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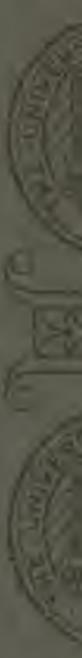
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PRESENTED BY  
PROF. CHARLES A. KOFOID AND  
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GOING OUT.

# SHOOTING:

A Poem ;

COMPRISING A

GENERAL DESCRIPTION OF FIELD SPORTS,

DEPENDANT ON

## THE GUN ;

THAT IMPORTANT WEAPON, AND ITS MANIFOLD IMPROVEMENTS TREATED OF.

## GAME ;

THEIR RESPECTIVE HISTORIES, HAUNTS, AND HABITS.

## DOGS ;

THEIR VARIETIES, USES, DISEASES, AND CURES.

## Game Laws,

SO FAR AS THEY AFFECT THE SHOOTER,

*BRIEFLY CONSIDERED.*

ADDRESSED CHIEFLY TO YOUTHFUL SPORTSMEN, BY THEIR FELLOW-ADMIRER  
OF THE TRIGGER,

ALEXANDER WEBBER.



*Ipsis est aër avibus non æquus, et illæ  
Præcípites altâ vitam sub nube relinquunt.*

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**Inscribed,**

WITH THE GREATEST RESPECT AND ESTEEM,

TO

RICHARD GOUGH, ESQ.

OF

*KILWORTH HOUSE, LEICESTERSHIRE,*

BY HIS SINCERE FRIEND AND MUCH OBLIGED SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

ERRATA.

Page 89, third line, *for* Pstarmigan, *read* Ptarmigan.  
Page 90, last line, *for* Pstarmigans, *read* Ptarmigans.  
Page 138, seventh line, *for* forward, *read* froward.

## P R E F A C E.



‘ A book without a preface, who e’er heard  
Of such a nondescript ? ’tis quite absurd.’  
‘ How so ? ’ in answer to a friend, said I,  
‘ For few read prefaces of works they buy,  
’Tis time spent uselessly the writing such,  
The reading more so still, for seldom much  
From them is glean’d ; besides, to tell the truth,  
And shame the De’il, ’twixt you and I, insooth,  
I’ve nought to say.’ ‘ That matters not,’ replied  
My unfeèd mentor, ‘ it can’t be denied  
’Twere better if you had ; but may I ask,’  
Continued he, ‘ what set you on this task ? ’

‘ Most certainly ; an illness long and dire  
Made idle time, and did my muse inspire ;  
Strange tho’ it seem—for Armstrong, no mean judge,  
Says, “ sickness e’er owes poetry a grudge,  
And to succeed, Hygeia must preside,  
Or poets’ casket ’s scant and warp’d beside ;”  
As such he shone, the healing art profess’d,  
With knowledge competent to speak was blest,  
Still, when alone, encircled by the gloom  
That moodily invests the sick man’s room,  
Midst its monotony, and th’ unceasing round  
Of wakeful sleep, ill relish’d meals, the sound  
Of tedious clock, which warns him when to take  
The nauseous draught, and seems to elongate  
Each hour unto a day ; his mind reverts  
With pleasing sadness to the past, diverts  
Itself with shadowy bliss, alas, now past,  
And hopes instinctively disease may’nt blast  
His future days, nor he be doom’d to mourn  
For aye life’s choicest blessing, whose return

May a long train of joyous pleasures bring,  
 Which he prospectively (as birds the spring,  
 After drear winter's reign) will hail: the joy  
 Which in full tide of health did never cloy  
 My vig'rous frame, did first my thoughts invade  
 To *bring down* time, (I double murder made,  
 P'rhaps you may say,) and so have plac'd the same  
 On paper, subject to the praise or blame  
 Of all my readers.' 'Very good,' said he,  
 'I in this plain told tale your preface see,  
 And, take my word, that you will find 'twill do  
 As well as most, for mind you, very few  
 More to the purpose say;—can you tell who?'  
 At his suggestion I must here *preface*  
 Th' above's my herald, or supplies its place.



# SHOOTING :

A Poem,

---

HAIL ! kindly Muse, and aid my bold design x  
To paint expectant pleasures in my rhyme ;  
Assist me to explain, in metre smooth,  
The *simple mysteries* of the sport I love :  
London's my birth-place, London is my home,  
Yet for this sport we far from it must roam ;  
Far from its cares must seek the distant field,  
In ruddy health our well priz'd guns to wield ;  
Shooting's my theme ; no recreation e'er  
Can with this pastime in my mind compare ;  
Nor other field-sport will I ever deign  
T' allow, compares with gunning, in my strain,

In nothing like it shall we ever see  
Diffus'd throughout so much variety.  
Most of those sports that cannot be pursued  
Beneath heaven's wide spread canopy, delude  
Too oft their devotees; to want of rest  
And aching head the bacchanalian's guest  
Must frequently submit; whilst those well pleas'd  
At in-door play to be of substance eas'd  
In divers ways, are on from hour to hour  
And day by day beguil'd, until the power  
Rests not with them the failing to controul,  
Too deeply rooted in th' excited soul :  
The haggard look, and sunk, lack lustre eye,  
Proclaim some demon's working stealthily ;  
Each passion left uncurb'd is apt to lead  
To some one worse ; nay, for his brother plead.  
How different with the sportsman ever gay,  
O'er hill, thro' vale, who seeks his lawful prey,  
Fatigues his frame no more than to his good,  
Makes but one nap, and ne'er declines his food ;

These are health's tokens, may they long be ours,  
Blest with content, no seeming want devours.  
All seek at times their pleasures, none I find  
My frame so braces, and unbends my mind,  
As a long ramble with my gun and dogs  
In the pure country, far from London fogs ;  
Stupendous London, dearly still I love,  
And, save for sporting, seldom from it rove :  
If to its novice I one hint but give,  
Which may as useful in the memory live,  
I trust the critic will my verse forgive ;  
Nor at my details let the practis'd sneer,  
Should they so do, their jibes I shall not fear ;  
While each suggestion I take leave to mention,  
Is plac'd on paper with the best intention ;  
While my opinions to express I strive,  
Reasons for such opinions also give,  
Though little can be said, I fear, that 's new,  
If any deign to con my pages through,  
And a kind feeling the perusal 'tends,  
I will half-promise we shall part good friends.

But to my task ;—attention let me claim  
Whilst I your requisites do humbly name.  
First, then, the Gun, on which so much depends,  
Polite remembrance for your worthy friends ;  
I name no maker, be it understood,  
'Twould needless be, as all turn out some good,  
And oft a name unknown will kill as far  
As Manton, Golding, Moore, or Mortimer ;  
But wheresoe'er you purchase, mind you try  
This sporting '*ne plus ultra*,' 'fore you buy,  
And be it where it may, now mark this well,  
Be sure that bears his name, he you may sell,  
Then will his reputation be at stake,  
While one you use, he owns of his best make ;  
And if you pay a price, 'tis two to one  
He places in your hands a first-rate gun.  
Nor with a double ever shall I quarrel,  
Fourteen the gauge, and two feet six the barrel  
You'll choose a double gun, for at a glance  
The reason 's plain, you have a twofold chance ;

But if you still to handle one decline,  
A single barrel should be two feet nine,  
Nor this the difference only, furthermore  
Instead of fourteen, number twelve the bore,  
And they should e'er of twisted stub be made,  
Allow'd the best by sportsmen and the trade:  
The common barrels, understand, I would  
Not utterly condemn, for some are good,  
But can't be deem'd so safe as t' others are;  
Let not the difference in the price debar  
Your owning such; that cash is well applied  
Which buys you confidence, can't be denied;  
Indeed, I may say none but sorry fools,  
Would shooting follow but with first-rate tools;  
Those who to niggardness in aught are prone,  
Had better far to leave this sport alone,  
And where the purse is low, I must contend  
Had better strive th' *exchequer* to amend  
Than choose such sport, their time and means apply  
In recreations with economy.

The walnut, maple, cherry-woods confer  
The best of stocks ; the first I most prefer,  
As being closest grain'd and handsomer. }  
Percussion locks, the implement complete,  
For flint and steel are almost obsolete,  
The former ne'er miss fire, not e'en the rain  
Will cause your triggers to be pull'd in vain,  
If on the nipple the cap's firmly set,  
However dire the storm they take no wet  
If upright held ; the nipples should be made  
As short as need be, and their tops concave.  
But tubes among the Dons are now preferr'd,  
They quicker still will bring you down a bird ;  
One of their ends in centre of the load  
Is gently push'd, so that when they explode,  
The body of the powder being inflam'd  
Less grains are profitless,—a great point gain'd :  
For trap and open field sport they've maintain'd  
The lead for years, for copse were not much fam'd  
Till Moore invented an ingenious plan  
By which the tubes are held, and never can

As heretofore be lost, as oft they were,  
Which made the many much the cap prefer.  
But on the other side of the account,  
One disadvantage balances th' amount,  
In rainy weather you can not depend  
On them as caps, nor can I this defend ;  
With locks of this kind medium can't be had,  
They're either very good or very bad :  
Front action locks, in lieu of back, are best,  
That I believe experience has confest,  
When both are good the difference is not great,  
But that, however trifling, I must state ;  
They're quicker certainly, and some maintain  
They last out two of t'other in the main,  
But be that as it may, if you the choice  
Should leave to me, they doubtless claim my voice.  
But the most perfect specimen I've seen  
Was Golding's make, a name that long has been  
'Mongst sportsmen known ; who has contriv'd a lock  
Of convex form, of which the hammers drop

Full on the nipples, which are made to enter  
Straight to the chamber, thus the very centre  
At once is fir'd, and angle is there none  
By which the flame must travel. He has won,  
In my opinion, every sportsman's praise,  
By his new nipple, which will further raise  
His well deserved fame ;—his plan was this,  
To make one far less liable to miss  
In stormy gales ; this has he done, and more,  
For with them all guns quicker than before  
By odds now shoot, they're with platina bas'd,  
In midst of which a tiny hole is plac'd ;  
The apex concave, an inverted cone  
To this point leads, and through this hole alone  
The fire condensed travels, with a speed  
Surprising quite ; moreo'er they never need  
With powder to be fed ; nor call for care  
To keep them clean, and are eternal wear ;  
But no description can their merits speak,  
Try for yourself, and ample trial seek.

If you possess two guns, 'tis worth your care  
To see that each one's triggers equal are,  
The force of pulling requisite should be  
In all, true, even to identity ;  
But not too much or little should require,  
Here, as elsewhere, the medium I admire,  
For in the former case you'll be too slow,  
And in the latter, sometimes 'fore you throw  
The *musket* to your shoulder, off 'twill go. }  
I would suggest the gunsmith's art you learn'd,  
At any rate as far as lock's concern'd ;  
Then when you're out on distant expedition,  
A fault is seen, and altered with precision ;  
And thus the country bunglers you will foil,  
Who mostly do their best the locks to spoil.  
The length of stock, and weight of gun depends  
On heighth and strength you own, my sporting friends ;  
By this remark I mean, that all should choose  
None but a weapon they can freely use,  
Not one so heavy that at close of day,  
The arms tho' urg'd to raise, refuse t' obey,

Or if they do, so much against their will,  
'Tis out of reason to expect to kill ;  
Nor one too light, for there attaches blame,  
For the effect produc'd is just the same  
As with the former ; you may take my word,  
Invariably you'll fire below the bird,  
(As you will do if it top-heavy is,  
But that 's soon alter'd, and the way is this,  
Sufficient lead under the heel-plate place,  
Thus quickly will you remedy the case ;)  
So with the latter, you may think it strange,  
The shots above the mark will mostly range ;  
Thus will you find with either, 'tis as one,  
You're apt to miss, however good the gun :  
So keep this rule in view, the piece that's brought  
Quickest to shoulder and to sight, if bought,  
Will ever prove the best ; this I conceive  
It needs no logic to make all believe,  
For if the barrels e'er so middling are,  
With such a gun birds will not get so far,

Thus oftener may be kill'd, as none can err  
So much in taking aim; all must prefer  
That upon which they always can rely  
If game is not beyond its reach, and buy  
One such, than one, though farther it may kill,  
Which can't be used by them with equal skill.

In justice to the man whose guns the most  
For years I've shot with at a mod'rate cost,  
And never found them in the field to fail  
In lock or barrel, but the birds to nail  
In first-rate style, with pleasure I his name  
My readers give, am sure they will not blame  
Me hastily, should he be given trial  
To weapon them, the guns fear no denial:  
Reilly, in Holborn, number three 'sixteen,  
On his true *stingers* may at work be seen.

By the noon-sun the powder should be dried,  
And after this, if so you please beside,

The flask upright in sand well heated place,  
Which simple plan pursued, will quick displace  
A trifling moisture, but if clogg'd with wet,  
Cast it aside, for though by heat we get  
The grains apart, much of its strength is lost ;  
So, on the other hand, our plans are crost  
If to it we apply a heat too great,  
For then the sulphur will evaporate.  
Some of my readers, I may, p'rhaps, amaze,  
When I inform them that the shining glaze  
Which as a cov'ring ev'ry grain arrays,  
Is ill deserving of the sportsman's praise ;  
And, were it unadorn'd, most certainly  
The self-same powder would be found to be  
Much more effective, almost ev'ry grain  
Would do its duty, nor be us'd in vain,  
And ignite quicker ; but in such a case  
In glass it should be kept in some warm place.  
The Battle powder, it is said, is best,  
Which has been prov'd by the severest test,  
And is the cleanest,—that must be confess'd.

The shot that's best adapted for September  
 Is number seven,\* and mind that you remember,  
 Of this and powder never to be spare,  
 Or some unlucky day you'll badly fare,  
 As I once did, and to my sore dismay  
 Empty my shot pouch hung 'fore close of day,  
 Curs'd my own folly, when I found  
 My pointer fix'd as marble to the ground,  
 The birds upon their flight, Don wond'ring why  
 A brace I bagg'd not, and they were not shy,  
 If aught could add unto my misery.

See that the pellets bright as silver fall  
 Into the barrels, or the charge may *ball*;  
 Nor mix the sizes, or you shoot in vain,  
 The shot is scatter'd widely o'er the plain,  
 And if successful 'tis no proof of skill,  
 You may have levell'd well, or levell'd ill;

\* Walker's is meant here, for in every manufactory in the kingdom the numbers vary in relation to the size of the pellets.

But with a downright *muff*, why, then, indeed,  
Let him pursue the plan he'll best succeed ;  
As total want of skill I here advance  
May oft be aided by the hand of chance.  
Tho' I have said use number seven, my plan  
Has always been, aft' the third week began,  
To charge my second tube with number five,  
As birds are then to danger more alive ;  
And onward thro' the season I'd advise,  
Whate'er your first may need, two grades in size  
The last should larger have, you'll find th' effect  
Of such a *move* too plain to e'er neglect.  
Use Walker's caps, the French we all despise,  
They're apt to cast their offal in our eyes,  
And if depriv'd of sight—say, can the loss  
Be e'er retriev'd ?—the wealth of worlds is dross ;  
Those who've a well lined purse 'tis very true  
Are far from likely such a fault to rue ;  
But Keepers mostly, I with pain submit,  
Their cheapness tempts, observe the traitors sit

Their nipples on ; try hard, try hard, t'impress  
Upon their ignorance the needfulness  
Of using but the best, the save they make  
As nothing is, compar'd to what they stake.  
'Tis not amiss to carry a reserve  
At large in pocket, which may one day serve  
If you *alone* be shooting miles away  
From where their venders see the face of day,  
And then by accident your case should lose,  
The forethought may be found of signal use.  
But Walker's metal wadding you must shun,  
'Twill bruise your shoulder, injure much the gun.  
Thick felt on powder, and pasteboard on lead,  
At greatest distance drops them, and most dead.  
But try what charge the gun requires with care,  
You then with confidence to sport repair.  
Firing at plate of iron two feet square,  
Which must be white-wash'd well, and not left bare,  
From forty yards, you then will plainly see  
Each time you trial make, with certainty

How many shots it on the plate will throw,  
By change of charge the *best* you soon will know ;  
Two hundred pellets of the number seven,  
Aye, and with force, against it should be driven,  
With insufficient strength you oft may wound,  
But seldom bring the game stone-dead to ground ;  
The centre should be thick, if you hold straight,  
And the rest seem from it to emanate ;  
The pow'r propelling may be also trac'd  
By how much white-wash by the shot's displac'd.  
As here some practice is requir'd, you may  
P'rhaps ascertain its force a better way,  
By getting some *particular* sporting friend  
To spare an hour, or otherwise to lend  
His *out-and-outer* ; with the which you'll see  
How many sheets the same siz'd shots will flee  
Of stout brown paper through, placed in a frame  
At forty paces off, then at the same  
Number of sheets likewise *your* weapon try,  
To see in point of force if it will vie

With his, and if both tests it rightly stands,  
'Tis built for execution in good hands.  
After this trial, and you're fully pleas'd,  
After all doubtings of the charge have ceas'd,  
Be satisfied with it,—remember this,  
You ne'er at forty yards should make a miss ;  
Blame not the load, but manfully confess  
The bird escap'd thro' very awkwardness.

