intention, I fancy, of gaining the hills, which were at no great distance. I followed her to the verge of the canes, from whence I had a fair view of the chase which ensued; she was allowed a short start, and then eleven riders, the "pride and flower" of the Deccan (all of whom I also knew but too well), were close upon her, and I had the satisfaction of seeing her speared through and through, in about four hundred yards, and the voice of my old friend R—— shouting, "*That's into you, Charlotte,*" informed me to whom the first spear had fallen. It now behoved me, however, to look out for myself, for as I lay contemplating this dismal spectacle, three *bundookwallas* discharged their pieces close to my ears, and an infernal tom-tom joining in the concert, so alarmed me, that in the greatest terror I sprang from the canes and legged it down a nullah which led to the hills like a "*two-year-old,*" and luckily was not viewed till I had obtained a good start. But when they did *twig* me, it was a decided case of "*the devil take the hindmost.*" I had now arrived within a hundred and fifty yards of the foot of the ghaut, which (could I reach it in safety), from its extreme stiffness, I made no doubt would place some of my pursuers "*hors de combat.*" The riders were not more than 30 yards behind me. "*Damme, we shall lose*

him," cried one. "*My G—, what a welter!*" exclaimed another. "*Skiver him before he gets to the hill,*" roared a third. "*I'll be d—d if you do,*" thought I—and they did not. I reached the hill just as the leading man was about ten feet from my haunch, and was for the present in comparative security. I scrambled up as fast as possible, occasionally casting a glance at the progress of the huntsmen, and was glad to observe that the majority of my friends (or at least their horses) seemed to consider the matter as a bad job; nay, so well did the hill-side try their metal, that

> "When the mountain's ridge was won
> The headmost horseman, rode alone,"

and he seemed particularly anxious to scrape a closer acquaintance with me, and had nearly effected it; but, alas! "*there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip,*" for as he was cramming furiously at me across the small and stony midhan on the top of the hill, his horse fell, and my pursuer's head coming in contact with a large *futtah*, his business was, for a season, most effectually settled. How proud did I feel at that moment! I had thrashed the Nuggur Hunt, and at my feet lay the senseless body of the redoubtable H. W. R. But I did not allow these thoughts to interfere with my escape. I descended the hill and made across a plain (smooth as a billiard table) to a cane field I saw at a great distance. I had cantered onwards about a mile, and was congratulating myself on my fortunate delivery from a premature death (which I made no doubt I had safely accomplished), when a shout that froze my very heart's blood rang upon my ear, and on looking in the direction it proceeded from, I beheld one by whose side I had often ridden—no less a person than "mine own familiar friend" W—— bearing down on me in "*full career,*" mounted on the very horse with whose assistance I had slain the four pigs before mentioned. Nothing was before me but *midhan! interminable midhan!* The desire of life, however, prompted me to the most desperate exertions, but they were of no avail. He gained upon me rapidly, and in imagination I already felt the spear blade and some yards of bamboo quivering in my liver. Every footfall of his horse grated on my very soul. I was too done to turn, though I knew the spear was poised over my back. I closed my eyes and rushed on headlong, and the next instant (oh, Mr. Editor, I feel it even now) it was sent *through, and through, and through me,* occasioning so great a sensation of pain, that with a yell of agony I awoke and beheld several of my brother sportsmen skulking from behind a tree near me (apparently in high glee), one of them bearing a pellet bow, a ball from which taking effect with great vehemence on that part of my body where, according to Hudibras, "*honour lies,*" had thus singularly coincided with and put an end to my dream.

SCREW.

Nuggur, Oct. 1832.

DEER STALKING.

SIR,

In a former letter on the subject of rifle shooting I recommended the use of the double barrel; I can now cite an instance which shows that, at times, even a brace of barrels may prove insufficient.

Some months ago a tall friend of mine, with a long double-barrelled rifle, was *stalking* deer amongst the wilds of Mangerode. To him the term *long* was particularly applicable, as the space which his supporters compassed at each stride fully equalled two of the short but accelerated paces of the little jungle inhabitant who followed at his heels. He had arrived at a spot well known to all who have traversed that lovely country as a favourite rendezvous of the spotted deer. It is when a narrow tongue of land separates a fine watery nullah for a short time from the Taptee—one of the few streams which at the season I speak of had not become bankrupt and withdrawn its tribute. On one side of the little promontory there is a sandy precipice some forty feet high, yet bearing in many places tokens of having been surmounted by deer. The other bank of the river slopes more gradually to the water's edge. The whole is covered with stunted trees and thick underwood.

My friend knew the spot well; and it did not belie his expectations, for he had not proceeded far before his eye caught through the thicket the form of a stately buck, standing obliquely with and gazing on a stream as placid as his own thoughts. The long barrels were immediately levelled at the object; the longer legs instinctively assumed their steadiest position, the trigger was touched and the ball told with that peculiar and indescribable *crash* which sounds with so much satisfaction on the sportsman's ear; but the buck, starting from his reverie, bounded into the jungle as if only stung by a pellet from an urchin's cross-bow. My friend hastened to the spot where the deer had stood, and with the assistance of the Bheel and a sagacious horsekeeper proceeded to take up the tracks—a difficult task in so stiff a country but they were aided by the blood which dropped at intervals and

"Marked the road he took."

They succeeded in tracking him round the head of the little promontory, and across the mouth of the nullah, into a country covered with long grass and occasional tall trees; but here they were at fault, "for the blood had ceased to drop," and the ground was covered on all sides with the fresh traces of deer. The wearied sportsman, after a long and unsuccessful search, gave up the chase, and was consoling himself with a quiet "drap of the cratur," when at once something seemed to have riveted the lynx eye (he had but one) of the little Bheel. In an instant the owner of the long barrels and longer legs was taking advantage of the accommodating branch of a tree as a rest prepared for a long shot. In the next, bang went his gun, and down fell the deer as dead as mutton. "Weel dune!" chuckled the sportsman inwardly; "Shabash!" bellowed Cassee outwardly; "Wah! wah!" rejoined the Bheel; and all three with the greatest unanimity proceeded towards the spot, where

they found a splendid old buck in his last agonies. Cassee produced from his wallet a double-edged knife (inasmuch as the edge and back were nearly on a par) and began to *hullah* the gentleman. After much hacking and sawing he at last succeeded, and an extra slash across the windpipe, which severed it in two, finished the operation. Having secured the prize, they paused to admire it. "What a lovely haunch!" said the sportsman, smacking his lips; "splendid pickings!" quoth Cassee, wiping his knife and nodding to the Bheel; but "catch your dolphin first," grinned the venison; for up it got, shook its head to give the proper balance to its huge antlers, and began to clear the ground towards the nullah in bounds that would have done credit to its youthful days!—Cassee dropped his knife and his nether jaw; the Bheel cocked his single optic; the sportsman his double gun, and snap went one of the long barrels. But stop, ye patrons of the ancient flint, 'twas the right—in this case the wrong barrel he had cocked and snapped, forgetting in his hurry (who would not) that he had just discharged it. As the long barrel had refused to go off a second time, even in a case of such great emergency, the longer legs were brought into play, and they carried their owner panting to the nullah just as the buck had got within a few feet of the summit of the sandy bank, but before his active limbs could fetch him to the table ground above, a ball had touched some vital spot, and down he rolled topsy-turvy into the stream below.

On examination it was found that one ball (probably the first) had entered his left flank, and passing in a diagonal direction through his body, had lodged in the skin in the right side of the neck; another had hit behind the shoulder, and gone clean through; the last and fatal shot had just grazed the spine at its junction with the neck.

I happened to be of the party, then at Mangerode, and had the satisfaction of examining the wounds, and of partaking bountifully of the haunch. He was a buck of twelve tines, the only one I ever saw with that number. His antlers, the gift of my friend, at this moment adorn the walls of Shandy Hall, and bear evidence of this extraordinary instance of the tenacity of life in these animals.

Your obedient servant,

TOBY.

Shandy Hall, 25th Oct., 1832.

CONSOLATION.

Oh! you have had a tumble, sir,
I fear you're shaken sadly;
Your nose is scratch'd, you've lost a spur,
How could you ride so badly?

The leap too was an easy leap,
What made you check your horse so?
The bank was not so very steep,
The hedge too was but so so—

I do declare you've cut both knees!
Horses with such an eye-sore
Are valued less by some rupees
Than ever they were before.

I vow she limps too! 'tis a sprain
In coffin joint, or shoulder;
For months she cannot work again,
Why did you not, sir, hold her?

Besides, the boar came not this way;
How could you be so misled?
Across *that* plain I saw him stray
With fearless and yet slow tread.

I fear your friends will call you names,
As Tinker, Spoon, and Griffin;
The world you know, sir, always blames,
Except you give a tiffin.

C.

THOS. BROWN'S LETTER IN THE "SCOTSMAN."

SIR,

I see by your last number that some friend of the turf, under the signature of "Zeal," has forwarded to you a copy of a letter which appeared some time ago in the *Scotsman*. That letter I saw nearly two years since, and it was my intention then to have answered it. I delayed doing so, however, from day to day, until I thought it was too late; but as it has again made its appearance in the O. S. M. I may as well give your readers some information on the subject to which it relates.

I cannot speak as to the number of plates, cups, &c., which Capt. Horne may have won at Bangalore in 1828; but on the score of his performances at Hyderabad, in 1829, I can speak positively. The writer of the letter above alluded to, "Thos. Brown," asserts that Capt. Horne won the principal cups at Hyderabad in 1829 (vide the last paragraph but one of his letter). Now, Capt. H. ran under the name of Mr. Dawson, and if any person will take the trouble of looking at the Hyderabad Racing Calendar of 1829, he will find that Mr. Dawson did not win a single plate, purse, cup, or sweepstakes. —A short time before the races he purchased a *share* in Phantom, which horse won the *beaten* maiden, and also beat Mr. Gulley's Mameluke; but Phantom ran as *Mr. O'Domine's*. Warlock beat Phantom for the second maiden.

The next horse mentioned amongst "the first horses in India" owned by Capt. Horne (vide the same paragraph) is Scorpion.—Now, Scorpion did not win a single race, and was beaten by Wildblood with the greatest ease in 4m. 16s. and 4m. 24s.—two mile heats!

The next horse mentioned is Warden.—Warden did not even *start* for anything, as he could not have had a shadow of a chance of winning anything. It is true that *before* the races he beat a

small third or fourth rate galloway of mine called Wanderer, and I had the pleasure of beating him (Warden) a three-quarter of a mile race with a common buggy horse, which I afterwards sold for 500 rupees.

Of Humdanah's wonderful private trials, of course, I can say nothing, as none but those who timed him can know what he did; but it is rather extraordinary that the first we hear of this "fleetest Arabian that ever was brought to Britain" (vide the last paragraph) is from the *Scotsman*, a newspaper published in some little town in Scotland.*

And now, Mr. Editor, let me call the attention of your sporting readers to a letter which appeared in your last, under the signature of "An Owner," relative to an annual race meeting at Hyderabad. Of all stations it is the most central, added to which the course and stand are excellent. I have lived long at Hyderabad, and I do not think it likely that the sporting spirit for which that station was so celebrated is at all less than what it formerly was, and what it ought to be; and taking that for granted, I am confident that the public subscriptions will be equal to what they were in days gone by, but which will long be fondly remembered by those who witnessed the good feeling and good running of 1829 and 1830.

I call upon Mr. Andrew, Mr. Fox, Major Looney, and Mr. Egremont, to answer this appeal to their sporting feelings; and I trust that in your next number I shall see some arrangement proposed to meet the Poonah and Bombay turfites on the Mol-alli course at Hyderabad in January, 1834. It will, I am sure, be quite enough for the Hyderabad people to know that a meeting there is desired, to induce them to have cups, purses, horses, &c., in readiness: and though last, not least, the course repaired if necessary.

I am, Sir,

Yours most obediently,

LOCKSLEY.

Aurungabad, Aug. 29th, 1832.

* The writer alludes probably to Edinburgh!!—ED.

SONG FOR THE O. S. M.

A new song to an old tune, entitled and called "The Tinker's Feat;" and dedicated by special permission to the Right Honourable the Society of Tinkers, by their very loyal and loving brother and friend,

JOEY.

With spear in hand one afternoon
A strolling ride I took,
And, oh!—I saw a whacking pig
A-dozing in a brook.

His bristles all so smooth and close,
His grey eyes shut so tight;
On his brawny back so fat, mine eyes
They feasted with delight.

The more I looked the more I longed—
So cunningly I crept,
I thought to catch him unawares,
And poke him as he slept.

But, ah! he turned round and saw
Me making the attack,
At which he most indignant was,
And bristled up his back.

He grunted once, he grunted twice,
But ere he grunted more
I dropped my spear, I spurred my nag,
And galloped off at score.

I galloped fast, I galloped far,
He galloped at my tail;
At last I found myself hard up,
And Hector's spirit fail.

But, oh, the chances of this life
What mortal man can tell!
By some good luck, while I escaped,
The pig fell in a well!

So having got him all so snug,
All safe in skin and bones,
I took my aim, and broke his head
By pelting him with stones.

To all the world my feat I told,
How gallantly he fought,
And how my single arm the exploit
Right valiantly had wrought;

How Rasah Bosah's fame was hid,
Eclipsed its famous boar;
Thus stamped my name beyond compare
A Trump for evermore.

MORAL.

Now, brother Tinkers, never fear,
Nor mind what Nimrod say;
I swear I never killed a pig
Before I ran away.

CHORUS *ad libitum.*

JOEY.

From my Ken at the Pig and Whistle.

SOME PASSAGES FROM THE DIARY OF A LIVING HOG HUNTER.

SIR,

If the accompanying extracts prove acceptable, I will endeavour to procure from the same source a further supply, and wishing the O. S. M. the success it so well merits,

Remain yours ever,

J. B.

Deccan, October, 1832.

March 8th.—I have just returned from attending to the grave the last remains of one who, but a short time ago, was merriest in the hall and foremost in the field of those who, on Deccan's rugged ground, signalize themselves in the pursuit of the "mighty boar." Poor Wilder! once thou wert indeed the flower of us all—emulated in thy deeds by the daring few who are Deccan's proudest boast, and by the young aspirant looked up to, as one to be copied, yet not equalled. And thus thou wouldst most likely still have continued, had not misfortune, as unmerited as severe, chilled thy young heart's nearest and dearest hopes, and brought thee degraded in the eyes of the world to the grave, unpitied and unwept for, except by those few who shared in the dangers and the glories of thy happiest moments.

Well do I recollect the day from which may be dated the commencement of thy future misfortunes. On that day my deceased friend, myself, and a few other sporting companions, had commenced the sport which we left our cantonments for a few days to enjoy in the oldest part of the Deccan. We soon roused a boar on a range of high hills, and among its ravines and jungles were quickly separated. I with another rider had with difficulty, and by a circuitous road, arrived at the top of one of these, through which I knew the boar had just passed, when we saw the animal returning to cover at full speed, followed close by Wilder. In front of them was a dead precipice nearly five-and-thirty feet in perpendicular height, which ran along the side of the hill for about a quarter of a mile, the road by which we attained the summit being the only practicable route.

On came the rider and boar, rushing headlong towards this precipice; in vain we exerted our voices to warn him of the danger: we were too far off to be distinctly heard. On went the boar, hard pushed by Wilder—and frightened from the only path down the hill, by seeing us advancing from it—on he went right over the terrific height, struck a ledge of rock which jutted out from the side midway, and alighted on his feet in the sandy bed of a nullah below, from whence we saw him issue and take away at full speed into the open country, where he was met and soon despatched by some others of the party.*

* I have heard of an occurrence of the same kind, yet more extraordinary, and as I can perfectly depend on the veracity of the person who told it me, I am certain of its being a fact, and have no doubt the person concerned in the run could vouch for its authenticity. I will give it to you as I heard it. It occurred in some of our Northern districts—Kutch, I believe.

That "great sportsman," Captain R——s, was hunting among some terrific ravines in the above-mentioned country, and placed himself on the top

To make u[illegible]ght that met my eyes
give you an[illegible] turned towards the
which I an[illegible]all never forget, and
during the [illegible] one other who still
was nothin[illegible]es me on all my hunt-
ment. T[illegible]editions then present, on
being s[illegible]mind also, I dare say, the
the wh[illegible] will remain engraved while
of th[illegible]emory holds its power; for my God! what was our horror and dismay on seeing Wilder, deceived by perceiving the hog unstopped by the precipice, keep on at full speed till within a few yards of the edge, when, seeing his danger too late, he made a violent effort to stop the horse, which, frightened by the desperate jerk by which his speed was attempted to be arrested, stumbled among the large stones, and falling on his head, shot his rider forward to the edge of the precipice, where, clutching at everything near his grasp, he rolled over and disappeared.

In a moment of time we were at the spot, and instantly dismounting, rushed to the place where we had last seen him, and to our infinite amazement and delight saw our friend about four feet below us, hanging on by the roots of some bushes he had grasped in his descent, and retained firm hold of; yet even four feet was too far to allow either of us to lay hold of him by reaching over, and he could not be expected to keep his grasp for more than a few seconds at furthest. The urgency of a case sometimes quickens a man's ideas: in a moment our two silk neck handkerchiefs were tied together, and firmly fastened to one of my arms; I then laid down on my belly, while my friend on the top seized my feet, and prevented any chance of my being pulled over. The handkerchief was then easily reached to Wilder, who twined it round one hand, let go the roots from which he was hanging, and seizing hold of it with the other, drew himself up far enough to enable me to lay hold of his jacket with my disengaged hand, while my other friend, with the assistance of a man who was herding his goats on the side of the hill, easily landed him safe on the top. Here his strength of nerve, and his senses, which had never left him in the extremity of danger, would no longer stand him in stead, and he sunk apparently lifeless at our feet. His horse had escaped unhurt.

We were at this time full ten miles from where our tents were pitched, having sent the beaters and horses on in front early in the morning, and cantered up on our tats afterwards, choosing this place, though so far off, from the good reports of it given by the shikarrees. Our friends and beaters had evidently, after the death of the boar, departed for the tents, thinking, most likely, that we had done the same. Our poor friend, although we had recovered him from his fainting fit, was quite delirious, I suppose from the extremity of danger from which he had just been rescued, and the high state of excitement to which he must have been wrought.

We really did not know what to do, as taking him in the state he

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of one of those (which the beaters were approaching) close to the only road by which any animal could descend without going over a precipice. A large sow was roused by the beaters, and driven by them to the top of the ravine, where, sooner than break through them or pass our friend (who has certainly given the hog a right to be afraid of him), she leaped from the precipice at a spot (I believe I speak inside the mark when I say) fifty feet in perpendicular height, alighted at the bottom on her feet, and legged it like a two-year-old; our friend descended by the road and bagged her a quarter of a mile from the place where she alighted.

was in 10 miles was next to an impossibility. However, he was placed on the back of a horse; and one of us supporting him on each side, we descended the hill, while the bukra-wallah led the other two horses behind us.

Having got down and proceeded a short way on our road, we fortunately met some foot travellers, who informed us, to our great relief, that a sahib was encamped at a village through which they had just passed, about half a coss farther on. Towards it we accordingly bent our course; and on arriving at the place, which happened to be on the direct road to the cantonments in which we usually adjourned, we found the sahib to be a surgeon with his family, viz. a wife and grown up daughter, proceeding *viâ* our station to Bombay.

We immediately p
he was travelling by g
that he should take
Wilder (who still conti
bad) as far as their
together. This was leavi
poor friend in good han
having deposited his almost
animate body on a bed, and seei
him made as comfortable as could be expected, we drank to the success of the worthy doctor and the health of his pretty daughter in a glass of his best Hodgson; and mounting our steeds, cantered to our own tents, where we soon arrived, and related the whole of the circumstances to our astonished friends.

OF A

jungles

with

v.

We afterwards enjoyed two or three days' good sport about the same range of hills, and returned to our cantonments.

[*To be continued.*]

TABLE OF THE NEWMARKET COURSES.

SIR,

If you think that the accompanying list of the names and lengths of the Newmarket courses will be of any use as a reference, you will perhaps spare a place for it in your Magazine. I think it would be a very good move to get your correspondents at the different racing stations to send a memorandum of the exact length of their respective courses, by which means your readers might be better able to judge of the merits of their horses; for instance, a race is often "once round the course" or "once round and a distance" and the time and weight given; but what once round or once and a distance are they leave the readers to guess. Hoping that your sporting readers will take the hint, and enable you to make a table of the lengths of Indian courses, I subjoin a table of those at Nemarket.

TABLE OF ALL THE NEWMARKET COURSES.

			m.	fur.	yds.
The Beacon Course	B. C.	... is	4	1	138
Last three miles of ditto	L. T. M.	... „	3	0	45
From the ditch in ditto	D. J.	... „	2	0	97
From the turn in the lands in ditto	T. L. J.	... „	0	5	184
Clermont Course	C. C.	... „	1	5	217
Across the Flat	A. F.	... „	1	1	44
Two-year-old Course	T. Y. C.	... „	0	5	136
Yearling Course	Y. C.	... „	0	2	147
Round Course	R. C.	... „	3	6	93
Ditch Mile	D. M.	... „	0	7	148
Abingdon Mile	A. M.	... „	0	7	211
Rowly Mile	R. M.	... „	1	0	1
Two middle miles of the B. C.	T. M. M.	... „	1	7	115

A Distance is 240 yards.

To make up a paper, I will also give you an account of a trip which I and two others made during the Dussorah when there was nothing to keep us in cantonment. The season was bad, it being soon after the rains, when the whole country was one mass of thick cover; but active minded men like ourselves, not wishing to be idle, made a start upon the chance of at last seeing something. Our first march was about 15 miles, and the first thing seen in the shape of game was a fine cheeta, seated on the road within a mile of the end of our journey. He allowed us to get very near him before he would be stared out of countenance; but we no sooner succeeded in that than he pounced into a patch of jungle close by. The next day we sallied forth after the small game, and succeeded in bagging a pleasing variety of pea-fowl, partridges, pigeons, paddy-birds, hares, hawks, heron, and humming-birds; nothing came amiss to our greedy appetites for slaughter. After two days of this we moved to a place abounding with tigers and pea-fowl, but owing to the abundance of the former we could not get the beaters to beat for the latter; however, by beating over parts of the country not quite so tigerish, we managed to bag a good quantity of pea-fowl, floriken, and painted partridge. We also managed to kill a very large tigress, and a hyena. The former measured very nearly ten feet from the nose to the tip of the tail, and was killed by three balls through her side in the same instant, while on the carcase of a bullock which she had just killed. The hyena was shot from a tree, during the night, while enjoying himself on the carcase of a tattoo, which had been killed two nights before by a tiger. One ball through the back settled him. Having at this place driven what game we did not kill into the haunts of tigers, we moved to a place where we were glutted with three days' shooting at pea-fowl, painted partridge, and gun-pigeons, bagging in each of the two first days between 40 and 50 brace of one kind or another, between three guns. But the last day we found them rather scarce, and nineteen brace was all we could muster. Many of your readers will perhaps laugh at my presumption in recording such shooting, but it is to be understood that we took the thing very quietly, not starting before we had taken in a good stock of hardware for our digestive organs to work upon, which operation generally was not concluded much before ten; and returning by four p.m., thus enjoying our sport and grog, and not injuring our appetites, either for eating or shooting, by too much fatigue. We had a few more days of very good sport at the floriken and partridge, and finished, on our march into cantonment (to breakfast at 10), by bagging two antelope, a bustard, and three floriken, thus concluding our ten days' trip very pleasantly, and entering cantonment well satisfied with everything, and particularly ourselves.

