THE

# SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR

# MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

## TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other DIVERSION interesting to the

## MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRIZE, AND SPIRIT.

61

## For MAY, 1801.

CONTAINING,


| | Page |
|---|---|
| Sporting Subjects in the Royal Academy | 63 |
| Some Account of the Entertainments, &c. at Goodwood Races | 64 |
| The Game of Popinjay | 65 |
| The Gannet, or Soland Goose | ibid |
| Account of Woodcocks | ibid |
| The Oak Butt | 66 |
| Sporting Articles | ibid |
| Cricketing | 67 |
| Misbehaviour of Coachmen, &c. | ibid |
| Obituary of celebrated Stallions | 68 |
| Pedestrians, and the Smiling Beauty | 68 |
| Essay on Blood-Horses, Breeding, &c. | 69 |
| The Fisherman's Domestic Pleasures | 73 |
| Lord Monson's Hunt | 76 |
| Law Proceedings — Holloway v. Whalley | 77 |
| Some Account of the Game of Back-Gammon | ibid |
| Theatricals Extraordinary | 81 |
| Curious Specimen of an Epistolary Stile | ibid |
| Letters on the Art and Pleasure of Hare-hunting | 83 |
| Account of Harriers | 85 |
| The Origin of Side-Saddles | 88 |
| Pedantic Funeral Procession | 88 |
| Extraordinary Change of Fashions at Paris | 89 |
| The Life, &c. of Colonel George Hanger, continued | 91 |
| Character of Major Baggs | 95 |
| Etymological Account of some ludicrous Games, &c. | 96 |
| Account of a Work called the New Dedalus | 98 |
| A modern Dictionary of vulgar Allusions, &c. | ibid |
| Feast of Wit | 102 |
| Sporting Intelligence | 107 |

POETRY.

| | |
|---|---|
| Beans and Bacon, a Philosophical Tale, by Anthony Pasquin, Esq. | 109 |
| Epsom Races | ibid |
| Lines on Spring | 111 |
| The Tinker and Glazier, a Tale | ibid |
| RACING CALENDAR | 5—16 |


[Embellished with an Engraving of the celebrated Fox-hound, BLUECAP, by SCOTT; and an Etching of Two Large HOGS, by HOWITT.]


London:

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS;

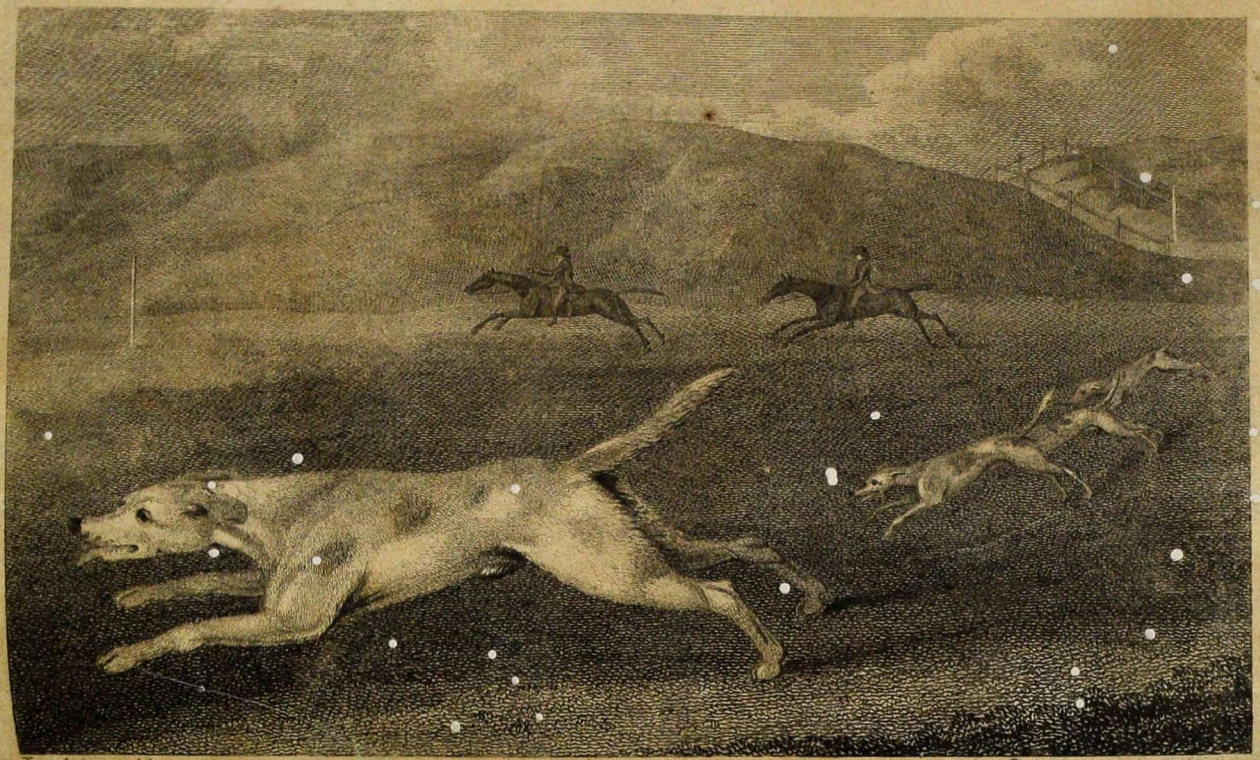
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W. JUSTINS, PRINTER, PEMBERTON ROW, GOUGH SQUARE.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE have received a very facetious account of a recent Parochial procession at Windsor, which shall appear in our next, though we dissent from the Author, relative to the treatment of the Company by the Dean and Canons. "*Bacchus*," he says, "took offence at the provision made for them, and flew off in a passion." Now, with all due deference to this writer, we think *Temperance*, and not *Bacchus*, ought to preside at every *Christian Festival*.