When game is wild the *cartridge* use, and 'twill  
At ninety paces help your bag to fill,  
But if to use the second charge you're slow,  
You'd better always on *it* one bestow ;  
They'll prove well worthy of your best regards,  
And not particular to twenty yards.  
Eley, unknown to me, thy name I prize,  
For oft thro' thee a basket's chang'd in size,  
And many a head therein lain latent  
That else had liv'd, but for thy patent.  
As when in pocket loose they're plac'd, you bruise  
Them oft, and make them quite unfit for use,

I would advise they're carried in a case  
To keep the wire envelope in its place,  
For when that's bent or broken, simple shot  
Is better far, this must not be forgot.  
When to the field you go, I'd have you take  
Two extra nipples, for precaution's sake ;  
But as a Bramah lock they'll useless be,  
If you should happen to forget the key ;  
And should you ever have the luck to fire  
Your piece at twenty birds, (all I desire,)  
And the day's young, 'tis any thing but *green*  
To change the choak'd and foul ones for the clean,  
Unless you choose, a thing I much advise,  
Golding's condensing make to patronize.  
The last improvement in the wad's become  
So excellent, the charge scarce soils the gun ;  
For practice, from the trap I one day fir'd,  
Till both my arm and head were downright tir'd,  
Full forty times each barrel bang'd away,  
And yet my shoulder never felt the fray,

But it would surely black and blue have been  
Had nought but card for wadding been between  
The shot and powder, *thus the gun to clean.* }

Keep your locks always on the half-cock bent,

Thus will you oft an accident prevent ;

Never with barrel beat a bush or briar,

If you'd true sportsmen's company desire ;

Nor horizontally so hold the same

That they with reason may such conduct blame :

Were I to kill or maim a Pal, God knows

I ne'er while life remain'd should feel repose,

Never again could seek the cheerful field,

The bare idea of which remorse must yield ;

Were it your case thro' *negligence*, confess

'Twould blast all future hopes and happiness ;

Think well of this, let caution be your guide,

And o'er your actions let her e'er preside.

But on the other hand, it needs your care,

Especially when you 'mongst strangers are,

To look to number one, and ever glide,

If you can manage, to the *right hand side* ;

To cross a hedge or gate be not too fast,  
Be your ambition rather to be last.  
When you've discharged, and loaded one, 'tis right  
To see the second barrel's charge is tight,  
(But mind the one for action's not *full cock*,  
Or such remissness common sense will shock,  
Nor need I say, on nipple place the cap  
When the *gun's charg'd*, if you'd escape mishap ;) )  
Should the concussion cause the shot to travel  
From powder, e'er so little up the barrel,  
'Twill bulge or burst when fir'd, and so it will  
If you by accident the muzzle fill  
With mould or snow : fearing you should be curst  
By owning one that's pre-ordain'd to burst,  
Your left hand on the trigger-guard e'er place  
When you the weapon to the shoulder raise,  
By this plain plan you ever will prevent  
A shatter'd arm,—no trifling accident ;  
And tho' at first this method may seem strange,  
'Twill not be long before you find the change

Make not the slightest diff'rence in the aim,  
And you uphold the tube with pow'r the same ;  
But still, tho' thus I e'er present my arms,  
Yet they whose minds are free from danger's qualms,  
And the best Shots we have will not agree  
With my suggestion, as they certainly  
More forward hold ; in this I must defer  
That the gun 's doubtless held much steadier.

If free from rust, from water, fresh or salt,  
You'd keep the barrels, you will be in fault  
If you don't boil together, on slow fire,  
The following articles, all you require  
T' effect the same ; and after 'tis applied,  
A week should pass, 'fore with a cloth they're dried ;  
Twice in a winter us'd, the gun will be  
Fit to be seen, from rust outside is free :  
Of black lead, ounces three, in weight a sixth  
Of this of camphor ; when these two are mix'd

With half a pound of lard, you then with me,  
Having once tried it, will no doubt agree.  
If for a year or two a gun has been  
Laid by, you can't expect the barrels clean  
If not oft look'd to, and with care wip'd out,  
Rust to prevent—that none, I think, will doubt;  
If such neglect you fear, then fill with suet  
Each barrel, and corrosion 's stranger to it.

The shot and powder flasks but one word claim,  
Those are the best on which Sykes stamps his name;  
The double shot pouch is to be preferr'd,  
For reasons that before have been observ'd,  
But on their merits I shall not here dwell,  
'T would be superfluous, as they're known so well.  
Yet numerous others, many foreign made,  
For elegance of show, throw in the shade  
His solid flasks; still things that simplest are,  
If equally effective, will by far

Safer and better prove,—let others be  
 Led, if they like, away by novelty,  
 Those I've prov'd good, are good enough for me.

Having of guns, and all pertaining to,  
 Conclusion made, my subject I'll renew,  
 And, clearly as I can, expatiate  
 On Dogs, at least, as far as they relate  
 To fowling matters; sans their aid, in vain  
 Aught I could say, and useless quite my strain:  
 In making choice, no fix'd rule can be made,  
 Yet this one requisite, it may be said,  
 All should possess, *id est*, a round firm foot;  
 Keep this in mind, and never overlook  
 Here, imperfection, for when flat and thin,  
 But a short space they hunt before they 'gin  
 To get foot-sore, to your unfeign'd chagrin.  
 A forehead broad, I also like to see,  
 Chiefly in such the nerves olfactory

Are most acute ; the frame square made and strong,  
Firm on its pins, which should not be too long,  
I likewise prize : the Sportsman always deems  
Those the most useful that betwixt th' extremes  
Of height and bulk prevail ; for such, like wire,  
Are tough, beat well their ground, and seldom tire.  
These points attended to, you'll not repent  
(If he has under apt tuition spent  
His spring of life, attentively has learn'd  
The trade, in which till death he'll be concern'd),  
Drawing your purse-strings, howe'er large the sum  
Requir'd may be, 'fore owning such an one.  
Dogs I prefer, for should a bitch in heat  
In hunting-time unfortunately get,  
You must alone, or with a bitch such use,  
For with a male both's services you lose.  
Tho' Shakespeare says, ' What's in a name ?'  
And that the rose's perfume is the same,  
Call'd by another ; yet, of dogs should you  
Have ample choice, (and all be first-rate too,)

Choose those whose names no exclamation ends,  
 As Ponto, Carlo, for the "O" oft tends  
 To puzzle much the owner of the same,  
 When you "*Toho*" may call: unwonted blame,  
 Unwittingly, such frequently will share  
 For heedlessness, when but this trifling care  
 In *puppyhood* would many a lashing spare.

My province now 's t' enlarge on ev'ry sort  
 Whose aid advantages this splendid sport.  
 I'll mention first the Setter, he has been  
 For centuries in this sporting country seen;  
 His origin is still not fully known,  
 But this opinion has 'mongst Sportsmen grown—  
 The brave and noble Talbot's blood was cross'd,  
 (I'm much afraid his *perfect* breed is lost,  
 If on accounts I've read, I may rely,  
 His Spanish namesake, to a certainty,  
 Differs from what our's *was*, and we may trace  
 He's altogether of a different race,)

With the small Springer, us'd for sporting then;  
The Talbot's use, to track the vile of men;  
Oft murd'ers from their haunts were ferrited,  
Who met the death they justly merited :  
Nor only this, the deer they also chas'd,  
Thus justice aided, and the table grac'd;—  
And none but will, I'm sure, with me repine,  
At thought of losing such a useful line.  
Well! this same cross, mayhap, this dog produc'd,  
Which for a length of time was only us'd,  
Until the Newfoundland this country gain'd,  
And by his cross the establish'd dog obtain'd.  
Yet, still, th' above is little but a guess,  
Tho' ventur'd shrewdly, freely I confess :  
But, mostly, naturalists, I find, agree  
That each description is the progeny  
Of the rough Shepherd's dog—the first recall'd  
From nature's wilds, to be by man install'd  
The guardian of his flocks, and train'd to keep  
O'er them his wakeful watch, while men should sleep;

And to those wild, in foreign parts, he'll strike  
 The travell'd eye, as being by far most like.  
 They also, and with reason, justly state,  
 From change of climate, and from care, we date  
 The various kinds to various uses train'd ;  
 And then, by frequent crosses, were obtain'd  
 The parents of the dog—a Setter nam'd,—  
 As well as num'rous mongrel breeds we meet,  
 Which really are not worth the food they eat.  
 The Lapland dog, if pass'd to warmer clime,  
 Will change his hairy coat for one more fine ;  
 If, in return, a Spanish dog you send,  
 As his light clothing won't his frame defend  
 From searching cold, he is not us'd to bear,  
 Nature adds more,—all life demands her care ;  
 And thus transported, ere two years were flown,  
 They'd hardly to their master's eye be known—  
 Thus climate much has done, as here is shown ;  
 But strict attention more, much more—without  
 Man's fostering care, there cannot rest a doubt,

The sev'ral kinds would not by this have grown  
So num'rous, that their numbers are unknown ;  
And each one's rise and progress thus we see  
Is but one tissue of uncertainty.

But by the following breeding, if you choose,  
The modern Setting dog you may produce ;  
A Pointer bitch, if cross'd with Foxhound blood,  
(But certain be that both the breeds are good,)  
Will litter whelps which oft to pointing take,  
And sometimes stanch and steady dogs they make,  
Of course when that's the case, they're mostly found  
To take more after bitch than after hound ;  
The offspring of a female of this litter,  
Warded by Newfoundland, we find is fitter  
Than the above, to help to fill a bag,  
The Sportsman's solace after a long fag ;  
This strain, likewise, we now a Setter call,  
But much inferior to the original.  
Still bear in mind these are but gen'ral rules,  
Those who ne'er make exceptions are but fools ;

For in the course of sporting you'll observe  
 Ofttimes, a dog whose form will not deserve  
 One word of praise, will act his part so well,  
 Perfection's self might fail his worth t' excel ;  
 And on the contrary, the showiest dog  
 May prove no better than a moving log,  
 Whose worth intrinsic 's not the charge of lead  
 With which in anger you may shoot him dead.

The Pointer, next in order, I must name,  
 His useful services we gain'd from Spain ;  
 But as his broad and heavy limbs were found  
 But ill contrived for getting o'er the ground  
 With speed sufficient any Shots to please,  
 Who'd have a dog quarter a field with ease,  
 While they but to the centre slowly walk,  
 And of sport, past and present, freely talk ;  
 The Foxhound's blood was us'd t' increase his speed,  
 When from their slowness thus the breed was freed, }  
 To own a better dog one had not need. }

Whatever fame our present Foxhound gains,  
Is from the Talbot blood that's in his veins,  
Thus both the breeds we find are in his debt,—  
Those that point game, as well as those that set.  
Good, bad, indiff'rent, of each kind we see,  
“ Who shall decide when doctors disagree ?”  
Some swear the Setter, some the Pointer's best,  
Both have I shot to, both put to the test :  
And the result—the matter not to mince—  
Is, that the former's services long since  
Have I foregone ;—yes, my sleek-coated friend  
Alone, now aids me—does my wanderings tend.  
'Tis easy to assert—I trust my fate  
Will lead me ever to substantiate  
My broach'd opinions, that I mayn't mislead  
The youthful Sportsman, who may hap to read  
My humble verse ;—mainly on this depends  
The gratifying feeling that attends  
Our various reading ;—may I e'er be free,  
As author, from so dire anxiety.

The Setter's wild and wayward, and I fear  
You'd find most want rebreaking ev'ry year;  
Which, should you fail, fruitless will be your toil,  
Their only aim would seem, your sport to spoil;  
But, *after this*, there's ev'ry chance you may  
Find them quite faultless, if you day by day  
Keep them at work, and thus by constant dint  
Of scourge and practice, on their minds imprint  
That steadiness, without the which you'll need  
No Solomon, to prove you can't succeed.  
Should it so hap—let it but be suppos'd,  
That for a fortnight they no game have nos'd,  
When next they're taken out, will do their best  
To put your patience to severest test,  
By putting up the game; and seek t'amuse  
Themselves, till stopp'd by whip-cord's frequent use.  
To keep a Setter, then, I never would  
Advise a London man, however good,  
For unless constantly they're kept employ'd,  
The Sportsman's temper will be oft annoy'd.

Their warm and shaggy coats are always found  
 To tire them much, where water don't abound ;  
 Their services I've notic'd always yield  
 Much greater profit in a copse or weald  
 Shaded from sun, than in the open field.

Thus are their rivals found, and with good reason,  
 The best for the commencement of the season.

Though on the moors, Setters do much obtain,  
 Without relays the Sportsman would in vain  
 Seek the reward all *Shots* so hope to gain.

Their feet are better cloth'd, 'tis true, with hair,  
 Than Pointers are ; thus o'er the heath they fare  
 Best of the two, and were they but as stanch,  
 For Grouse, perhaps, their merit might advance :  
 Give them their due, they're ever found to make  
 The better dog, 'mongst thorns and furzy brake,  
 With perfect ease they through such mazes move,  
 As much too sharp for Pointers' hides would prove :  
 They beat the ground much faster, some aver,  
 But 'tis not that we want, 'tis stamina.

Pow'r of endurance in a dog I prize,  
One who ne'er tires with daily exercise ;  
I'd sooner own him that is slow and sure,  
Than he that can't a hard day's work endure ;  
And on this score, I dare aver, most will  
More game with Pointers, than with Setters kill.  
I've ever found the former always get  
Most points, when they as strangers may have met :  
In my experience, truth must be confest,  
Their nose has ever prov'd by odds the best ;  
And when well broken, steady, stanch, and true,  
Act well by them, they do their best by you ;  
And if not work'd for months, 'tis all the same,  
On *them* you may depend, they spring no game.  
Or should you wish their services to lend,  
Will strive their utmost to divert your friend ;  
Who, be he e'er so worthy into boot,  
Should sporting matters know, and how to shoot.  
Be not by friendship solely led away,  
Or you may fated be to rue the day

On which his faithful services you lent  
To one, who when he sported, time mispent :  
For rest assur'd, that to a certainty,  
Dogs love the sport as much as you or I ;  
When oft the bird 's not down, in time become  
Quite careless, 'bout their portion of the fun.  
In such a case, I know a dog that feels  
Such disappointment, that he goes to *heels*,  
Nor will he budge from thence until he sees  
A head knock'd over with apparent ease.  
Besides, a man who does not understand  
What they *should* do, will frequently command  
Their course a-wrong, and thus they soon will know  
With whom they have to deal, and callous grow ;  
So, many dogs that scarcely had a fault,  
A month's mismanagement has almost spoilt.

The Newfoundland will next attention claim,  
He's sometimes useful to retrieve your game ;  
But if the same should very much abound,  
Is oft more plague than profit, I have found ;

And thro' his aid to seek one dead, have known,  
Before the object's gain'd, a covey's flown.  
The wild fowl Shot should never be without  
His needful services, for without doubt,  
Let them be few or many—here's the sequel,  
As a good water dog, he has no equal.

P'rhaps the most difficult of any kind,  
Faultless to own, Sportsmen will ever find  
The Spaniel breed ; and none more useful are,  
Or in their breaking, call for greater care.  
In ev'ry kind of sporting dog, I prize,  
For obvious reasons, those of middling size ;  
But 'specially 'mongst these, for here the gain  
Is twofold, which by medium we obtain ;  
If of large growth, their services, we find,  
Mostly to woods and copses are confin'd ;  
If double hedges they're requir'd to run,  
Their size prevents, and thus their day's work's done.  
The smaller kinds can act this part the best,  
If they're with strength, and shaggy jackets blest ;

But covers and plantations which can boast  
 A ruffet bottom, where the game is most  
 Plenteous, in such the little dog is lost.

The Terrier, tho' more seldom us'd, I've seen  
 Prove a good dog, where *flax* has plenty been ;  
 His chief delight will seem, to start a hare,  
 Or rabbit, and when once he's on their lair,  
 The former he with questing voice will course ;  
 And if not broken well, till you are hoarse,  
 Loud you may vainly call ; ne'er wait about,  
 When well tir'd down, his nose will find you out :  
 The latter driv'n to hole, 'tis all in vain  
 What you may urge, he'll not come back again,  
 Till with earth laden, and a lambent tongue,  
 You see him wearied, slowly crawl along.  
 But such for feather are not in request,  
 As most will rise the game before they quest ;  
 The sort that owns a cov'ring more like wire  
 Than hair, Sportsmen in gen'ral most admire.

I'll only add, their characters concerning,  
They're undeniable as dogs for vermin.

