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Cartoons and selected excerpts

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STATESMEN—No. CCCLXXXIII

“The General” by Spy

Mr. Mordaunt Fenwick-Bisset.

For over a quarter of a century the Devon and Somerset Staghounds has rejoiced in the Mastership of the “General.” He was born six-and- fifty years ago, went into the King’s Dragoon Guards at nineteen, and, having become a Captain, retired to the more congenial occupation of matrimony and the chase. Since 1854, when he first became Master of the Staghounds, he has become known and popular throughout the counties of Devon and Somerset. The sport to which he has given himself has prospered exceedingly, and it was amid universal regrets that last year he resigned the Mastership which he had held so long. At the last General Election he was induced to stand for West Somersetshire, for which, as a matter of course, he was returned. He is a Conservative, a believer in Church, State, and all field sports, an excellent man of business, and the most popular gentleman in the West of England.

JEHU JUNIOR

VANITIES.

In India the Cheetah is in turn hunter and hunted. At Baroda, for instance, one of the pastimes of Royalty is to watch these long-limbed, powerful leopards let loose in sight of wild deer, which they, cat-like, creep up to and then seize in one fell spring. The creature is often hunted in the jungle by English *shikaris*, whose assistance for that purpose is eagerly sought by villagers whose herds have been despoiled. It is seldom chased however for sport of set purpose, but an instance of this is described in a recent letter from Hyderabad, Deccan:—

“A Cheetah having been caught was brought in his trap to the Malikpet racecourse to be chased and speared. There was a large party of horsemen—Muhamed Ali Bey, Nazim Shah, Captain Pleydell, and other gentlemen—all drawn up in line for the beast to be let out, when fifty yards’ start was to be given him and they were to race for first spear. His Highness

(the young Nizam) and major Wilson (his superintendent) were on an elephant close by ; and near them were His Excellency (Sir Salar Jung), Khurshid Jah, and a large party of their friends. On the grand stand there were a number of ladies and gentlemen from Secunderabad and the districts ; all round the *maidan* (the plain) was a great crowd, numbering, I should think, several thousands.

“Well, when the trap was opened nothing would make the creature move for at least a quarter of an hour. Shots were fired, horns blown, even tom-toms beaten, all to no purpose. At last the trap was pelted with stones, and suddenly out jumped the Cheetah. Instead of making for the open field in front of him, he turned sharp round, knocked over the lad who had been foremost in throwing stones, and then *ran straight for the stand* before any of the spearmen could intercept him. He first turned his steps to the staircase, and as you may imagine, the ladies, who came only to see the beast make a Deccan holiday, had at this moment more excitement than they had counted on. Fortunately there was also on this racecourse the usual dog, the sight of which made the creature swerve, and he then went round to the side-door of the grand stand. There he coolly went inside, and took up his position in the secretary’s room, where he snugly ensconced himself for awhile behind a heap of old matting. But he could not stand the noise and shouts, so sallied out of his shelter once or twice, until at last he was driven into a corner, and fell to the spear of Mahomed Ali Bey. Thus what was meant for half an hour’s amusing sport proved to be a long and rather perilous affair.”

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In the recent duel at Rome between an Italian and an American, the Italian was wounded between the eyes. The duel was fought with swords.



Vincent Brooks, Day & Son, Lith.

"The General"