PIEBALD.

THE SPORTING SPIRIT OF THE PRESENT TIMES.

SIR,

This letter was intended for your last publication, but by same mistake or other it was mislaid; however, I hope it will find its way into the forthcoming one. The subject I am about to treat of has been already discussed by another gentleman, K. K. K. Long may he work at his spirited trade—a better sportsman does not exist; he is just the sort of person who I expected would not put up with S. Y. S.'s remarks on the want of spirit in the parties that take the field nowadays. I fully agree with him, and think every picnic at which I have had the happiness to be present does so contradict S. Y. S.'s assertion, that I am surprised more have not come forward to refute the accusation. A hog-hunting expedition is without exception the most joyous season of a young man's life (at least in this country), and the only time he can allow his spirit any latitude; if he can't play the devil then with impunity, the Lord alone knows when he can. The parties that turned out in the olden times were no doubt numerous—much more so than they are now—the more the merrier; and it is not to be supposed the boisterous mirth of seven or eight can equal that of eighteen or twenty. The only deficiency we now have is in numbers. It is certainly a lamentable drawback to those who love a row, but it cannot be remedied unless such ancient hunters as S. Y. S. and divers others would stir up their dormant spirits and set an example to their contemporary brother sportsmen. I wish, Mr. Editor, you could prevail on him to take the field once more with his bright boar-spear in his hand, if not with the intention of slaughter, at all events to get an insight into some of the present day's meetings, where proof positive may be obtained as to their emulation in the field, and hilarity and *good fellowship* at the table. I do verily believe, rather than suffer a blank day, that their offended spirits would be half inclined to give chevy to him. It would remind me of a story I have read, where General Paez, mounted on a d—d rip, whips it into a well mounted Spanish officer. Of course the General must have been a clipping rider, with a knowledge of the country! Hog-hunting has decidedly improved of late, and I think there is more rivalry in the field, and consequently a greater degree of pleasure manifested in the chase nowadays than in the olden times. I can easily account for it. I attribute it to the great scarcity of hog, at least in the Deccan; for every sounder which broke in bygone days, only one solitary fellow can be made to break now; consequently the whole field take interest in him, and it frequently happens with a party, that four or five of the horses are well matched. Conceive, then, Mr. Editor, how eager all must be for the honour of the first poke. Right well do they ply their Brummagems, and right gallantly do they run into their game. And does S. Y. S. mean to say that neither spirit nor emulation are shown in the chase? Pshaw! I suspect he means to insinuate that the hog-hunters of his time were a more spirited set of men than the pre-

sent ones; but we won't stand that, Mr. Editor. In the days S. Y. S. speaks of the country around must have been well stocked with hog; each man could take one to himself. There might have been a little rivalry, perhaps, but I suspect most of them were killed single-handed, for that is the only way I can account for the immense slaughter which attended those parties. But going after a hog by oneself is stupid fun. I don't mean to say, because a man has no one to ride against, he is to allow the boar to go—in fact, there are very few, if any, who would do so—but I mean to say (and I think most hog-hunters will side with me) that half the pleasures of the chase are lost unless you have a friend by your side; and that one good contested run after a plucky boar, with death at the end, is far preferable to 20 killed single-handed, let them be as large as they please.

YOUNGEST SON OF DIANA.

HAWKING.

SIR,

I have to apologize to you for my dilatoriness in not continuing my notice on Hawking, as I promised in your last number but one. I however hope the following further matter thereon will arrive in time to be inserted in your next number.

The hawks described in my last letter were the long-winged, or, as the native falconers term them, the "black eyed," it being a singular fact that all long-winged hawks have black eyes, while the short-winged ones have the iris white. The principal short-winged ones are—the Baz, Bisra, Basha, Skikra. The Baz is a very expensive bird, a cast being valued at 500 or a 1000 Rs. They are unhooded and spring from the fist, making one rapid dart at the quarry, which if they fail to strike, they abandon the pursuit. They are flown at partridges, floriken, and sometimes herons; they are very handsome birds, but afford very little sport. The other three kinds are small, and are grasped under the wing in the hand, whence they are thrown upon the quarry, which generally is partridge, quail, or other small birds. This is reckoned a poor apology of sport by the lovers of falconry, and when compared with the fine, rapid, and sweeping flight of the byree or shya at its quarry, must be tame indeed. Fresh casts of hawks are constantly required to supply the place of the old ones, who after the first year or two get cunning in their flights, and either make a clear bolt of it, or show such little game in attacking their quarry, that all sport ceases.

Some native princes follow up the sport of hawking very enthusiastically, and it is a pursuit more suited to their tastes than to ours. They carry it to a greater perfection, doubtless, than we do, always having out large parties of horsemen, who are dispersed down the plain, to keep sight of the hawk, when unhooded at the kurkurees, a species of crane, remarkable for taking very long flights. The expense of such an establishment would be too burdensome to the purses or pay of the "sahib logue" in India, who find so many other ways and means of making the rupees fly. My small experience of the flights of hawks in pursuit of their quarry prevents me from laying down with certainty what is the longest distance

they have been known to go, but from what I recollect having heard my friend Mr. E. say, I should think that it was seldom upwards of two miles. The pace is, however, tiptop all the time; and how a man in England can have nerve to follow the hawk over an enclosed country, intent on it, I can't imagine; besides, it is no sport at all, for you lose all the fine darts and swoops of the falcon at the game. I see Hawking is noticed in the March number of the Sporting Magazine for 1832, by the Hermit in London, wherein he mentions a flight with Col. Wilson's hawk at a heron, of about five miles, only one horseman in with the falconer, and all riding at the very top of their speed all the while. The field no doubt was large, the sport being so rare, and no doubt it became select; very soon the pace must be quite *à la* Melton, if not surpassing it; and when fences and all the other impediments civilization has thought fit to confine fair nature in are taken into consideration, it must be awful. I hope, now I have introduced this once favoured sport, that the pen of some more able and experienced writer in the art of Falconry will continue to supply your pages with further accounts on the subject.

HIGH FLIER.

Dharwar, August 20th, 1832.

EXTRACTS FROM SPORTING RECOLLECTIONS OF LIFE IN THE DECCAN.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Not in dreamy slumbers, like the wearied huntsman, did the youngsters of the party pass the night. Mirth and merriment—revelry, song, shout, and laughter kept most of them awake. Many a trick was played, and many a practical joke carried into execution, and when day dawned, half of the tents were lying on the ground, cut down by some nocturnal wags; articles of dress were scattered about in all directions; here a shoe and there a shirt; boots pendent from numerous bushes; pantaloons in leathern stiffness dangling across tent ropes; sheets like flags that had "braved the battle and the breeze" floated in tattered stripe from the baubul branches; stockings were sticking on tent-pegs; hats, caps, jackets, and waistcoats were strewed about; and cotton bedding torn to pieces variegated the grass with their white fragments. Beside his fallen tent, seated astride on his bullock trunk, was seen Kesterman, spear in hand, guarding against any further attacks. Fillot, whose head was swollen from the violence with which his falling tent-pole had struck him, lay high among some rocks, wrapped up in the walls of his "*smallest of tents;*" whilst a civilian griffin was coolly striding out of the bed of the river, into which in the dead of night, and in the deepest of his slumbers, he had been carried in his palankeen, and left for the remainder of the dark hours.

Hunters and servants were soon busily employed in collecting such articles of dress as they could readiest lay their hands upon, and in the course of an hour breakfast had been dispatched and the whole party were in progress to the jungle.

A slaughter of one large and five tolerably well-sized hogs had thrown great spirits among the merry hunters, when on returning slowly from their last chase, they

observed a beater at a great distance waving a cloth as a signal for news. Clifford and Lesmore were instantly at speed, closely followed by all except the huntsman, whose horse had been severely lamed, and on approaching the man they heard that a large tiger had been seen descending the hill and was then being watched by Elsmere, who, having on the preceding night been thrown upon his back on a prickly pear bush, was unable to sit on his saddle, and had gone out on foot with his rifle for a chance shot at antelopes.

On rounding the base of the hill they saw the crowd of beaters flying in all directions, one of the horsekeepers lying dead in the field, and two others severely wounded, while the enormous panther who had done the mischief was cantering up to the very spot where Elsmere stood with two sepoys, armed with musket and bayonet, but without ball cartridges.

Spurs were vigorously applied to the already bleeding sides of their horses, and at that moment the panther made his spring. Elsmere stood firm, and steadily levelled his rifle. *It flashed!* and the animal, striking him apparently on the top of the head, knocked him down flat on his face, and leapt upon his back, where he stood with his fore feet on his shoulder blades, roaring with tremendous violence, and dashing his sides with his tail in great fury. A cry of horror burst simultaneously from the approaching party, who of course concluded that nothing would save their young friend; even if not killed by the first blow, a single pat now from the powerful beast would crush him to death, and every moment they expected to see the fatal stroke; but scarcely had he remained in his appalling position so long as it has taken to describe it, when, seeing his attention attracted to his comrade, who was fixing his bayonet, which had accidentally fallen off, the younger sepoy, a fine young Rajpoot, charged the panther and drove his bayonet through his ribs, which knocked him off from young Elsmere and drew forth a roar of rage, louder than had yet been heard. At the same instant the animal, while struggling with the sepoy, who had fallen on the ground from the impetus of his own attack, fastened his fangs on his assailant's left hand, which he had caught in his mouth, and literally gnawed it in two.

The other sepoy had now thrust his bayonet likewise into the brute's body, and amidst the groans of the mangled sepoy, the roars of the panther, and the shouts and yells of the beaters, Clifford and Lesmore came up to the scene of action and drove their spears with right good will and perfect aim through the loins of the prostrate but still furiously struggling foe. All that had thus passed from the time of Elsmere's fall seemed but the work of a minute. On finding himself freed from the weight of the panther, he sprang on his feet to the great joy of his friends, and seizing a spear dropped by some *discreet* follower, he gave his hearty assistance in finishing the work that was going on.

Many more of the hunters had now assembled and joined in the action; but not until the animal had been pierced by countless wounds did he release the sepoy's hand, and then the sight of it was perfectly sickening. It seemed one gory mass of mangled flesh and bones and blood up to the very wrist, the joint of which was also found crushed into powder.

At last, when his strength ap-

peared completely exhausted, with one mighty effort he rose upon his legs in spite of spears and muskets, and giving a convulsive shake, fell to the ground and groaned his last just as the huntsman appeared in sight, whose only remark was, "I wish he had died *more game!*"

The arm of the wounded sepoy was amputated by the huntsman that evening; he was promoted on the spot to a havildar, and pensioned soon after his recovery upon full pay, while a handsome silver bangle, whereon this event was engraved in Mahratta, Persian, and English, was presented to him by the head of the society.

Young Elsmere's wounds were slight. The paw of the panther had penetrated the rim of his hat and inflicted two cuts on his chin, while his shoulder blade bore bloody marks of the animal's weight.

The dead horsekeeper, whose ribs were stove in directly on his heart, and the two wounded ones, were all removed on litters, and the party broke up the next morning.

S. Y. S.

I'LL PUBLISH, RIGHT OR WRONG.

Sir,

Severe and protracted indisposition has prevented my second appearance in the Oriental Sporting Magazine. I again resume the pen with pleasure; but being absent, seeking a change of scene and air, I did not receive the last three numbers until a short time ago. I hope I shall now be more regular with my lucubrations on the subject of horses and their diseases. We will commence, if you please, with that "curse on good horseflesh," Burzauttee, a disease extremely prevalent on this side of India, and for the *cure of which almost every man has a specific;* but trial after trial has never yet proved successful in eradicating it from the system.

I cannot but regret O. K. has not favoured us with the result of his experiments with the Muddar root, so highly extolled; but perhaps that favourite remedy has also been doomed to the tomb of all the Capulets. On this side of the globe you hear almost every man descant on the superiority of some infallible recipe; still Burzauttee prevails, and I think it is just as virulent as it was twenty years ago.

I should like much to find a number of well conducted experiments with the various treatments adopted published in this Magazine. Such would tend to throw much light on the subject, for I am afraid most of us have as yet been travelling in a dark and mysterious road.

The first attempt ought to be to ascertain the cause of the disease; *that once satisfactorily proved*, a remedy would soon present itself. Philo Vet (I should like to know you), pardon me for the liberty, but sportsmen are not over and above particular when the object they have in view is to *ameliorate the sufferings of* the *finest animal* under the canopy of heaven. With this impression my pen is allowed to take its course. Ignorant, I confess I am, of the primary or exciting cause of this disease, yet I am inclined to think (and thinking so much has indeed led me into the belief of it) that Burzauttee is kept up or increased from a deranged

state of the general system; and that, first, the removal of such excitement ought to be our principal object before we expect returning health. I ask, can it be cured if a derangement of the organs of digestion exists? My answer would be in the negative; for Burzauttee, through *sympathy*, may be kept up or aggravated from an *impaired functional state of those organs* where the food is received and prepared for the support of life, for through the medium of the blood disease can be generated. In order to set that question at rest, whether disease could be communicated, the following experiments were tried:—"*At the Veterinary College the blood of a glandered horse was transfused into a healthy ass, who in a few days became affected with the same disease, and communicated it to another, by inoculation. Transfusion of the blood of a mangy dog has also produced mange in another. Many similar proofs might also be brought forward to establish the fact that the* FLUIDS, *as well as the solids, may be primarily and specifically affected.*" The same writer very justly adds also, "that every disease has its particular seat, and almost every poison its preference. Grease affects the heels, glanders the mucous membranes of the nose, Farcy the superficial absorbments, mange and Burzauttee the skin."

There are such various opinions regarding the disease in question, that I am rather disposed to be sceptical as to its real character, and to view all these opinions with some degree of hesitation. I have been an attentive observer in watching its progress and termination; but the conclusions I have drawn may be erroneous, yet I shall bow with respectful deference to any person who will kindly convince me, by sound argument, that I am labouring in error. My wish is to elicit information from those conversant with its nature and causes; I trust, therefore, some of your valuable correspondents will favour us with their experience on a subject which certainly requires to be more fully elucidated.

If I may be allowed to draw an opinion from analogy, I think the theory of medicine in the human subject is the theory of medicine in the brute; it is the application of that theory—the practice alone—that is different. The laws of the animal economy are the same in all.

The treatment of Burzauttee has been confined too much to local applications, for in all cutaneous (or in fact other) diseases there is a sympathetic connection existing between the skin, stomach, bowels, &c., &c., &c.

Now, ulcerated legs, or cutaneous diseases arising from venereal taint or other causes, are seldom benefited by local applications, which tend more or less to aggravate the sufferings of the patient; therefore my conviction is, they should not be wholly relied upon in the treatment for Burzauttee. Why is it, I would ask, that the late celebrated Abernethy was so successful in his practice, more especially in local diseases arising from constitutional irritation? Why, because his attention was at once directed to the state of the stomach and bowels, the restoration of which was effected by a proper administration of mercury. Now, a catalogue of diseases may be named over which this medicine has decidedly a specific power, and there is scarcely a complaint to which the human frame is subject but some of its pre-

parations are used with the most beneficial results.

Farcy was considered incurable, but industrious research (in a long train of well conducted experiments) has found a remedy for that horrible disorder; and the glanders, I have heard, have been effectually cured at the Royal Veterinary College by Assist. Professor Sewell!

Then why should we despair? May not we be blessed with a cure for Burzauttee?

I place the most sanguine expectations in the proper administration of mercury, which is carried into the constitution by means of vessels, termed absorbents. It either acts as a stimulus on particular organs, or specifically in restoring the action of parts impaired by long disease; and in the hands of an *attentive practical* man this medicine I conceive to be *an invaluable remedy.* I now bid you adieu for the present.

Yours very faithfully,

NO QUACK.

MEERUT RACES.

SIR,

Your two last numbers reached me too late again to appear in the field of controversy with "Fair Play," which I very much regret, as I am not disposed to yield to his opinion regarding the racing qualifications of *his* horse Marmion. Why has he not continued his account of the Meerut Races again the last year? When "the little trump of the west" (mind, this is a borrowed expression) was actually distanced in the match of 5000 rupees P. P. three miles, 8st. 7lbs. each, by the grey Arab horse Lancer, who won in a common canter in 6m. 28s.! I wonder if O'Keefe, who I (Fair Play) fancy is much more versed in the affairs of the turf than "A Bit of Caustic," will say after the above extraordinary performance that "Marmion is a trump"? After the race was over, it was reported "the little trump" had been amiss with jaundice. Such certainly may have been the case (he was of course sick at Kurnaul when *defeated* in 1831). Let his liver perform its functions ever so well, he can never more hold a first-rate rank as a turf horse; therefore, my good Fair Play, I bear you no ill will, and the only advantage I shall take of you will be quoting the latter paragraph of your letter in the February Number.

"We shall see, as he says (meaning me), when the match between Marmion and Lancer is run, whether my opinion or his is right regarding the nag." As it has turned out I think *we may* conclude that Marmion has turned out not quite so well as Fair Play expected. Perhaps "another month's training was required."

Yours truly,

A BIT OF CAUSTIC.

Cawnpore.

THE

ORIENTAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

No. 19.—MARCH, 1833.

THE GRIFFIN'S FIRST PICNIC.

SIR,

A griff fresh from England lately arrived here, and took up his abode in my hospitable mansion. He had been domesticated but a few days when a hunting party was formed, of which I induced him to make one. On our return from this expedition I observed my friend sedulously employed in concocting "Europe letters," one of which, addressed to his brother, he inadvertently left lying open on the table. My eye, *by accident*, happened to fall on it, and I was surprised by seeing the words, "Screw," "Hog-hunting," "Red Nose," &c., &c. "That's something about me," said I. "I'm damned if I don't read it." So without more ado, and not heeding the qualms of conscience, which suggested the impropriety of such an unprincipled action, I commenced, actuated more, however, by a desire of culling something from it for the amusement of your readers than by any vain curiosity of my own. It was so singular a production that I have taken the liberty of sending you the following copy, though I stand a chance of getting "*Coffee and Pistols for two*" for my pains. However, I cannot lose my life in a better cause; and if I am "*spifflicated*," you will be deprived, Mr. Editor, of a sincere well-wisher in your obedient servant,

SCREW.

Nuggur, January, 1833.

Ahmednuggur, Jan. 1st, 1833.

MY DEAR TOM,

You will be surprised at my not having written to you before, but I delayed it till my arrival here, as I thought you would like to know how I am settled, &c. This is a very nice place, and I dare say I shall stay here a long time, as I have but slight hopes of promotion at present, being the 25th supernumerary cadet. I am staying with B— (you must remember him in England). He has been very kind to me; but such a "*rum fellow*" as he is I never saw. He contributes to a periodical, published at Bombay, styled the "Oriental Sporting Magazine," and figures in it under the name of "Screw," but, in my opinion, with little credit to himself or benefit to

the public. He and several others have imbibed a passion for hog-hunting to such a degree, that they can neither think or speak on any other subject. A party went out about a week after I arrived, and persuaded me to join them; and, as I fancy the account of our proceedings will amuse you, I will endeavour to describe them. We started early in the morning, and rode 20 miles (think of that!) to the ground we intended to hunt, where we found an ill-favoured fellow, armed with a long spear with a flag attached to it, waiting for us. With this personage Mr. Screw "*jawed fore and aft*" for some time, and seemed to derive much pleasure from the result of the conversation, for at the conclusion he gave me a hearty slap on the back, and exclaimed, "*Isn't that good khuber, spooney?*" (khuber is the Hindoo for intelligence.) We then breakfasted, and whilst the horses were being saddled, went to look at a beautiful temple near which we were encamped; there was only one person in it, and he was walking round and round the court, at a furious pace. I could not at all make out his motives for so doing, but B— informed me that he was a Brahmin (which is the Hindostanee for a clergyman) who had lost his senses, and would continue walking in that manner till he died. We were now told that the horses were ready, and accordingly out we sallied. The man with the spear above mentioned, and whom I learned was called a "shikarree," or Oriental sportsman, had collected a number of beaters; and the whole party proceeded to the hills. The cavalcade was the most grotesque thing possible. The various dresses of the riders, who had adorned themselves each man after "the wicked imagination of his own heart," beat the rainbow hollow. Mr. Screw appeared now in his glory. He had clapped on a pair of silver-mounted spectacles (an heirloom, I should fancy, from his great grandmother), and had incased himself in a red coat, and a peculiarly dirty pair of corderoy nether integuments, and was bellowing into the ear of one of the riders, who was stone deaf, and as shabbily equipped as himself, his intentions as to placing the beaters. As we approached the hill, I was perfectly astonished at the size of the stones, and could not conceive it possible to hunt there; I therefore, with as knowing a look as I could assume, said to B—, "I am sure it is impossible to ride over this ground." Never, my dear Tom, though I live a hundred years, shall I forget the look he gave me; his red nose (he has a publican's one) glowed like heated charcoal, nay, it even elevated itself with indignation; and there was a "devil in his sneer," as he asked me, with a sardonic grin, "*if I had ever caught a duck with his tail up.*" I was struck speechless, and slunk away in dismay from the vicinity of this peppery Nimrod. I then determined to try my luck with the deaf man, changing the question into, "Don't you think this is very nasty ground?" The reply was "Eh! What!—nasty ground, did you say? Why, man, it is the very best we have; it is, in fact, too good, as the hog seldom remain in so insecure——" but he was here interrupted by a dreadful yell from the beaters, when he immediately clapped spurs to his horse, and the next moment I heard him exclaim, "*There he goes, —here he goes,—a spinning boar as I've a soul to be saved.*" All this was the work of an instant.

