

SEPTEMBER;

OR,

SPORT ON SPORTING!

BY DOGGREL DRYDOG,
OF TOTHAM.

The corn is cut, the manor full of game ;
The pointer ranges, and the sportsman beats
In russet jacket ; lynx-like is his aim,
Full grows his bag, and wonder-ful his feats.

—DON JUAN.

Let the gay ones and great
Make the most of their state,
While from pleasure to pleasure they run,
Why who cares a jot,
I envy them not
While I have my dog and my gun.

—HAWTHORN, IN "LOVE IN A VILLAGE."

COLCHESTER:
W. TOTHAM, BOOKSELLER, 24, HIGH STREET.

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PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

REPORT OF THE PHYSICS DEPARTMENT
FOR THE YEAR 1911
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The Board of Trustees of the University of Chicago
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for the year 1911. The report is published in
the form of a book, and is available to all
members of the University. The report is
published in the form of a book, and is
available to all members of the University.
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and is available to all members of the University.
And keeps till now the same old story
The year was

A complete list of the names of the
members of the Physics Department
is given in the report.
At the University of Chicago
PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

SEPTEMBER;

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**H**AIL, old September! though thou'rt to rest at morn  
Of months the worst;  
Without a *second*, wights to fields go *forth*—  
When comes thy *First*!

Each sportsman thy return—(so *pop*'lar's gunning)  
To hail ne'er lacks:  
*Long* he has *long'd* upon the birds—like statesmen—  
To make *a-tacks*!

The power of old dull Somnus he shakes off  
Before 'tis five;  
And keeps till night—by killing all he can—  
The "*game alive*!"

A dangerous character, 'tis plain, he is,  
Your man of sports;  
All day, his darling pleasure's—gossip-like—  
To raise *reports*!



From the old rule of shooting in September  
He never swerves ;  
Then, no confectioner has such sweets for him  
As the *preserves* !

But ah ! how oft his anger is excited  
At early morn :  
He finds some fields *unbushed* !—'tis in his flesh  
A very *thorn* !

In field with dog and gun, if birds he finds,  
He's no lamenter ;  
Yet, still, though *their* attraction's much, his dog  
Appears the *scenter* !

Within Saint Stephen's the "*Ayes*" 'tis should promote  
What "*dogs*" propose ;  
But now, alas ! some there seem—pointer-like—  
" Led by the *Nose* ! "

—Birds ! your's upon the First must be indeed  
A hapless lot ;  
Almost each fire—if there's no flash in *pan*—  
You "*go to pot* ! "

But, ah ! the sportsman's, a pleasure unalloy'd  
Not even *his* is :  
Guns, often—like our daughters—won't "*go off*"—  
Plague take such *misses* !

And pointers ! oh, they 're disappointers, when  
The game's not smelt ;  
But then they 're lash'd within the *field*, till whips—  
Like hats, are—*felt* !



That *dog*, sure, is a *bore*, that's ever "flushing"  
Birds close at hand ;  
He ought—as did "the Duke" against Reform—  
To make a *stand!*

Still there is hope, as in most things below,  
However dark :  
Your sportsman gives the orders to his *Matthero*—  
The birds to "MARK!"

Soon, he's in some neighb'ring field, though o'er its fence  
He got no handing :  
The birds have once escaped, but some soon *fall*  
Must—notwith-*standing!*

His lock percussion, it again is ready  
The birds to snap at :  
Sportsmen still find a something—lasses-like—  
To "*set their cap at!*"

Ah! know, ye fathers—ye who scorn, from Malthus,  
Such good advising,—  
'Tis better far to see against us birds,  
Than children,—*rising!*

Poor burden'd birds! although there's cause indeed  
For their alarms,—  
No sportsman's "*piece*" destroys the *peace* quite as  
A brat "*in arms!*"

Dire mishaps to avoid, 'twere well if each,  
E'en ere he "cocks,"  
As much attention as a smart lass would  
Pay to his *locks!*



Care he should take, too, that his cap percussion  
Be not too large ;  
But, mostly, he—attorney-like—full well,  
Knows how to *charge!*

Seldom, howe'er, your sportsman's gun goes off  
To his desiring ;  
Although *you'd* think him near allied to "*Swing*"  
There's such a "*firing*"

How pleased is he to view a bird struck by  
His fatal lead ;  
To "*bag*" such haste he makes, we see at once  
The "*quick and dead!*"

Your sportsman, yes, he sometimes spies a wight  
By him abhorr'd :  
Ah ! that a narrow-minded Keeper e'er  
Should be *a-broad!*

Honour your sportsman *should* have, and  
Ne'er so encroach :  
Strange that he should—like greasy Moll, the cook—  
Be *egg'd to poach!*

But 'tis not Keepers only 'gainst which he  
Needs a defence ;—  
Clodpoles a "*Largess*" beg, till waste of *shillings*  
Shows the *ex-pense!*

Confound the fellows ! they're so covetous,  
Each is a bore :  
Though paid they're well for all the corn they *mow*,  
They ask for *more!*



—Ye fair, now 'tis September, I must just  
Drop a suggestion :—  
No lures will “*answer*” when men pop the gun,  
And not—“the *question* !”

For now with “*Number one*” that they're o'erloaded  
Shot-belts proclaim ;—  
How fruitless, then, to try—amid such *fires*—  
To “*raise a flame* !”

Besides, my darlings—you who now are dreaming  
Of “wedded bliss”—  
Know, that no sportsman ever yet was much  
Inclined to *miss* !

—Tow'rd's night, the sportsman homeward wends, and cooks  
For him prepare :  
He then, full tired, forsakes the *fowl*-ing piece—  
To seek the *fare* !

And of a dinner, Englishmen, says Byron,  
They all are lovers ;  
Marvel not, then, if wights who're fond of sport  
Should search the *covers* !

Give each a hearty welcome and good cheer,  
Make this a point ;  
And to your butcher send, if—like the time—  
You're “out of *joint* !”

Of the “good things,” your sportsman is at dinner  
No small partaker ;  
So soon he dishes clears, he makes his *friend*,  
Oh ! quite a *quaker* !



Howe'er, he's not the most ungrateful wight,  
'Tis plain to trace ;  
If he thus hurts your nerves, he'll mostly leave  
Behind—a *brace* !

At eve, when *tired*, to get "quite *fresh*," with sportsmen,  
Appears no sin :  
Of this the fagging—not the *brandy*—is  
The ori-*gin* !

"Bull's-noon" arrived, your sportsman his night-quarters  
He *somehow* gains !  
Tired, and corns dashing, oh ! he then knows what  
Are *shooting* pains !

Next morning come, off to some other friend's,  
Elate he flogs ;  
And—carrion-like—again he is, you'd find,  
"Gone to the dogs !"

Great Totham Hall, 1856.