Spaniels and Terriers bred and broken well,  
E'er within twenty yards of gun should dwell;  
You see the obvious reason, and the sense  
Of this remark,—its utmost consequence:  
It will avail you little, if the game  
Is sprung at farther distance, for in vain  
Your trigger's pull'd, as seldom one is slain. }  
They e'er should quest before the game they rise,  
It's whereabouts their master to apprise,  
And not give tongue, unless the scent be good,  
Where'er their business lies, in brake or wood;  
Those that unwarrantably make a noise,  
Are even worse than those without a voice.  
Mostly 'tis found the hardest task of all,  
To make them pay a due respect to *call*;  
When, as before I said, they start a hare,  
'Twould almost make the mildest temper swear,

To see them fruitlessly their strength destroy,  
 And to your day's diversion cause alloy.  
 A trial in a woody country's sought,  
 Before these dogs with confidence are bought.

These five descriptions only, shooters want ;  
 Of some of them, if needs, they may be scant.  
 Over a well train'd Spaniel, I remember  
 Some good day's sport, once early in September ;  
 But such a dog I fancy few could train,  
 " I ne'er shall look upon his like again."  
 But if a brace of dogs you only own,  
 Let them be Pointers, for above I've shown  
 Than Setters they are better, and moreover,  
 A bell hung from their necks, they'll hunt in cover ;  
 And when the *tintinnabulary* sound  
 Ceases, your ear tells where they may be found }  
 For the time, fix'd to earth—as all around. }  
 My bells are spherically made, diff'ring  
 Each in the tone it speaks, so each one's ring

Instanter you detect, and which ally  
 Has brought his nose to bear, 'twill notify :  
 When thus constructed, they will also be  
 Unchok'd, and ever from their necks hang free.

But never rear a whelp, for reasons two—  
 The first, when broke he mayn't be worth a sous,  
 His training next to useless, 'cause that he  
 May lack one requisite, sagacity ;  
 The next, a pup of promise should you rear,  
 Before he's wanted, you his loss may fear—  
 Disease two-fifths at least claims ev'ry year. }  
 In either case, 'tis very plain and clear  
 For such experiment you'll pay full dear :  
 Vexation and expense are all the gains  
 Which, sullenly, you pocket for your pains.  
 But buy your dogs already broke, you'll find  
 'Tis easy to be suited to your mind :  
 Still, not without a trial—'tis absurd  
 To think of taking a dog dealer's word,

Always believe their words of honour—lies,  
 Without the “ true avouch of your own eyes;”  
 The Tyro oft has wish'd his bargain dead,  
 For which two months before he freely *bled*.  
 There's scarce a friend I know but will attest,  
 With *phiz* complacent, his will prove the best :  
 I've seen those prais'd, than which none could act  
       worse,

For which, if offer'd, I'd not give a curse.  
 'Tis folly therefore, Sportsmen, to expect  
 A Breaker should be free from this defect.  
 Pointers and Setters, as I'll shortly show,  
 May be bought—tried—within two miles or so  
 Of Hyde Park corner—Battersea, I mean,  
 Where of each kind varieties are seen ;  
 To London shoals of them from northward come,  
 Most, ready broken for the Sportsman's gun.  
 If you can manage, at the season's end  
 Buy in your dogs, I'd always recommend ;

They're then less saleable, and lower priced ;  
 Besides, there's time to get familiariz'd  
 Before their work begins ; you'll also learn  
 Their tempers, which your sport may much concern.  
 August's the month the Northerns *choose* to trade ;  
 And many, doubtless, have rich harvests made.  
 To the Red House, at Battersea, they steer,  
 Which Sportsmen visit at this time of year,  
 To gain by practice certainty of aim,  
 And *faithless* hopes to miss no head of game.  
 Faithless, I say—for many that have got  
 A knack of killing almost ev'ry shot  
 In this enclosure, will be found to rail  
 At their ill luck, when in the field they fail.  
 But if you'd wish your gun to exercise,  
 By shooting from a trap, I would advise  
 Your practising at starlings, which e'er rise  
 As partridges, and like them also fly ;  
 While sparrows slower are—and none deny  
*Blue-rocks*, than game, speed much more rapidly.

But if each shot should carry death 'twere will'd,  
 'Twould not be long 'fore ev'ry head was kill'd ;  
 E'en as it is, I'm free here to confess,  
 O'er all my beats, each year the sport grows less.

The odious Game Laws are the Sportsman's bane ;  
 Now Keepers, to preserve, are almost vain ;  
 Under their auspices the lazy thrive,  
 While honest industry can scarcely live ;  
 The nightly takings find a ready sale,  
 The Poacher's friend, the Higgler, will not fail, }  
 Them, and their well fill'd bags, with glee to hail : }  
 A market *now* he has for *all* he buys,  
 Thus robbery plain honesty outvies.  
 And where the Sportsman kills one head, if plenty,  
 The lurking night hunter will take off twenty ;  
 And if the former always had his will,  
 Betwixt them both, there'd soon be none to kill.

There cannot be a doubt the present laws  
 Have giv'n the sporting gentry ample cause

Of just complaint ; th' authoriz'd sale of game,  
More than the extra poachers, we must blame :  
Without receiving depôts, fewer thieves  
Would on us fatten, ev'ry one believes.  
Not that I mean to say, that formerly  
The country ever was from poachers free ;  
But that a sale so certain, urges many  
To treat contemptibly the honest penny ;  
And those who, ten years back, had only taken  
*Occasionally* game—to save their *bacon*,  
And had not night by night their springes laid,  
Now the *sale's certain*, follow up the trade.  
Except in large preserves, live game will be,  
In half a century, quite a rarity.  
While I'm this subject on, 'tis right to mention,  
These hated laws require your close inspection ;  
They're now so plain, none surely can mistake  
Their sev'ral bearings, or at any rate,  
No *Gentleman* e'er knowingly would break  
Their chief enactments—which I'll briefly state.

What thorough Sportsman, I would know, would shun  
 Paying for paltry license, 'fore his gun  
 He takes in hand, when Act of Parliament  
 For three pounds thirteen sixpence gives consent ?\*  
 But stay,—our country's exigencies call  
 For seven and fourpence more, which makes in all,  
 Four pounds and ten pence; this the sum will be  
 Ere we can shoot *sans liability*.

Let all who would evade this first condition,  
 Pay five-and-twenty pounds for such omission,  
 Conviction's costs : p'rhaps trespass fine they'll find  
 Will impress amply on their niggard mind,  
 This charming sport is not without expense,—  
 In fact, it is a certain consequence.†

Previous to this, to make *them* more displeas'd,  
 Of the dogs' services they're often eas'd;  
 Keepers have right to take *their* brutes away,  
 Before they take their leave, and say 'good day.'‡

\* Sect. 6.

† Sec. 5, 23.

‡ Sec. 13.

Another Act has also got a clause,  
 A Postscript to th' above, which further cause  
 Of grief will give, explains that they must get,  
 After this fine, *a right* certificate ;  
 And adds, expedient it will likewise be,  
 Before obtain'd, to pay a *double fee*.  
 The whole combin'd, has quickly thus become  
 A risk, which none but fools or rogues would run.  
 Would any *Gent*, if uninvited, range  
 O'er other people's lands ? or is it strange\*  
 The scum that do, two pounds are fin'd ? the game  
 They have about them may be also ta'en, †  
 If it is kill'd on trespass, or if not  
 'Tis all the same, and matters not a jot ;  
 Or if, by inadvertence, he was found  
 Openly sporting on another's ground,  
 It is not likely his address or name  
 Would change or fail to give,—he'd be to blame ;

\* Sec. 30.

† Sec. 36.

Those who such conduct ever should pursue  
 Will rightly pay *five* pounds, instead of two.\*  
 This latter fine, law says that all shall pay,  
 Who shoot on Christmas, or on Sabbath-day.†  
 All lovers of the sport would think it treason,  
 I'm very certain, when it's out of season,  
 To kill a head of game; for if they should,  
 By one dire shot, might extirpate a brood.  
 If any wretched pot-hunter is found  
 Thus acting, ev'ry head will cost a pound.‡  
 For taking eggs from game, or wild fowl's nest,  
 A crown a piece, in justice he's assess'd.§  
 Should the vile, poison on your shooting beat  
 Be found to place, for this atrocious feat  
 Ten pounds he pays;—costs in each case ensue,  
 Of course, whene'er the laws are broken through.||  
 Tho' woodcock, landrail, rabbit, snipe, or quail,  
 Are not consider'd game, you must not fail,

\* Sec. 31.

† Sec. 3.

‡ Sec. 3.

§ Sec. 24.

|| Sec. 3.

If you would shoot the same, to have license  
As if for game, or take the consequence.\*  
Tho' hares throughout the year we all may kill,  
Yet those who after February will  
Avail themselves of right, we must confess,  
If they're not poachers,—cannot be much less ;  
But if you wait till leverets large do run,  
Then, as a Sportsman, you may use your gun.  
None of the *right sort* will incur disgrace,  
I'm sure, by sporting 'fore bright Phœbus' face  
The landscape gilds, or aft' an hour succeeds  
The period, when the same again recedes,  
Is pass'd; sure 'tis a limit long enough,  
Fag you but through it, you'll have *quantum suff.*†  
If after forty days, (a longish time,)  
You game in your possession have, the fine  
Is just a pound a head, reckoning from  
The period each sort's season's past and gone ;

\* Sec. 5.

† Sec. 14.

But dealers, it allows not so long spell,  
 They in ten days from the same time must sell,  
 Or put aside what hangs upon their hands,  
 Or the like forfeit pay,—so law commands.\*  
 No Keeper with a servant's license can  
 Shoot over any other lordship than  
 Therein is specified, for if he should,  
 As if he'd no certificate, he would  
 Be liable to action; the result  
 Of such proceeding, is the self-same *mulct*; †  
 And if dismiss'd from service, it will be  
 No longer valid,—worthless instantly. ‡  
 Ten thousand acres will not constitute  
 A right of having one thereon to shoot  
 With menial's license; none but manor's Lords  
 Can save the trifle that the Act affords,  
 By them alone to lose; §—keep this in view,  
 And it may serve some day to get you thro',

\* Sec. 4.      † Sec. 6.      ‡ Sec. 16.      § Sec. 13.

Or help you out of some unpleasantry,  
 Which all may fall into, howe'er they try  
 To do the thing that's right; where nought is meant  
 But that, when press'd, thro' this o'ersight, resent.  
 All Landowners in Wales, who have a clear  
 Rental of full five hundred pounds a year,  
 The priv'lege have, of nominating one,  
 And for him paying but the *lesser* sum.\*  
 In the last place, it is of consequence  
 To know, that three months after an offence  
 You can't proceed; but, prior to that date,†  
 If you'd succeed, before a magistrate  
 Th' offender may be ta'en; but can appeal  
 At Sessions, if aggriev'd, his fate to change or seal.‡

You'll find these few brief extracts all  
 Your mind need store,—at least the principal;  
 Peruse the Act with care, till you have gain'd  
 The needful knowledge that's in it contain'd,

\* Sec. 15.      † Sec. 41.      ‡ Sec. 44.

For by this study you will oft prevail  
O'er furtive pot-hunters, and make them quail  
Beneath law's iron claws ;—we often find,  
I grieve to say, too many of this kind ;  
And also some, the wretched crew among,  
Who to the class of *Gentlemen* belong,  
As themselves say ; tho' such mean actions prove  
'Mongst what society they mostly move.

Canute, the Dane, first charter'd forest laws,  
(Who, to confound his courtiers, once caus'd  
His guard, with pomp, to place upon the strand  
His chair ; seated thereon, with stern command  
Th' approaching billows quick he bade retreat,  
Nor rudely dare to soil his princely feet ;  
And in this humble, unassuming way,  
Show'd them one only King all things obey :)  
These deeds are now extant, in force did last  
Till more than two full centuries had past ;

When England's second Richard had the fame  
Of founding Game Laws, but there's scarce a reign  
From his but strove to make them more complete,  
So 'fore repeal'd, one half were obsolete ;  
And being now annull'd, eighteen dull pages  
Contain the law the Sportsman's mind engages.

But cease digression : to the *point* again,  
The dogs to try in Battersea's wide plain.  
' But how ? ' you'll say, ' there's surely no game nigh. '  
True, very true, but you must it supply ;  
Have a live partridge trail'd along the ground,  
'Twill fully serve your purpose, I'll be bound ;  
London, this month, whole coveys hides,  
Which, till the next month, are respited their lives.  
And now, my reader, to keep faith with you,  
Explain, I must, what Pointing dogs should do :  
At " hold away " they both apart should range  
From side to side,—their places ever change,

Till one draws on the scent, then should his mate  
 A fixture stand, and further orders wait;  
 He closer draws,—and now, *point-blank* he stands!  
 ‘*Toho!*’ he’s motionless—and waits commands.  
 ‘Hie in, my Hector!’ soon his master cries;  
 Joy then is seen apparent in his eyes,  
 As he feels certain that the game should rise.

His master fires,—he *drops to charge*,—and then—  
 Some Shots would say he was a specimen;  
 But hie them off again, to find out whether  
 They *drop to hand*,—his word must go for *feather*;  
 And also see they do not *break their fence*,  
 For that will be of serious consequence.

Again, when call’d *to heels*, they ought to come,  
 And never *tear* their game;—the trial’s done.  
 If thus they act, it proves they’re broken well,  
 He’ll have a heavy price, before he’ll sell;  
 And well he may, perfection is so scarce,  
 That to expect it almost seems a farce.

And now, I think, I've plac'd before your view,  
All that your dumb companions ought to do ;  
And first-rate dogs, like these, may oft be found  
To change their masters for a dozen pound ;  
As they less perfect are, the price is less,  
But best is cheapest—most, I think, confess.

At twelvemonths old their teeth pups shed ;  
The second set, when once the first are sped,  
Must last for life ; the front serrated are  
For two years more or so, if fed with care,  
But if on bones they have been wont to fill  
Their carcasses, much earlier they will  
This obvious mark of youth obliterate ;  
Then, none can certainly their ages state  
But those who reared the same ; thus you will feel  
It most essential is with whom you deal.  
If at the *mart* you buy, that, I have shown,  
The dealers' characters are mostly known :  
But gen'rally, the oldest dogs are they  
Whose teeth, by grinding most, are worn away.

I've seen a tenth year dog so much *alive*  
And vig'rous, most would think he was but five ;  
If such were palm'd on you, three or four years,  
You'd find, would mostly close their brief careers,  
Should they be Pointers ; Setters oft contrive  
Full four years longer with grim death to strive ;  
But as with us, he spreads successful snare  
For all who lack attention, so beware,  
And ne'er let dire disease run on till you  
The proper remedy in vain pursue ;  
And, as I wish my readers mayn't be *done*,  
Let them inspect their mouths, and ag'd dogs shun.

Never be led away by subtle tale  
Of one unknown, who has a dog for sale,  
As, ' Sir, if you're in want of one that's good,  
A trifle for my trouble, and his food,  
Is all I ask ; about a fortnight back,  
From Hampstead Heath he follow'd in my track  
To my own home ; I've advertiz'd in vain,  
His master's name and residence to gain,

In your esteem, on trial, should he rise,  
Be sure we sha'n't fall out about the price.'  
I'd wager ten to one the dog he stole,  
And as a feint now coins this rigmarole,  
The simple to deceive; the season near,  
His rightful owner would again appear  
And claim the same; the loss becomes twofold,  
His services, by this time known, and gold.

The ills most frequent to the canine tribe,  
For each I'll now endeavour to prescribe:  
The dire Distemper will most loudly call  
For human aid; this scourge you'll find will fall  
Mostly on whelps, and oft with all your care,  
The common destiny they early share;  
And should they have the luck to live this over,  
Are seldom known entirely to recover,  
Weakness and cramps ensue—we can't suppose  
They'll ever make such active dogs as those

This foul disease ne'er struck ; sometimes, tho' rare,  
When they're full grown, the malady they share ;  
Should it be conquer'd, you will never more  
Into their frames discutients have to pour  
For this complaint. The symptoms of th' attack  
Are dullness, wasting, with slight cough, and lack  
Of usual appetite—at this first stage,  
This cheap emetic must your care engage ;  
A spoonful large of salt, dissolv'd in three  
Of water warm, is often found to free  
Their mucous membrane ;—then of calomel  
One grain and half, to which you'll add as well  
Of rhubarb five ; the ailment's found to pay  
Respect to this, when giv'n each other day :  
This for a whelp that's six months old or so—  
When younger less, when older more bestow.  
If you should give, by chance, too strong a dose  
Of the above, I then to you propose  
The under mention'd : when of each a third  
With careful hand you blend, take then my word,

The ill effects you stay—conserve of rose,  
Arabian gum, with chalk prepar'd, compose  
(When in a ball combin'd,) the weaken'd part,  
Which when again rebrac'd, scorns further art.  
If they're in high condition, you might bleed  
With good effect, if not, there is no need ;  
In fact—if lean, should you phlebotomise,  
'Tis almost certain that the patient dies.  
Be sure you keep them warm, their beds quite clean,  
And if you can't contrive a running stream  
Within chain's length to pass ; mind day by day  
Their water's chang'd, and filth is clear'd away ;  
Ne'er neglect this, for it conduces more  
Health to preserve, and vigour to restore,  
Than aught besides ; their diet should be light  
The two first days, but when the appetite  
Healthful becomes, *kill'd meat*, when boil'd, is good,  
But renounce *carrion*, 'tis too vile a food.