When he started so furiously, I was of course expecting nothing; but it appears my horse was of a different opinion, for I could not even settle myself firmly in the saddle before he was off at speed. Away flew both stirrups—in vain I attempted to recover them—they swung backwards and forwards with the impetus of a flail, punishing my shins most cruelly the whole time; there was no hope left for me but holding on by the horse's neck, which I forthwith did, and was carried much against my will to the brow of the hill. What my feelings were at that moment is impossible to describe. I cast my eyes on the plain below, of reaching which alive I had not the most distant expectation, and saw the hog making well across it, and my blind and deaf friends cramming furiously, neck and neck, close behind him. Three or four more riders now came dashing by me. I shouted to implore them to pull up and assist me. My supplications were unheeded; only one condescended to open his mouth, and roared out *en passant*, "*Damme, young fellow, you'll be breaking your neck, if you don't take care—there's an awful scarp just at the foot of the hill—you must go a blessed sight more to the right, or else you're dished.*" This was comfortable doctrine to one who could neither turn one way or the other. My horror rose to an extreme pitch. I expected every instant to be dashed to pieces; my brain reeled; all sense forsook me, and I tumbled off like an "*old pair of boots*" into the middle of a fine cockspur thorn bush, nicely garnished with sharp stones. How long I lay there I know not, but when I came to myself I found I was surrounded by beaters, who were kindly extracting thorns from different parts of my body; and on looking in the direction that the hunters had gone, I perceived them returning up the hill, their horses staggering with fatigue, and their spears stained with the gore of the slain boar. He had run along (as they informed me) the banks of a nullah (or Indian rivulet) where he met a woman and an infirm old man, both of whom, to use the deaf man's words, were "*flamigasted.*" The boar, it appeared, being close pressed, had charged the woman and killed her outright. The old man was a witness of this dreadful scene (the victim, I have heard, was his daughter), and was endeavouring to hobble out of the brute's way, across the nullah, when he came in Mr. Screw's path. He might with greater safety "have bearded a lion in his den," for had that gentleman pulled up, or turned aside in the least, he must have lost the spear, and that, of course, could not be thought of for an instant. The old man's fate was therefore sealed; the horse dashed him down violently on a ledge of sheet rock, and his skull was cracked in many places. The fellows said "*that they did not think it could have hurt him much, as he only kicked a little after he was knocked over, and that his head split as easily as an old "chatty"*" (or native pot). Having killed the boar, however, seemed perfectly to set at rest the mind of his murderer, who dismissed the subject by saying, "*Damn the old shaver! I'm sorry for it; but he should not have got in the way.*" Having seen quite enough of hog-hunting, I was lifted on my horse, and, with a man leading him, returned to the encampment, whilst the rest of the party went on beating. They came home in about three hours, having had capital sport, and killed four more hog. They were

in the highest spirits, and I even felt my courage wonderfully restored when dinner was ready, in discussing which I managed to stow so much beer under my belt that when the cloth was removed I felt a kind of tingling in my head and a feeling of good fellowship and charity to all men taking possession of my heart. The bottle was now circulated rapidly, and made fearful innovations on my already heated brain; the hog were killed over again a dozen times, and each man talked loudly of his own exploits; I myself ventured to launch out, and attributed my fall to having taken the horse at a leap beyond his power. I am afraid, however, it did not go down, for as I said it I observed the blind man thrust his tongue in his cheek, and wink hard at the deaf one. I remember little more after this. The last object which fixed my attention was my blind friend's ruby-coloured nose, wonderfully increased in size and redness; the liquor he had drunk seemed merely to augment the brightness of this luminary. In other respects he was a most seasoned vessel: there were they (he and his deaf accomplice) smoking like chimneys and drinking piping hot brandy punch. I partook largely of the same pernicious beverage, and was completely sewn up. I attempted to sing, roared and shouted as loud as I could, and at last fell under the table dead drunk, in a futile attempt to tweak my friend's red proboscis. They had me taken up and put discreetly to bed; but oh, next morning (I had never before been guilty of such a debauch), how severely was I punished for it! I was so sick (besides being unable to move from the effects of my spill), that I was taken into camp in a "*dooly*" (Asiatic or sedan chair) more dead than alive, quite satisfied with the specimen I had had of hunting, and determined never to place my life in such jeopardy for the future. My misfortunes and ill luck, however, have been industriously circulated, and I am known in camp as the "*Drunken Tinker*," and am treated with great contempt by the hunting faction in consequence. Now, Tom, you mustn't show this to any one, as if you do the governor will think I have turned a regular scamp, and am drunk every day. I have written to my sisters all about my household affairs, and told them how many chairs and tables I have got, and all such pretty kind of things; so desiring my best remembrances to all friends, believe me, my dear Tom,

Yours, &c.,
PETER POPJOY.

To Thomas Popjoy, Esq.,
Inner Temple, London.

A DAY AT THE TOMB.

SIR,

No hog-hunting party ever went out with better prospects of good sport than that which met on the 15th of last month, to beat the far-famed jungle at Vaux's Tomb. The bloodthirsty spirit of the Surat Hunt had for a while lain dormant, and the pigs had enjoyed such a long respite, that a good bag was not only expected, but looked upon as a positive certainty.

So great indeed was our con-

fidence of success, and such our anxiety to commence, that we had no sooner washed down a few cold fish with some still colder tea, by way of breakfast, than the secretary of the Hunt, having mounted his horse, marshalled the beaters, and gave the word to advance.

The hour which succeeded the start was to me, who am young and unaccustomed to such scenes, one of the greatest excitement: the shouting of the beaters, the rending of the trees and bushes, and the prancing of my nag as the secretary dashed rapidly past to encourage or reprimand the beaters, all tended to the confusion of my headpiece, and the affection of nerves rather delicately strung. Sore, however, was the disappointment to us all, when we had reached the termination of the cover without being able to discern any hog. A few sucking pigs, by-the-by, had been discerned leaping and frisking about amongst the bushes; but they were allowed to depart, much against the inclination of some of us, in the hope that they would on some future day be better worth the labour of killing.

All that now remained to be done was to retrace our steps for the chance of finding hog which the beaters might have before passed over; and, sure enough, good fortune had not quite deserted us—a pig was dislodged; and diminutive though he was, he still possessed the faculties of running and turning in a most wondrous degree, and gallantly did he use them in his vain endeavours to baffle the two most noted of our huntsmen, who pressed madly forward for the honour of slaying him. For my own part, I am free to confess that the trees and bushes with their long protruding thorns deterred me from distinguishing myself, until the voice of an old hand, encouragingly saying, "don't be afraid," dispelled my fears and enabled me to join in and see the conclusion of the run. The first spear had fallen to the lot of one of our most daring leaders, mounted as he was upon a steed that had formerly been known as a perfect by-word in Guzerat, but who had, in the hands of his present spirited owner, signalized himself not only in the chase, but on the turf.

On our way home another squeaker was despatched by the same hand, two or three others joyfully assisting in his destruction. As by this time we had arrived within a short distance of our encampment, and required a slight refreshment after so much exertion, the remains of the defunct were escorted to the Tomb, and then despoiled of the liver, which was forthwith cooked and served upon the table. A few more substantial viands, and a tolerable proportion of beer and mug completed the repast, when we again sallied forth to rival, or if possible to surpass, the deeds of the morning. What followed I remember but imperfectly. I have a confused recollection, however, of horses galloping furiously through the jungles, their riders as desperate as themselves, and legions of wild bulls tearing through the thicket and scouring over the country like horned devils, and that, as I heedlessly followed where others led, a sound struck upon my ear, as of some one lamenting over the effects of a severe fall, and complaining bitterly of the perfidious conduct of his friend, who had lent him the brute which had been the occasion of it.

Thus, as I learnt on the morrow, ended our day's sport at the once justly celebrated Tomb jungle,

no longer, however, the loved resort of wild swine. Fire and the hatchet have been used with such effect, that it is now ridable in most places, and the hog have in consequence left it for more safe retreats.

Yours, &c.,
TITMOUSE.

8th Oct., 1832.

To the Editor of the Oriental Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

The quiet of the camp at Ahmednuggur was disturbed, a few days ago, in a manner almost unprecedented, and which I think deserves to be recorded in the pages of the O. S. M.

At about sunset on the 20th a gentleman rode through our lines at speed, spear in hand, saying that an enormous boar had just gone out of his garden. One glance at his face told that he was in earnest. Never were horses saddled so quickly; and in a few minutes a dozen of the Nuggur Hunt were assembled round a small patch of sugar-cane behind the village of Bingar, in which the hog was said to be. The brute had been driven from some gardens near the town, and had taken refuge in the gentleman's garden above mentioned, whence being again ejected, he had run across the plain near the Fort to this cane-field. He was soon discovered, and after being hustled about through juarry fields, guava groves, and milk-bush hedges, for about half an hour, he made straight away for the hills, in the direction of Silabut Khan's Tomb. She (for she now appeared to be a fine sow) started close to one of the riders, who, in a very sportsman-like style, held hard till several of us, who were behind, and were not clean of the enclosures, had come within a hundred yards of him, when off we started, and in the language of my friend Screw (who be it known is as good in the field as on paper), "after a severe start, in which several of the party got awful spills, she was spifflicated." We then had her brought home and carried in triumph through the mess-room. The natives gave us to understand that there were two more remaining in the fields, and accordingly the next morning a party went to look for them, and found two pigs, one of which they killed, and the other was taken *alive* and brought home by one of the gents who intended to have kept him; but this morning he made his escape, by leaping a wall nearly five feet high, and has not since been heard of. He was a most vicious little rascal, and charged furiously at everything which came near him. The sow had evidently been driven from the hills with her young by want of food, and could not have been long where she was when discovered, as she was by no means in good condition. It is very probable that during the ensuing hot weather more of the wild *dookers* may be induced to pay us a visit; if so, you shall again hear from

Your sincere wellwisher,
ESAU.

Nuggur, 12th December, 1832.

THE HUNTER'S SONG.

We value not false woman's kiss,
We value not the miser's bliss,
We care not for the gourmand's joy,
The rich ragout, or sav'ry soy;
'Tis claret cool, and Hodgson's ale,
'Tis the steep hill and rocky dale,
The deep ravine, the thorny bheer,
The Arab nag, the small sharp spear,
The glorious burst, the savage roar,
The madness of the madden'd boar,
That make us value life alone:
Nor love, nor wealth, nor despot's throne,
Could tempt us from these joys to roam.

Let fools with women wile away
The precious hours of youthful day,
Let sots with drink their senses drown,
Let bays the studious temple crown,
Let plodding souls heap up their dross,
And nightly dream of gains or loss:
A boar to us is comelier far
Than Venus in her dove-drawn car;
The spicy bowl we only drain,
That o'er it we may hunt again;
If laurel leaves some temples twine,
'Tis with many a furrow'd line:
But give us health, and game in store,
The savage panther, tuskied boar,
We wish, nor hope, nor pray for more.

And some there are who pass their lives,
Like captives chain'd, with snarling wives,
Happy in their home-made toys,
Great sprawling girls and blear-eyed boys.
Some take a pleasure in their drill,
In hot mull'd port, or devil'd grill;
Some love to drive the mettled steed,
Some love to smoke the loathsome weed,
And some there are who all night long
With hid'ous howls their mirth prolong;
Let every man his taste enjoy,
For life, alas! flies speedily;
But give us health and game in store,
The savage panther, tuskied boar,
We wish, nor hope, nor pray for more.

C.

ANTELOPE SHOOTING.

Sir,

Having read in your last number an account of an extraordinary instance of tenacity of life evinced by a spotted buck killed by a "long-legged" friend of one who signs himself Toby, I am induced to send you the following almost as extraordinary an instance, which recently occurred to myself. I say *almost*, because my deer certainly did not gratify me by a display of his saltatory powers after the operation of "*hullaling*," though in other respects his wounds were of so fatal a nature that I am at a loss to account for their not at least disabling him.

Whilst passing, during a march a few months ago, over some remarkably undulating and rocky ground, I observed a noble black buck ascend slowly and majestically a steep bank, and by creeping up after him got a tolerably close but oblique shot. The ball struck him in the chest, just in front of the right shoulder, and passed through the opposite one, smashing the blade bone. Off he went on three legs, and about two hundred yards further on, descended another ravine with wide sloping banks. I followed, and got a side shot as he stood at the bottom. This ball passed through both ribs just behind the shoulder, and must have gone very close to the heart, but still did not floor him; on the contrary, he bounded forward and ran apparently unhurt (with the exception of the dangling limb) along the bottom of the ravine till a turn excluded him from sight.

Having reloaded my rifle, I again gave chase, and before I had gone far, viewed him ascending the opposite bank. When close to the summit, I fired a third shot, and the ball entering his rump, traversed the whole length of the back within a couple of inches of the spine, and made its exit at the top of the shoulder. Even this failed to bring him down, though he staggered a little, and, reaching the brink, disappeared. I now mounted a tattoo brought up by my ghorawalla, and digging him with spurs quickly came up with this invincible "bit of game," who however still managed to shuffle along at no snail's pace till his fractured supporter unfortunately tripping him up, as he was descending into a nullah, he fell with violence, and in a few seconds more I had so effectually applied my pocket knife to his jugular as to render a successful attempt at any subsequent antics totally out of the question.

Whilst on this subject, I may as well mention another singular instance of the almost incredible hardness of these animals, which happened only a few days ago. I fired at a doe walking away from me, and the peculiar check which marks a successful shot was accompanied by the visible effect of a broken thigh. By the speed with which she started off, this appeared to be the extent of the mischief, and I remounted the tat expecting to have a long fatiguing run, but after going at her utmost speed for full two hundred yards, to my surprise she suddenly fell, and soon after my reaching the spot gasped her last. —I then perceived that the ball, after passing through the thigh, had entered her stomach and lodged in the body. Curious to know what had become of it, I had her cut open in my presence, when, as I partly had anticipated, I

found that the bullet, after playing the devil amongst the little guts and "regions of tripe," had actually gone *clean through the heart*, just at the junction of the principal arteries. The cavities of the body were completely deluged with blood, and the ball, considerably flattened and jagged, was lying loose at the bottom of the chest.

Yours, &c.,
TWINKLE.

Jungle, January, 1833.

THE BOAR OF THE SOUNDER.

The sun was just tinging the Beema's broad tide,
When the boar of the sounder stood close by its side,
And nothing was heard save the water's low moan,
As swiftly it rushed o'er the time-eaten stone.

As he stooped him to drink at the clear flowing stream,
On the high bank above him five horsemen were seen;
Gruffly grunted that boar, as their forms met his eye,
And he dashed thro' the flood, as the hunters drew nigh.

"*Wah jata!*" "*wah jata!*" the hills echoed back
Old Duttoo's loud shout, as they pressed on his track,
And each heart it beat high as they plunged in the wave
Of the riders of Nuggur, the bold and the brave.

He has swam the wide river, he crosses the plain,
But the steep ghaut before him he never shall gain,
For those now are near him who mean not to part
Till the blades of their long spears are thrust in his heart.

Like the whirlwind that sweeps over mountains and mead,
Thro' the jungle of thorns is the rush of each steed;
Yet one shoots ahead like a shaft from a bow,
And the hunter's sharp weapon is poised o'er his foe.

It is done—he is speared—and the flank of that boar,
So lately unscarred, is now dripping with gore;
He turns, and he charges, but charges in vain,
For the next moment sees him a corpse on the plain.

Now our sport being over, let's drink to the day
When once more we assemble a grey boar to slay;
May his pluck be as good, and his speed as well tried,
As his who but now by the Beema has died.

SCREW.

Nuggur, 20*th January*, 1833.

REMARKS ON THE RIFLE.

SIR,

If you think the following remarks on the rifle worthy of a place in the O. S. M., I shall be obliged by their insertion.

When a ball is fired from a common gun it acquires a rotary as well as progressive motion. This motion is caused by its striking against some part of the muzzle on leaving the barrel. It is obvious that this rotary motion may take place in any direction, and the consequence of it is that the resistance of the air acts unequally on the anterior surface of the ball, which is the principal cause of that deviation from the original line of direction so frequently observable in firing ball from a common gun, especially at long distances. The grooves in a rifle barrel resemble the threads of a very oblique screw, and generally take about one turn in the length of the barrel. The ball on being discharged continues in its flight to follow the sweep of the rifles, turning once round in the length of the barrel on an axis corresponding with the direction of its flight. This motion equalizes the action of the air on the anterior surface of the ball, and also corrects any irregularity which might arise from inequality of substance in the ball, as well as from striking the muzzle of the gun, the spiral motion of the ball acting in the same manner to keep it in the true direction as the motion of a spinning top does in keeping it standing on a single point; and it is in this that the superiority of the rifle over the common gun consists. The usual spherical shape in which balls are cast is by no means the best; they should be made nearly in the shape of an egg, the smaller end to be placed downwards in the barrel, or next the powder. The mould should also have grooves in it exactly corresponding with those in the gun. The advantage of the egg shape is that in a long range, when the track of the ball becomes somewhat incurvated, the hinder parts of the ball will be drawn after the centre of gravity, in such a manner that the longer axis of the ball about which it revolves will always correspond with the direction of its flight in every point of the curve, which would not be the case if the ball were spherical. The advantages of grooving the balls are quickness of loading, and the diminution of friction causing the barrel to be less worn and the powder to act with greater effect on the ball.

Some sportsmen are in the habit of mixing zinc with lead in casting balls, in order to harden them; but the zinc being of less than two-thirds of the specific gravity of lead, the density of the balls is thereby considerably diminished, by which means the resistance of the air is relatively increased, and the force with which they strike an object diminished. Zinc and lead also melt at very different temperatures, so that it is very difficult to make them mix together properly, and in casting balls the zinc will frequently be found in a lump by itself on one side of the ball; but if, instead of zinc, a small proportion of quicksilver be used, it would have the effect of hardening and at the same time increasing the specific gravity of the balls, and the two metals will amalgamate most perfectly. Arsenic was formerly used in

the manufactory of patent shot to harden the lead, but its use has been superseded by quicksilver, which is found much superior to it in every respect. With apologies for the length of my epistle,

I am, Sir, &c.

ESAU.

Nuggur, 10th Jan., 1833.

THE FLORIKEN.

SIR,

In a former number of your Magazine there appeared a notice of the Floriken. I regretted, however, at the time that a more minute description of the bird, with its habits, haunts, and peculiarities, was not given, and have long been anxiously expecting that some old and experienced hand would have said something regarding this very beautiful and somewhat extraordinary bird, for such I deem it to be, and as such wish to say a few words respecting it.

It is curious that, so common as the floriken is in some parts of this side of India, so little should appear to be known regarding it. Several theories, it is true, are afloat respecting it, but few, if any, are supported by the only thing that *can* support them, viz. proof. There are some who have had an opinion handed to them by some veteran sportsman on their first arrival in the country, and this opinion has been always held, because, taking it for granted that it was correct, they have never thought it necessary to ascertain on what grounds the assertion was founded; others, again, start some new theory, and condemn all others as antiquated and absurd. The object of my present letter is more to register the opinions of others than to lay down any of my own; to give the various conjectures that have been afloat regarding the floriken, with the grounds, if any, on which such conjectures are founded, and by this means to ascertain which is the one most entitled to credit. Let not your readers, however, suppose that all this is to be effected in a single letter from *me*: my object is to invite others to record *their* opinions, in order that from the whole something may be gleaned regarding this finest of our game birds, supported, if possible, by some degree of proof; neither must it be supposed that I intend condemning others' opinions and setting up one of my own; I have formed *no* opinion, but have been so puzzled with what I have seen of this bird, that I am obliged to confess, in the words of Sir Isaac Newton, that "All I know is that I know nothing."

With this preamble I shall proceed, and commence by stating that I have shot floriken in Guzerat, Kattewar, Cutch, and the Deccan; that I have seen some hundreds of them during nine years' perambulations; but that it is only lately that my attention has been directed towards them, having, as others have done before me, *taken it for granted* (a dreadful error we constantly run into) that I knew all about it.

The only two theories I have ever heard of regarding this bird are these:—

1st.—That the black floriken is the male, and the brown or grey the female.

2nd.—That the black and

brown * are two distinct species. In Kattewar, soon after the rains fall, the floriken come in and scatter themselves over the vast plains of grass in that province, and these birds are decidedly *mostly black*—say, five out of six; in fact, if I recollect right, when they first come in they are *all* black; and I noticed the same thing in Cutch. It is astonishing the number that are sometimes put up in a day, when beating for hog. They are particularly numerous between Rajcote and Ballacherry. I have frequently seen them run across the road, and two acquaintances of mine put up ten brace in cantering along the road between Dhurrole and Purduree, a distance of about fifteen miles. The circumstance, therefore, of so very large a proportion being black is decidedly unfavourable to the supposition that the black are the males, as it is extremely improbable that the males would arrive by themselves; and yet I have heard a very capital and experienced shot say that there were repeated dissections made by a medical officer at Kaira in 1824, and the result was that the black *were* males and the brown females. This is puzzling; but I have something more to say. In the month of October last a friend of mine, myself, and dog bagged five birds; two were brown (one much larger than the other), one black, and the other two neither black nor brown, but a mixture of both —different from the other three, and each of the two different from the other; this is not a solitary instance, for before and afterwards I shot others of a similar plumage. If, therefore, the black are males and the brown females, what the deuce were these two?—Hermaphrodites?

It is also well known that the brown floriken is larger than the black. Now, what bird is there where the female is larger than the male? Another thing—to the best of my recollection I never saw a black floriken at the end of the cold or during the hot season. I have, however, *heard* of their being shot; but let me ask any one this question, During the above time, for one black one, how many brown ones have you found? I am much mistaken if the answer is not—"At least, four or five." From all, therefore, that I have been able to collect, my little experience does not go to support the *first* theory.

I now proceed to the *second*—viz., that the black and brown are a distinct species. If I knew little of the first theory, I candidly confess that I know less of this. I have mentioned above that of the two brown floriken one was much larger than the other. I afterwards shot two within one hundred yards of each other with the same difference in their size, and on both these occasions the difference was certainly not on account of the smaller ones being young birds. I should imagine that those who are of opinion that the two are a different species can only have seen *really* black, or *really* brown ones; but I have seen them of all the different grades of plumage between black and brown, and on the occasion of shooting the five I have mentioned, I particularly pointed this out to two friends who were with me. Did these two queer ones, then, belong to the black or brown species, or to a third?

I wish much to know if any of

* So called by some for the same reason, I suppose, that partridges are distinguished by similar appellations, the black and grey, or perhaps for the same reason that the Red Sea is so called, because it is *not* red.

your readers have ever imagined that the floriken comes in black and afterwards changes its plumage? There are some circumstances that will favour the supposition. First, the great proportion of blacks that are at first seen; next, the plumage of several I shot in October and November being so different from each other, and having the appearance of molting birds rather than of those whose plumage was fixed; again, I have seen several floriken lately, and the whole of them were brown; and lastly, what I have mentioned above, of having never (to the best of my recollection) seen a black floriken in hot weather. These things would in some degree induce one to suppose that they *do* change their plumage or that the black and brown *are* a distinct species. There is one thing, however, considerably against the former supposition, and which I have already mentioned, viz. that the brown floriken are generally larger than the black; it is therefore unnatural to suppose that with a change of plumage the bird should also increase in size.

My present station is not at all a good one for floriken, and I am sure I have seen as many *in one day* near Rajcote as I have seen in the whole of the four years I have been here; this season, however, they were much more numerous than in any former one. At Belgaum I have heard the floriken shooting is very fine, as it being a place where the rains never fail, they have always a good supply of grass. If some one there, and also at Rajcote, Cutch, and Poona—some of your Bengal and Madras correspondents also lending a hand—would describe the birds as found there during the several months they are in, I think we might obtain something satisfactory regarding this fine bird. My sole object in writing this is to obtain from others what I have been unable to discover myself; and as I have advanced no opinion, except a slight one against the first theory, must protest against any "Stephen" giving my words a construction that was never intended by

Yours, &c.,

LINCOLN.