Another Humourous Correspondent will find his communication justly forming the first article in our Feast of Wit.



Young Barbarour, del. Scott, sc.

*Blue Cap, a Celebrated Fox Hound.*

# THE SPORTING MAGAZINE,

## FOR MAY 1801.

### EXPLANATION OF PLATE I.

CELEBRATED FOX HOUND, BLUECAP.

*An Engraving by* MR. SCOTT, *from a Painting of* SARTORIUS.

BLUECAP, a famous fox-hound, (the property of Smith Barry, Esq. of Cheshire) who run over Newmarket, with three other hounds, for a Sweepstakes of One Thousand Guineas each, which he won with the greatest ease, distancing his competitors. When he died, his master built a handsome monument to his memory.

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SPORTING SUBJECTS, &c.

In the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, 1801.

23. A Royal tyger—*Mr. M. Wyatt*, H.

31. Race-horses going to start—*J. Sartorius.*

32. Race horses running—*J. Sartorius.*

33. Portrait of Beauty, one of his Majesty's state-horses—*H. B. Chalon.*

51. Drawing a cover—*T. Hand.*

52. Going to cover—*T. Hand.*

61. A girl in a shop of animals—*J. Northcote*, R. A.

100. Portrait of Diamond—*J. N. Sartorius.*

108. The chase—*T. Hand.*

120. Portrait of a mare, the property of the Earl of Clarendon—*G. Stubbs*, A.

166. The death of the fox—*T. Hand.*

171. Portrait of a hunter—*T. Gooch.*

175. A park scene at the Grove, near Watford, Herts, the seat of the Earl of Clarendon—*G. Stubbs*, A.

178. Portraits of two gentlemen, Capt. Smith, and Mr. James Smith, of Methven—grouse-shooting—*W. R. Bigg*, A.

193. Portraits of two chargers—*H. B. Chalon.*

208. Portraits of two hunters—*H. B. Chalon.*

230. The infant horseman—*J. Barney.*

236. Portrait of a horse—*T. Gooch.*

248. Horses going to water—*T. Higton.*

458. A vulture disputing with an hyæna—*P. Reinagle*, A.

512. Dealer's dog-kennel—*G. Turner.*

561. A Newfoundland dog saving a child—*Eckstein.*

583. Portrait of an horse, the property of J. Abbot, Esq.—*J. L. Agasse.*

648. Portrait of a gentleman and his game-keeper—*J. Ridout Smith.*

677. Council of horses; a sketch—*Miss Spilsbury*, H.

689. Portraits of spaniels flushing a woodcock—*H. B. Chalon.*

693. Portrait of a gentleman in his hunting-dress—*T. Kirkby.*

883. The black-headed oriole, and the crowned pigeon—*R. P. Nodder.*

895. Model of a brood mare—*W. Coffee.*

898. A Model of a brood horse—*W. Coffee.*

959. A design for a hunting-lodge—*J. Malton.*

969. A bas-relief in marble, representing a greyhound course—*W. Fisher.*

992. A portrait of a spaniel—*L. Gahagan.*

1017. Portrait of a dog—*G. Eckstein.*

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## Goodwood Races.

THE Sport at these Races will be found in our Calendar for the present month; they commenced on the 27th ult. the company was splendid and numerous, and for the accommodation and refreshment of whom, by order of the Duke of Richmond, five or six roomy tents were pitched, in each of which cold collations, consisting of every dainty in season, were profusely served up. Ice, even, was not prohibited

The company expressed much concern at the evident indisposition of the Duke, who appeared extremely ill from the effects of the gout. His Grace did not quit his tent, during the whole time of the races; and on his return to Goodwood, went immediately to bed.

The Prince of Wales had signified his intention of honouring the above races with his royal presence, and was on a visit for that purpose at Sir Harry Featherston's, where an express arrived that occasioned his Royal Highness immediately to quit Up-Park, and return to town.