If mucous sloughs upon their nostrils form,  
Syringe them well with lotion ev'ry morn

And ev'n;—sugar of lead but half an ounce,  
Dissolv'd in pint of water, I pronounce  
Is best: should you these few plain rules pursue,  
Your aim is gain'd—his strength you thus renew.  
When dog or whelp is laid upon the shelf  
With this disease, confine him by himself,  
As 'tis infectious; or make sure that those  
That have not, must this canine plague oppose.  
When the discharge, from being but mucous,  
Runs from the nose and eyes in fœtid pus,  
When sneezing 's frequent, and the loins are weak,  
Palsies and fits ensue, Death 's sure to reap  
Their wretched lives; but in the first onset  
Let the disease with promptitude be met.  
Ask twenty keepers, and they'll tell a tale  
Of twenty cures—each never known to fail;  
The num'rous remedies were I to state,  
I fear my readers I should satiate.

When worms they have—of jalap twenty grains,  
Calomel three, and also take the pains

Of golden sulphur of antimony  
Likewise to mix with these (when all you buy)  
Of grains four more; this dose each other day,  
With confidence, a full grown dog you may  
Expect to cure: and if your canine friend  
Is plagued with such as tow'rds the anus tend,  
Inflate the part with strong tobacco smoke,  
The latent reptiles e'er find this no joke;  
For, by this vapour, you their deaths suborn,  
And see when next he voids, their lifeless form.  
Dried walnut leaves, two tea-spoon's full, will prove  
Also sure means these harpies to remove,  
If giv'n in half a pint of milk that's boil'd—  
And seldom those who try it e'er are foil'd;  
Offer it not in grease, you'd find that wrong,  
They never take it, th' odour 's much too strong;  
These leaves innocuous are to man and beast,  
But not a grub was ever known to feast  
Their juices on; th' infusion 's known to raise,  
From whence on earth it 's pour'd, with mute amaze,

The worms beneath—anglers adopt this course  
T' obtain their bait, when otherwise 'tis scarce.

The most disgraceful ills, I here assert,  
A dog can know, as caus'd by filth and dirt,  
And wretched living, are two kinds of Mange—  
The red and white ; where'er such patients range  
'Mongst others of their kind, they oft infect  
The rest—the white 's most sure in this respect :  
If ta'en in time, they're quickly found to bend  
To this receipt—if you'll attention lend ;  
Of sulphur vivum, get from any store  
Of first-rate drug vender, the ounces four,  
Bayberry powder two, of turpentine  
One ounce is *quantum suff.* ; to make it prime,  
Add two of powder'd, but white, hellebore ;  
When mix'd with half a pound of lard, not more,  
'Twill make an ointment that is almost sure,  
In a few days, the malady to cure.

But when the dog seems well, you'd best apply,  
For a short time, the same—or by and bye,  
With double virulence again 'tis seen,  
When an omission of the salve has been.  
Syrup of buckthorn you must also give,  
One ounce, not more, his bowels to relieve.  
A cleanlier remedy by far than this,  
Are found the leaves of noxious digitalis,  
Applied upon the sore, that is, infus'd ;  
If oft, with care, th' above is freely us'd,  
This direful scourge effectually t' assail  
It mostly will, and seldom 's known to fail,  
If ta'en in time : but if neglectfulness  
Has made it virulent, the first, than this,  
I should prefer :—'fore either 's us'd, the part  
Lave with soft soap and water, to the heart  
Of the disease the application dives,  
Thus sooner th' irritable patient thrives.  
The nauseous flavour surely will prevent  
A second taste, if on that scheme he's bent ;

Nor will he of his own accord this tea  
Suck in, 'twould do him serious injury.

Use olive oil to cure an adder's bite,  
Rubb'd in before the fire, 'twill make all right ;  
Yourself or dog, it matters not the least,  
The remedy is sure for man or beast ;  
If time is lost before you can apply  
The same, then give a little inwardly.

If in Convulsions they should ever be,  
A cold bath sometimes is a remedy ;  
Should they return, I strongly then advise  
You let them blood, according to their size,  
Three to six ounces ; aloes half a drachm,  
Six grains of calomel, when mix'd, you can  
Make into doses six, one ev'ry day  
Or other given, will the fits allay.

If not an *Æsculapius*, you'll succeed  
Better with fleam than lancet when you bleed ;

Where'er you purchase one, they'll not refuse  
To show you how the instrument to use,  
'Tis best t' insert it in the jug'lar vein,  
'Bout midway down the neck, the blood t' obtain ;  
When you would stop the same, without demur  
Apply from off your hat a little fur ;  
But if you're over anxious, I'd advise  
With tailor's tools you close the orifice.

Whene'er they're punish'd with films o'er the eye,  
Twice ev'ry day this lotion, mind, apply ;  
Dissolve in pint of water pure and clean,  
Piece of white vitriol, large as horse's bean,  
After its application, bathe the part  
With *aqua pura*,—they will soon depart.

You can't do better, when a dog has sprain'd  
A joint, and water warm can be obtain'd,  
Than well foment the part :—three drachms of oil,  
And one of hartshorn, will reward your toil ;—

If well rubb'd, twice a day, upon the sprain,  
He soon will go upon four legs again.

You'll sometimes find, after a long day's fag,  
A dog will get foot-sore, and often lag  
Behind, as homeward you from sport retreat;  
If that the season's warm, then wash his feet  
With soap and water, for they should suppl'd  
Be, and comforted, 'fore he his weary head  
• And body turns, to form a peaceful bed;  
But when the season wet and cold began,  
Diff'rent again, must ever be your plan:  
Then with cold salt and water, bathe the same,  
If not too bad ;—next morn he'll not be lame.

Scab in the ears,—'tis easy to effect  
A cure, if thrice a day you don't neglect  
Well rubbing in mercurial ointment.  
The Canker in the lips, sans disappointment,

Is also cured, if alum water you  
 Like plan, as often on the lips pursue.

For Colds and Coughs, this remedy obtains,  
 Antimonial powder, but five grains,  
 Calomel four; divide, and make two pills,  
 With honey sweet,—you quickly cure these ills:  
 If one each night successive, you bestow,  
 The patients shortly convalescent grow.

If they are ever plagued with fleas or lice,  
 The under-mentioned liquor, in a trice,  
 Affords relief:—one quarter of a pound  
 Of strong soft soap, with drachm of arsenic's found,  
 When simmer'd for a quarter of an hour,  
 In water, t' answer well;—when settled, pour  
 From off the dregs, and dress, their comfort to  
 restore.

If any baneful wretch, not fit to live,  
A poison'd bait, a fav'rite dog should give,  
And half an hour elapses, it defies  
Your utmost efforts, and best remedies ;  
But, on the first suspicion, 'tis as well  
To give him strong emetics to expel  
Th' injurious drug, whatever it may be,  
And soon as possible the stomach free :  
Of Ipecacuanha, fifteen grains,  
Dissolv'd in water; will reward your pains :  
If in short time it acts not, I propose,  
(Say fifteen minutes,) you repeat the dose ;  
And when the stomach's free, you then are sure  
An ounce of castor oil confirms the cure.

'Gainst whatsoever ill, by drugs you've striv'n,  
When cur'd, let nourishment be amply giv'n ;  
Fail not in this, for often such omission  
Is apt to fix a dog in lean condition.

Having now clos'd my Therapeutic strain,  
A word or two on Diet, I would fain  
Advance :—always feed well these willing slaves ;  
An equal part of barley meal and greaves,  
I've ever found their strength and frame support,  
When on excursion I've been out for sport ;  
But when they've idle lain, I've then preferr'd  
To let them only have of greaves, a third :  
When each are scalded well, combin'd they make  
A savory mess :—the dogs will glad partake  
When the Sun sets ;—the day's work being done,  
Give them their dinners, 'fore you take your own ;  
For the poor brutes no breakfast had, nor will,  
Till morrow's ev'n, again their bellies fill ;  
This done, their weary bodies they will yield  
To strength-restoring sleep, till call'd to field :  
No pleasure could you feel, I'm sure, in dining,  
To know while you were eating, they were *w(h)ining*.

When out of season, neither fat nor lean  
They out to be,—but in the case between :

As carrion, mind, you likewise *skimm'd milk* shun,  
 It ne'er was meant for dogs, but will become  
 When not well boil'd, a purge: such slop, then, spurn,  
 For *scouring* o'er the fields, 'tis sad return  
 For your amusement, thus their frames to *scour*  
 With diet, that at best, won't last an hour.  
 When on their work, they can't be fed too well,  
 Else constant waste of flesh will ever tell  
 An ugly tale, Sportsmen dislike to hear :  
 ' That dog's unlucky ; very much I fear  
 His pseudo sporting master's one that's near :'  
 Perish such thought, all thorough Sportsmen scorn  
 Horses or dogs to keep, and not perform  
 Tow'rds them their part, and keep this rule in view,  
 I'll do to them as I'd be done unto ;  
 That man must sink in each one's estimation,  
 Who for such harsh remark e'er gives occasion ;  
 As also he, who's in correction rash,  
 And without feeling, plies the painful lash ;  
 Who'd be so base, as ill use faithfulness,  
 Or in attention ever be remiss

To a poor member of the canine tribe ?  
 That grateful race, whose only aim's to strive  
 Their pow'r, their strength, each faculty to lay  
 At feet of lordly man, his will t'obey ;  
 Which leave their kind, to follow in his wake,  
 Whate'er his calling or his state ; partake  
 Oft in his cares and pleasures ; in short, blend  
 The names of humble servant, faithful friend.

Having on dogs enlarg'd enough, I'll mention  
 The costume worthy most of your attention :  
 Dress lightly under a September sun,  
 Or you may tire before the day is done ;  
 Brown Holland jackets, of an extra size,  
 Those who love comfort, always patronize ;  
 But when this month is getting in the wane,  
 They're better made of worsted stuff, or jean ;  
 And leave the heavy velveteen till when  
 The bleak wind sweeps along the hollow glen,  
 It then will needed be, the cold to stem.

Whate'er the fashion you prefer, 'tis best  
 They button to the throat; that 'cross the breast  
 No wrinkle forms; the shoulder free and smooth  
 Receives the *butt*, which is less prone to move :  
 Their game repositories should be lin'd  
 With oilskin fine, or you may chance to find  
 Your nether togg'ry will be often stain'd  
 With blood, that thro' their sides and bottom drain'd :  
 But Macintosh's coverings will not do  
 For those this health inspiring sport pursue ;  
 Th' enclose the perspiration, and produce  
 Rheumatic pains, and stiffness, by their use :  
 Tho' 'tis their vaunted praise to keep one dry,  
 That useful quality I here deny  
 Them to possess—for should you one obtain,  
 Your shirt's wet thro', without a drop of rain :  
 Give them their due, their services I prize,  
 When in a chaise I sit; but don't advise  
 Your wearing one in shooting exercise.

I wear a flannel jacket next my skin ;  
If you do not, and choose not to begin  
This new addendum, it's as well to know,  
Next best to these are shirts of calico ;  
The former most absorbs the perspiration,  
When in this pleasing toilsome occupation,  
Under a scorching sun, for game you beat  
O'er moor or mountain, where there's no retreat ;  
Such under clothing oft severe colds saves—  
The frequent harbingers to early graves.  
As when young ladies enter into life,  
They trowsers wear, till each becomes a wife ;  
And when that haps, the wicked witches  
Cast them aside, to wear the breeches :  
So I, when roving free, the trowsers scorn,  
And in white cord'roy breeches case my form.  
I've seen the hen-peck'd husband now full rife  
For pleasure, having robb'd his bick'ring wife ;  
The breeches on and absent, clack's in vain,—  
In short, he finds ' Richard's himself again.'

Jesting apart, I'm sure I never met  
'Mongst any class, so jovial a set  
As Sportsmen are ; for when they seek the field,  
Sorrows may press, they never to them yield,  
But from each care superior seem to rise,  
Their inward grief's unseen to other's eyes ;  
Such the effect of sport and exercise.

Stout lace-up boots, I much prefer to shoes ;  
When both well made, if you the latter choose,  
You find the heath or brambles often get  
Under the instep leggings, which will fret  
The feet ; and as on them so much depends  
The pleasure this delightful sport attends,  
You'll find it far more fit the same t' encrease  
In easy boots, that to the ankle lace ;  
But cautiously abstain from putting on  
For the first time a pair, when bent upon  
A long day's fag ; for were you so insane,  
They'd cause much less of pleasure than of pain ;

'Fore into constant use the same you bring,  
 Occasionally in the evening  
 Wear them an hour or so ; which plan repeat  
 Till you have brought them supple to the feet.  
 And 'fore you shooting go, I would propose  
 That you anoint the joints of all your toes,  
 Likewise the heels, with tallow, which is known  
 (If to such ills your feet are ever prone)  
 T' allay the gallings ; which won't fail t' annul,  
 At least rescind, the pleasure that we cull  
 From this amusement—for in pure despite  
 Of man's philosophy, we cannot fight  
 Successfully 'gainst pain, and know delight.

The following receipt's of vast behoof,  
 In making boots and shoes quite water-proof:  
 To half a pint of oil, once boil'd, (linseed)  
 Burgundy pitch, half of an ounce, we need  
 Spirits of turpentine, an ounce entire,  
 To add ; when blended over a slow fire,

Again with this we add of catchouc gum,  
Which should in strips be cut, before 'tis done,  
As much as in spirits of turpentine,  
Say ounces two, for we must here define  
The quantities, th' aforesaid turps dissolves ;  
The whole, when mingled thoroughly resolves  
Itself into a sort of unguent size,  
Which, when you've tried its qualities, you'll prize.  
It matters not however wet the weather,  
Your feet are dry, if you the upper leather,  
Likewise the soles and stitches, saturate  
With this emollient, until you create  
A proper pliancy, then let them dry ;  
And thus before you wear, three times apply  
The same :—during the season, don't forget  
Sometimes to use it,—they defy the wet.  
Nor this the only purpose that it serves,  
When they're thus dress'd, the leather it preserves :  
I, like king James, old boots and shoes prefer,  
If they are sound, as being easier.

The leggings should be made of tough buckskin,  
Ta'en from the back, these will protect the shin,  
And bear you harmless through the morning dew,  
Whilst any trowsers would be wetted thro' :  
Let them be made full long, the boots t' o'erlap ;  
Or, as they always shrink with wet, you'll hap  
To find them useless, if at first they're made  
To fit genteelly, as 'twere for parade ;  
In shot, their value you will much enhance,  
If you look more to ease than elegance.

Caps I dislike, they're always much too warm  
When water-proof, and when they're not, a storm  
Will quickly wet them thro' : I give my praise  
To low-crown'd, broad-brimm'd hats, these the  
    sun's rays  
From off the eyes reflect when taking aim,  
Which makes a difference in your bag of game ;  
For whosoever fires without such shade,  
In Titan's face, his hopes are doom'd to fade

Nine times in ten ; and if he kills by chance,  
He can't for science any claim advance ;  
In short, without it, however wary,  
The shooting's far from satisfactory.

As oft the hands get torn, and prick'd with briars,  
And gloves entire are more than one requires,  
I amputate the fingers, then the touch  
Is just as firm and fine as if no such  
Cov'ring they own'd ; if you're a lady's man,  
Or after sport the fair shall meet, this plan  
You're sure t' adopt, which may prevent the fright  
Your scars and plaster'd wounds might give their  
sight.

The dress complete, a pocket must no lack  
A *patent* flask of *genuine* Cogniac,  
Which, when diluted, you'll not be the first  
To bless the forethought, as you quench your thirst :

Drink not too often, for 'tis difficult  
To say 'enough,' when we with self consult—  
As too much spirits on the nerves will tell :  
Rinsing the mouth will often do as well ;  
By this manœuvre, you will also show  
A fuller pocket, when you homeward go,  
Than one without such caution ever can  
Expect to do, however *fly* the man.  
But if respect you have unto your life,  
Shun *aqua pura*, as th' assassin's knife :  
Rather than *quaff it*, when you thirst, thirst on,  
Or this, in truth, you may depend upon,  
That if such rash experiment you try,  
At best, you place your life in jeopardy.