Somewhere in the Deccan,
Feb. 6, 1833.

ON CONTRACTION.

SIR,

If you consider the following rough observations on the cause of, and remedy for, contracted hoofs worth inserting in your far-famed Magazine, I hope it may be the means of saving some valuable horses. I am confident, were the principles carried into execution, that few, if any, of those splendid creatures would be subject to so many diseases of the hoof as are now to be found.

Few persons like the trouble (as it is called) of attending to a lame horse, especially one that is lame from this cause, and still fewer take measures to prevent this formidable disease. Many horses are parted with for a trifle on this account, which, had they but been shod with a little trouble, would never have been injured.

The common nalbund and rough country blacksmith are, in respect to their ideas of veterinary pharmacy and shoeing, much on a level with each other, though the latter

of late years has certainly gained upon his more sable aspirant in some respects. The former, however, still has some advantages over the other; at least, I have discovered *one*—it may be from ignorance, or it may not be consistent with his *ideas*. I allude to the system of applying hot shoes to the hoofs, which, pernicious as the effects are in England, I conceive to be worse here. I most sincerely hope that the nalbund will never get this *system* into his head. Though I saw in one of your Magazines a letter showing the advantages (I think it was) of applying hot shoes, I certainly can't agree with the writer.

The grand cause of contraction, at least in my opinion, is not allowing the hoof to perform its functions, by destroying the frog (the most useful part of the hoof) and depriving it of that elasticity which nature originally intended to keep it in health.

The very first thing a nalbund of the common description does when on the point of commencing operations is, to *pull* off the shoe with a large pair of pincers, without thinking of taking each nail separately out. If it is a brittle hoof, which is no uncommon thing, sundry pieces of the crust come off with the shoe. The *soomturrah* then comes into play, beginning in real *earnest* at the heels. He cuts out the bars, and as much of the frog as he can. The shoe is then brought out, which, after undergoing divers thumps and having the heels beat *up*, is pronounced fit to nail on. If you remonstrate on the mischief he is likely to occasion in nailing it on, he tells you to "stop till it is nailed on," or as a man told me one day, "it would be flat enough in a few days, when it came to be worn."

It is evident that a horse's hoofs under such treatment must sooner or later suffer; and although the simple nailing on of the shoe and cutting the hoof does not *lame* the badly shod horse, yet a continuation of it gradually contracts the heels, and brings about a load of disease. What is the cause of post-horses, and often coach-horses, being constantly crippled? Why, nine out of ten are lame from contracted hoofs —and what is the cause of their having contracted hoofs? Why, for much the same reason that they are lame, except that in England the blacksmith burns on the shoe, thereby destroying the hoof sooner there than is done here. At page 52, Goodwin says, "When we consider that the hoofs are elastic and yielding, and that iron is an unyielding body, we may readily conceive when an elastic body is bound on or nailed to an inelastic one, if there be much action or much weight to support, the yielding body will give way, and consequently that the horn of the foot must be continually undergoing a change in its form, which is occasioned by the English shoe now in *common* use in the cavalry, at the Vet. College, and by contractors for shoeing post and coach-horses. I do not mean to say that none others but these get it."

So great is the evil of this disease, that when it has advanced far the whole system is shaken; the horn loses its firmness, and becomes brittle, and so hot that when dipped in water it is dry again as soon almost as taken out. Not only does the foot externally exhibit symptoms of disease, but inwardly also. The coffin bone partakes of the same shape as the hoof, and the very substance is changed by the great pressure of the contracted heels, at the same time that the very great heat and absorption which it occasions ren-

ders the coffin bone a dry spongy substance. The very walk betrays the animal's pain.

What I quoted from Goodwin would lead some to ask the natural question—if shoeing is the cause of so much mischief, why shoe at all? There would be no occasion for it in soft sandy countries, or, I think, for horses used in agriculture, but when with the addition to his own weight a horse has a heavy rider to carry, and has his hoofs battered about on hard road, stones, &c., the foot calls for some unnatural defence. Now, it is evident that a defence can be afforded without any extra trouble, and without being the cause of disease, by acting up to the principle that the hoof is elastic. In such a case no such thing as contraction would be known. In the first place, I would recommend the hoof, after the shoe had been taken off by drawing each nail separately out, to be pared perfectly flat—the frogs left alone (without they project beyond the shoe), the bars distinctly cut, and the sole pared according to circumstances. If it be a strong heeled foot and has never been shod, instead of cutting the heels or frog, I would cut away the toe and go about $\frac{3}{4}$ or a little more round on the cutting plane, and having got the shoe as flat as a piece of plate glass, nail it on, taking good care if the hoof were not perfectly flat to *rasp* it flat. It will be, I think, by all acknowledged easier, safer, and not liable to be attended by those dangers which the heated shoe would most likely occasion. I have heard the system of $\frac{3}{4}$ shoes run down because it would be at the risk of the back sinews; now, I would *never touch* that part, as I before said. To this description of shoe fewer nails can be used, and to stronger hoofed horses I would always adopt this system.

To a horse that had contracted hoofs, but was not lame with tender heels, and could not be spared from work, giving him $\frac{3}{4}$ shoes would most likely do more harm than good. I would recommend the shoe *well* levelled down in addition, and would see if I could not put one nail *less* (i.e. two in the inside and three in the outside one) with safety, and tar the hoofs well. Frequent stopping of tar and cow-dung would do great things. The frogs I would get down as quick as I could, but would not give them pressure at once, for fear of stones, &c., bruising them.

After all, contracted hoofs, even in the best hands, after having been turned out, tarred, soaked, &c., can never be called *sound*, though a great deal of the natural shape of the hoof may be restored by judicious treatment; yet, as soon as the cause is again given for contraction, so soon will the hoof diminish in size and shape. It is miserable to see a horse labouring under this disease, trying to throw the weight off the most painful part, staggering in his walk, sweating soon, and so on to the end of the chapter.

I have trespassed a good deal on the patience of your readers, and also on the space in your valuable work; but I hope my remarks may be the means of doing *some* good. It is only fair, I think, for us to alleviate the sufferings of such a noble creature as the horse by every means in our power; and if bad shoeing were out of existence, I am confident an important step would be gained in improving his condition.

I am, Mr. Editor,

A True Lover of the Horse.

THE HUNTER'S CALL.

Come to the picnic, come with me;
Beneath yon spreading peepul tree,
Whose boughs afford a kindly shade,
Our tent is pitched, our home is made.

Yon hills are rude and steep, but there
'Tis known the wild hog makes his lair,
And couched against their stony side,
In safety scans the Mohidan wide.

Hark to the beater's signal—hush!
Beside that low and stunted bush,
With bristling back and glaring eye,
Behold the grisly monster lie.

Again they shout—he's off, by Heaven!
Swift as the sand by whirlwind driven;
He flees the hill, and seeks to gain
The sheltering rows of sugar-cane.

In vain he flies his utmost speed,
Against thee, my fleet, my gallant steed:
Ere half the level plain be past
Our furious foe shall grunt his last.

That spear hath sped, with staggering pace
He still attempts a feeble race,
While the life-blood in gushing tide
With crimson dies his panting side.

What transient gleams of earthly bliss
Can match a glorious chase like this?
The eager haste the hog to near,
The joy of a contested spear.

The deep excitement felt by all
Who boldly ride and fear no fall,
Whose gallant course, whose headlong speed,
No nullahs daunt, no rocks impede.

At night to drain the genial bowl,
Free from all care and all control,
Then lightly dream the hours away,
Till dawns another hunting day.

Though woman's glance may love inspire,
May raise the pulse, the blood may fire,
The joys of passion soon decay,
By their own madness worn away.

Then leave the camp, quit slothful ease,
Quit beauty's smiles while yet they please,
And join the band of bold and free,
Encamped beneath the peepul tree.

And if among these mountains rude,
Some bitter thought should e'er intrude,
To dull your mirth, your spirit quail,
We'll chase the fiend with Hodgson's ale.

WILL HONEYCOMB.

Nuggur.

LEOPARD HUNTS.

SIR,

At the small station of Mangalore our sporting friends appear to have had a touch of fun, and as I have heard of it from a correspondent of mine at that station who is a staunch hand, I think it as well that the account should not be left to oblivion in my writing desk, and therefore transmit it for insertion in the pages of Mag. My correspondent informs me that, about the middle of August last, news was brought into the cantonment, at about nine a.m., of a cheeta having been marked down within a short distance. The rendezvous was the house of the hospitable and sporting collector at the station, where the whole of the shooters appeared in a very short time, and sallied thence at about ten o'clock. The ground pointed out was the bush covered side of the hill about two miles from the cantonment, which they accordingly commenced beating, and it was not long ere some people on the top of the hill saw the game skulking about in front of the beaters. In this manner he was driven about the jungle in a kind of circle, and returned to the place where he was first seen, and being by this time a little lazy, he suffered himself to be closely approached before he would break cover from the bush in which he had concealed himself, which he did at last with a noble roar, and making a pounce at a cooly who was perched upon a high wall, with one gallant bound knocked him out of his seat, gave him a scratch or two "en passant," then made for some huts a short distance off, and contrived to conceal himself in them for a time; but while people were posting themselves round to prevent his escape, he made a bolt, and was fired at by several, but reached another jungle without being touched; thence he was again driven, and again reached the spot where he was first found, without being fired at at all, as some persons being in the way rendered that proceeding unsafe. It being likely that the beast would take the same direction he did before, several gentlemen now posted themselves along the wall where he had dislodged the cooly. Being by this time a little cross, he broke cover by springing upon a sepoy, whom he knocked down and scratched slightly, and then appeared to be making for the old wall; but the shots thence turned him, and one taking effect in one of his hind legs, broke it high up the thigh. He therefore took out straight to the end of the jungle, where he spied three coolies sitting *coolly* on a heap of stones. At these gents he made a bound, and

succeeded in catching one old man without toes (for as he was lame and tired, the others outran him with ease). The old boy got a little mauled about the arms; but some gentlemen, being near, soon ran up and dispatched him. He turned out to be a remarkably handsome male leopard, measuring rather more than seven feet in length, and was safely landed in the cantonment by ten o'clock.

A few days after this the whole of Mangalore turned out upon a similar excursion, and found the game in a high jungle on a hill called the Kuddery. It was dislodged out of a clump of green rushes, and succeeded in reaching a cave on the side of the hill about 40 yards off, through a fire from about ten persons without being touched; the only wonder was that no human game was bagged, as the whole place was crowded in all directions. From this retreat they tried to expel him by fire and smoke; but he was not to be had, and in the evening, the cave being blocked up with large stones and rubbish, the gentleman was left at leisure to contemplate his situation. At daylight the next morning all hands were at him again, and found all right, although he had evidently been doing his best to get out during the night. Burnt straw, gunpowder, brimstone, and all kinds of savoury smells, were brought into requisition to get him out, until about 11 o'clock, when some to duty, some to breakfast, and more from having had enough, went home, and a few natives, with muskets, were left to see that he did not escape. The place had not been thus left a quarter of an hour, when the rascal's nose was seen poking through a crack in the rock (he being, I suppose, badly off for fresh air) by a sepoy, who shot him in this position, and soon brought him into cantonment, much to the mortification of many gentlemen who had each laid him down as their own. This was also a male leopard, but not so large or so handsome as the first one.

Others are reported to be about the place, I hear; and should my friend favour me with any more accounts of sport, I shall let you know the pith of the same.

Yours, &c.,

PIEBALD.

Bellary, 16th November, 1832.

THE SHOP No. 1.

THE STUDY OF THE EDITOR OF THE O. S. M.

Present.

[*The Editor, S. Y. S., Scarlet, and the Laird* (*a Scotch gentleman on his travels*), *Robert.*

Editor (*bowing with profound respect to S. Y. S., who is taking his seat*).—Welcome, my trump; when did you come down? Laird, let me make you acquainted with S. Y. S.—John, this is the Laird of Drumlawhinzie, a gentleman from Scotland, on a sporting trip to India.

The Laird.—Gie's yer haun, sir. This is an honor, Maister S. Y. S., I wad hae come twice as far for; yee're a droll chiel!

S. Y. S. (*aside to Robert*).—What does he say, Bob?

Robert. — Nothing particular, John.

S. Y. S.—Sir, you flatter me.

The Laird.—Diel a bit, man; ye maun see, Maister S. Y. S., that I got weary o' shooting muirfool and mawkins at Drumlawhinzie; and as my coosin Bob there had writ me a hantle about pleesant wark we yelephants, teegurs, wild swine, and a big burd, they ca' a bustord,

in thir pairts, that he's aye shootin ;—God! I just came my waas oot to the Ingies, to see the play, but diel hae me, and I wad na rather hae missed clean the teegurs and the hail feck than the acquaintance o' John Dockeray ; ye bitch!

S. Y. S. (*aside*).—What the devil does he mean, Bob ?

Robert.—He says, John, he would rather see you than a tiger.

S. Y. S.—Oh, my dear Laird ! you make me blush. I wish I was a lion, for your sake.

The Laird.—The Lord forbid, man! I am vera gleg at the rifle ; but it's the vera thing I want ; here's that bletherin callant Scaurlet ; he behuved to mak me promise tull gang up to Deesa wi' him to see the king o' brutes, in the magistic o' nature ; and faith, I canna say I'm switherin ; for ye ken Scaurlet's a pawky devil ;—he's face is joost made o' a fiddle ;—and I'm joost clean wud, to hunt siccan a gran' brute.

S. Y. S. (*in despair*).—Oh, Rob ?

Robert.—He says he is going to Deesa with Scarlet to shoot lions.

S. Y. S.—Zounds ! what a language ; (*aside*) Ah, most enterprising Scot !—I wish you right good sport ; you could not go in better company.

The Laird (*offering his mull*). —Wull ye tak a snuff, Sir ?

S. Y. S. (*accepting the rappee*). —You are too good, my dear Sir.

Editor.—Well, my dear S. Y. S., what do you think of Mag. ?

S. Y. S.—She improves :—you have lost Nimrod, though, for a time. Get a substitute. He was, if not sparkling, regular, copious, and true ; and these are qualities which please at least half your readers, who have neither time nor opportunity to judge of the thing for themselves, and those who have ought not to ridicule information most unaffectedly offered to men less fortunate than themselves.

Editor.—Exactly ; but few possess the critical acumen of an S. Y. S., or the steady, obliging punctuality of a Nimrod. We must confess his place is empty, which makes it of greater importance to know what S. Y. S. has done for us himself.

S. Y. S.—I ! Why, there is not a good bottle of claret in Bombay !

Editor.—Why, you did not write the Tadcaster letters in wine, did you, John ?

S. Y. S.—No—after it.

Scarlet.—Why, there is lots of Phelan at Remington's, man.

S. Y. S.—Yes, I wrote " 'Tis the boar " No. XV. after Phelan ; and pretty particular stuff they are ;—wine and song.

Scarlet.—Do you really mean to say ordinary tipple compromises the excellence of your compositions ?

S. Y. S.—Are you serious, Master Scarlet ? Compromises ! —aye, damns them ;—a different vintage may be detected in a single paragraph ;—a corked bottle will blast a whole performance.

Scarlet (*musingly*). — I must think of this.

S. Y. S.—Aye, do. I assure you malt is not the man !

Scarlet (*warmly*).—What do you mean ?

S. Y. S.—I mean, Scarlet, your letters are like beer, bitter to the taste ; and the strength of the liquor we feel only after swallowing a bucketful.

Scarlet.—Lal shrab, eh ?

S. Y. S.—Yes,—but sink your Persian, or the Caledonian will be planted.

The Laird.—Me !—na, na, dinna mind me ; I'm further ben than ye jaloose ;—the day I landed I speered frae my Parsee flunky (we his muslin goon, the ycfcmi-

nate cratur) what was the black tongue for brandy and claret;—Lal shrab's the tain, and the tither's brandy I fin (God bless it) a' ou'r the warlde; but the ignorant deevil never heer'd o' wusky!

S. Y. S.—Bob! dear Dragoman of my soul!

Robert.—He says all nations call brandy brandy, and that Parsees wear muslin gowns.

S. Y. S.—"Cutish," as we say at Tadcaster.

Scarlet.—Quick, decidedly; but, S. Y. S., I want to *imbibe* the philosophy of your *composing draughts.*

S. Y. S.—Another pun and I leave the room.

Scarlet.—I bate.

S. Y. S.—Well, then, as you are a promising lad, I will give you a wrinkle or two on the subject of the procreative nature of generous fluids. I consider the human mind as a fruitful female endowed with every organ requisite for the production of a healthy and numerous offspring; but the mind, like other virgins of a more tangible and corporeal reality, may not be excited to a full and healthy gestative action, unless linked in love and union to its natural mate, which I take to be, in her case, nothing else than sound, high flavoured, fruity claret;—now, as my worthy friend John Lee, who I regret to see is not in his place—when did you hear from him, Bob?

Robert.—From Ajmere.

S. Y. S.—Well, I say John Lee and every other John knows that the produce depends much on the sire; and so you see, Scarlet, as I consider it, "the get" from malt may show the bone and barrel of a brewer's horse, but will always be deficient in blood; now, as we are among friends, I don't care to let you know that my most popular songs and some of the best relished letters from Tadcaster, &c., were the produce of Carbonel's second growth: that's a fine noble wine, sir; and yet (though it was in former days), if my judgment does not deceive me, I have quaffed a richer grape. (*Muses.*)

Scarlet.—I feel deeply indebted for your luminous illustration, but the idea is not original, is it?

S. Y. S.—No, you allude to Falstaff, but he does not go so far, perhaps, in his inimitable address to Sack—though doubtless he thought so.

Scarlet.—Of course—but what do you really conceive the Hippocrene? the claret of all clarets,—the yakooti yakoot?

S. Y. S.—Non mi recordo.

Robert.—Bell and Rennie?

Scarlet.—Halloa, Bob! do you compose also?

Robert.—Non respondet.

S. Y. S. (*calls*).—Chupprassie!

Peon (*entering*).—Sahib?

S. Y. S.—Sappho ko bolaw.

Peon.—Bohut acha Khodáwund.—(*Exit.*)

Sappho enters.

S. Y. S. (*taking out of his pocket a pair of compasses, and a foot rule*).—Sappho, go to the stables and buy me a Maiden 14h. 1in. of the following build:—

	inches.
Eyes	8½
Brisket	32½
Haunch	15½
Arm	9½
Quarter	22½
Ears to tail	76½

And a Give and Take 13h. 1in. as follows:—

Eyes	6
Brisket	21½
Haunch	12
Arm	6½
Quarter	16
Ears to tail	66½

Colours or prices no object; but mind your eyes and channels, do

you understand? damn the Fort Adjutant's mark; and, do you hear, take a carpenter with you, as he'll be handy at measuring.

Sappho.—Bohut acha, Sahib. (*Exit.*)

The Laird.—God preserve us, Maister Scaurlett, is the Slave trade no abolished in thir pairts?

Scarlet.—Pooh, pooh! it's horse-flesh, man.

The Laird.—Than Maiden's* the black language for an Arabian horse? But what the deil is the cheil to do we a fute rule, buying a horse? gin a woman had been to be selt a fute rule might be o' some sense.

Scarlet.—For God sake, be quiet, man; it's the way he picks his best horses. I would give five hundred rupees to remember the scale he used for the 14h. 1in. maiden.

The Laird.—Weel, lord preserve us! every kintra hae its wunners—but by my certie, 100 mile an hoor by steam is an absolute probability in comparison to sending a black joiner we a fit rule to buy a racehorse! Just as if a naig were a memel log!

Robert.—That's true, Laird; but he succeeds, damn him.

* The Laird seems not to have made the Turf his amusement, as the term is a common one everywhere.

The Laird.—Weel, gentlemen, I'll be caundid wi ye, this has been a maist yedefeeing discourse to me; what we yae' newfangled whegmaleery and anither, it's been maist as divertin as a daft buik o' prent.

Scarlet.—The Laird is "cute" again, Editor!—Spin the yarn over to the readers of Mag., and if they swallow it, the idea may, at a future time, serve to fatten a meagre issue.

Editor.—I think I shall.

Scarlet.—And the contributions, &c., for next number?

Editor.—Oh! we will open the box next Council day; it is now past our usual hour, and as it happens, there is no hurry. I return you all my best acknowledgments for your kind attendance, and trust you will excuse me at present, as I am obliged to take a trial.

S. Y. S.—You a trial? up to mark already? the devil!

Editor.—Precisely—one of mine bolted to the Durpun; and having picked up a juvenile maiden imp, I am going to see what he can do his half column in.

S. Y. S.—Come along, then, my boy, and I'll hold the ticker, though capot me if I know your posts.

(*Exeunt omnes pro tempore.*)

JUAR.

On Juar, when the sun was low,
All upright stood the untrodden row
(Where many a hog apace did grow,)
Of *ganda*, ripening rapidly.

But Juar saw another sight,
When horsemen scoured left and right,
And troops of beaters put to flight
The monarchs of her scenery.

On horses fleet as mountain deer,
All Nuggur's hunting sons were here,
And each one couched his long boar-spear,
When *Duttoo* holloaed cherrily.

Then shook the canes asunder riven,
Forth rushed the boar to Mhedan driven,
And swifter than the bolts of Heaven,
Foaming, dashed forward rapidly.

But swifter yet that boar did fly,
When at his rear arose a cry,
A dozen hunters shouting high,
Who ply the spur right readily.

The distance lessens—on, ye few!
Whose horses and whose hearts are true,
The hog's assigned to one of you,
Who dash along so daringly.

He turns—he charges—now, ye brave!
Who wish in blood your spears to bathe,
Ride, W——, ride! or nought can save
From J——'s hand the *Dantvallah.*

Few met when that great boar was slain,
But backwards glance along the plain,
There *Tinkers* ride with tightened rein,
Or sprawling on their backs with pain,
Blaspheme and swear right lustily.

THE

ORIENTAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

No. 20.—JUNE, 1833.

THE MARRIED HOG HUNTER.

