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RURAL SPORTS—HAWKING IN FAIRFAX, VIRGINIA.

"Let me play the fool:
 With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;
 And let my liver rather heat with wine,
 Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
 Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
 Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster!
 Sleep when he wakes? and creep into the jaundice
 By being peevish?"

MR. BRODERS:

There is an old gentleman, the reverend Mr. Broders, in this county, and I expect the only one in any part of America, whose person is constantly attended by those distinguishing companions of a gentleman, the greyhound and the hawk.

The old gentleman sounds the silver trumpet of the gospel on Sundays, courses his greyhounds, or gazehounds, as he calls them, flies his hawks, and kisses a young wife, "charming, chaste, and twenty-three," to whom he is just married, any other day in the week. He is pious and learned, benevolent and convivial, and is among the last of that band of "the administrators of the gospel," who had the parochial care of our souls before the revolution—when the church held up her head in Virginia—and at whose houses we always found at least three good things—good wine, good dinners, and family prayers. It would do your heart good to see the venerable old gentleman mounted on his fine horse Orthodoxy, with his hawks, Death, and the Devil, on his fist, and his beautiful greyhounds, Romeo and Juliet, by his side. Though seventy years of age, his colloquial powers are unimpaired; his society is much sought after; his conversation instructs the young, and amuses the learned; his literary attainments are great, having received his education at that seat of science, Oxford, in England; his piety, his learning, his benevolence, and his social feelings, make him an universal favourite with young and old. The old gentleman has no objection to betting twenty-five cents, a sum of no great pecuniary magnitude, on a quarter race.—If he loses, his serenity is not lost with it—and if he is successful, he boasts of his judgment, and is sure to give his winnings to some ragged urchin on the spot. He plays an excellent hand at whist, and since his marriage, sometimes takes a cut at *all-fours*; but his habits are by no means sedentary. Hawking is his favourite amusement—the lost privileges of the church, and his own pedigree, his favourite themes. He insists he was descended in a direct line from Thomas à Becket, who he says, was descended from Jean de Brodeau, Duke de Saintonge, who was one of the followers of William the Conqueror—he

says: "to be sure Becket was never married, but that only places me in the exact predicament of all the present English nobility." He is devoted to horticultural amusements, and so tastefully is his garden arranged and improved, that the reverend old gentleman says, he should not be surprised, if one of these days, the descendants of Cain, as Adam's heirs at law, should claim his tulip beds as part and parcel of the garden of Eden; and he knows many a lawyer who would take a fee in the case. I can give you no account of his manner of training his hawks; he is too enveloped in technicals for me to comprehend one word he says on that subject. I don't understand him any more than a plain common sense man could his own case in a *court of common law*, on a plain action for debt. "I think, Parson Broders," said I to him the other day, "that Merlin is a finer bird than Devil." "You are mistaken, sir," said he, "Devil is descended from the Goshawks of Puglia; Merlin is a fine bird too; he is from the Tyrone in Ulster. Merlin is a better partridge—but look at the proportions and shape of the Devil—small head, long face, deep set, naris black, pounces large, and she has such force, sir." He then spoke of training with jesses and bewets—keeping hawks hooded until they leave off their ramagens—unsailing them always by candle light, causing them to plume on the leg of a pullet—that they should be crenced at a distance; howet, howet, retrieve a first and second time; mew, and mewings, &c. &c., all of which was heathen Greek to me. The reverend gentleman is moreover an excellent archer, having twice won the silver arrow from the Hainault foresters, at the Fairlop Oak, when a student in England; both of which are now in the possession of his son, a distinguished wrangler at the bar of one of our county courts. He frequently makes a cut at his son, the lawyer, by telling him that his are not the only trained hawks in the community; in fact, old commodore Trunnon never hated those land sharks more than the reverend Mr. Broders. The old gentleman, owing to his education, is high church and tory in his principles, and avers, that except the *par-rent* country, (by which name he always calls England,) the county of Fairfax can afford the best horses, the best dogs, the most game, the best huntsmen, the best shots, the best fish, the cleverest fellows, and the prettiest girls in all christendom. M. G.

THE IRISH HOUND.—A friend to whom the Irish hound bitch was sent, has sent her to Major Darnley's old broken leg Ratler; a dog of bottom—of undeviating truth, and a rare one to find! He is of opinion, that if she could ever lead Lord Donnegal's pack, we could beat his Lordship upon an old red—and moreover thinks, generally, that we might now send hounds and horses to England with credit to our country.

of leather must be sewed, over the heads of the nails, to prevent their starting back when the dog presses upon their points. This is to be buckled round the dog's neck, the points of the nails inward, and the drag cord attached to it. Thus, when it becomes necessary to check him on his attempting to run in, or behaving otherwise unruly, the admonition, or rather correction, will be more impressive; in a little time, his neck will be very sore, and he must be contumacious beyond measure if this mode of punishment does not produce the desired effect.

[*American Shooter's Manual.*

(To be continued.)

ON HAWKS—HARES—PHEASANTS—PARTRIDGES, &c. &c.

MR. EDITOR:

Hanover C. H. (Va.) Nov. 4, 1830.