A sandwich box, compact, of cleanly tin,  
Lined with alternates—bread and ham within,  
Is not to be despised ; the trifling weight,  
Though carried by yourself, will compensate

By the re-vigour its contents bestow :  
When the sun's rays attain their utmost glow,  
How cheering 'neath the shade of some old tree,  
The grass our table and our couch, to see  
The morning's sport out-spread : our dogs the while  
Catching the crusts thrown with approving smile.  
Let morbid appetites excitement seek  
In dainty viands ;—let the stomachs weak  
Of sensual Epicures, still pamper'd be ;  
Yet ever lack one sauce—the Sportsman's fee.  
Would they could view us, having earn'd our meal,  
Coarse, but yet relish'd : would they fail to feel,  
That unattended by a servile host  
Of tedious lacqueys, both a plague and cost ;  
Still may a lunch be made, and with a zest  
They well may envy,—but can never test ?

I am a patron of the Indian weed,  
And never on a shooting bout proceed

Without a case with prime Havannahs fill'd ;  
When half the day is wil'd away and kill'd,  
After a slight refection I invoke  
The soothing genius of tobacco smoke ;  
And thus the mid-day hour is pass'd away,  
'Twixt smoke and friendly conversation gay :  
I'm so accustom'd to these weeds, I find  
Myself uneasy when they're left behind.  
If such frivolity your liking suit,  
Be sure the case you in your pocket put ;  
But if so fond of them, you can't suppress  
Their use when in the field, I guess  
'Tis most expedient that you cautious are,  
Or all your future prospects you may mar :  
One spark dropt down the barrel, will ignite  
The powder while you load ; therefore 'tis right  
To keep your head aloof, or rather place  
The weed aside, than have your hand or face  
Shatter'd or scorch'd, for e'er to bear the trace. }

There's one thing further, you must *not* forget,  
To bear about you, your certificate.

Now the accoutrements have been discuss'd,  
Grouse we'll consider next, as they're the first  
The law allows the Sportsman to attack,  
In shape of game ; the British Islands lack  
Its first variety, now rarely seen,  
Tho' formerly in Scotland it has been  
Plentiful—the Cock-o'-the-Wood, I mean. }  
This noble bird in Norway's forests dwells,  
And seldom leaves them for its plains and dells ;  
Often will strip of all its cones, a pine,  
'Fore on another he will deign to dine.  
I've read, that there they're sometimes found  
So large, they often weigh full fourteen pound.  
Those I have seen imported, I must state,  
Have never been of that superior weight ;  
The hen's much less,—in colour diff'ring  
From the male bird :—in fact, you'd hardly bring

Your mind to think they male and female were  
Of the same class; the cock's the handsomer,  
Being jet black; the hen, a reddish brown,  
More like a partridge. All these tribes are known  
By naked skin, in form above the eyes  
Like eye-brows, and of splendid scarlet dyes:  
The flesh of these is thought so delicate,  
We hear the species has become of late  
So scarce, that even in their own domains,  
The Sportsman often for his arduous pains  
Reaps no reward. 'Enough,' you'll say, of these;  
'Of game more tangible, we, if you please,  
Would lend a willing ear.' Well, the Black Game,  
Its size, and whereabouts, I'll quickly name.  
There's not a bird, *yclep'd* game, I should suppose,  
Whose death such joy to Sportsmen e'er bestows,  
As a fine old Black Cock's; those who shoot fair,  
Respect the hens, as these birds do not pair:  
There's no mistaking her for him, his size  
So much superior is,—a four pound prize,

He to the bag will be ; if within range  
He rises to your gun, it will be strange  
If you don't *drop* him ; he so tardy flies,  
And such a target shows—he mostly dies.  
With plumage shining black, and forked tail,  
'Tis vast delight to see majestic sail  
Betwixt the earth and heav'n his showy form,  
The simple mountain scenery t' adorn ;  
The hen is brown. To Scotland, Derbyshire,  
Hampshire, or Devon, if you would desire  
On wing these birds to see, you'll need to go,  
And seek them where the heaths in plenty grow,  
Near to the stubbles ; I have also found  
In hedges some, in parts where they abound.

In the New Forest, Devon, Somerset,  
The law allows that wheresoe'er they're met,  
When the ninth month begins, they may be slain ;  
In other counties, it is stated plain,

The twentieth of the eighth is made the day,  
 That o'er the heaths in search of them you may  
 Range, if giv'n liberty, and none say nay. }

In the beginning of the season, they  
 Afford good sport, as they will sometimes lay  
 Like stones: the old cock's first upon the wing;  
 If you are fortunate enough to bring  
 Him down, all the male poults may one by one  
 Prove the reward of an unerring gun.

When such the case is, this depend upon,  
 You'd best retry, before you travel on  
 The ground; tho' I ne'er saw, I've heard it said,  
 They're oft pick'd up alive, they *lie so dead*.

But as the Autumn season *older* grows,  
 These birds to bag, the practis'd Sportsman pose;  
 They are so tickle, you may e'en remain  
 A day upon a heath, p'rhaps not obtain  
 A shot in range: not only they won't lie,  
 But out of sight will also sometimes fly;

But if in cover you can drive them straight,  
You'll stand a chance their death to perpetrate.  
When the stern twelfth month, the tenth day reaches,  
The law enacts the Black Game's peril ceases :  
What more of them 'tis needful to unfold,  
On finding, when on Grouse I speak, will hold  
The same for both :—of sporting this may be  
Verily call'd the aristocracy.

In North of England the Red Grouse are found ;  
Also in Wales,—in Scotland most abound :  
The twelfth of August is the fatal day  
The Sportsman is by law allow'd to slay  
This class ; a week before this time the roads  
Are crowded thitherwards with sporting loads  
Of men, with dogs and guns for sport prepar'd,  
Which is by numbers on the same moor shar'd ;  
Both town and country send their motly throng ;  
Each as his fancy urges, jogs along ;

By various modes the mountain scenery gain—  
Horseflesh, steam-boat, and now the railroad train;  
All with fell purpose, and the direst will,  
To see who shall the most on this day kill.  
The veteran Sportsman seeks his bed and sleeps :  
The Tyro watches till the daylight breaks,  
And long before Aurora peeps on earth,  
With beating heart he leaves his sleepless berth ;  
With nerves unstrung, in haste he puts together  
His gun—nor stays, however foul the weather.

Two brace of steady dogs, at least, you'll need,  
And a good guide, before you can proceed ;  
The latter serves as marksman, carrier  
Of ammunition flasks, and provender,  
And generally useful makes himself,  
If from your purse you draw sufficient pelf.  
Without such hireling it will never do  
T' attempt this sport,—o'er moors the grouse pursue;

The Sun so powerful is, your traps and gun  
Are almost load enough to weigh you down,  
Without the game, *etcetera*, that he  
Finds 'cross his shoulders hangs full heavily.  
Those who love shooting, and whose darling fort  
It is, will travel far t' enjoy this sport,  
And mostly make their stay a month or so,  
And even then, reluctantly they go.  
If you're one such, and each day tramp the heath,  
Deem not this plain advice to be beneath  
A Sportsman's notice : should your team be four,  
Use half your wealth, 'tis better ruled than more.  
The brace dismiss'd, the dogs that in their room  
You work, let them be kept for afternoon ;  
With proper care you'll find this team enow  
To hold you satisfactorily through  
Your grouse excursion: brown are much the best,  
As far as colour goes, for they the least  
Your victims see—and thus the bag's increas'd.

But, as with horses, colour is no bar,  
For worth a mottled jacket cannot mar.

These birds are found invariably to lay  
At summit of the hills, if fine the day—  
But when indiff'rent, use the middle range—  
When very bad, again their haunts they change,  
The lowest butts are then their resting place :  
If wet the night has been, a piteous case  
The eager Sportman's is, for let him try  
His utmost, gen'rally they will not lie.  
They're mostly met with when the gale blows strong  
'Bout midway down the hills, where ling is long ;  
Their flights are lengthy when this haps we find,  
And, unlike fowl in general, *down* the wind.

Most Sportsmen shoot from day break till eleven,  
Refresh, and on from three until th' even,  
Or rather, sunset, then the day's sport strike—  
Those who try longer act unsportsmanlike.

If in the *dead time* of the day you beat  
Still on, and scorn an August's mid-day heat,  
Ev'ry deep crack, as well as shady dell,  
Where now the grouse resort, be sure try well,  
And not unoften you will be repaid  
For this exertion, tho' your rest 's delay'd.

The cock is often twenty ounces seen,  
The hen in weight scarce e'er exceeds fifteen ;  
Both to the Sportsman rightful prizes are,  
As, unlike heath fowl, red grouse always pair.  
The twentieth of the twelfth the act agrees  
Shall end their danger, and the war shall cease.  
In sending grouse or any other game  
A distance, you will find this plan obtain :  
Firstly, both dry and cold they ought to be,  
And each wrapt in brown paper carefully,  
Undrawn, at bottom of the basket place  
Some heath, and lay them ; they'll be fit to grace

The table on arrival; but won't need  
This care when August's past—then pack in reed.

The Ptarmigan, the smallest of this class,  
Remiss I might be call'd, were I to pass :  
To Scotland's northern mountains the rough weather  
Drives them in flocks, from th' Arctic Region thither;  
But 'tis a bird the London Shot will see  
Seldom on wing, for when they're there, he'll be  
Far from these wilds, seeking a nobler game—  
Woodcock, or pheasant, better known to fame.  
A trifle larger than a pigeon these  
Emigrants last are of this species ;  
Their summer plumage is a palish brown,  
Mottled with dusky spots, their neck and crown  
With bars of black, and rust, and white, are mark'd;  
Their wings and belly, 'tis to be remark'd,  
Are always white the twelvemonth through :  
They moult these plumes in winter, when the new

Are wholly white ; and (save their wings and tails)  
All-seeing Providence, which never fails  
The least of Nature's works with care to tend,  
Has in its goodness furnish'd the quill end  
Of every feather with an extra one  
Of down ; which, tho' the weather has become  
Severe, protects them :—thus throughout the year,  
Nor summer's heat, nor winter's cold they fear.

Now, in rotation, to the game we come  
Which falls in greatest numbers to the gun  
Of London Sportsmen ; as not far from Town  
Partridges locate ; oftener, I own,  
With them their bags are fill'd than other game,  
Therefore in right they most attention claim.  
We read, the whole of Europe's temp'rate zone  
These birds, from immemorial time, their home  
Have made ; in northern latitudes, the same  
As said of Pstarmigans, is known t' obtain

Of them, as far at least as moulting goes ;  
Their feathers to the colour of the snows  
Are always chang'd—their plumage thick and warm,  
That thro' the winter they may take no harm.  
For a long time, erroneously, 'twas thought,  
Till by dissection the real fact was sought,  
That the bay feathers which a horse-shoe form  
Upon their breasts, the cock's alone adorn :  
But the superior brightness of his head  
Is now the sole criterion instead.  
If from their parents you the young would sort,  
Let but the under mandible support  
The bird's whole weight ; if it unbroken stays,  
Beyond one winter they've prolong'd their days ;  
But should it rend, the circumstance makes clear,  
They into being came, the present year.

Long 'fore the thund'ring gun, which deals out  
death

Now 'mongst them singly, coveys whole beneath

Th' inveigling net were ta'en ; and then, as now,  
Th' unwary birds, by the same subtle foe,  
The Sportsman bagg'd ; the keen-nos'd Setter gave  
His eager master clue,—the toils well laid  
Were o'er them thrown ; thus one fell-swoop destroy'd  
As many brace as oft a day's employ'd  
By modern means t' effect :—Sportsmen rejoice  
This furtive plan's foregone. Who but the choice  
Must rather give to the sonorous gun,  
Which now protracts our joys, as one by one  
Our victims fall ? I question much, if less  
The single prize confers of happiness,  
Than did the numbers which in times of old,  
Beneath the dextrous ample nets were told.\*

\* This is the generally received opinion, and handed down to us in books on the subject, and doubtless true with respect to this country. Yet, that the valuable assistance of the Pointer to facilitate the snaring of game, was made available by the ancients, even before the time of our Saviour, the author has had *ocular demonstration* of ; for while

A Lord of Surrey, and a Sportsman true,\*  
 Field Sports his fort, and Poetizing too,  
 Th' unruly Setter train'd to set to game,  
 And from his time the dog has own'd the name.  
 To him we are indebted for the breed,  
 Without whose aid we seldom should succeed  
 Our bags to fill; tho' Pointers now will do  
 As well, or better; still, to him is due

rambling through the Hall of Animals in the Vatican, at Rome, this Spring, he observed a remarkably fine statue of a Pointer at a *dead stand*, sculptured out of white marble, interspersed with black knots and veins, which gave a very pleasing and natural effect. This, to him, most interesting relic, on enquiry he ascertained was found buried under the ruins of a mansion in Ancient Rome, where, no doubt, it had been a prominent ornament, and highly prized. The execution is faultless, and the figure of the same mould as the Pointers in general use (not the double-nosed) in Spain and Portugal, that the author has shot to in those countries: remarkably broad across the chest, rather short stout legs, with an expansive forehead, and the tail docked to within about three inches, as is the universal fashion there at the present day.

Th' original idea, he first induc'd  
 The dog to aid us, which e'er since we've us'd ;  
 They now are train'd both man and gun t' obey,  
 And almost seem to know each word we say.

Now, Guns the tow'ring Falcon supersede,  
 Which 'fore all sports, in bye gone times the lead  
 'Mongst Sportsmen took; the trouble and the pain  
 The Falc'ner had, these wayward birds to train  
 Their prey to kill when by the Springer ris'n,  
 Was given over, when by art they'd striv'n  
 Successfully a head of game to bring  
 With shot and powder down, when on the wing ;  
 Tho' strange it seems, a century's scarce past,  
 Since shooting flying was a wondrous task  
 Few could perform,—fearless of check I may  
 Boldly assert no Sportsman other way  
 Would deign to take advantage now-a-day. }  
 But more of this anon, the morrow's morn  
 Will find September on the Sportsman dawn.

You and your dogs and traps in buggy wend  
Your way from London, to your country friend ;  
And 'mongst your traps, I strongly would advise  
Of your dogs' usual food you take supplies ;  
For 'tis essential, that they've had, they should  
Still have to hunt on, and their usual food  
Should not be chang'd : lacking this caution, I  
Have notic'd that the dogs unpleasantly  
Their work have done ; 'tis always best t' avoid  
A chance the most *remote*, of being 'annoy'd :  
Thro' well-throng'd streets your devious course you  
    wind,  
Soon leave its mass of bustling life behind.  
And now the country charms your gazing eye,  
You feel a diff'rent man, and can't tell why ;  
Save for a time you're going to exchange,  
P'rhaps, dull monotony for cheerful range ;  
And as you onward jog, on morrow's sport  
In sweet anticipation will disport,

Dwell on each shot perspectively you make,  
And on the numbers that are doom'd by fate  
To fall by you, take leave in pride to name—  
Tho' may be but their half you'll chance t' attain.

The journey done, your friend stands at his gate,  
A hearty welcome gives, you can't mistake ;  
On entering his hospitable roof,  
And dinner 'fore you, give him ample proof  
That country air and exercise unite  
To bless the Cockney with an appetite :  
Let not an appellation cause a frown,  
That those who most deride might gladly own ;  
If to be born in such a land they're proud,  
You'll meet no censure when you state aloud,  
Much greater pride must surely then be his,  
Whose birth-place is, its vast Metropolis.  
But, what's more to our purpose, you might say  
It claims the best Shot of the present day,

Who for a hundred will not now refuse  
 To pull a trigger 'gainst whoe'er may choose  
 To run the risk their *mopusses* to lose.\*

Your dinner done, a caution here I'll hint,—  
 Let not your hospitable host by dint  
 Of frequent pressing, make you take more wine  
 Than you're accustom'd to at other time ;  
 But let him joke, and swear he's seen you take  
 More than your two allowances would make—  
 Perhaps ; but as you shoot to-morrow, and  
 To bring them down requires a steady hand,  
 Use self-denial, and you then preserve  
 That without which you'll never hit,—your nerve.  
 Keep *within* moderation, rather than  
*Without* her limits, 'tis the wisest plan  
 E'er to pursue, for reputation's sake,  
 If for no other ;—this plain rule ne'er break.

\* Mr. Bloodworth, of Red House celebrity, a first-rate Game as well as Pigeon Shot.

The quantity that's harmless to your friend,  
 If ta'en by you, may make your reason bend,  
 Or *vicé versá* ; alike we are not all,  
 To some as honey,—'tis to others gall.  
 You may believe me, more than once I've seen  
 A First-rate beaten by a Stripling green,  
 Because the former half the night must pass  
 In pleasing converse, o'er his cheerful glass !  
 Avoid such boosing,—your bed early take,  
 You'll be rewarded, as you vig'rous 'wake ;  
 And in your shooting togs will feel quite able  
 To do full justice at the breakfast table ;  
 And when you're there, a good foundation lay,  
 Or *peckish* 'gain you'll be before mid-day,  
 When from such plenty you are far away.

I advocate an early rise, and fix,  
 When left to me, no *later* start than six ;  
 Tho' some aver two hours from this will give  
 You better sport—th' avouch I don't believe ;

And always found the morning hours have giv'n  
Their quantum to the bag, when I have striv'n  
My utmost thro' the day; there's something more  
However, that I look to, than the *score*.