Sir,

Any one who has ever seen Valentine —— ride across country will never forget him; a better or keener sportsman never breathed. I fancy I can still see him dashing at the "grey and slashing boar," the admiration of his fellow hunters, and the chosen protégé of old Duttoo. His convivial talents, too, were not to be overlooked—a merry laugh, a good voice, and stowage for about a dozen of beer per diem, entitled him to the enviable distinction of being called "*a d—d good fellow*" by all who knew him. His ardour in the field was not to be exceeded; he was ever the first in his saddle and the last to quit it; he minded not the starting of a rib or the fracture of a collar bone; and "spills" and "falls" were "*even unto him as a drink offering.*" But alas, he at last got one he could not recover; to make a long story short, he *fell in love—yes*, "*by the Lord Harry*," *a hog-hunter fell in love!!!* As soon as this devil had taken possession of him, a serious change was observed in our friend's manners and habits; he was convicted on the most satisfactory authority of having purchased and taken into wear a pair of braces, and was detected (with what sorrow do I relate it!) drinking *tea* at six in the evening. This last mentioned atrocity called down upon him the just indignation of all his friends, and he was strongly remonstrated with on his conduct by several members of the Hunt, deputed for that purpose. To our horror, however, he justified his proceeding, and talked of "*domestic felicity*," "*tender affection*," "*reciprocal ties*," "*the blessing of offspring*," &c., &c.; and was incontinently dubbed "*Tinker*" by his advisers, and left to take his own course, with mingled feelings of pity and contempt. In a short time afterwards the departure of Valentine and his blooming bride was duly announced in the papers, as going to some place or other to pass the honeymoon. As married men generally manage to pick up a portion of the "loaves and fishes" of this world, our friend was inducted into an appointment of considerable value, and did not return to the station where he had once been the sportsman's model and the grey boar's terror. We corresponded pretty regularly at first together; my letters generally

touching on the noble sport of hog-hunting, and his on the comfortable consolations of a married life. These expressions, however, in a few months became much colder, and he ceased in about half a year even to write to me. I had a shrewd guess as to the reason, and determined to pay my martyred friend a visit the first opportunity I had. A long period intervened, however, before I could put this into execution, and it was after a lapse of three years, whilst passing through the district he resided in, that I started to see him. On my arrival I was warmly received by my friend; but oh, how changed was he to what I last saw him! His full, ruddy cheeks were sunk in; the eye that of yore beamed with merriment now shot a melancholy glance (like a sheep-stealer's going to execution) over his emaciated and sallow jaws; the strong and bony hand that was wont to compress one's fingers like a vice, was now as soft and flabby as a lump of dough; and the legs which once appeared part of the saddle, were now "*sorry sticks*" indeed. I was so much astonished and grieved at his appearance, that I could merely mutter something about "happiness of seeing him again," &c., &c., as he led me into the house, where I was introduced to the mistress of the mansion and three squalling children. One of them (who rejoiced in the name of Tommy) I was particularly desired to observe, as his mother thought him very like Lord Byron. I was moreover compelled to declare (though much against my conscience) that the baby's nose and eyes were just like papa's, when forsooth, they possessed no more expression than an apple dumpling. Being no "*peacock*," I was somewhat at a loss to keep up the conversation (as Valentine kept a most profound silence, never attempting to open his lips save when ordered to do something by his helpmate); and I fancy the lady took me for little better than a "beast of the field," when I incautiously acknowledged that I had never read a novel styled "Sentimentality," in six volumes, by Miss Emmelina Languish. In this manner the day passed, till to my great relief dinner was announced; the children, shouting and yelling, were forcibly removed and incarcerated in their respective dens, and we adjourned to the dining-room. To my infinite surprise, "the man of many bottles, the adorer of Hodgson," had cut the connection, and only drank plain water after dinner; and when I had discussed a bottle of claret (Valentine still sticking to the "pawnee"), I proposed the propriety of having a look at the stud, and accordingly out we went. The first object that struck me on entering the stable was his old hunter, now condemned (as he informed me) to drag a nondescript "*shay*." I stopped for an instant to caress "mine old acquaintance," and when so employed remarked a spear stained with blood in the corner of the stall. I turned to my friend, and said, "So, Valentine, you have not altogether forgot good old times, I see." Would to heaven I had never made the observation, for it waked the thoughts of "other days;" his colour came and went alternately; he with difficulty stammered out "'Tis the blood of the boar we killed together on the banks of the Seena"—and then the feelings he had been so long labouring to suppress entirely overcame him, and he covered his face with his hands and sobbed like a child.

I was most cruelly afflicted by his misery; but luckily cast-

ing my eyes round the place, discovered an object on which to vent my annoyance in the person of a "*ghorawalla,*" who (amused doubtless by the novelty of the scene going on) was grinning from ear to ear, like a Cheshire cat; on this devoted rascal therefore did I empty the vial of mine indignation, and soon cooled his exuberant flow of spirits by kicking him till his nose bled. I then turned to my friend, who by this time had somewhat regained his composure, and, having ordered my horse to be got ready, took his arm and walked away; he spoke not for some minutes, when he suddenly stopped and said, "You see, Walter, the case I am in; for the last three years have I been the most miserable devil on the face of the earth. I had not been spliced six months, when I discovered I was never intended for a marrying man, and that the 'boar, the mighty boar' still held the uppermost place in my heart. All that I have had to console me is the recollection of former days, counterbalanced at the same time by the damning reflection that, had I taken the advice given me when I was one of you, I might still have been happy, and not the wretched outcast I now am. Should you ever feel inclined to take the same step, remember me. Drink like a fish, gamble, give 15 per cent. on your bonds to Cursetjee Monackjee; do them all at once if you like—but don't *marry*. Should they lay you in irons in Bombay gaol, you are still more at liberty than I can ever be. They may hang you, but they can never make you a '*Tinker*' unless by your conduct you deserve the designation. Stick to hog-hunting—I would sooner have the feelings I had on the hill side, when a jolly cadet, with one horse, a sharp spear, and a light heart, than be a Major-General on full staff pay, and married to the queen of Sheba; but here comes master Tommy to tell me his mother wants me. God bless you, old fellow, and when you next come within poking distance of the 'boar of the sounder,' with six tiptop sawyers behind you—

'Oh think then of him who, if wishes held sway,
Would have rode by your side on that fortunate day.'"

As Valentine said this, the voice of little Tommy became distinctly audible, singing out, "Mamma, papa want," and grasping my hand fervently, which pressure was as warmly returned, Valentine hurried off. I leapt instantly on my horse, and rode out of the compound as if the devil was after me. I felt a choking sensation in my throat, as I thought of the broken-hearted hunter, but it was not till I had "*gruelled*" my beast to a standstill, by a five mile *split* across country (during the course of which I had two spills), that, throwing the reins on his neck, I opened my mouth, and lifting up my hands, exclaimed in a loud voice—"*Well, if I do marry I will; but if I do I'm d—d.*"

SCREW.

Nuggur, June 1st, 1833.

REMINISCENCES OF THE FANCY.

SIR,

In the pursuit of novelty and diversion, the spring of the year 82—found me a visitor of "la belle France" and a denizen of our good city of Paris. Most grateful are my recollections of that most charming of all abodes!

The philosopher, the connoisseur, the politician, or the man of pleasure, find there an ample field for the exercise of the ruling passion. Being myself a sort of compound of the four, I diversified my movements according to the influence which happened to take command for the day, and found myself not unrewarded.

The powerful and bold eloquence of a Manuel would one day keep me an immoveable auditor in the Chamber of Debates —the Savans would have their turn—the Louvre receive its due —and not having the fear of scandal before my eyes, Frescati, "le grand salon," and those of Germancey and her sisterhood received their full allowance of my countenance. Further than this—so determined was I to see French *fancy*, that in the very teeth of the announcement in the guide to Paris that "this place is only frequented by the veriest canaille, and sometimes by a few low Englishmen," I made it a point to visit "Le Theatre des Combats." I do not chronicle this occurrence to have it supposed that my *penchant* led me frequently to the same place. I visited it but once, when my humour being the study of mankind, I thought to attain my end through *man in the circles of Fancy;* and by comparing the manly courage and emprize which in those days distinguished the English ring, and the staunchness which marked its kennel, with similar scenes abroad, to be able to judge whether they *did* "manage these things better in France." I cannot say that the result put me out of conceit of things, as I had seen them done at home, for though there was great display of courage on the part of the quadruped performers, the want of scientific management, and the ultra interference of the conductors of the *sport*, entirely destroyed its spirit, and rendered it a rather disgusting spectacle than otherwise. But I will endeavour to give a hasty sketch of what I saw. The theatre itself is an enclosed square of considerable size, with covered galleries on each face for spectators, beneath which are the cages, or dens, of the different animals to be exhibited; the dogs produced were generally a large description of mastiff, brought, I believe, from the Pyrenees, with a large assortment of setters, lurchers, and "curs of low degree." The day's work commenced by slipping two mastiffs from opposite angles of the enclosure; and from the roselute style in which they went to work I began to anticipate something like sport, and had the animals been left to themselves no doubt a good fight would have been the result; but they had hardly closed when a dozen assistants rushed in and parted them. The other sport consisted in bull, bear, wolf, boar, and jackass baiting—if such an exhibition deserves the name—I would rather call it *worrying*, for the poor animal never had a fair chance. A fine looking bull was first fixed to the ring, and for ten minutes tormented and excited by the yelping and snapping of a dozen curs; then a large mastiff was slipped, and another and another in quick succession, without taking off the first, so that in a few minutes eight or ten of these formidable animals were at work together; and though out of these one or two paid dearly for their temerity, numbers soon decided the contest, and the unhappy bull was rolled to earth. It would be a fine sight in the hunting field to see so noble a brute thus pulled down, but I could not join my applause

to the quantity of stinking breath which was issued to hail the fall of an animal so restricted in its means of defence, and so overwhelmed by numbers. The bear, boar, and wolf were worse than ridiculous; the second, in my judgment, had never munched chestnuts in leafy Ardennes; and as for the last, the poor starved gaunt wretch would not fight, and could not run. The jackass made best play, for, finding himself beset on all sides, he fairly fought his way, braying with all his might, to a corner of the arena, when his heels were so well employed that he kept his enemies at bay for a considerable time; nor was he pulled down till the greater number had received such tokens of his vigour, as for some days to disqualify their grinders for satisfactory service. Poor Neddy, however, was finally vanquished, and with difficulty saved from death. To show the extreme tenacity of hold which these dogs possess, the following exhibition was made. A rope being reeved through a block 20 feet off the the ground, one end was put into the mouth of a large dog, who seized it, and by his hold was raised to the block: on nearing this point a number of fireworks previously placed there were ignited, but produced no effect upon the dog, who did not relax his gripe till he was lowered to the ground. I could not ascertain how he was made to do so at last, for, as he was surrounded, secured, and led away by half-a-dozen men the moment he alighted, I could not see whether his tail was *classically* bitten, à l'Anglaise.

Thus ended the *sports* of the day. Shortly afterwards returning to England, I took the opportunity of a dirty April day, when the streets were redolent of that black, soapy mud to be found in London alone, to pay a visit to my old friend Ben White (a character introduced to you some time since, by a correspondent), for the purpose of seeing what he had at home, and to have a chaff upon the way in which the thing was done by the Frenchmen. Ben was busy in his pit. The door was therefore opened by little Annie, who no sooner twigged me than she shouted out, "Eh, feyther, here's Mr. Lee come," and started at tiptop speed to procure a pot of heavy from the public. As I required no introduction (after casting an eye at the beautiful animals which occupied the kennels in the front court), I put my finger on the latch, and entered the little parlour, where I found the "ould mother" as I at first thought "on hospitable cares intent," but on nearing her discovered that her position on the hearth was one of watch and ward, where she maintained a sort of armed neutrality between two bull-dogs, whose heads, ears, and throats bore evident marks of a recent and serious conflict, whilst their deep growls evinced a strong disposition then and there to try the thing over again. This inclination was repressed by "ould mother" with an argument which there was no resisting, for as she ever and anon found soothing words ineffectual, by way of a rod of Empire she wielded a *red hot poker*, of the effects of which her canine subjects seemed so well aware that they shrunk back to the utmost limits of their chains, and ceased their thundering menaces.—"Them dogs is so cantankerous arter a fit," was uttered as a sort of apology for not having attended the door, and Ben forthwith summoned. The old fellow's "welcome home from furren parts" was most hearty; but when he had heard how things were done in

France, he turned up his nose, and sneeringly remarked "Lawk, sur, it's jist like 'em—vy now in Spain ven ve vas there vith the Dook afighten on 'em (unless maybe ven they got among the noons in a convent, vich is werry parjurous vork), they niver could do nothink like Chrischuns."

Yours, &c.,
JOHN LEE.

SONG.

Fill the goblet to the brim,
Earthly thought and care resign,
For the joys of Eden swim
In the juices of the vine.

Pledge me woman's lovely face,
Beaming eye, and bosom fair,
Every soft and winning grace,
Sweetly blended, sparkles there.

Is there one whose sordid soul,
Beauty's form hath ne'er adored?
From his cold lip dash the bowl,
Spurn him from the festal board.

Pledge me next the glorious chase,
When the mighty boar's ahead,
He, the noblest of the race,
In the mountain jungle bred.

Swifter than the slender deer
Bounding over Deccan's plain,
Who can stay his proud career,
Who can hope his tusks to gain?

Pledge me those who oft have won
Tuskied trophies from the foe,
And in many a gallant run,
Many a gallant hog laid low.

Who, on Peeplah's steepy height,
And on Gunga's tangled shore,
Oft again will dare the fight
With the furious jungle boar.

Long may Nuggur's children stand
Foremost in the ranks of fame,
And each Tyro of her band
Glory in a hunter's name.

WILL. HONEYCOMB.
Nuggur, May 20th.

FLORIKEN.

SIR,

In your last number your correspondent Lincoln has favoured us with a few remarks upon the floriken, which I shall support (if you will find me a place) with some of my own, as I have in my time shot a few of those birds.

The scene of my sport was the Northern Mahratta country, and there I never saw but one black floriken in the months of September and October; I have seen them at all other times of the year in different kinds of places, but black ones only at the commencement of the season, when they are found in the open long grass plains, immediately after the rains. In the northern circars, where I believe they are very numerous, a professional gentleman once dissected a great many (I think 40) before he found a *black hen*, which he did at last. I believe, too, that amongst the brown ones he found as many of one sex as the other. This was told me by a person who was present when the dissections were made. I was never in that part of the country. If the black are young ones, the change of plumage must be very sudden and very

peculiar. They are indeed always smaller than the brown ones; but I was once out when a half grown bird was shot with its mother, who got up at the same time, and they were both brown.

There is another peculiarity in them which your correspondent has not mentioned, and that is, the elegantly curved feathers which grow out from the corners of the mouth, backwards, about three or four from each side, and about 2½ inches long, the shaft scarcely having any feathers upon it, and terminating in a circular feather like the top knot of a pea-fowl.

The black bird can neither be the cock nor a peculiar species, as in either case they must be seen, at times, all the year round.

A very remarkable thing happened one season when I was out shooting. A brown floriken was put up and shot; upon going to pick it up a nest of eggs was found at the place whence it had risen. It was left untouched. The same ground was beat over twice by us in the course of a week after, and the last day a black floriken was killed off the same nest.

The only way in which all appearances can at all be reconciled is by supposing that at a certain age they assume this peculiar plumage, which they retain for about two months, and then that they put on the plain brown suit again; but this is ascribing such a strange peculiarity to them, that I must really confess myself "done brown" in coming to any conclusion.

I have taken it for the bird described in natural histories as the "Little Bustard," and have compared it with the description of that bird, and found them agree; but never saw a hint of a "black little bustard."

In the year 1828, the first floriken shot in the long grass in my neighbourhood was on the 1st October, on which day three were bagged, all black. I do not think they ever came in before the month of September, or remained as long as the long grass was suffered to stand, nor do I believe the black ones remained a fortnight. For the first few days nothing but black were to be seen; and after that the brown ones increased and the black ones decreased, till they disappeared altogether. The brown birds, after the grass was cut, were usually found in the daul fields; and at other times of the year, when there was neither daul nor long grass standing, I have put them up when beating ground covered with stunted bushes, and sometimes in high jungle; and in this way, one year with another, I think I have seen a brown floriken every month in the year.

There is no such thing as a floriken in the country where I now am, or I would dissect and take a little more trouble to try and discover something regarding them.

PIEBALD.

BISON HUNT.

SIR,

I send you the following account of a bison hunt which took place in the vicinity of Niermund, a village about five or six miles to the left, immediately after descending the Raedumda ghaut on the road to Bombay. I call the animals bison, as it is the only name by which they are as yet known, although the description hitherto given by the natural historian of

that animal is by no means applicable to them.

After winding our way down the long and tedious Raedumda ghaut, we struck off to the left through deep ravines, following a narrow and uneven path for some miles, when we found our tents ready to receive us, with a sumptuous breakfast, and what was still more gratifying, good information of game, for all which we were indebted to the superior management of our friend R——, an old and experienced sportsman. The meal being finished, together with the necessary equipment for the field, we turned out seven in number, well prepared to encounter the furious brutes we were in search of. Away we went one after another towards the summit of a neighbouring hill, that we might have a more extensive view of the country we had to traverse. We had not long been here before four or five bison were seen working their way through a thick jungle immediately below us, and, large as those animals are, it was with great difficulty their movements could for any length of time be observed. It was therefore thought most expedient to place bigarees on well elevated ground, or trees, that they might give information to the beaters who were in close pursuit of the game, endeavouring to drive it towards some of the different passes where we had stationed ourselves. We had not to remain long in this situation before the well-known cry of "Alla, alla," resounded from all parts of the valley, together with the noise of smart firing. It appeared that W—— (by no means an inexperienced hand at this work) was pursuing an enormous bull through an almost impenetrable thicket; he had already dealt him a *settler*, as he thought, with his two-ounce rifle, and out of compassion had not spared the contents of either barrel of his Westly Richards; but, before he could reload, the monster was on his legs again preparing for a desperate charge. At this critical moment H—— made his appearance, but not before W—— had served him out with a fourth shot, which drove the brute to madness. He now charged, but was repulsed by H——'s two well-placed shots on the shoulder, when a few paces only from the muzzle of his gun. He charged, however, a second time, and was again driven back with additional lead in his shoulder. This proved too much even for his gigantic bulk. He could no longer rally, but staggering backward, fell to rise no more; not however to breathe his last until H—— and S—— arrived, pretty well fagged, to put an end to the conflict. I say fagged, and well I may, for this is *awful work*, more especially when the game is brought to bay. The distance or badness of ground between the sportsman and scene of action signifies little; all are expected to make for it with all possible speed, that they may render every assistance in their power. I know, for my own part, running, climbing, crawling, and occasionally falling, were the only means by which I succeeded in witnessing the death. One thing I had forgot to mention, which would very effectually have put a stop to my progress, viz. the coming in contact with one of the numerous balls which were whizzing about in all directions. Discretion in this case is out of the question: everything, therefore, must be left to chance.

I observe in your Magazine for May, 1831, there is some mention of a bison, by D. D., as having been killed near Dharwar, in the Dudelley jungle. I cannot say

that a description of the animal we had killed would vary much from his: it is therefore needless my entering into any long detail; suffice it to remark that in length he was 10ft. 11in. from the tip of the forehead to the insertion of the tail, in colour black, and had a rise which stretched half way down the back, where it fell abruptly. Four men could scarcely carry his head, which was ornamented with horns 19 inches long, considerably curved, and bearing a beautiful polish. The legs were white up as far as the knee, and the under part of the belly of a reddish brown. He was soon deprived of head, heart, legs, and skin, together with a few ribs, in order to ascertain what quality of beef he was made of. The remainder of his carcase was left to such animals as wished to indulge upon carrion. We then retired to the nearest shade, that we might partake of some refreshment and discuss what next should be the order of the day. It is indeed a luxury, after such toil, to be quietly seated under the spreading branches of a spacious tree, cracking a joke upon the morning's work over a mug of brandy panee, and a weed by way of a *finale*. After having consulted with the leading shikarrees, it was determined we should make for the jungle under the majestic hills of Muckerum Ghur, about six or seven miles from where we then were—that is, six or seven miles as a crow flies, but as we trudged, it certainly was equal to thrice that distance. Excitement led us to undergo the severe test of wind and limb which the great steepness of the various hills we had to range before arriving at our destination put us to. I was not the only one who lavished a fair portion of abuse upon those who deceived us in their description of the route to covert, in which we at length arrived; but by no means in fitting plight for work, until the bottles were again uncorked and ourselves stretched for a while upon the ground close to a thick jungle where the game was said to be lodged. After a short rest up we got, all ready for another *bout*, but not to witness a second death, or even to hear the noisy rifle. All gave place to disappointment when the expected game was seen emerging from the jungle at a great distance, crossing one of the highest points of the hill with the speed and agility of an antelope. Here ended our chase, but not our fag, for after having lightened the baskets, we had to retrace our steps back to encampment, where we finished the day with a smoking *khena*, and the night with no event worth mentioning, except that our sleep was once or twice disturbed by the prowling of a tiger, or some other wild inhabitant of the dark ravine we were in; but rest had too great charms for us then to render the circumstance a source of sport.

I am, &c.,

P. S.—Since writing the above I have been fortunate enough to fall in with Baron Cuvier's "Animal World," quite a new publication, wherein a full account of the animal erroneously called the *bison*, and which I allude to, is given. It appears from this natural historian that the proper name for it is the *gayal*. It differs from both *bison*, *buffalo*, and wild *ox*, of all of which he gives a description. This work I hope will leave no doubt on the mind of sportsmen as to the error we have hitherto committed in supposing that there are wild

buffaloes near Beeranpore. I have every reason to believe, from the circumstance of their being found in large herds on the banks of the Taptee, that they are what the naturalist is pleased to call the *gayal*, a description of which is given in the following extract from his work. His views are corroborated by a letter in the Calcutta Journal dated January, 1822, as likewise by a letter in the Oriental Sporting Magazine, 5th April, 1829, under the head of "A Buffalo Hunt."

Extract from Baron Cuvier's work.

"In the place of the hump, the gayal has a sharp ridge, which commences on the hinder part of the neck, slopes gradually up till it comes over the shoulder joints, then runs horizontally almost a third part of the back, where it terminates with a very sudden slope. The height of this ridge makes the neck appear much depressed, and also adds greatly to the clumsiness of the chest, which, although narrow, is very deep; the sternum is covered by a continuation of the dewlap; the belly is protuberant, but in its hinder part is greatly contracted; the rump, or *os sacrum*, has a more considerable declivity than that of the European ox, but less than that of the zebra. The tail is covered with short hair, except near the end, where it is tufted, but descends no lower than the knees. The legs, especially the fore ones, are thick and clumsy; the false hoofs are much larger than those of the zebra; the hinder parts are weaker in proportion than the forehead, and owing to the construction of the belly, the hinder legs, although in fact the shortest, appear to be the longest.

"The whole body is covered with a coat of short hair. From the summit of the head there diverges, with a whirl, a bunch of rather long coarse hair, which lies flat, is usually white or lighter coloured than the rest, and extends towards the horns and over the forehead. The general colour is brown in various shades which very often approach to black, but sometimes is rather light; the legs and belly are usually white, as also the tip of the tail."

ANOTHER WILD ELEPHANT ON THE WESTERN COAST OF AFRICA.

SIR,

Allow me to send you an account of the destruction I was concerned in of another wild elephant on the western coast of India, the circumstances attending which, however wonderful they appear, may be fully depended on.