In looking over one of the late numbers of your interesting publication, I was much pleased with the account of a clergyman in Fairfax, who is described as taking great delight in hawking. It is the first time I ever heard that sport was practised in America. Though it will certainly never become general, yet it might afford an idle, but not displeasing recreation to the sportsmen of our country. We have *Foxophilite* societies, and I see no reason why *archery* should meet with more favour than *falconry*. Hawking has of late years been pursued in England by the well known Col. Thornton, and I believe, very extensively by an Earl of Orford. The fowling piece, which has rendered this amusement almost obsolete in Europe, has not had the same effect in Eastern countries. In China, the Emperor is said to hunt frequently, attended by a thousand falconers, each with a bird upon his fist. In Persia, where the dog is held to be an impure animal, hawking is at this time, in as much esteem as it was in Europe, when "stately dames and knights of high degree," on their richly caparisoned steeds, spent much of their time in this noble diversion. The Persians train their hawks to strike the antelope. The bird fastens upon his head, and by flapping its wings over his eyes immediately stops his course, and he becomes an easy prey to his pursuers. The dominion over the horse is said to be the noblest conquest achieved by man. It is unquestionably the most useful; but I know not that his ascendancy over other animals appears more wonderful in any thing than his being able to call the falcon from the clouds, to make him perch on his hand and deliver to him his prey.

Should your correspondent be inclined to give a more particular account of the manner in which this diversion is practised by his friend; his treatment of his hawks, and mode of training them, &c. I have no doubt, it would be highly acceptable to your readers.

An anecdote was told to me, by a gentleman, whose pen I recognize in some of your pages, which shews how easy it would be to tame the hawk. He had shot one, and fearing that a favourite dog might be injured by the bird, he hastened to it, and found it only winged. Knowing that gun-shot wounds produce almost instantaneous thirst, he dipped his ram-rod in a stream that ran near. The hawk was for making battle, but the instant he perceived the clear drop, he opened his mouth to receive it, laid his ferocity aside, and in a few days was becoming quite tame, when he was unluckily killed (by a dog, I think,) in the absence of the gentleman. I have twice since this was related to me, had an opportunity of giving water to a wounded hawk. He swallowed it greedily, opened his mouth as desiring more, and seemed to be immediately gentle. In each case the bird was too badly wounded to survive many hours, or I should have endeavoured to tame him.

I will give you another instance to show the ease with which one can domesticate the wildest bird. In January, 1828, I fired with small shot, at a flock of wild geese, just as they rose to take flight. One of them I very slightly wounded in the wing, and secured him. In less than half an hour after I brought him to my house, he ate voraciously, and within a fortnight was suffered to go at large, and would come up to me and take bread from my hand, which he will do at this day, though it is long since I have paid any particular attention to him. He has never shown any inclination to breed with the domestic goose. I have, however, heard a mongrel race is not uncommon. That most beautiful bird, the Summer Duck, which in the richness of his plumage, surpasses the pheasant, and vies with the peacock, is easily domesticated, and many broods have been reared in this neighbourhood, but were finally lost from neglect.

How does it happen, that the grey and the red legged partridge, to say nothing of the pheasant, have never been introduced into this country? I have heard that some attempts to breed them, had been made near Baltimore. The difficulty of obtaining them from England, on account of the game laws, has discouraged me from making the experiment.

He who should introduce the hare, and stock any part of our country with it, would indeed be a public benefactor. The prolific character of the animal, would insure success to one who could procure a few of them.

I have never seen *bat shooting* mentioned in any sporting work. The bird is a *caprimulgus*, or goat sucker. It is one of the few common to the two continents, and is known in England, and described by Bewick, by the name of Night Jar. In the northern states, it is

called the Night Hawk. In Virginia, it affords fine sport from the last of July to the first of October. They collect in immense numbers just before sunset, especially after a light shower, around barns or wheat stacks; and their wheeling rapid flight, gives a fair trial to the skill of the gunner. Notwithstanding the absurd name of Bat, which is, in this state, most preposterously given to them, they are esteemed a great delicacy. With us *bat shooting* is as well known as partridge shooting; but this information is probably new to some of your subscribers. The whip-poor-will is also a *caprimulgus*, and I have heard many persons, and some of them old sportsmen, assert that it was the same with the bat. To satisfy an incredulous friend, I shot a whip-poor-will, a few weeks ago, and found the difference between the birds to be exactly as Wilson describes it. The color of the whip-poor-will is more of a brown, and it wants the white bars that are so conspicuous in the wings of the other—but flitting in the dusk of the evening, it may well be mistaken for the bat.

If you think this rambling communication deserving a place in your Register, you may again hear from
M.

[The oftener the better.—EOR.]

PARTRIDGE SHOOTING.

[We have not had leisure for the enjoyment of this sport since the season commenced; and our friends have been too lazy to "report progress," though we have heard that some have had good days. A party of four, for example, bagging more than forty brace—on ground which, for obvious reasons, they do not wish to be named. For their success they give great credit to the remarkable sagacity and stoutness of Bob, a pointer dog, property of Mr. Laf—, himself one of the party, and an elegant shot. In this excursion it is said Mr. H*****, justly esteemed one of the best, and not hitherto easily matched, was beaten by Mr. D. comparatively a young sportsman. But for these disappointments gentlemen must make up their minds, as old campaigners are sometimes out-generated by young officers.]

The best shooting we have heard of this season was by Dr. Smith, of the army, stationed at Annapolis—across the Severn, the first week in October, he killed 29 birds at 30 shots, and crippled the remaining bird. He hunts with two dogs—one to point, the other to fetch his game. We understand that his charge of *shot* is much less than customary. We hope our friends will get in the way of reporting their work, whether good or bad; not acting like some young ladies, who, after costing their parents many hundred dollars, to learn to play and sing well, will do neither, because they cannot do both better than any one else.]