Is 't not a glorious sight, an Autumn's dawn ?

Bright Sol now rising, Nature's face t' adorn,

Or seeming so to rise, replete with power,

On us his energies immense to pour ;

His infant beams along th' horizon play,

And calmly usher in another day ;

The little warbler leaves his perch to raise,

In cheerful song, to God his matin praise ;

And, hark ! the barn's door champion has warn'd

The drowsy peasant that the day has dawn'd.

How lovely seems the dew-bespangled grass,

The dew-drops waving might for di'monds pass ;

But unlike them, we feel we must confess,

Their splendour's nothing to their usefulness :

The gentle zephyrs round our persons breathe,

And in their turn our grateful praise receive :

Look where we will, on ev'ry side we see  
The master Spirit of the Deity!  
And gazing humbly round, forgetting care,  
Commend our lives to him in silent pray'r.  
Nor envy I the man who cannot glean  
From scenes like this, (a picture so serene!)  
As much of true devotion, as can be  
Drawn from the sect of any ministry,  
That puff'd up Casuists the untaught would lead  
Blindly to follow, merely for to feed  
An arrogance profane—t' upset a Nation's creed. )  
How many thousands this fair scene ne'er saw,  
Which I so faintly now attempt to draw;  
Who, pent in cities, languid leave their bed  
When the Sun's course more than a fourth is sped.  
Well! let them doze; whilst your good friend and you  
Cheerfully seek the sport you have in view.

A little powder blast before you load,  
Then you are sure next time it will explode.

The chamber heated, quickly *down the centre*,  
With careful hand the fresh supply must enter ;  
And as those grains that to the moisten'd sides  
Adhere, are worse than useless ; as besides  
Diminishing the charge, the wadding clears  
The same away, and to *th' effective* bears ;  
It stands to reason, that it is not right  
To ram this filth upon the powder tight.  
For should you do so, half its force is lost  
By the contagion ; thus are often cross'd  
The Sportsman's hopes, when afar off he tries  
His game to kill—untouch'd, away it flies.  
Thus has been lessen'd many a good day's sport,  
By the shot falling of its distance short.  
Most youthful Sportsmen, I'm aware, are prone  
To use the ramrod freely, and bang home  
Both shot and powder ; but the hand will tell  
When they're in place, and answers twice as well  
By gentle pressure : always rather choose  
To have your wadding large, the small refuse.

A start now made, close to your heels you scan  
Your Friend's *Factotum*, proud to turn marksman,  
Who, full of glee, will gladly undertake  
To find the birds, and tell the flight they'll make ;  
And if you trust in him, his anxious care  
Will be to take you where they plentiest are.  
With empty game bag o'er his shoulders hung,  
None more rejoices when the day is done  
To see it fill'd ; as far as it may rest  
On his exertions (for he'll do his best)  
The thing is done ; he takes as much delight  
To see a covey rise, and at the sight  
Of death exults, e'en quite as much as you,  
Or any other Sportsman need to do.  
With joyous mirth his brawny frame he loads  
Still on, and not a single care corrodes  
His faithful breast ; he seems the most at ease  
When most his services his master please.  
Known to each other long, uncheck'd he gives  
Advice his "Governor" with thanks receives :

Thus—' Sir, if you please to take the trouble  
To let the dogs o'errun this bit of stubble—  
I've seen them many mornings rise from here,  
And that you'll have a point there's not a fear ;  
I'll take my station on this little mount,  
Will mark them in, and those that 'scape will count.'  
Before you hie them off, be sure you mind  
In ranging e'er, their noses meet the wind,  
If not, they'll oft run up and past their game,  
In either case the dogs are not to blame.  
Better to walk round twenty fields, I say,  
To face the breeze, than throw a chance away ;  
For that you will, if this you fail to do—  
So 'tis a golden rule worth 'tending to.  
This done, they start and eager snuff the gale,  
And soon your voice is heard, your friend to hail.  
' *Toho!*' a steady point, now no flurry,  
Calmly full-cock your gun ; mind, no hurry,  
Keep yourself cool ; they'll surely 'scape their death  
If you your triggers pull when out of breath.

Coolness in all things we allow is best,  
 But of a first-rate Sportsman 'tis the test.  
 More will depend on perfect steadiness  
 Than aught besides ; I can't too much impress  
 On all my readers, that they earnestly  
 To quell their palpitating hearts should try ;  
 This failing conquer'd, each fair shot will die.  
 And let the dog point e'er so far from where  
 (When first descried) you are, be sure you ne'er  
 Race up to him, but alter not your gait,  
 Or surely you'll their doom procrastinate.

When the birds rise, again you'll have a care  
 To pick out those that to you nearest are,  
 And so escape vexation and self-blame,  
 Which you must feel, if you should strike the  
                   same  
 At which your friend has *rightly* taken aim ;  
 Or, what is worse,—in shooting thus across,  
 'Tis quite impossible to tell the loss

The shooting beat sustains; he who thus errs,  
Each one he bags, may cause some *pensioners*;  
By such ill management 'tis plainly shown  
Why this day's covey next day is not known;  
Their meagre ranks thus fully 'counted for,  
By his unfairly carrying on the war;  
For those that just hold life to fly away,  
'Tis clear, will ne'er show sport another day.  
Your choice then made, fire quickly, and don't dwell  
Long on your bird; if so, no fun'ral knell  
Your gun will sound: should your first shot have  
    prov'd  
A hit or not, the piece must scarce be mov'd  
The shoulder from, until you secondly  
Your prowess on another victim try.  
When straight away they fly, you'll not neglect  
A steady point blank aim, to take effect;  
If sideways, should you try that on, you'll not,  
In fifty trials, kill one single shot;

But aim before them, then your shots will take  
Effect, as you the distance regulate.  
Just in the ratio that they're from you,  
In the like ratio this plan pursue ;  
As further off, greater allowance make,  
Than if they nearer were you'd need to take ;  
At thirty yards, four inches in advance  
May be enough, but you will stand a chance  
When fifty paces part you, to behold  
(Unless you seven times that before them hold,)  
The birds depart in peace ; but will depend  
Much on your lock's results that may attend  
Th' above remarks. Again, when wind is high,  
In ev'ry case, save when they 'gainst it fly,  
More than the usual heading must be made,  
Or your bright hopes are ever doom'd to fade.  
Always fire rather high than low, because,  
If you inspect but gravitation's laws,  
After a certain range, you will observe,  
The body of the charge must downward curve ;

But for long Shots, there's absolutely need  
To level high, or you will not succeed.  
The birds that left-ward fly are miss'd the least,  
As you'll soon find, that 'tis the easiest  
Direction that the gun can be controll'd ;  
But either way, it can't too oft be told  
The Novice, that unless the piece he moves  
As with the bird it were, but fruitless proves  
Th' attempt. Theory is well, but the fact is,  
It ever must give place to fair practice ;  
But when both are combin'd, then any man  
Must learn much more than set down here I can ;  
But rest assur'd, that more, aye, many more  
Are miss'd from being *behind* than being *before* ;  
Fear not to hold too forward, and you will  
Be on the safest side, and surely kill  
A greater number. Of the needful art  
Of shooting flying—Books can not impart  
More than these gen'ral rules ; the rest by time  
And patient practice, we alone define.

Up with your dog, 'hie in!' you quickly cry,  
 And the fine covey instant meets your eye—  
 You fire and kill;—with second barrel miss,—  
 If your first *field-day*—Oh! what happiness!  
 On such occasion, I shall ne'er forget  
 The pleasing feelings that my heart beset,  
 And thought 'twould easy be a bag to fill,  
 As I already seem'd so well to kill.  
 And here, as bound, confession let me make,—  
 The next five shots corrected the mistake!  
 So 'fore the day was done, I found out this,—  
 That to shoot well requires some smart practice.  
 Let not this plain avowal Youngsters daunt;  
 Nor, that e'en now no magic aim I vaunt,  
 Tho' hundred's weight of lead I've shot away.  
 I should be very disinclin'd to say  
 On any morn,—I'll miss no shot to-day.  
 When my noviciate 'gan, 'tis fair to state,  
 My dogs wer'n't what they ought to be,—first-rate!

I'd no instruction,—Mates unwilling  
 To unfold to me the art of killing ;  
 Of what they knew, to impart one tittle,—  
 Tho' were 't all, 't had been but very little.  
 And here, Young Friend, I'll whisper in your ear  
 One word, worth twenty thousand,—*persevere*.

But quite enough on this I have enlarg'd,  
 Quickly re-load, now that your gun's discharg'd ;  
 Besides being best to do so when it's warm,  
 To be prepar'd for stragglers, is no harm ;  
 And being nimbly ready, you will find  
 You're oft in time for one that lags behind.  
 Take care, before bestow'd, the game is dead ;  
 If not so when pick'd up, then strike its head  
 (Or surely you humanity will shock,)  
 Against your boot sole, which may serve as block ;  
 But not, as some advise, use the gunstock.  
 The game bag hansell'd, praise to Harry giv'n  
 For marking them ;—he swears he saw eleven !

‘ There were fourteen,’ he knowingly observes,  
‘ But three of them I in this bag *preserves*,  
A brace for Master’s, one for your share,  
And not a bad beginning this, I swear.’

Whilst thus discoursing, as you journey on,  
This vigilant assistant misses ‘ Don,’  
His eager eyes around the field are cast,  
The truant Pointer he espies at last ;  
In a thick ruffet almost hid by green  
He stands, his well form’d stern alone is seen ;  
And in your countenance I now espy  
An anxious wish to join his company ;  
While Harry’s shoulders will be doom’d to find  
This time the game is of a weightier kind.  
A strapping hare jumps up, both instant fire,  
And o’er and o’er she rolls, as both desire.  
Now, here again, I strongly must advise  
That you a calm discretion exercise ;

Claim not such shot—would it not be unfair  
 To arrogate the death of this poor hare ?  
 When both together fir'd, what mortal breath  
 Could rightly say to whom she ow'd her death ?  
 But if your *Pal* says he has done the deed,  
 Tell him you hope he'll always thus succeed,  
 And next time your assistance will not need. }  
 E'er let good natur'd friendship reign, nor mar  
 The day's amusement by an ill tim'd jar ;  
 Those that are adepts in the art, disown,  
 In favor of the Youngster, oft their own  
 Bird when well dropt ; this places on good terms  
 The latter with himself, and ne'er concerns  
 The former, whose hard earned reputation  
 Is not so fair a mark for speculation :  
 'Mongst thorough Sportsmen ne'er a word is said,  
 'Tis quite sufficient that the game is dead.

Now on again, full time enough you've stood  
 T' admire the *hare*—a pleasing interlude :

And having reach'd the turnips, Harry says,  
In which he's sure th' aforesaid covey lays ;  
Let him take up one dog in such a case,  
Where birds are mark'd, one's better than a brace.  
Should it so hap the old ones lives you've taken,  
The young ones must look out to save their bacon ;  
For, as the parent birds first meet the eyes,  
As they from earth are always first to rise,  
It very often haps they first are slain ;  
The brood, while looking for its guides in vain,  
Takes a half flight, and straggling reaches earth,  
And where it lights of shots you'll have no dearth ;  
They singly rise, and thus with cautious care,  
A first-rate half hour's sport you chance to share ;  
And shooting steadily, if so 'tis fated,  
This covey may be soon annihilated :  
For single birds in vain on fate will cry,  
Betwixt the doubles, four to one they die.

Fire not too quickly when they near you rise,  
Or your day's game bag will be no great prize,

For if they're slain, 'twill be in such a way,  
You'd better miss them for another day.  
We must do more than killing to excel,  
Aye, more! 'twill needful be to *save* them well;  
For birds I've seen pick'd up, for nothing fit,  
Their shatter'd bodies ne'er could grace a spit;  
Had they had twenty yards more *law*, they'd been  
Fit on a Noble's table to be seen.

But, '*mark!*' a brace, more knowing, you perceive  
From yonder corner gently take their leave;  
These may be barren birds, which never lie  
So well as parts of coveys, and defy,  
E'en when the season's young, the Sportsman's art,  
And oft before the scent is gain'd depart.  
Let then the field be tried well o'er and o'er,  
Till you have seen the whole of Harry's score,  
Before 'tis left; and, unless very near  
Where you are now, 'tis thought there's like t' appear  
Another covey, follow up the same;  
That is, those miss'd and mark'd, or you're to blame.

The fallows I would have you pass not by  
Unrang'd, for birds will not unoften lie  
Thereon, particularly when 'tis wet ;  
Between the furrows you may also get  
A shot at *Madam*, who, till winter drear  
Draws on, here makes her *form*, devoid of fear.  
As the day grows, a good potatoe field,  
Or reedy ruffet waste, (as both will shield  
Them from the ardent Sun,) I'd have you try ;  
And then the hedge rows let your Pointers ply,  
If there they can be driv'n, a gun each side  
Makes surety sure, and will the sport divide.  
Tow'rds the meridian, if all are slain  
That you have mark'd, you'll be most like to gain  
Success, by failing not to beat well over  
High turnip fields, as well as plats of clover ;  
And in the latter, oft a *Rail* may rise  
On heavy pinion ; tho' not game, he vies,  
In point of flavour, so say Epicures,  
With any bird the Gormand e'er procures ;

Be that as 't may, he is an easy prize  
By reason of his fat—and mostly dies :  
But should you let him slip, 'tis oft in vain,  
Tho' you have mark'd him to an inch, again  
To get him on the wing, he'll keep before  
Your dogs, and run the field quite o'er and o'er,  
Rather than trust his slothful aerial flight  
Which quickly dooms him to eternal night.  
He is a handsome bird, of slimmer make  
Than is the Partridge, and will never take  
So much to bring him down; a redder brown  
His back and wings, his breast and belly own  
A paler hue, approaching more to white ;  
And 'tis but rarely that you get a sight  
Of two within a day : no bird will roam  
(Save birds of passage) from their nest or home  
So far away—I almost might say never  
Were two of them e'er seen on wing together  
During the season ; and they ne'er can be  
Plenty, because they're kill'd so easily.

There is another little bird—the Quail ;  
Tho' they are scarce, corn counties seldom fail  
To harbour some; tho' they've been known to breed  
This country in: when from our clime they're freed,  
And Afric's shores are sought, so plenty they  
Are found t' increase, that Alexandria  
Oft in its market-place contains so many  
That four or five for value of a penny  
May frequently be bought; sometimes the crews  
Of vessels have demurr'd, aye, too, refus'd  
Longer to feed these dainties on; 'tis strange,  
Yet true, (tho' here so fine they're thought) a change  
They should desire, if but to hard junk beef—  
To us such liking's almost past belief.  
They're such pugnacious birds, majestic Rome,  
And Greece, e'er had them train'd, as we at home  
Breed game cocks, in the modern pits to fight;  
Like pleasure to the ancients gave the sight  
Of their dire contests; as they usually,  
As in our battles, fight until they die.

There's scarce a country in the world but these  
Delightful little birds can live at ease ;  
Our native Epicures are not content  
With what this land supplies, the Continent  
Sends over numbers vast,—here kept alive  
In open cages, where right well they thrive.  
Their colour's like a Partridge, save the breast,  
Which lighter is, and not horse-shoed the least.  
Landrails and Quails, a pleasing change confer  
In the day's sport. But p'rhaps you'd now prefer  
T' inspect stout Harry's wallet, as the day  
Is just half sped,—successful tramping may,  
Or rather ought, an appetite create ;  
But be your's e'er so good, mind, moderate  
Its longings, and be sure you do not ply  
'Twixt hand and mouth the *pistol* (if you'd try  
Still on) too oft : for if you'd beat for game  
When your repast is done, 'tis all in vain  
T' expect to kill, with an over-loaded brain.

Guns, we all know, are dang'rous implements,  
Therefore, t' escape the chance of accidents,  
Never for any purpose ope a door  
With one in hand, except you have before  
Discharg'd the same; the deaths we daily read,  
Thro' negligence with fire arms, ought to lead  
All Sportsmen to adopt this course, and shun  
The thought of ent'ring with a loaded gun,  
Their own, or any other habitation;  
For which the loss of charge is poor occasion.  
Now freshen'd by your frugal meal, you beat  
The likely ground again; the ardent heat  
The mid-day Sun affords, is now relax'd;  
No greater pleasure feels than to be tax'd,  
The thorough Sportsman, to retrace the ground  
Where famous sport he thro' the morning found;  
For 'tis a well known fact, that many more  
Brace to the bag are prize, when o'er and o'er  
A beat's well tried, than when for it you change  
A rambling, long, and oft uncertain range.

I'd here remark, if such should be the case,  
Yourself or friend should own an extra brace  
Of dogs, now set them off;—besides the rest  
The first will thus obtain, you'll find 'tis best,  
Particularly if you must re-try  
The self-same ground, for not unfrequently  
The morning dogs unwillingly retrace  
Their former tracks, and signally efface  
Their matin laurels, when they'd mayhap astound  
Even their masters, over untried ground.