ELLENBOROUGH.

Dharwar, 10th March, 1833.

Extract of a letter from —— to ——

"I must give you an account of a most extraordinary shooting party I was at the day before yesterday. Three of us went out on the report of some elephants being in the jungle. We had been in pursuit of some about a week before, and had a shot or two without effect, and as the elephants always turned tail, I had no more fear in approaching them than I should in going up to a donkey. After much trouble, the wood being very thick, we came on a couple, one of which had been trumpeting and roaring all the morning, and the beaters declared he was "must."

As soon as I saw them I ran ahead, thinking they would go up the hill and get away. One did so, but the other turned round when I was within ten paces, and I clapt a rifle within an inch of his luminary. The brute gave a yell I shall never forget, and charged back at the party, passing me, though the most forward. In spite of a discharge of twelve pieces, all within 15 yards, he held on, roaring like a mad devil, and, fixing his attention on ——'s white dress, blundered through the jungle after him. When he was within three paces —— turned, fired, and threw the gun at his head, at the same time bolting behind a tree; but the elephant at the same instant caught him with his trunk round the neck. I then struck him bang on the head, for which he did not seem to care a fig, for he laid down on the ground, knelt beside him, and butted at him with his head; but his tusks were so long that he could not strike ——, lying as he was between them and his knees. The beast then got up, twisted his trunk about ——'s body, and flung him three or four yards forward, with the intention of trampling on him: fortunately a spare gun was brought up, which was discharged and hit him in so tender a spot, that he staggered back and retreated. —— was thus enabled to get up, and can you believe it, was only bruised, though the brute had trodden so near him as to tear the clothes, even to the shirt, off his loins.

This would be called an Indian tale. It was the work only of a few seconds; but had it taken an hour, I could not have had every fact more vividly present to my recollection. I cannot account for ——'s escape in any other way than that the severity of the elephant's wounds had made him stupid. I have just heard a report of his death, and intend galloping out to take a look at him. The shikarrees declare that he is of the largest growth. He certainly appeared to me more like a large rock than a living beast. The rapidity of his charge astonished me, and the crash of the jungle that impeded his progress rings in my ears now."

CAPTAIN MUNDY.

Sir,

I have lately read a book entitled "Sketches of India by Captain Mundy." It is evidently the work of a clever man and a sportsman—is very amusing—and I was much pleased with it; but I wish the author had seen a little hog-hunting on the hills before he wrote his account of that sport in Bengal. He says (vol. ii., page 75),

"The boars of the northern provinces are greatly inferior, both in size and courage, to those of Bengal; in the latter district these brutes will not bear much driving, but turn round and come to the charge on the slightest provocation. The same halloo from the rider, which would only add wings to the flight of the lank northern hog, would be resented as an insult by the brawny Bengal boar, who is often in better condition for fighting than for fleeing."

This description of the Bengal boar exactly corresponds with our sugar-cane hog. I have frequently seen an old boar turn and charge before the nearest rider was within 30 yards of him, and

they are generally immense brawny monsters. But I imagine that their superiority in courage arises solely from their habits and condition. A sugar-cane boar has no distance to go for his food; he remains in the same field perhaps for months, has no confidence in his speed, and therefore trusts to fighting as his only resource. A hill-hog on the contrary, is always on the move, and where the ground is steep and stony, he knows he has a chance with his pursuers, trusts to his legs till he finds they are of no avail, and if he does not show so good a fight when brought to bay, it is because he is exhausted by the previous run.

Capt. Mundy also talks about "consulting the expression of his backward eye" when a hog is about to charge. Now, I have been accustomed to hunt with men who would not consult the hog, or his eye, at all on the subject, but would spear him as soon as they could come up to him, whether he choose to charge or not. If the charge be properly received, the boar, however large, may be either stopped by having his spine broken, or so far prevented from doing mischief, that a roll on the ground with your horse on you is the worst that can happen; it is seldom that a horse is ripped except from carelessness on the part of the rider, or from the disagreeable accident of having a bad bamboo or a blunt spear. A steady heart and stout hand will generally stop the charge of any hog.

In the next page Capt. Mundy says—

"I have seen a sulky old tusker take post like a knight errant of yore, in a narrow path between two hoglas, where his flank could not be turned, and repulse half-a-dozen experienced spearmen, who came to the attack in succession."

This would never do in the Deccan; an "experienced spearman" on a steady horse might with safety attack and spear a boar in the situation described, let him be as large and fierce as you please. But on this side of India, when the hog is in sight, the danger is never thought of for an instant; and if a boar had the temerity to place himself in such a situation, he would soon have either his death wound, or at any rate warning to quit. The first man might happen to be knocked over, as it is difficult to stop a hog's charge when you cannot turn your horse on either side, but his place would soon be supplied, and he is but a sorry specimen of a hog-hunter who would hesitate a moment. But there is one thing to be said: If you were obliged to *throw* your spear, such a situation would be rather awkward. Throwing is very well for the meidaun work, as it gives the hog a better chance, but it is not at all calculated for hills, and the hill hunting being in my opinion as superior to the other as fox-hunting to coursing, it is not worth while for a man to spoil his dexterity in handling his weapon by throwing in any country.

Again, our author says (page 77),

"Whilst an adept at the sport has taken the first spear at every hog and hardly put his horse out of a hand gallop."

Here is the meidaun work again. It would seem that, according to Capt. Mundy, experience in hog-hunting should only teach a man to ride cunning! but can this be called hog-hunting? A griffin is allowed to take several turns out of the boar, while the old hand quietly cuts off the turns, waits for his opportunity,

and spears him in a canter. How different is it over the stones, when a numerous field start together after an old boar; riding gingerly will not do here; and nothing can exceed the anxious feeling when, with two or three good ones neck and neck with you, you are dashing over fearful places, which would be thought impossible in cold blood. On the hills a man must ride straight, fast, and well; both horse and rider must do their utmost, or they will never be in the right place. But supposing that cunning riding might give a man the spear (which in nine cases out of ten it will not), would he feel the same satisfaction as if he had ridden honestly? If so, he is no sportsman. In conclusion, I cannot at all agree with Capt. Mundy when he says, "To hog-hunting in Bengal the palm of sporting supremacy must certainly be adjudged." He apparently has never hunted on the hills; but for the real sport, one good run over the stones, with honest riders against you, is worth fifty hand gallops on the meidaun, though the game be a Bengal boar.

A DECCAN HOG-HUNTER.

Ahmednuggur, 12 *April*, 1833.

ANIMALS BY THEIR PROPER NAMES.

SIR,

I wish that people who write on sporting subjects in the nineteenth century would call animals, at least such as are classed among the objects of a sportsman's pursuit, by their proper names.

In the pages of your magazine I find the words tiger, panther, leopard, and cheeta applied indiscriminately to designate the same animal. S. Y. S., who ought to know better, gives the two first names in one page to a panther. Why not call it a lion at once? A panther is not a tiger; the stripes as well as size of the latter separate him from all others of his genus. Another correspondent in your last number, writing evidently of a panther, calls it a leopard. I believe I am correct in stating that only one species, and that not a true leopard, has been discovered in India, viz. the Felis Jubata—hunting leopard, or cheeta. The rose spot of the panther sufficiently distinguishes him from the leopard, whose marks are either single dots, as those of the hunting cheeta, or clusters of dots, as found on the skin of the African leopard.

It is perhaps incorrect to call the cheeta a leopard, for his figure and habits, so different from those of the other cats, and his claws, only semi-retractile seem to separate him from that family, and make him the connecting link between the genus Felis and Canis.

Why do sportsmen continue to prefix the title of *royal* to the tiger? There certainly is a white, and, I think, a black variety found in this country, but it is not to distinguish the common tiger from *these* that the regal epithet is given, but to imply that a tiger and not a panther is meant. Why not say a royal bustard to distinguish it from a floriken? They are as nearly allied as the tiger and panther.

The bison found along the range of western Ghauts is generally described as a buffalo, although as distinct from a buffalo as that animal is from an ox. The samba, which does not bear the most dis-

tant resemblance to an elk, is commonly mentioned under the latter name. There are no elk in India.*

I have even heard the axis, or spotted deer, called a samba, and the common antelope is daily misnamed and transformed into a deer—it is more nearly allied to the goat than deer, but it is neither.

Many will call me a pedantic prig for what I have written; here is my defence. You laugh at a man who calls coursing fox-hunting, or who talks of a flock of hog or a fox's tail—then if the charge of pedantry applies to me, I can retort on my opponents; but this is making a defence before I am accused—enough of it.

What would a dragsman think of the man who talked of bracing up a leader, or who called the terrets of the pad the rings of the saddle!

What would the sailor say if a landlubber who talked of a sheet, when he meant a sail; or the turfite of a spoon who fancies a dark horse means a black one; or a Meltonian if he heard of fox-hunting with long tails?

I finish as I began—I wish people would call things by their proper names.

BOB.

* I recollect an anecdote of a Scotch parson, upon being shown a lobster for the first time, by one of his parishioners as ignorant as himself. The clod wished Solomon to define its species, but the latter, unwilling to give a rash reply in so intricate a matter, applied to the Bible, and after a vain search came to the following sage conclusion, "It maun either be an elephant or a turtle dove, but which of the twa I canna preceesely say."

SPLENDID EXPLOIT OF A NATIVE INFANTRY REGIMENT.

SIR,

A party of Nuggur hunters left that place a few days ago for Curnullah—the rendezvous of the great annual picnic. At their first halting place—Merrichgaum—Duttoo had an immense boar marked down in a cane-field. He described him as a regular monster, and his death had been looked forward to for weeks with

"That stern joy which warriors feel,
In foemen worthy of their steel."

On the arrival of the party at this place they found the —— regiment encamped there on their march from Sholapoor to Baroda; but judge of the surprise, horror, and indignation of the gentlemen from Nuggur, on receiving a cordial welcome from the officers of the aforesaid regiment, winding up with the information that the long-talked-of boar of Merrichgaum had been SHOT, and that they had had most splendid pork. The atrocious act was perpetrated in the following manner. Some gentlemen, out shooting *doves*, got intelligence of the hog, and going immediately to their tents, returned with some two hundred sepoys with their muskets, with whom they proceeded to beat the canes, and no sooner was the boar discovered, than a ball was neatly put through his heart, and he was borne in triumph to the tents.

Old Duttoo said that he had entreated them to wait until the arrival of the Nuggur gentlemen, but that he only got abused for his interference. The old man appeared quite disgusted, as well he might be, at being compelled

to be a silent spectator of so horrible a deed.

If the gentlemen had waited but half an hour, they would have been joined by the Nuggur riders; and had there been one spark of sportsmanlike feeling among them they would have rejoiced at the opportunity of trying their mettle at that most glorious of all places —the rump of a bristly boar; but, to *shoot* him in the canes!!

Proh pudor!—it is enough to give a man the cholera to think of it. I can write no more on so disagreeable a subject, but hasten to subscribe myself

ESAU.

Nuggur, 7th March, 1833.

P.S. What has become of Nosing Tom? I wish he would give us a few more of his amusing letters. He is a great loss to the O. S. M.

E.

LINES FOR THE O. S. M.

There is a charm—a nameless spell—
A magic in the sound,
Which all true sportsmen know full well,
And have its influence found.

'Tis not the gentle voice of love,
Nor music's sweetest tone,
Nor vocal harmony o' the grove,
Nor the rill's soft murm'ring moan.

But 'tis the wild tumultuous yell
No pen can e'er pourtray,
The loud re-echoing shouts that tell
The boar hath broke away.

Mark with what overwhelming sway
This sound *knocks* on the heart,
The features' energetic play,
The quick convulsive start.

The lips half oped as if to speak,
The eye so brightly clear
With eager anxiousness, the cheek
Blanch'd pale, though not with fear.

Mark but these symptoms, which intense
And deep emotion show,
And say if ordinary joys of sense
Could bid such feelings flow.

Though various joys life's cup may fill,
And each possess its zest,
There is to every bosom still
One dearer than the rest.

Thus 'midst the smiles of beauty's court,
While gaily flies the hour,
O'er the hunter o'en the *name* of sport
Exerts superior power.

Though sweetly on the raptured ear
Love's gentle accents fall,
Though sweet to martial souls the clear
And silvery clarion's call;

Though sweet the chime of vesper bell,
And sweet the wood-bird's lay,
Yet sweeter far the shouts that tell
The boar hath broke away.

DELTA.

Nuggur, May, 1833.

NATIVE PHARMACOPŒIA.

SIR,

Since Hubbeeb ul Hissan has ceased his communications on the diseases of horses and their native remedies, your magazine has contained no paper upon this interesting and highly useful subject; such apathy on the part of our sporting men is much to be regretted, for there can be no doubt that much valuable information and simple, yet highly efficacious remedies are known and practised by native horsedealers, which, if wildly circulated, would equal European medicines in effect, and considerably surpass them in cheapness, and at the same time be procurable at all seasons, in every village. Such, for instance, is the croton bean, the muddar plant, the successful remedies approved of by many, and invaluable to the sportsman in the jungle.

Of course I do not mean to dispute the present superiority of European (when procurable) over native medicines; but as we are frequently thrown upon our own resources, when they are unattainable, as is often the case during the monsoon, or at an outpost, or when an immediate remedy is required from accidental causes during hunting, I cannot but consider it a useful object to endeavour to obtain some correct information, found on practice of recipes used by native dealers for many ages past. The few that I now send is more with the hope of inducing others, fitter for the task, to enter the field, than with any idea of their value.

Gripes, common.—Six rupees, weight of butter, and two rupees, weight of sunjeera, mixed.

Wounds.—The bark of the arjoon sadru powdered and sprinkled on a fresh wound will effect a cure. If the wound has festered, apply a poultice two days previous to the application of the powder. The scab must be allowed to drop off of its own accord. The root of the prickly pear, dried and powdered, may be applied with effect to bad sores.

Blister.—The juice of the milk bush, diluted with oil of ghee, acts as a capital blister.

Gum Arabic.—A gum which answers in lieu of this is procurable from the baubul tree.

Worms.—The betel nut pounded

is an excellent remedy for worms in dogs, and might prove equally efficacious with horses.

Strains.—Fine cheenam sewn between two pieces of cloth, and sprinkled with water prior to application, is good for recent strains, bunging, and inflammation about the legs.

Spanish fly.—Telili, a native fly, may be substituted.

Sore back.—A salt and water lotion, and, in the course of two days, a slight addition of cheenam, will heal the wound.

Cordial.—Ginger 3oz.; carraway seeds and pimenta, of each 6oz.; honey, a pound and a half; Turkey opium, 1½oz.; macerate the opium in a little hot water until reduced to a thin paste, then mix in the other ingredients. This makes twenty balls. This cordial is not native, but I insert it, it having been strongly recommended to me.

Splints.—The following plan has been followed with success. Cut the hair off and rub in ghee, then wrap dungaree cloth, soaked in ghee, twelve or fourteen times over the splint; apply a hot blunt iron to the cloth, taking care not to burn quite through all the bandages, after which apply cool applications to the wounds. A bit of wet sheep's skin applied to a fresh girthgall will assist the cure.

Yours, &c.,
CROTON.

Bombay.

HUNTERS OF YORE.

SIR,

Many have been the arguments pro and con., as to whether the palm of the "firmest head and most eagle-like eye" should be awarded to the good old hog killers of the days of yore, who took a pinch of snuff and a poke at a pig, with about the same degree of excitement; or to the mad scampering hedge-breaker of the present day, who rides through the most lovely scenery in the world, without the moiety of a squint even for any one of its features, except the ugliest in the landscape, viz. the piece of pork toddling in front of him.

Hitherto the controversy has been carried on with about equal strength on both sides, and public opinion may be considered to be in the situation (with reverence be it written) of the animal I mean between the two bundles of fodder. A few facts that have lately come within my sphere of observation may be denominated the oats, which being added to one of the bundles on one side of the question, determines the wavering mead of patience and the public. In a jungle, not far from Khandeish, and in the country round about that jungle, there is a pretty good sprinkling of the grisly tenants of the wood, affording of course a tempting bait for the sportsman. Two roaring boys, whose first officials were dated 17 something, hearing of the glorious fun to be had in "the wilds of the surrounding country" (as the cockney says when he gets out of sight of St. Paul's), and being somewhat too shaken in the nerves to "sternly stand with spear in hand," as they used to do, determined to hunt by proxy and eat in propria persona. One of them being asked why he did not hunt himself, said quite unconsciously, "Oh, it would be a great bore looking for a hog;" to which his interrogator answered, "True."

In pursuance of their resolu-

ion, Mr. Editor, may I never commit baconcide again, if they did not order out a number of native Indians with powder and ball, who succeeded after a hard fag in bagging one and wounding another fine hog.

After this, Mr. Editor, let the present generation give in at once, with a good grace, and candidly own that whatever fleeting enthusiasm they may feel for the sport during its continuance, the heroes of bygone days far outdid them in a deeply-rooted love for hog—a feeling evidently so inherent in their natures, that when incapacitated by infirmities from participating in the glories of the chase and death, as formerly, they cannot leave them alone; and since they can no longer contend in the field for the first spear, console themselves by disputing in the dining-room for the first fork.

A. B. C.

A SONG.

TUNE—"*Lala Rookha sumun bura.*"

There's a time for love, and a time for war,
For beauty's smile, and for honour's scar;
  There's a time for the mind's deep thinking,
  'Neath the weight of knowledge sinking;
Put battle, and woman, and thought afar,
For *now* is the time for drinking!

Let heroes walk through blood to fame,
And murder millions for a name.
  But we, as our cups are filling,
  Old time are employed in killing,
And wine is the only liquid we claim
  The noble merit of spilling!

Let lovers praise the "tulip" streak
That blooms upon their Peri's cheek;
  Our brows are as brightly flushing
  From the tide through each vein now gushing,
And the only hue that on earth we seek
Is that of our red wine blushing.

Let the scholar by his lamp's dim light,
In search of science pass each night,
  Our hearts, while the bowl is flowing,
  Their inmost thoughts are showing,
Our cups are our books, and our wine so bright
Is our key to all worth knowing.

S.

20th Nov.

HUNTING IN THE SOUTHERN MAHRATTA COUNTRY.

SIR,

In continuation of some former letters which you inserted in the O. S. M., I now send you some more scraps from my journal.

L. T.

Dharwar, March 14th, 1833.

April 14th, 1832. The people sent out yesterday in search of tigers returned without success, but marked down two bears in the hills at daylight this morning. No beating was required—they were lying sound asleep, under a high rock, and as soon as we had taken up our stations, so as to surround them, a stone was dropped upon them from above, and away they went at an awkward gallop. I never saw a bear charge before, but the largest of the two, which was hit by the first that fired, turned shortly round and made straight at the man nearest him, rolling down the hill at the rate of 20 miles an hour. He was stopped by a ball just as he appeared over the head of his intended victim, and scrambled off after his companion, most fortunately for the gentlemen whom he intended to favour, for after firing both barrels his foot had slipped, and he was tumbling down the rocks straight before the bear at the moment a lucky shot turned the latter. We gave chase, and after firing—I am ashamed to say how often—the brute got weary of life, and saved us further trouble by lying down to die under a shady bush.

Next day a bear and her cub were marked into the same place, and after being driven from point to point for half an hour, were finished at last. I say at last, for I verily believe 50 shots were fired, and the operator who examined her carcase reported that 13 balls had taken effect.

The cub was burked by the beaters.

June 20.—Joined R—'s party; they have been out three days, and have had little sport yet, a hyena, a cheeta, and one solitary hog being the amount of their bag. A savage man-eating tigress, with cubs, that had been playing the devil lately, was marked into a date thicket, and we began beating after breakfast, two elephants in the field. The natives told us that one of her cubs had been killed by a dog a few days ago, and that she had been very savage ever since. We expected, therefore, that she would show good sport. The cover was beat for hours without success. She had been twice seen, and once fired at from a tree, but the elephants had not yet come into action, when we observed a fresh track leading from the nullah to the plain. It was evident she had stole away, and our only chance was to follow her up instantly. The ground was soft and the tracks plain—it did not require the eye of a bheel to point them out, for we could see them distinctly from the howdah, and after urging them forward about a mile, we suddenly came on the tigress in an open field, where there was hardly cover to conceal a hare.

She crouched to receive the elephant, with her head towards him, and just as she was rising a ball hit her in the spine and quite disabled her. We walked up both elephants within three yards, and I never saw such an expression of devilry as her head presented,

when she found herself quite helpless in the middle of her enemies.

Although her back was broken, and she was of course unable to rise, she tried to die game, and it took at least 10 deliberate shots to finish her, for we purposely avoided hitting her in the head.

June 21.—Moved on 10 miles to a village where tigers had been doing a great deal of mischief, upwards of 100 head of cattle having been destroyed by them. A more difficult covert could hardly be imagined. The date grove in which the tigers had taken up their abode extended for miles. The trees were so close, that an elephant could hardly force his way through them, and the underwood was so thick as to form a covert almost impenetrable of itself. Beating this seemed a hopeless case, but we went to work. The date trees crashed as the elephants forced their unyielding sides between the rugged stems, and many were levelled to the ground by their heads, when a passage could not otherwise be effected. For two days we persevered in wading through the endless mazes of dates, meeting at every step with skeletons of bullocks and goats, relics of former feats, but without getting a fair view of a single tiger, although once or twice a glimpse was obtained and a snap shot taken. During the first day's beating a tiger bolted, but immediately returned into covert after clawing a fat Banian on a prominent part of his person, where wounds are seldom dangerous; and this is all that had been seen or done in two days' hard fagging. On the third day the greater number of the party gave it up in disgust, but four of us having faith in odd numbers, determined to try once more, and perseverance was rewarded—for five minutes after putting the elephants in we heard that two tigers had broken away across country and just killed a man.

We were soon at the spot where they were last seen, and found the dead man, although considerably clawed, and very raw and uncomfortable from the stinging application, yet very far from dead, and able to show us the exact spot from which the tiger charged him. A pair of bright green eyes were observed gleaming among the thick branches of a stunted date tree, and a ball straight between them "put out the light." We dragged out the carcase and found it to be a small tigress. She had been wounded in four places by the shots fired during the preceding days, which we thought had missed.

August 15.—Our people, who have been out for several days in search of a tiger, reported to be very large, sent in word that he had killed a buffalo this morning, and was marked down in a nullah about eight miles off. We did not get to the ground till late in the afternoon, and it was nearly dark before the tiger was seen. The elephant moved him without any one being able to catch a sight of him, and he was making off into a thick jungle when a ball from a tree struck him in the heart. He sprang into the air with a loud roar, received another ball as he fell, and was dead before the elephant came up.

October 10.—A tiger killed a bullock this morning, and was marked into a small nullah within two miles of camp. Twelve sportsmen with one elephant took the field in expectation of sport. The first shot took the tiger full in the chest, and he died on the spot.

December 10.—We mustered about 200 beaters this morning, to

beat up a tiger which we were told always frequented a hill close to our encampment, put them in line at daybreak, and by nine o'clock the tiger was marked down and surrounded. As we had no elephant, trees were the substitutes; but although there were some "high enough to hang a lizard on," not one could be found out of reach of a tiger's spring, if he should charge; however, there was no help for it, so we took to our perches, and the tiger was on foot presently. He was fired at and hit as soon as he broke covert; but instead of making off as tigers generally do, he turned back and charged slap at the tree from which the shot was fired.

Whether he felt weak from his wound or suddenly lost courage I know not, for just as he appeared ready to make his spring into the tree, he stopped, turned sharp round, and sneaked away into that covert, from which he never moved again. The first man who went up to the spot to see how matters were going on got severely mauled for his pains. The tiger's teeth met in his arm, but luckily did not break the bone, and he was carried off more sick from fright than his wounds. A second adventurous wight took a peep half an hour after, and saw the tiger lying on his back very dead indeed.

It is quite unaccountable how one tiger is killed by a single ball, even when hit in a spot not considered vital, and another walks away with balls beautifully placed in the shoulder, chest, and other mortal spots, as if he was invulnerable. This tiger was hit by one ball only, and that passed through the hind quarter.

A tiger was reported this morning within a mile of camp, and the shortness of the distance tempted almost every owner of a gun at the station to sally out. After a great deal of shouting and yelling, throwing of stones, and other approved methods among the yokels, in the absence of an elephant or rockets, *something* bolted—nobody knew what, but every one said that it must be the tiger. At last it appeared, in the shape of the smallest panther I ever saw, and took away across country at a racing pace. A rifle ball pulled him up from a distance of nearly 200 yards, and he then squatted in a small bush, where he was dispatched without anything particular occurring.

21st.—Made a party to the great Ghaut jungle. Saw a number of bison, but only bagged one, a fine bull; a single ball in the shoulder dropped him. He measured, from the heel to the shoulder 5ft. 11½in. On our return we had one day's hunting, and as much sport as four small hog could afford to a field of six.

26th.—We were indebted to a Brahmin for finding us a tiger to-day. His official avocations had led him to survey a wet nullah, and he came suddenly on a tiger lying at full length in a pool of water. He had sense enough to send us word, and by five in the afternoon we got to the ground with two elephants, both untutored to Shikar, having never seen a tiger before. As the jungle was particularly calculated for showing off the advantages of a runaway elephant, from the thickness of the trees and number of deep nullahs, and as our two Johnny Raws were almost certain to bolt the moment they came into action, we thought it advisable to take to trees and employ them in the pioneer department only.

The tiger was on foot before half-a-dozen rockets had been used, and crossed us at the dis-

tance of about seventy yards, going his best pace and looking evry savage. A running fire was kept up while he remained in sight, and although he did not drop, he appeared to be severely hit, and was lamed in one foreleg when he disappeared in a deep nullah.

The people stationed in trees all round declared he had lain up in a small thicket, and the elephants now came into requisition; but the sun had set, and we were obliged to leave him. After a short search next morning, one of the party went out alone, the rest considering it a hopeless case, and the first man who entered the thicket to see whether any traces of the wounded tiger could be found, was assured of his being there by a loud roar, and in an instant he was struggling in his gripe. The tiger pulled him down from a low branch into which he had climbed to have a better view, and instead of leaving him after his first charge, continued worrying him on the ground till he had bitten him in a frightful manner.

When the unfortunate fellow was dragged out, he was found to have been seized by the head, which was severely wounded; both shoulders and both thighs were bitten through, besides other trifling scratches, and yet, after all this, he was not only alive, but had retained his presence of mind, felt confident of recovery, and said that the tiger had not got off free, for he had left the marks of his hatchet in his face while he was standing over him. As soon as his wounds were tied up he was carried off to the village, and operations commenced anew against the tiger. The moment the elephant approached him he charged rushing on upon three legs, one having been regularly smashed by yesterday's shots; a ball in the mouth, which broke his jaw, stopped him, and the elephant was so pleased with this that he made up his mind not to run away, and although grievously alarmed, stood several charges afterwards most valiantly. The tiger now got sulky and disgusted, and nothing but fire would move him from the bush where he had last taken refuge. The whole thicket of dry bamboos and grass was soon in a blaze, and when he could no longer avoid his fate he crawled out in a most deplorable condition, and staggered towards some water in the nullah; his jaw was hanging, and one foreleg doubled up. In this state he had not even strength to growl when a ball from the howdah finished him. I think he must have felt glad when it was all over.

This is all in the way of large game which I can tell you of at present, and if I include some seventy deer, it amounts to nearly all the sport I have shared in since I last wrote to you.

Some croakers will have it that the Magazine is getting *slow*. Of that I say nothing, but it certainly does not keep time. I thought the press must have miscarried from the long delay of the last number.*

March 22nd.—A tigress was beat up and killed this morning in ten minutes after reaching the ground. She left the nullah at the first sight of the elephant, and gave us a beautiful shot from the howdah as she galloped along the bank: a ball, which took her behind the shoulder, doubled her up and she fel instantly.

Four bears were shot during

* If all the contributions we receiv were like this, we should be as regula as our correspondent could wish.—Ed.

the week, one of which showed good sport, affecting to charge and look savage in his own peculiar way. On the 25th, a tiger was announced marked down and surrounded in a thick date grove. We took up our station on a tree directly over his path, and a shower of rockets and other combustibles soon bolted him.

From a distance of four hundred yards we saw him descend from the bank into the bed of the nullah, and walk slowly towards us, glancing suspiciously from side to side at every step. He appeared greatly distressed by the heat, and we could plainly hear his laboured breathing, and even see his sides heave, as he sulkily approached. Directly under us was a thick brab tree, and we had agreed not to fire till he passed it. Some rustle attracted his attention just as he reached this spot, he halted for for an instant, looked up, and seeing us, drew back his head with a loud growl so rapidly under cover of the branches that only one ball touched him.

He cantered back roaring towards the beaters, keeping so close to the bank that it was almost impossible to cover him, and I did not believe that one of the shots fired after him reached its mark. We now mounted the elephant, and after a long search in the strongest parts of the covert, the mahout saw him stretched at full length on a bare spot within 30 yards of us, quietly surveying our proceedings. The contents of two barrels were into him in an instant, but away he dashed as if nothing was the matter. He appeared to have gone some distance, and we were quite taken by surprise to find him again within 10 paces, close under the elephant. Here he made a cowardly irresolute attempt at a charge, and walked off with some more balls in him without staggering or showing any signs of weakness, although some of them were well planted. We found him and hit him again repeatedly, driving him from bush to bush till sunset, when we began seriously to fear that we should lose him. He at last grew desperate, and made a charge, in which he was dropped close to the elephant, dying at the eleventh hour as he ought to have done at first. Although a fine large tiger, he was one of the *worst bred* I ever saw.

April 6th.—A savage half-starved tiger was beat up this morning in a most scientific way, much against his inclination; stopped by rockets in every attempt to break across country or charge back at the beaters, he was at last forced to take the path which brought him within shot of us, and, after several loud roars to clear the way, he trotted straight towards us. One ball in the right spot, just behind the elbow, dropped him, but he was very unwilling to die, and served as a target for some minutes before we quite finished him.

He was as lean as a post horse, and appeared the wreck of a noble tiger.

9th.—Shot a bear, which showed no sport, and a couple of spotted deer.

13th.—A shikaree sent out to look for hog narrowly escaped being killed by a tiger this morning. He had marked a boar into a nullah, and was on the point of sending intelligence to the tents, when he saw the hog suddenly dash from the nullah with bristles erect, and take to the plain at his best pace, as if the devil or Captain R. had crossed his path. Rather surprised at this unusual

proceeding, the man went to see what was the matter, and was instantly charged by a tigress. She made slap at him, but he had the presence of mind to throw himself flat on the ground, and she sprung clean over him without touching him.

Although the covert was one of the easiest in which I have ever found a tiger, it was extremely difficult to make this tigress leave it. The nullah was narrow, and the date trees, among which she was lying, were thin and scattered; so much so that she could not move without being distinctly seen. This enabled the people to beat her up with little danger, and the repeated charges which she made against them were easily avoided. After several hours incessant beating she dashed out at full speed, fairly disgusted, and was rolled over as she passed our tree by a couple of balls in the shoulder, dying without even a growl.

15th.—While following the fresh tracks of a boar this morning one of the people marked a tiger into the same nullah where we killed the other day. Fireworks, &c., were immediately sent for from the tents, and in the mean time we pugged up the boar, which gave a beautiful run over ground intersected by nullahs, and did four miles in very fair time before he was blown and came to the charge. Unfortunately a spear in the shoulder blade disabled him from showing so good a fight as he promised to have made. We then returned to the tiger, which in his last moments afforded a scene of which I can convey but a faint idea. I have been at the death of a good many tigers, but never till this day did I see one in perfection.

We were seated on a low tamarind tree which hung over the nullah, and the tiger galloped under us within ten feet. The first volley dropped him at the root of the tree, where he lay struggling for some time, and ended by rolling into the nullah, which was full of water. Here he suddenly recovered himself, and catching sight of us, who were just out of reach, commenced the most desperate exertions to get at us, roaring and dashing about the water in his struggles. He was a large male tiger, and his enormous head, with his glaring eyes fixed upon us, so attracted our attention that not one of us could look at his gun while reloading, and before we had finished, the tiger, finding that he could not reach us, had climbed the opposite bank, which was nearly on a level with our seat. Although the breadth of the nullah kept him at a safe distance, a thick date tree with branches to the ground concealed him here, and he sat watching our motions and roaring incessantly for several minutes, while we crawled from branch to branch to get a view of him. A parish dog which began barking at him, made him more furious than ever, He crashed through the bush, stood for one instant with tail erect, mad with rage, and the next was dropped dead within five paces of us.

L. T.

Dharwar, April 20th, 1833.

THE FLORIKEN.

SIR,

Without pretending to give any decided opinion on the subject of Lincoln's letter in your last number, I think that I can remove the difficulty which appears to prevent his acquiescing in the first theory given regarding the floriken, viz. that the black is the male, and the brown or grey, the female. Your correspondent is puzzled by finding floriken neither black nor grey, but a mixture of both. These are young males which have not yet attained their perfect plumage. I have seen many dissected, and the result invariably was that the black, and those of all the intermediate stages between black and grey, were males. The black grouse, black cock, or, as it is called in some parts of England, heath boult, passes through the same gradual changes of colour before it attains the glossy jet which distinguishes the old cocks.

The heath here, as every one knows, is of a brownish gray, very nearly resembling the colour of the hen floriken. The young male for the first year can hardly be distinguished from her; the second season his plumage gets rapidly darker, and he is found of every intermediate shade till he becomes jet black.

I cannot account for the great disproportion between the numbers of black and grey floriken in some places, neither can I explain how it is that the grey should always be the larger and heavier bird, but I am almost convinced that Lincoln's theory is the correct one, although I do not recollect an instance in birds reckoned game, of the hen being larger than the cock, yet amongst other species this is not unusual—for instance, the falcon and the eagle.

A DABBLER IN NATURAL HISTORY.

AN EPISTLE FROM THE NORTHERN KONKAN.

"Tot homines tot sententiæ," Mr. Editor, is true enough if we consider, out of the numerous stud of mankind, how few, how very few are to be found unanimously agreeing, or coming to a standard agreement, as to what is the best method to be pursued for keeping horses, the noblest of animals, the companion of man, but much injured animal, in health and good working condition. All have got their own way, and as the showman says when eulogizing the beauties of the leopard, "All different and not one alike." It would be waste of time and paper to say much on getting horses into condition, every man thinking his own system the best. However, a word or two on *keeping them so* I hope will not be amiss. In short, *my* system (as we have all got systems, Mr. Editor) is feeding a horse on dry food, and sticking to it, not allowing him hard food one half the year, and the other half green grass or lucerne. It appears to me a pity to see a horse in splendid condition, after winning his races in style, often merely owing to *condition*—I say to see such a horse, out of training, put on green food fairly to *spoil* till next season is a pity. For no sooner

does the next season come than he is bled and sweated to a very great extent, to get the soft washy substance of him. A great part of both bleeding and sweating would have been unnecessary, had it not been for the green food. He would not be liable to the frequent injuries which are so very common in training, and to a colt the advantages would be very great; for instance, a three-year-old is trained, and runs next season the same, but previously he has been on green food till his training time. The *necessary* sweats and bleedings in his immature state must undermine the constitution, if not attended with bad effects immediately. I say the *necessary sweats*, and as they certainly are actually requisite to rid him of his soft state, but which had he been kept on hard wholesome food, a great, a very great portion of both sweating, bleeding, and perhaps physicking would have been totally unnecessary. Those who are the advocates of green food system assert that it is the natural food of the horse; it often prevents the bowels getting out order, keeping them lax and cool, and is in every case wholesome and proper food. To a horse in his natural state I certainly think it is best; in fact, he would require nothing else, he would have sufficient strength for what nature intended him to do, and speed enough we may conclude to fly from his pursuers; but that would be all. In that state he would not be continually urged to the utmost of his strength, he would not be liable to the many diseases to which he is subject when worked beyond his strength, nor would he be accustomed to the enormous weight he is forced to carry when he is domesticated. Then it is obvious that as his food, which is only grass, is sufficient for him in his natural state, so in his unnatural state, where he is worked, something more than grass must be given—in fact, a total change of food is actually necessary, that is, if we wish him to perform what we wish with ease to himself and satisfaction to his owner. As to giving a horse green food because it is his natural food (I mean a horse for work), it would be the very reason that I would not give any, as it prevents getting his bowels out of order. I think it is often a cause of disease; and as to keeping them lax and cool, I can only say that a horse with his bowels in any very great degree lax is not in a fit state for work. They say that horses kept for any length of time on hard food are liable to inflammatory diseases. I would have it understood, therefore, that only horses in *work* should be so treated. I mean working-horses. I don't mean that a racer or hunter should be taken off his grain and hay because he is out of training; he might still be kept on hay, though deprived of a great deal of corn. Again, horses not meant for work, or but for very gentle work, and that but seldom, would be more subject to disease than if they were kept low, as high feeding is only fit for hard working horses, or vice versâ. It is well known that the weakening effects of green grass have broken down or injured many horses, when put to any work much beyond their usual task; that not only does the flesh get flabby, and the horse liable to excessive sweating, which very soon takes away the best of him, but the sinews acquire a great degree of softness, and thus it is that horses are so frequently seen with round gummy legs that are on green food. On the other hand, see the wonderful effects of

condition (all owing to hard food) in slight, weak looking horses—horses that, had they been otherwise fed, would have been destroyed after endeavouring to perform some of the feats so numerous on record. I should like to hear how long the little horse Hookey was kept from green food, whose performances are not equalled every day, and he was considered a weed, at least so it was said in the 16th No. of the O. S. M.—Numerous others I could name, but I dare say, as they are well known, a repetition would be useless. I have heard of a valuable work published not long ago, "Nimrod on Condition," spoken highly of, but have not seen it yet. I fancy I am treading in his steps pretty close. So, Mr. Editor, in a few words I say buy a horse, get him in condition, hunt, race, hack, or work him fully, according to his vocation, *and keep him in condition:* let his feed be equal to his work, but do not feed him high when out of work. Green grass is a valuable thing, and has many fine qualities certainly: it is useful for soiling (for a very short time only) a horse who is recovering from a severe illness, and has been pulled down from repeated bleeding, rowels, &c.: it often does an amazing deal of good by increasing the secretions and acting as an alterative, but should not be kept on longer than from five days to a couple of weeks. To mares in and with foal, it is a valuable thing, especially lucerne, of which an immense deal is grown near all the stations in the Deccan, Poonah especially; but too much must not be even given to them, nor continued too long. To old horses who have the luck to be with humane masters, and after a series of years of hard work, worn out and unable to masticate their hay, from defective teeth, &c., it is a valuable thing. But to horses kept for show, more than anything else, and hardly ever exercised, it is immaterial whether they get lucerne or anything else: few, if any, persons in India are without their horse or horses, and many neither know nor care how or what they are fed on. To such persons it is lucky that they have not much to do with horses; if they had, they would soon find that it would be to their interest to see their nags fed; for I have known, in stables where the master was indifferent as to how the nags were fed, every kind of abuse practised. The general reasons assigned by persons who *have* horses, and good horses too, when they are mismanaged is that it is the horsekeepers' business, or they have something else to do besides look after their horses. All I can say is that when a person of this sort loses a horse by disease, or any other way, through inattention of the horsekeeper, he must not blame him, but blame himself, and I add that it often serves him right, for if it is not worth a man's while to attend even sometimes to his horse, he is better without him. Great objection has been made as to the prices (which are certainly exorbitant) of medicines, at least those brought from England. I hope therefore it will not be amiss saying a few words on the country medicines. It may be a hint to the Vets. Almost all the medicines which are brought at awful prices from England can be obtained here at comparatively trifling prices; indeed, many go from this country, have their essential oils extracted, and come out again. Castor oil which a friend of mine at Nuggur used to make, was, without exception, the finest I ever saw; there was in fact little, if any, difference between a glass of it and a glass of water in ap-

pearance. He used to make a great deal, at least sufficient for all his purposes and very cheap. The recipe I am sorry I have not by me, but I remember that the seeds were to be left to soak in water for either 12 or 24 hours, the brown husk was to be taken off, and then the seeds underwent a certain number of boilings, taking care that all the skum was clearly taken off. Aloes, which you can't get for less than seven to eight rupees per lb. (of the English, or rather Barbadoes description), can be got in the bazar for about 1½ rupees per lb. Many persons I have heard object to them, but they must have been lying in the shops a long time, and consequently must have lost most of their strength—besides, they are not properly prepared, often being mixed up with an immense deal of filth; but were they to try the country aloe, fresh and well prepared, they would find it very little inferior to the Barbadoes. I have given it a very fair trial on all kind of horses, and where I would give five drs. of Barbadoes, I have given six of the country. The croton tiglion, which a respectable chemist and druggist in Bombay told me was sold for 25 shillings an ounce in England, can be got here for about as many cowries; lots grow about the large range of Ghauts, as in most hilly countries on this side of India. Almost all the spices are to be got very cheap. The gums too are not expensive, and were a laboratory to be set agoing, all preparations of minerals and everything else would be obtained at less than half the English price, and many of the drugs which would be used in England cannot, by the long account they would fill out, be used in sufficient quantities—cinnamon, &c.

WILL O' THE WISP.

STEEPLECHASES.

SIR,

As no one appears to have sent you an account of three steeple-chases run at this station last June, I send you a sketch from memory, which, though late, may perhaps be acceptable. Six subscribers entered for the first, a sweepstakes of Rs. 20 each P. P., two miles across country—owners up.

The following horses came to the post:—C. A. G. Challenger, G. A. H. Pultusk, W. A. H. Rottenborough, E. A. H. Whim, Br. C. G. Nameless.

The owner of Cavalier being indisposed, paid forfeit.

In a country like ours, the difficulty was to find a piece of ground which was not objectionable, either from being a perfect plain, where a light weight or a speedy one would be apt to run away from the others, or a country so covered by jungle and intersected by impracticable ravines, that galloping would be out of the question. After much trouble two miles of tolerable ground were selected—rather too easy, for the only difficulties were three trifling fences and a nullah full of water, which must be done in and out—flags at intervals of half a mile marked the course.

At four o'clock p.m. the horses came to the scratch, and at the word "off" started well together, maintaining their places with little variation for the first mile. Here they began to tail off, and the brown galloway, which was a country-bred one, only 13h. high

brought up the rear. He evidently had no chance. Challenger, Pultusk, and Rottenborough charged the nullah almost at the same moment; the latter appeared to have the puff taken out of him, and fell back upon his rider from weakness, in attempting the opposite bank.

The little chesnut got out first, closely followed by the Pole, and the race now lay between them. They were within half a mile of home, and it was expected that the grey, who was lightly weighted, would here let out and be an easy winner; but when called upon by his rider, it was found that he had done his best, and Challenger won by several lengths without being pushed.

A word now on the horses, and first the winner. He is a little chestnut horse, only 13h. 3in., with a good muscular hind quarter; rather light in the carcase and loose in the couples; a beautiful head and neck, but a pair of forelegs like posts, battered and ossified from hard work. His appearance shows great blood, and the weight he carried (upwards of 12st.) inclines me to think him a real good one. Pultusk is an eggy, well-looking grey, and with a light weight on his back, under 10st., was looked on by many as a winner, especially as his jockey knows the difference between riding and being carried, but there was something wrong—he could not gallop. Rottenborough, a fine powerful white horse, was too fresh from the stables to be very fit to go with nearly 13st. upon him. The other two never had a chance.

A second sweepstakes was soon after proposed of Rs. 100 each subscriber, P. P., over two miles of a new country, supposed to be better calculated for a steeplechase than that which was last elected. To this six put down their names, and the following were entered:—

G. A. G. Cavalier, B. A. H. Whim, G. A. H. Pultusk, W. A. H. Rottenborough, C. H. By. Sorcerer, C. A. G. Challenger.

A lottery was made up before starting, in which the Cavalier and Challenger were the favourites. Some thought the blood of Sorcerer must tell, and he was also freely backed; but he is stale, and is only the remains of a good one.

The start took place from the top of a stony hill, with a small ditch at the bottom, and the course lay over heavy level ground with three deep and wide nullahs to get over.

Pultusk took the lead and kept it for the greater part of the distance, closely waited on by Whim and the Cavalier. Every one looked upon him as the winner, and his rider was sailing along with a steady pull upon his horse, never dreaming of danger, when Cavalier, who had been skirting him without being observed, came out when close to the winning post, and won easy. The son of Sorcerer was nowhere, and Challenger, whose rider had mistaken the post, or taken a line of his own, very far from the straight one, came in a quarter of a mile astern.

The Cavalier is a very neat little horse, and his condition was much admired, being in this respect far superior to any of the others. He was also favoured in the weight he carried, his rider not weighing 9st.; but he has all the look of one that can gallop, and was once highly thought of as a racer by a good judge of these matters.

A match between the two winners, over the same ground, for Rs. 100, P. P., was now made up, each having his backers, and

such reliance was placed in the stoutness of Challenger, that the immense difference in the weight was overlooked. Owners were to ride, which was giving at least 2st. 6lb. to the Cavalier.

The expectations of all those who know how weight tells on a horse were justified by the issue of this race, and Challenger was beat by many lengths. It was an ill-made match, and the odds given quite absurd, rendering all chance of winning out of the question.

If any errors have crept into this account, I hope I shall be excused by the parties concerned, so many months having elapsed since these steeple-chases took place.

SNAFFLE.

Not 100 *miles from Belgaum.*

PERFORMANCES OF CHESTER.

MR. EDITOR,

I am sorry to inform you that the Moss Trooper's C. A. H. Chester died on the morning of the 28th inst., after 24 hours' sickness caused by violent inflammation.