What means all this? the lab'ers, hats in hand,  
With speaking countenances round you stand;  
'Tis *largess* that they crave,—but once a year  
September comes; what you may give, ne'er fear  
Is well bestow'd, most like 't has been their care  
To mark some birds; grateful they tell you where  
A covey you may find, and thus I've known  
A bad day's sport retriev'd, tho' late 't has grown.

Let not your bounty be consider'd *fee*,  
 The thorough Sportsman's badge should ever be  
 Unostentatious liberality :

The few loose shillings you will never miss,  
 Confer on them as much of happiness  
 As the fine sport you follow does on you;  
 For all feel bliss but in proportion to  
 Their wants, as to *them* they seem great or few;  
 And will augment their meed, if here below  
 They try the like on others to bestow.

If in your acts to Sportsmen's you'd conform,  
 Without explicit leave, the standing corn  
 Must not be tried; quick from the lure retreat,  
 Nor let your dog's four more than your two feet  
 Shed the ripe grain; I own, if you should drive  
 A covey in, temptation's great, but strive  
 Against it;—let this thought your bosom warm,—  
 If I can do no good, I'll do no harm.

Towards the close of sport,—sunset, I mean,  
The birds again the stubbles seek, and glean  
Their evening meal, thither your dogs set on,  
And pretty sport just 'fore the day is done  
The same afford; but, hark, the birds now call!  
Experience says, when that's the case, they fall  
Seldom or ever to the gun; the why  
They 'scape is clear: while by this means they try  
Their scatter'd ranks t' assemble, the *qui vive*  
They're on, nor till there's no reply, believe  
The family is safe: if night comes on  
Before this task's effected, morning's dawn  
Will not long break before they will succeed  
To muster all, ere they together feed—  
That is, those spar'd: and as 'tis vain to try  
Near them to get, ere evening's shades 'good bye'  
To sport shall bid you make, 'tis meet to leave  
This noisy brood, and let them not deceive  
Your better judgment; for, as Will's-o'-th'-Wisp,  
Astray they'll lead you, if you idly list

Their callings to : and the result's the same—  
After a fruitless chase, yourself you blame.  
O'er other fields self-satisfied you roam ;  
And confidence begot, ere your Friend's home  
You reach, the mirthful, arduous, well-pleas'd Harry,  
Owns he's *almost* as much as he can carry ;  
And yet, so far from being tired, declares  
He'll not object e'en to a leash of hares  
Still to augment his load : for 'tis a fact,  
By the experience of all Sportsmen back'd,  
That weariness will not by weight of game  
Increased be ; to those who erst were lame  
The nature of the pleasing burden proves  
'Tis sovereign for a limp, and pain removes.

But see—the Orb of day with burning disk  
Slowly o'er yonder hill recedes ; desist,  
Sportsmen, awhile, he calmly seems t' advise.  
Repose is needed : when again I rise  
And glad the face of nature, then renew  
The manly toils you with such gist pursue,

As our slow steps retrace the morning's path,  
Thro' which for centuries some Brother hath  
Upon this day, on the same mission stray'd,  
The self-same pleasures known, and doubts betray'd;  
The mind contemplative will wisdom store  
From thoughts therefrom arising, nor deplore,  
Aye, for a moment, their result; the calm  
Of Autumn's even shall a grateful balm  
To dreary thoughts dispense :—the day well spent,  
The bag well furnish'd ; no ill-timed dissent,  
Like venom'd serpent, having caus'd regret :—  
Throughout the day, the trifling crosses met,  
Such as miss'd shots and foils opposeless, dwell  
Not on the mind an instant :—to excel,  
Worthless vexations must be thrown aside  
As soon as form'd,—the practis'd, such deride.

The curling smoke yon little copse enclouds,  
Which for a shelter's planted, and enshrouds  
The cottage neat, unconsciously reveals  
The ramble's limit, and the gunner feels

Varied sensations rise ; the wholesome air  
Throughout the day inhal'd, and welcome fare  
Again at hand, prompt him to mend his pace,  
And yet unwittingly ; the slightest trace  
Of the day's fag's effect is not perceiv'd,  
And by th' unpractis'd 'twould not be believ'd  
His march had been so far ; the vig'rous frame  
Nought of fatigue is conscious, but the name.  
Ye who like us would laugh, aye, laugh to scorn  
Ennui and lassitude in every form  
Morosely they assume, quick join our band ;  
The torpid muscles soon at thy command  
Shall any distance serve, while the mind's ease,  
A consequence of sport, shall never cease  
To make thy lives a blessing, and in vain  
Shall cankering care disturb the tranquil brain.

The dogs put up and seen to, your next care  
Will be your proper person to prepare  
The inner man to line, and if distress'd  
With the day's lengthy fag, you'll feel refresh'd

By change of togg'ry; while the dinner's able  
 Your strength to vamp, and make you comfortable.  
 Before you rest, there's one thing always deem'd  
 By Sportsmen needful,—that the gun is clean'd;  
 If you have fir'd but once, and you respect  
 Your piece, its cleanliness you won't neglect;  
 And wheresoe'er you are, if you suspect  
 This mayn't be properly perform'd, then you,  
 Than leave it dirty, must turn servant too.  
 The wire brush on the cleansing rod affix,  
 With which scrub off the dirt that inly sticks  
 Around the barrels, this with water cold,  
 Then change the same, and let the worm be roll'd  
 Around with rag or flannel, with which wipe  
 The dislodg'd filth away, and so till bright  
 Fresh water will remain,—now drench with hot,  
 Or rather boiling, if it can be got,  
 And rub them dry; but tow I would not use,  
 Or you (as I have known) may also lose

A hand : 'twas thus, in wiping out with tow,  
It was suppos'd, a particle below  
Fast in the breech remain'd,—the gun when fir'd  
Ignited this, so that the charge requir'd  
For the next load of powder was inflam'd  
At once, and caus'd the accident I've nam'd.  
Whate'er about your gun, in shape of oil  
You use, be sure 'fore using that it boil,  
That so the water may evaporate  
Which is contain'd therein, or 'twill create  
Corroding rust ; or otherwise it may  
Of feculence be clear'd the following way—  
'Tis thus, in flask of oil all that you need  
To do, is that you throw some strips of lead  
Into the same ; but for myself I'd not  
Use veg'table, when other can be got.

The meal discuss'd, the laugh and joke prevail,  
The song, the anecdote, and sporting tale ;  
And all this mirth, at intervals of time,  
Is cheerily wash'd down with sparkling wine ;

And to the girls whose cherish'd forms you wear  
 In your hearts' cores, with whom you hope to share,  
 Upon no distant day, all joys and woes,  
 Pledg'd are the brimming bumpers; you propose  
 The mistress of your friend; he your's with cheers:  
 Those who love not, can have but faint ideas.

The game brought in, and on the table laid,  
 In sorting them for presents much is said;  
 Each recollects his birds, and where he kill'd;  
 Shows those *well sav'd*, says nought of those *well  
 drill'd*;

Straightway some names of valued friends you write  
 On scraps of ancient deed, (p'rhaps tripartite,)
 These round their heads well tied, dismiss'd by coach  
 Are order'd soon to be. Your friend will broach  
 The second bottle,—each in turn will tell  
 Some splendid hit he made, some death dealt well;  
 Knows to an inch each scientific shot,  
 Some one of which may never be forgot,

And aftertimes shall serve, when sport is o'er,  
To boast of,—to your tales to add one more.  
And as the sailor pension'd from the main,  
Fights o'er his glass some battle o'er again ;  
So, each narrates his past and present fame,  
And num'rous days of famous sport can name ;  
And when each individually has done,  
Still there's some friend, who next to number one  
Deserves extolment :—blithely round and round  
The sober bottle passes, and the sound  
Of nought but jollity is heard, till night  
Waning apace, prudently warns, despite  
The ruby tempter, 'tis time t' abridge delight. }  
Mutual kind wishes for a good night's rest  
Now close the laughing hours ; while this request  
You make to Harry,—that again you may  
Be early call'd to field, t' enjoy next day.

Let others follow whatsoe'er they will  
To pass away the time, yet will I still

Maintain, that health, good-fellowship, and fun,  
 Are own'd by most true brothers of the gun ;  
 Added to these, a conscience free from guile,  
 Each jovial Sportsman meets you with a smile ;  
 Sports in his leisure, industry's first fruits,  
 But never lets it clash with those pursuits  
 His sphere in life enjoins, to which he flies  
 With nerves rebrac'd, and double energies.

September past—next, brown October brings  
 Its sport in turn, and round the landscape flings  
 A sadder aspect ; still, we hope to find .  
 The weather genial : now the showiest kind  
 Of game we seek. The splendid Pheasant makes  
 His habitation in the woods and brakes,  
 'Mongst which, on op'ning dawn, the Sportsman plies  
 His eager Spaniels, whose inspiring cries  
 Gladden his heart ; they seem on bus'ness bent,  
 And press on closely ; now, at last, they've pent }  
 Their prey in narrow compass ; to prevent }

A certain fate, if longer he remain'd,  
Aloft he soars :—the Sportsman's wish is gain'd.  
His shining plumes how glorious to behold !  
The splendid purple mix'd with orient gold.  
As perpendicular he wings his flight,  
Who can conceive a much more brilliant sight ?  
His noisy cackle, as he quick ascends,  
Dumbfounds the Tyro ; and full often tends  
The victim's life to save, if eagerly  
The youngster fires ; nor will he dare deny  
That vex'd he gazes at his even flight,  
Majestic sailing on in splendour bright,  
Unscath'd. Never repine ; none but a dunce  
Would e'er expect t' accomplish that at once,  
Which none before had done. If you'd succeed,  
This plain direction you will only need  
With care to follow : let him upwards soar,  
But pay not your respects to him before  
Away he flies ; but then the compliment  
Must quick as lightning after him be sent ;

Or should he within range, straight from you fly,  
You chance to bag him not, in pain he'll die  
Unseen; for, struck upon the rump, 'twill take  
Much lead, and forcibly propell'd, to make  
Him bite the earth; but when that haps, the prize  
All other game in beauty much outvies,  
And to the bag adds weight: but you will vex  
The honest Sportsman, if the other sex  
You do not spare; unfortunately, they,  
If tried for, are by far an easier prey  
Than are their showy lords: thus those who ill  
Their weapon use, and fire at ALL, will kill  
Most of the former, and perhaps would fail  
E'en to bring down one solitary male.  
Thus folly has been often known to make  
Wanton destruction, merely for the sake  
Of idly boasting that so many brace  
He bagg'd—hens nameless, when he states the case.  
Where Keepers watch by night, attend by day,  
See all their Master and his Friends may slay,

A standard fine (their perquisite) is laid  
Upon the pocket of the hapless *Blade*  
Whose eyes deceive him, or who tries his aim  
On the less gaudy of this class of game ;  
Each Manor has its different rules enroll'd ;  
Nought less will expiate this crime than gold.

Who would suppose, so common now 'mongst us  
These birds are, that they're not indigenious ?  
But from the banks o' th' river Phasis came,  
In Asia Minor—whence they take their name :  
And tho' the climates differ, 't has been stated  
By Travellers, that they're not degenerated.  
If wet it is, and has been during night,  
At morning's dawn he takes his instant flight  
To neighb'ring stubble ; in some hedge row by,  
During the day, in quiet will he lie,  
If undisturb'd : with care the ditch troughs try :  
And if the Sun peeps out the leaves to dry,  
Seek him in some potatoe field that's near  
His close retreats—his noble form will cheer

Yourself and dogs. But here, I must observe,  
Pointers, than Spaniels, are to be preferr'd ;  
And if you do not wish your nerves to ruffle,  
See that your men the latter always couple  
When in the open field ; but when you beat  
The thick plantations, let their nimble feet  
Do all the work ; the couples now must grace  
The Pointers' necks, who take the Spaniels' place :  
For when both kinds you own, be sure you never,  
For any reason, let them work together,  
As they'll each other spoil, and 'fore you've done  
Sport for the day, you'll curse them ev'ry one.

Pheasants do much delight to lie among  
The ruffet of plantations that are young,  
Till five or six years o'er the same have past ;  
If unsuccessful elsewhere, here at last  
You're sure to meet reward, and sport awhile,  
If there are Pheasants within half a mile  
Of such young cover ; for a rover wild  
The cock is known to be, and oft beguil'd

By strong desire from his maternal grove,  
 To fall from home a martyr to his love.  
 In such retreats, 'mongst furze, and ferns, and grass,  
 They take delight their mid-day oft to pass ;  
 And if the saplings have not grown too high,  
 You get an open shot when up they fly,  
 Nor need I say, such are more sure to die. }  
 With but one Pointer, I have quickly kill'd  
 As many brace as have my pockets fill'd,  
 In such retreats: in shady osier beds,  
 Or alder groves, they love to hide their heads.

Your shot from number seven to number four  
 You now should change, or p'rhaps you may deplore  
 The loss of many Hares: to larger size  
 He of the wood will grow, in pace outvies  
 Those of the hill or marsh; a deal of lead  
 At distance short, 'twill take to kill him dead ;  
 His fur is of a lighter colour ; and  
 Amongst the Epicures he'll foremost stand :—

Those of the hill come next—the marsh the last :  
Betwixt the which and first, we find a vast  
Difference in flavour ; and, in truth, I've known  
Them hardly fit for table when full grown.

Once I remember, that I twice had fir'd  
At the same hare, each time the flax retir'd  
In plenty from her back ; still on she went,  
Regardless of the leaden message sent  
To stay her speed, and yet my wond'ring eyes  
I could not off her take, for sheer surprise ;  
When full three hundred yards away she sped,  
In open field I saw her fall stone dead.

I mention this to warn you not to pay  
Your compliments to one when farther 'way  
Than forty yards at most, for tho' you may  
Strike her nine times in ten, yet will she try,  
And once in thrice succeed, unseen to die.

Their jackets at this season thicker are,  
Therefore it stands to reason that so far  
They can't be kill'd ;—where land lies on the slope,  
In trying hedges, you may justly hope,

If you the upper ground, I here must state,  
 Contrive to walk, to get most shots, (they take  
 Mostly your side, as seldom but to hill  
 They run,) and stand a chance the most to kill.

To tell those old from young, you will not fail,  
 If you but simply press with the thumb nail  
 The knee joints of the two fore legs,—this done,  
 If the bones separate, the hare is young ;  
 And on the contrary, should they not give,  
 'Tis old,—nor will this trial e'er deceive ;  
 The same will hold for rabbits, for you may  
 The young from *worthless* sort in self-same way.  
 Tho' hares may rank 'mongst animals most shy,  
 Yet will they sit close to their enemy ;  
 Near to a pack of hounds, will huntsmen state,  
 Oft *form*—whose music seems t' infatuate  
 The timid creatures ;—does their instinct show  
 The truth of an old adage—who can know,  
 That nearer danger, they feel safer still ?  
 As who dwell nearest church, oft act most ill.

If you would wish to tell a buck from doe,  
Their following attributes at once will show :  
His head is short and round, (while her's is long  
And narrow,) and the whiskers long and strong,  
His shoulders far more ruddy, and his ears  
Shorter and broader, than the doe, he wears;  
For her's are longer, and the tips are sharp,  
Than his the fur upon her back's more dark,  
Her feet are larger, and are pointed less,  
Her scut is fullest, and, it is confess'd,  
She's of superior size : 'tis idly told  
Of him, his frame grows less as he grows old.  
Few Sportsmen now look to the genitals  
Who'd know their sex ;—the head instanter tells.  
The doe has generally one to four  
Young at a birth, but rarely any more.

When only in the woods I sport pursue  
Throughout a day, a piece but two feet two  
In barrel, seventeen bore, I e'er prefer,  
As to the shoulder it comes readier

Than longer would; and tho' with such you can't  
Kill such long shots, you will not feel that want;  
For in plantations all you have to fear  
Is, that the game will mostly spring too near;  
That is, supposing that your dogs should be  
In their work faultless, and from wildness free;  
For when they're forward, any tool's the same,  
You're fortune's favorite if a head of game  
You bag at all. Again, a smaller gun  
Where rabbits plenty are, much greater fun  
Affords; those little scuttling creatures e'er  
Are quicker in their pace than any hare  
For a short distance; when their hole's in sight  
You'd need be nimble,—strike them hard; or right  
Before your face, wounded they inly creep,  
In peace to close their eyes in endless sleep.

As on the winter journeys by degrees,  
And chill November 'gins t' unrobe the trees,  
The whistling winds, and country's aspect drear,  
Deprive of half its charms the sylvan year;

Nor rain, nor snow, the Fowler's steps deter,  
Inur'd by seasoning, we hear no demur ;  
But rather hopes the better sport t' obtain  
In cover ; luxurious foliage bears no blame  
When misses hap, as now he sees his game  
Longer on wing ; each sort may glad the eyes,  
Each will this month thro' prove a lawful prize.  
And in addition, Woodcocks now we seek,  
Which from the North, the first and second week  
Hither migrate ; comparatively few  
Now reach our shores, to what were wont to do ;  
The northern gentry now, as ours long past,  
Delight in dainties of the choicest cast ;  
The Woodcock's nest is rifled for their meals,  
Her eggs the farmer takes,—at market sells ;  
The price they fetch encourages the search,  
And their destruction leaves us in the lurch ;  
And were it not these birds possess no crop,  
The thought of bagging one would almost drop ;  
But luckily, this want the Northerns treat  
As a firm proof they are not fit to eat ;

We ought to bless our stars the birds are left,  
Or of the sport of following them, bereft  
We should be, more than now ; and that they may  
Ne'er try their quality, I humbly pray.

At February's close, or March's dawn,  
In flocks along the coast they num'rous form,  
To seek their native homes ;—'fore which they pair,  
And wait with patience till the weather's fair ;  
During which time a piping noise they raise,  
Which is continued for the last few days  
They sojourn here ; for when at them you shoot  
At other times, you'll ever find them mute :  
And mostly those who live along the coast,  
We find, the largest numbers make the boast  
Of Cocks they kill. Many are yearly lost  
Both to and fro, before the channel's crost :  
By night they travel, and are never known  
To reach our shores till day to night is grown ;  
And aft' a passage that has boist'rous been,  
On reaching land, they on the ground are seen,

And soon the ready prize of whosoe'er  
 Should happen at the time to meet them there :  
 But such a prize !—by labour are they fated  
 Their strength to lose, and be emaciated :  
 A few days' rest and food re clothe their bones,  
 And reconcile them to their new found homes :  
 Tho' at these times the gen'ral flight we may  
 Expect t' arrive, and also make away ;  
 Yet some come earlier—some later stay :  
 Indeed, they have been known throughout the year  
 To stay, to incubate—their young to rear :  
 Near to some tree the nest is mostly made ;  
 Four ~~or five~~ rusty colour'd eggs are laid,  
 Mark'd with brown spots <sup>therein</sup> ; in size they hold  
 As large <sup>as</sup> pigeons <sup>lay</sup>, and of <sup>different</sup> their mould. *i. e. shape*  
 If you would know the female from the male,  
 Do but examine the exterior veil  
 Of th' outside feather of the wing ; a stripe  
 The former has, along the same, of white ;

But in the male, this part we always see  
Spotted with black and brown, most reg'larly.  
To flush these birds, than others, greater noise  
May e'er be made ; thus often men and boys,  
Where Cocks are plenty, are alone employ'd  
To beat with poles ; you are not then annoy'd  
By risings out of shot ; the same will serve  
To mark them in, should you in levelling swerve ;  
And as they fly not far before they light,  
For twice or thrice they'll often cheer your sight,  
And give you opportunity to gain  
The prize, 'fore all, most Shots delight t' obtain ;  
But should you let these chances slip away,  
To be thus teas'd, they will not longer stay,  
But take a lengthy flight ; yet, still they may  
Be flush'd again there on the following day.  
Tho' in thick cover you will fail to bring  
Them often down, when 'mongst the trees on wing  
They zigzag upwards fly ; yet on the plain  
No easier shot I know,—with steady aim

They're surely yours. Springers, by far the best  
Of sporting dogs, are for this work confest  
By all to be: those parts which e'er are damp  
At bottom, such with most success you'll tramp;  
But covers which are furnished with long grass,  
You without fear of leaving Cocks may pass;  
To young plantations they've a great dislike:  
Yet mind, where they are known to be, 'tis right,  
When in the likeliest shaws they are not found,  
To beat by all means, the unlikely ground.  
When mild the weather is, the hedge rows try,  
And open country; when severe, they lie  
In thick retreats, near to their usual food,  
Glean'd from small streams, shelter'd by underwood.  
As during night they mostly feed, when'er  
Cynthia entire o'er one presides, prepare  
When morning dawns, for sport; the hearty meal  
Her beams have shown them, must their dest'nies  
    seal.  
They rise unwillingly, and when they do,  
If you should miss, you will not long pursue,

Fatigued they near you pitch, and late or soon,  
If you can shoot at all, they meet their doom.  
Under a holly bush they love to make  
Their day retreat,—pass none without a shake,  
And not unoften you'll rewarded be,  
By flushing one. All Shots, I think, agree,  
A couple of these birds cause more delight,  
When amongst game on table spread at night,  
Than oft the whole day's sport has giv'n beside,  
And e'er creates 'mongst Sportsmen, greater pride.  
They're seldom more than fourteen ounces weight,  
When in condition you might call first-rate.

Snipes of three kinds we have,—the largest sort  
Nine ounces weighs, these very seldom sport  
Their figures here, tho' to the Sister Isle  
They sometimes migrate, and there stay the while  
The others do with us; the Woodcock's train  
They follow here,—same time return again.  
The Common Snipe four ounces is in weight:  
The little Jack's, it's not worth while to state;

Scarce larger than a lark,—if worth were size,  
 The puny *gem'man* would be no great prize.  
 A cold north-easter is the breeze you lack  
 For finding these; but mind you turn your back  
 Upon the same, as Snipes fly in its face,—  
 Of course, tow'rds you they steer,—by such means  
     place

Themselves by far in greater jeopardy  
 Than if they downward with the gale did fly:  
 Some think they're much more difficult to kill  
 Than other birds; while some, whene'er they will,  
 Can bring them down; but all consists in this,—  
 Wait whilst they rise, with perfect steadiness,  
 If to you *near*, until they make a turn,  
 Before you aim; if e'er so quick, ne'er spurn  
 This wholesome counsel; if you do, you may  
 Fruitlessly fire powder and shot away,  
 From morning's dawn until the close of day:  
 But when *far off*, you cannot then but choose  
 To fire without a thought, or you will lose

Your only chance of killing ; but one grain,  
If well directed, will the end obtain :  
Therefore observe your birds, and if they spread  
Their wings and alter flight, be sure they're dead  
Where'er they drop ; then keep them in your eye  
Until they light ;—they're found, do you but try.  
Moors, heaths, and swampy marshes they frequent,  
Where rushes grow, there let your steps be bent.  
One aged Pointer, under strict command,  
Who has been sometime us'd at Snipes to stand,  
Is all you need ; but a young dog it spoils,  
By giving too much point, for oft he foils  
Your hopes, when in a glowing day you beat  
For Grouse, should he come on a Snipe, will cheat  
You not unoften, into walking to  
His little lordship, *then* not worth a sou,  
Tho' *now* both kinds have flesh upon their bones.  
The tiny Jacks, you'll find, will lie like stones,  
So disinclin'd are they to move ; indeed,  
You'll almost tread on them before they speed

Away; and then, disdainng coward fear,  
Spite of the leaden compliments, will near  
You light again;—not so the larger kind,  
For if some distance you should lag behind  
The dog, they rise: of these, throughout the year  
Some e'er remain, in different parts appear;  
But little Jack will always make away,  
Unless disabled, and oblig'd to stay.  
The shot that best is found to seal their fate,  
Most Sportsmen take to be—the number eight.

Having, as far as in my power has lain,  
Spoken of each, and every sort of game  
Our land affords, and plac'd before your view  
How you will best succeed each to pursue,  
By means legitimate and Sportsmanlike;  
Before I close, a few remarks I'll write,  
And cannot too vehemently declaim  
Against a bastard sort of sport, by name  
Battue! where, innocent of Sportsmen's joys,  
(Watching the dogs, hearing their tuneful voice)

Part round, part in a wood, with men to beat  
With poles each rood, (no Spaniel's busy feet,)  
A dozen men, each furnish'd with two guns,  
Each gun two barrels, range ; these mother's sons  
Ne'er load themselves, but as they fire they hand  
The pieces to their men, who ever stand  
Close to their heels, in fact do ev'ry thing  
Pertaining to the sport, excepting bring  
The guns up to the shoulder ; whose delight,  
While sitting o'er their bottle on a night,  
After such day, can only be to boast  
Among themselves, who *chanc'd* to kill the most,  
To make their vaunts the hundreds they have slain,  
And idly hope, and wonder if again  
They e'er shall do the like : ignobly mean  
In th' eyes of *genuine* Sportsmen, such must seem :  
All who would emulate the latter name,  
Must think the slaughter, howe'er great, is tame.  
If shooting only, were the sole desire  
One had to follow sport, who would require

Better than such the fam'd Red-House can give?  
And for my own part, I would quite as lief  
Shoot from the trap; and also should suppose,  
Than have the risings close beneath their nose,  
Most would:—but say these slaughterers not so,  
We'd rather shoot at game, if you must know.  
Yet quantity, it must not be forgot,  
Is not the aim of Sportsmen; the best Shot,  
If of the *genuine breed*, takes most delight  
To see his dogs act well, and ever right  
In field or wood; the former quarter'd well  
By his stanch Pointers; ev'ry shady dell  
And matted covert, where the birds delight,  
Well ransack'd (and each tenant cheer his sight)  
By Spaniels, broken within range to ply  
Their ground, and tutor'd even to outvie  
The two legg'd substitutes, to spring the game,  
Oftener than they, in favor of the aim.  
A dozen shots hard earn'd, much greater pleasure  
Afford the Sportsman, and beyond measure,

Should he but bag in style the greater part ;  
Such, and such only, will rejoice his heart.

Now, in conclusion, my remarks will be  
Directed to *yourself*, that you, like me,  
May ne'er upon the shelf be laid, nor rue  
The consequence of trying to out-do  
Your constitution and your strength, nor treat  
An ailment lightly, be they e'er so great.  
Had I unto myself, as sure I should  
To my dogs see, my health had erst been good ;  
A trifling care and med'cine at the first  
Had kept me whole, neither should I be curst  
By gloomy retrospection, and the thought  
So self-condemning, that myself I brought  
Unto so dire a pass ; nor now confess  
It had been better had my powers been less,  
(The frame nought injures leads to recklessness,)  
For such I still had own'd,—still rested on  
The *reed*, whereas the *staff*'s unfairly worn ;

Not past redemption though; the latent power  
My constitution held, put off the hour,  
That must alike, the timid and the brave,  
Regardless usher to the silent grave.  
Praises to God! tho' not the man I was,  
His mercies vast, afford but trifling cause  
For vain repinings: partially bereft  
Of strength beyond my share, yet has He left  
A well-knit frame, still capable to rove  
The live-long day, pursuing sports I love;  
The nerve unshaken, the whole man upholds,  
While viscid muscle each firm limb enfolds.

The hurricane the rugged oak o'erthrows,  
Whose force the lentil neither feels nor knows;—  
What will avail the world and all its pelf,  
If health you lose, by being to yourself  
Scarce less than foe?—to make the gall still worse,  
Each after blessing then contains a curse.  
Take then, this hint, if one I now address  
With youth and vigour, the chief happiness

This world affords, and carefully preserve  
The latter, as the former it will serve  
To mellow into green old age, and save  
You many a limb and heart ache, 'fore the grave  
Closes your brief career, the final bourn  
From which, to tell their fate, none e'er return.  
Nought will, like exercise, conduce to health,  
In which consists the wise man's greatest wealth;  
And sporting will be found the readiest way  
It to confirm, off ailment's scores to pay;  
The body's welfare much upon the mind  
Depends, we know, and oft has been defin'd :  
Following up that, and keeping in your view  
Temp'rance of habits;—but I'd not pursue  
The plans of those who join societies,  
And think thereby that in a conduct lies  
Reproachless virtue, which rejects the good  
Th' Almighty has dispens'd, fearing they should, }  
As such-like wav'ers very likely would, }  
Be found diverging from propriety,  
Or daily tripping from sobriety;

Who must entirely Nature's gift refuse,  
 Because her boon they cannot but abuse :  
 Mean paltry wretches ! this their poor pretence !  
 ' We brainless asses lack self-confidence !  
 And so, in truth, as here you now allege,  
 Fear of ourselves extorts the binding pledge.'

No ! your own *keeper* be, nor emulate  
 The self-sufficiency of those who prate  
 Of total abstinence ; but, Sportsman like,  
 Judge for yourself,—you'll not be far from right.  
 And if you've honor'd me by prosing through  
 My little volume, and one hint that's new  
 Has cross'd your path, or e'en should one that's been  
 Eras'd from memory's tablet, here be seen  
 Again set down, and to its place resign'd  
 By my weak efforts ; should you also find  
 It not too tedious,—judge but the intent,  
 I trust I then may hope you'll not repent  
 The past two hours, or deem them time mispent ;

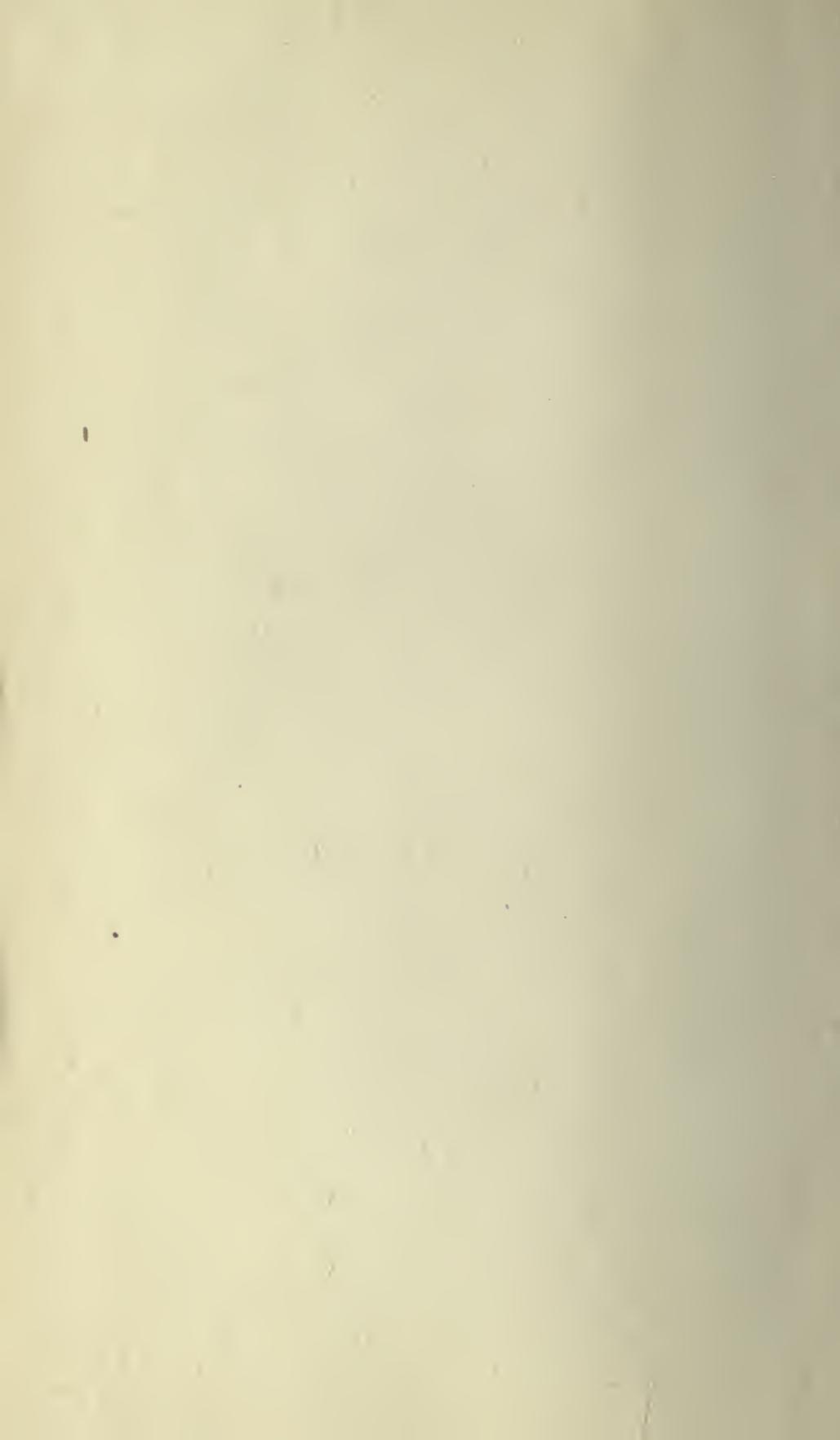
If so, the verse in pity you will spare,  
For the intention ev'ry Sportsman fair  
Looks more to than the words ;—as I address  
Myself to such alone, my fear is less,  
I'm frank to own. As now unto an end  
My theme I've brought, may happiness attend  
My worthy readers, a long life-time through,  
Will form my closing wish!—Adieu! adieu!



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Wilsner and Pite, Printers, Manor Street, Chelsea.  
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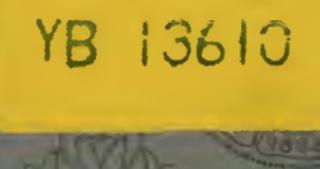
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