Chester was a beautiful chestnut Arab about 15h. high, a very strong and powerful horse, and perhaps one of the best Welter horses in the country. He first started at Meerut in Jan., 1838, for a purse given by the theatrical amateurs for all horses to be handicapped, heats R. C. (1½ mile and 61 yards), which he won at two heats easy, carrying 8st. 2lbs., in 3m. 13s. and 3m. 10s., beating Mr. Houston's G. A. The Baron, 10st. 7lbs., Mr. Vincent's G. G. Bombardier, 8st., Mr. George's B. Y. Sister to Reveller, 8st. 2lbs., and distancing Mr. Knox's C. H. Trotter, 7st. 9lbs., the following horses being drawn:— B. A. Merry Andrew, 8st., G. A. Choice, 8st. 7lbs., G. A. Popinjay, 8st. 7lbs. and G. A. Spangle, 8st. He was then very fat, and short of work. His next appearance was at Kurnaul, the following month, February, where he was entered for the General's Purse, but in consequence of some mistake in his nomination he was not allowed to start. He next appeared on the fourth day of the meeting, carrying 8st. 12lbs., with Tyrant, Marmion, Sinner, and Savadah, to contend for a Purse of 60 G. M. for all horses, weight for age, heats two miles, and was beaten by Tyrant, 8st. 7lbs., in 4m. 10s. and 4m. 13s., but ran second both heats. He was then amiss, and had not had his gallops for ten or twelve days previous to the race, in consequence of a large tumour on the hip which caused lameness. On the 5th day he was beaten by Mr. Mootie's G. A. Ecarté in a match 11st. each, R. C. (1½ mile and 21 yards), in 3m. 12s. He was infamously ridden, and was then suffering from the swelling on the hip. The day after the meeting, carrying 8st. 10lbs., he beat the Confederate's G. A. Marmion, 8st. 7lbs., in a match R. C. and a distance, winning easy in 3m. 27s. On the 10th January, 1832, at the Allyghur meeting, he won the Welter, for all horses 11st. 7lbs. each, Arabs allowed 7lbs., R. C. (89 yards less than 1½ mile), beating easy Mr. George's G. A. Cossack, Mr. Binfield's G. A. Exile, Mr. Hughes' G. A. The Baron, Mr. Edwards' G. A. Morpheus, and Mr. Grey's G. A. Gustavus, in 3m. 27s. On the 12th he won the Arab purse, 8st. 10lbs. each, heats 2½ miles, beating

in a canter Mr. Grey's G. A. Bustard, and Mr. George's G. A. Quack—time, 5m. 28s., and 5m. 26s. At Meerut, on the 26th of the same month, he was beaten by Mr. Mack's G. A. Clem, Mr. George's G. A. Lancer, and Mr. Hodney's G. H. Bucklegs, for the Station Cup, three miles, 8st. 7lbs. each. He was most injudiciously ridden in this race, making the play for 2½ miles, when he was passed by the other horses successively. On the 28th, at 8st. 5lbs., he won the Beaten Purse, heats R. C., beating Mr. Hodney's G. A. Bucklegs, 8st. 7lbs.; both heats won easy, the second in 3m. 8½s. At Kurnaul, 1832, on the second day of the meeting, February 16th, he was beaten by Mr. Hewitt's C. A., Briant Borou for the General's Purse, for all horses 11st. 7lbs. each, Arabs allowed 7lbs., heats R. C. and a distance (R. C. is 1½ mile and 134 yards), in 3m. 40s. and 3m. 36s., but beat in the same race Mr. George's G. A. Cossack, and Mr. Hughes' G. A. The Baron. On the third day, February 18th, carrying 8st. 12lbs., he won the 50 C. M. Purse for all horses, weight for age, Arabs allowed 5lbs., heats two miles, beating Mr. Hughes' C. M. Shazadee, 9st., and Mr. Mack's G. A. Clem, 8st. 12lbs., both heats won easy in 4m. 3s. and 4m. 10s. In this race he was well held in the rear, till the last quarter of a mile from home, when he was let out and passed them like a shot. The extraordinary manner in which he passed the other horses without the slightest struggle was the surprise of every one. The odds on this race were 3 to 1 on Clem, and 7 to 1 against Chester.—On the fourth day, February 25th, carrying 8st. 12lbs., he beat Mr. George's G. A. Clem, 8st. 7lbs., in a match for 200 G. M. two miles—a waiting race on the part of Chester to the distance, when he was let out and won easy in 4m. 10s., the last mile in 1m. 59s. On the fifth day, February 27th, he beat Mr. George's G. A. Lancer in a match for 50 G. M., 8st. 7lbs. each, two miles. This was a canter for him in 4m. 15s. At Allyghur, in December, 1832, he was entered for the Subscription Cup, but was not able to start in consequence of an accident he met with in his stable, which prevented his taking his usual gallops for some days previous to the race; however, on the third day of the meeting, he managed to win the Welter for all horses 11st. 7lbs. each, Arabs allowed 7lbs., R. C. and a distance, beating Mr. Hughes' G. A. The Baron, with difficulty, by a length in 3m. 21s. At Meerut, the following month, on the third day of the meeting, January 17th, 1833, he won a purse for all horses 8st. 7lbs. each, Arabs allowed 5lbs., heats 1¼ mile, beating easy Mr. George's G. A. Quack; the second heat in 2m. 30s. On the 4th day of the same meeting, January 19th, he won a sweepstakes for all horses 11st. 7lbs. each, Arabs allowed 7lbs., R. C., beating easy Mr. George's G. A. Lancer, in 3m. 16s. On the fifth day, January 22nd, he was beaten for the Ladies' Purse, R. C. and a distance, carrying 9st. 5lbs., by Mr. Hughes, B. F. The Begum, 9st. 11lbs., with difficulty by a length, in 3m. 19½s.; but beat in the same race Col. Stevenson's B. A. Pelham, 7st. 10lbs., Mr. Evelin's G. A. The General, 8st. 12lbs., Mr. George's G. A. The Babe, 6st. 3lbs., and Mr. George's B. M. Mousetrap, 8st. 11lbs., Mr. Evelin's C. F. Blue Bell being drawn.*

* This was supposed to have been the fastest race ever run over the Meerut Course.

He then went to Agra, where, on the 19th February, he won the Ladies' Purse for all horses, 9st. 5lbs. each, heats 2½ miles, beating easy Mr. George's G. A. Lancer, Mr. Francis' C. A. Gillbas, and Mr. East's G. A. Candidate, in 5m. 28s. and 5m. 28s. Thus ends the whole of his performances, having started 17 times and having won 12 of his races.

Yours,
FAIR PLAY.

Neemuch, March 31st, 1833.

THE HUNTING AND SHOOTING DIVERSIONS OF THE BOONDELAS.

(*Extracted from the "Calcutta Courier."*)

Now all at once
Onward they march embattled, to the sound
Of martial harmony; fifes, cornets, drums,
That rouse the sleepy soul to arms, and bold
Heroic deeds. In parties here and there
Detached o'er hill and dale, the hunters range,
Inquisitive; strong dogs, that match in fight
The boldest brute, around their master wait,
A faithful guard. No haunt unsearched, they drive
From ev'ry covert, and from ev'ry den,
The lurking savages.—SOMERVILLE.

SIR,

I send you a few scraps on the diversions with which this letter is headed; and should you think them worthy of a corner in your valuable paper, they are much at your service.

The Tiger.—This formidable creature is seldom molested by his mortal friend, if he does not sally forth from his secluded retreats for perpetrating mischief; for I seldom knew a Boondela resort to the destruction of the tiger simply for sport; who, indeed, not unfrequently suffer this animal to range the precincts of a village, with as much unconcern as if his jaws had actually been closed against doing harm: until, however, he violates the sanctity of the privilege, and spills the blood of some sacred cow or calf; it is then, and then alone, that the emasculated Boondela will even venture his life to encounter the prowess of his fierce antagonist. I have many instances upon record, when some of the Takoors have evinced as much apathy for their own existence as courage in facing the tiger on foot. My plan is merely to offer you a few brief anecdotes, and reserve the more ponderous accounts for some future vacant hour. In February last, when I was encamped at Mahawa, I heard of a brace of tigers committing ravages on cattle in a village about four or five miles to the south of us, and next morning saw a splendid tigress brought in, to a Boondela chief, who was also encamped at the same place. I made strict inquiries as to the means by which she bit the dust, and was informed that, a valuable bullock having been killed by this animal, the owner, a Takoor, and his brother bivouacked for two nights together, with their fatal matchlocks, to surprise the evil-doer. The carcase of their fallen deity lay on the spot, to entice the ravenous beast. The tigress at length appeared in the dead of the night, and was received by a shot from the gun of one of the two men, who attacked her on foot, but inflicting only a slight grazing wound on one of her shoulders, and

being merely four or five paces from her, she was within an ace of vaulting on his *shoulders*, if his brother, who had snugly seated himself on a dhauk tree, had not sealed her career by lodging a brace of bullets in her forehead. In the bowels of this beast were found several pieces of undigested hog's flesh (wild hogs, I suppose), and the shank bones of a bullock. The tiger, I hear, is yet lurking in the vicinity where his fellow had been killed.

The table land on the range of hills above the Bisram Ghaut, distinguished by the natives by the name of Bundhere, is said to abound with tigers, who, particularly at this season of the year, make their descent on the *lowlands*, and become, not unfrequently, disagreeable visitants to the village under the hills. There are now many clashing accounts afloat among the Boondlekhundee politicians, of *tigers* infesting several passes on the above hills; and three days ago I was told that two men had fallen victims to the capacious maw of one of them, while cutting grass for horses on the skirts of the neighbouring hills.

It appears that the company's dâk route has shifted itself from the old tract on the Putthar of Kotro, to the lofty regions of the Bundhere table land; and natives inform me that the jungles are being cleared away, to make a thoroughfare for dâk runners and dâk travellers. I am not competent to decide on the merits or demerits of this innovation, in a department which was once instituted for the public good, and for the convenience of such as *prefer* the luxury of being *transported* from one region to another *in a palankeen;* but the Boondlekhundees strenuously maintain that we have an inexorable aversion to the increase of their race, and since the pestilential gales do not, in these gloomy times, waft the cholera (Muree) and other fell diseases among them, to diminish their number, we are bent to take the prerogative of the *deities*, and make martyrs of such as choose to transmigrate their souls to that happy stage. Of these lucky mortals will be those who shall serve as post-boys; may the gods bless the names of the fallen heroes, who once hurled their boaring lance on the plains of Kotra! and may like them be blessed the souls of the *tiger-devoured* hurkarus!

Wild Boar.—After begging your pardon for digressing, I must recur to the subject of this letter. Next in importance to the tiger, I think the wild boar deserves our notice, as possessing courage, strength, and ferocity only inferior to it, only surpassing in these points all other inhabitants of the woods of Boondlekhund. Two instances have been brought to my knowledge, on the authority of a gentleman whose accounts I could rely upon; and the narrations are no less amusing than extraordinary. Some three or four years ago, it was suspected by the people at Purna that two tigers were in the habit of prowling in the sequestered vale of a garden near the city. From mere nocturnal rendezvous, they at length made it a haunt to shelter themselves during the day also. The garden not being a common resort to the public (being the Rajah's property), the ferocious intruders were not molested for some time; the only persons residing in it were an old woman and two coolies, who took care not to aggravate their voracious visitors. One night their rest was however disturbed by such strange howls and grunts, that they were

induced to have a peep at the spot whence these singular noises proceeded; they saw to their astonishment, a large tusky boar encountering two tigers. The fight continued for some time, and the former at last escaped, partly because of his own courage, and partly by some accidental alarm caused by the spectators, which frightened away the tigers. A similar instance (with the exception that there was simply one tiger in the conflict) is said to have occurred in the neighbourhood of Lohargong; and I was assured by a respectable inhabitant of this place that two years ago the dead carcase of a monstrous tiger, and a large boar, were brought in to him by some villagers, as having killed each other. It appeared that the former had pounced upon the back of the latter and seized it by the neck, and in this position received a fatal wound himself in his abdomen. At this season of the year the wild hog's flesh is said to be extremely delicious (owing no doubt to the abundance of food which the wheat, gram, and barley fields, and the still more nutritious mowha flowers, offer to these, as well as all other animals at present), and is eagerly sought after by the Boondela sportsman.

"Urged on by hunger keen, they wound, they kill."

It is not to be understood, however, that the hog hunt is confined to this period alone; for the flesh of this animal is esteemed a dainty dish at all times by the Rajpoot tribe in Boondelkhund, and every man who can afford to carry a matchlock devotes all his leisure to the pursuit above named. Deer and fish shooting is also very common; but in no diversion the Boondela will willingly hazard his limb or life, and the mode pursued to kill any animal is frequently by laying in ambush, either on a tree, or under the close cover of some bush, and the game is fired at when they can almost *salt its tail.* The more affluent portion of the sportsmen keep dogs generally, which seize the hog, and then it is either cut down with a sabre, run through with a lance, or shot with a gun. I am one of those crazy beings who risk their necks in the pursuit of this animal on horseback, and have been invited by two or three native chiefs to partake of the pleasures of this sport with them. They always left me the option either to stand still and have a pop at the hog, or gallop after it over broken and undermined ground at the peril of my unfortunate limbs; while they sat luxuriously blowing clouds with their hookas, with guards of ragamuffins around them.

On one occasion snares were laid on one side of the sugar khait, which was the scene of war against the tusky tribe, and the other three sides of the field were environed by armed heroes, with divers weapons, muskets, matchlocks, spears, &c., &c.; they were in fact equipped more for a field of battle than for the accomplishment of this boyish feat. The people had in every instance misinformed us; for, if there had been any game startled out of the fields, I verily believe that there were more chances of some of the *two-legged animals* biting the dust, than either a hog or a deer, as the disorder and confusion among my Boondelkhundee brother sportsmen surpassed anything of the kind that ever came under my notice.

Of angling, these people seem to be of Sam Johnson's opinion (who describes this amusement as consisting of a line and rod with a hook at one end, and a fool at the other!) and spurn deceiving the

finny race by that stratagem, but substitute a more martial means of killing them with their matchlocks. The streams in these provinces are all extremely limpid for eight months in the year, and the sportsman is enabled by the transparency of the water to see the approach of the fish to the very surface; and when one or two inches under or quite above its element, the ball is fired at it; which seldom fails to stun, if not shatter the fish to pieces.

As I have already deviated from my plan, I shall conclude by giving you a brief ornithological notice, to bring to the knowledge of all those who take delight in shooting the princely bird called Bustard, of the order Grœllæ and genus Otis. The plains of Boondelkhund, at least the tableland of Kotro, is rarely traversed over from one short march to another, without falling in with numbers of these wanderers; but whether this splendid game bird be an itinerant visitor here or a native of these realms, I am not able to determine; but the belief is so far corroborated in favour of the latter opinion, that a young bustard was picked up a few years ago close to the Agency of Hutta. The floriken is said likewise to be indigenous to this part of India. I saw one in the course of my morning's ride last year on the plains of Lohargong; but have not seen another during a year's ramble in Boondelkhund. The bustard seems to inhabit chiefly the extensive tracts of both cultivated and sterile lands, and the vicinity of Lohargong is a very likely place to meet this bird; they are very numerous in the rains in that district, I hear, but appear to be in season only in the cold weather. I have had the good luck to partake of the luxury which the dainty flesh of this species furnishes us with, only thrice since I have wandered over these hilly regions. The first was shot flying by a brother sportsman with a ball, and two others were taken in a snare by a native shikarree. The former was rather a comical sort of a gent; and though not a novice in the diversion of shooting, it seems that he had not the remotest idea of the bustard species; consequently, when he first visited these dominions, he stamped down this noble bird as "rara avis in terris," and kept one of these creatures in captivity for several days to satisfy his curiosity; at length, after profound meditation, he pronounced it to be some *overgrown hill owl! and had it worried by dogs.* The bustard that he subsequently shot was really so ponderous, that we were obliged to place the burden on the shoulders of a strong man. On dissecting, it proved to be a female, and that its species *fatten* on all kinds of grain and the insect kind in general; for we found in its pouch green grain, and grasshoppers, beetles, &c.

If health and time permit, you shall soon hear from me on a more amusing subject; ad interim

I remain,
Your humble servant,
A Hermit Abroad.

Camp Kotro, 16th April, 1833.

A SAGACIOUS HORSE.

Some time since, Mr. O'Shee, Sheriff of the County of Waterford, when out hunting, had occasion very severely to punish his horse, and on returning home, no sooner had Mr. O'Shee alighted from him than the horse, with most extraordinary vindictiveness, more resembling the sagacity of an elephant than that of any other animal, rushed with distended jaws at Mr. O'Shee, and seized him by the head; fortunately, however, a strong hunting cap saved him from more than a few slight bruises, and he escaped into a house close by. The enraged animal then turned his fury upon the whipper-in of Mr. O'Shee, who rushed up to save his master; he seized him in his teeth, broke his arm, dashed him upon the ground, and pawed and trampled him. Not satisfied with having thus wreaked his vengeance upon the poor whipper, he then turned upon Thomas White, Esq., one of Mr. O'Shee's friends, who had been hunting with him, and who fortunately had been well mounted, and had not as yet quitted his saddle. Mr. White set spurs to flank, and fled at top speed, pursued, to the astonishment of the beholders, by the enraged animal. Mr. White, being a very superior horseman, led an admirable steeplechase across the country of upwards of two miles, but finding his pursuer gain ground upon him, had barely time to save himself and horse in a farmhouse, and secure the door. The furious animal rushed full tilt against the door, and made several attempts to break it open, but was at length secured. We understand that whenever Mr. O'Shee now enters the stable the animal becomes outrageous, and makes strenuous efforts to attack him.—*Stewart's Dispatch.*

THE UNION COACH.

The Company by which this coach was established about thirty years ago had a meeting on Thursday last, in consequence of some dissensions which have arisen among them, and which it is feared, if not checked, will lead to the coach being taken off the road altogether. The proprietors, it seems, are composed of natives of England, Ireland, and Scotland, from which countries the coach has been horsed, with mutual advantage. Of late, however, the *teams* have not worked so well; the *wheelers* are invariably of the English and Scotch breed, do their work steadily enough, considering an occasional scarcity of corn and heavy loads; but the leaders (and, be it remembered, it is a *Unicorn* coach), which are all of Irish blood, have kicked over the traces, and left indelible marks of their hoofs on the splinter bar, to the great terror of the passengers, from the probability that in some of the journeys the vehicle will be overturned. To remedy this defect was the object of the meeting in question.

The CHAIRMAN, in opening the business, reminded his co-proprietors that when their company was established it was for their mutual advantage, and so long as they worked together their success was certain. He referred them to the motto on their panel, "*tria juncta in uno*," under which they

had so long flourished; and though but a three-horsed coach, he would ask whether the universe could produce such a team—there was a combination of blood, bone, and speed, which stood unrivalled in the history of public vehicles. The fable of "the bundle of sticks" was familiar to them all, and he trusted that the admirable moral it was intended to inculcate would be duly appreciated. They had pulled in concert for a long series of years, and he should be sorry, by their now pulling different ways, to see so prosperous a partnership dissolved.

Dan O'Connell, who has signalized himself as an "out-and-outer" in driving an Irish *car* with one horse, but who has never been allowed to take the *ribbons* in the Union coach, of which he is a small shareholder, said he saw no *reason* why he should not be permitted to take the reins as well as another, but it seemed to be the policy of the proprietorship to shove him off the box altogether. This might be very *convanient* for the English and Scotch part of the firm, and it might *shoot* the English and Scotch *wheelers* to see "ould *Botheram*" as their *lader* doing the up-hill work with a plentiful share of whipcord upon his flanks, and a precious small allowance of oats in his belly; but it is anything but agreeable to the feelings of his brother carman, and still less agreeable to the *baste* for which they had a natural as well as national regard, to take so unequal a share of the work with so small a proportion of the profits. He saw no *rason* why "the Union" should not be reduced to a pair-horsed coach, and let the Irish partners see what they could do for themselves with a *car*. It was his firm belief that, like the opposition between the *cabs* and *hackney-drags*, the Irish car would soon supersede all other vehicles. In this persuasion, he had no hesitation in moving "that the Union coach be *repaled*, and that all the Irish cattle should be taken off the road, with the view of being started to run alone in a new vehicle, to be called the Irish go-cart."

Bob Shiel, a Tipperary *noddy*-driver, said he was quite entirely of his friend O'Connell's way of thinking; he thought the Irish cattle would go best alone. He was no Latin scholard, and therefore could not say whether he understood the ould motto of "tria juncta in uno," quoted by their chairman; but if it meant three joined in one, he thought the Irish horses had been doing the work of three joined in one ever since the coach had been started, and he would not mind betting three to one on the Irish *laders* against the English and Scotch *hacks* any day in the year; and as for the "bundle of sticks," give him the Irish *blackthorns* against all the sticks in Christendom. [Loud cheers from the Irish proprietors.] He seconded the motion.

Bob Grey, who has recently been appointed coachman to "the Union," lamented exceedingly that the obstinacy of the Irish proprietors, as well as of the Irish horses, should endanger the existence of a coach and firm which had so long worked together with harmony. All past experience had shown that "in union there was strength," and even from the mouths of the very agitators who were now trying to break those bonds by which the success of the Union coach had been so obvious, this

argument had been constantly put forth. This was the principle upon which this vehicle had been started; and, for one, he was not inclined to throw up the reins merely because one of the team became a little restive. He had remarked that the Irish horses had not yet been thoroughly broken in; but he had no doubt with a little curbing, and placing them, with a strong kicking-strap, alongside the Scotch wheelers, and letting the old steady English horses take the places of leaders, they would go better. He was not an advocate for punishing a horse, if he would take his collar kindly, and he would try fair means first; but if this did not succeed, why, he would try coercion. Horses did not in general know what was good for them; and as the Irish horses in the Union were afflicted with an inflammatory disease, he would first try a warm mash, and if that did not do, he had no doubt a few *cordial balls* would set them to rights. It was two to one against them in the present dispute, and if he continued to have the "tooling of the prads," he was persuaded they would go on as steady as bog-trotters. [Hear, hear! from the Scotch and English proprietors.] He concluded by moving, as an amendment, "that the Union be maintained at all hazards."

BOB PEEL, formerly guard to the Union, but since off the road, said that, although by no means pleased with the manner in which the coach was now driven, yet he was so persuaded of the folly of changing the system, and of the ruinous consequences which would follow to the English and Scotch proprietors, that he would on no account consent to hazard an alteration. He said he was not surprised the Irish proprietors should occasionally commit a blunder, which they had in this instance by confounding *unit* with *unity;* but, after a short time, there was little doubt they would be prompt in discovering and laughing at their own *bull.*

After some further discussion, the original motion was put, and negatived by a majority of two to one. The amendment was then carried. The go-cart men were highly incensed, and went away, declaring their intention "to have a *shy* for themselves, if they lost their stick."—*Bell's Life in London.*

THE END.

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