The Stewards were Mr. Poyntz, and Mr. Blake, who paid such strict attention to the regulations recommended by the Duke, that the course was kept as free of obstruction as at any of the races at Newmarket.

On the second day, in turning, one of the horses started, and bolted out of the course, by which three men were knocked down, and rode over, one of whom was slightly bruised, but the others escaped without the least hurt.

The above races afforded an abundant harvest to the nimble-fingered fraternity of the metropolis, who perhaps never more successfully practised their dexterity of hand. One gentleman had his pocket picked of a book, containing Bank Bills to the amount of fifty-two pounds; several others complained of similar losses, though less considerable in value; and many were robbed of their watches, loose cash, &c. &c.

In order to give variety to the amusements, the standard of fashion was on the first evening hoisted in the theatre, which, in consequence, made a brilliant appearance; the second was distinguished by a splendid ball at the Assembly-room.

The Prince of Wales has subscribed to the Goodwood races for the next year, which is to consist of three days sport.

The city of Chichester, we hear, is to give two Plates of fifty pounds each; and a subscription has been liberally commenced for a Lady's Plate of sixty guineas; in addition to which there are to be two other Plates of fifty pounds each, free for all horses, King's Plate weights, two mile heats.

In order to give additional celebrity to the sport, we are credibly informed, that the noble Duke intends building a very elegant stand, and to have the same in readiness for the next races.

*To the* EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

THE GAME of POPINJAY; or, as it is erroneously termed, *Popemaye*, enquired after in page 18, of your Magazine of last month, can be no other than that of Popinjay, which is still in being in the north of England, and is thus:—The young men of a parish divide into parties, and challenge each other to a trial of skill at the long bow: a painted figure of a bird (or popinjay) is hung out a few feet from the top of the church tower. The candidates then, one after another, endeavour to hit this bird with their arrows, by kneeling at the foot of the tower, and shooting perpendicularly at it; and whoever hits it first, his party gains the victory. I am Sir, your very humble servant, F. Y.

THE GANNET.

LEWES, MAY 19, 1801.

ONE day last week a Gannet, or Soland Goose, was taken alive, on the beach, near Seaford, by a man, who says, from a sort of torpitude, which he could not account for, the bird, on his approaching it, made not the least effort to escape him. It is now in the possession of Mr. Gwynne, Attorney of this town; but as it subsists entirely on fish, it is not probable that he will be long able to keep it alive. This bird exhibits a beautiful specimen of its species, and in most particulars, agrees with the description given of it by Edwards, and others, the most celebrated in ornithology. The Gannet is a bird of passage, and one of its most favourite resorts is, the rocks adjacent to St. Kilder, a small island near the Orkneys, the inhabitants of which are principally supported by them and their eggs, throughout the year; but on our coast it is an utter stranger, which renders the visit of this solitary emigrant the more extraordinary.

WOODCOCKS.

THE breed of this bird, in England, is now pretty clearly ascertained; and, in support of this fact, we have selected the following letter and articles:—

TO THE EDITOR.

Hook Farm, Checkendon, May 16.

"SIR,

"On Sunday last as a labourer that works for H. C. Cotton, Esq. was going through a wood in the Manor of Checkendon, he flushed a couple of woodcocks with one young one, not so large considerably, as a snipe; the next morning he communicated the matter to me, and it being such an unusual thing at this time of the year, I disputed the truth of it. Curiosity, however, led me to the spot he mentioned, when, to my surprise, I flushed a couple of old woodcocks and two young ones, which were all on the wing at one time, and since that have been seen by two other people. If you have room in your Magazine, and think it worth inserting, to amuse your readers, you are welcome so to do, and you may subscribe my name to it if you please, as it is a fact. I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

RICHARD BITMEAD."

A gentleman lately shooting in a wood belonging to Mr. Wentive, of Brittenham Suffolk, flushed a cock which he shot at, and missed; but the bird wheeled round, and then hovered near the spot from whence it arose; this induced the gentleman to look upon the ground, when he discovered a Woodcock's nest, containing three eggs. Mr. Wentive being informed of the circumstance, had the nest carefully watched, and two days after, the eggs were hatched, and the young, which

which like partridges instantly leave their nest, were safely taken off by the old bird.

A brace of old Woodcocks, and five young ones, were flushed on Monday, May the 4th, near Wormwood-Scrubs, by Mr. J. Smith, of Paddington. He caught one of the young birds, and has exhibited it to the neighbourhood.

On Tuesday the 12th instant, as John Glanville, huntsman to Arthur Kelly, of Kelly, Esq. was exercising the hounds near his master's house, a bird flew up from the ground very near him, which he struck at with his whip, and brought down. It proved to be a young woodcock, about two-thirds grown, being nearly fledged, but having sick or very young feathers on the pinions; a clear proof that those birds propagate in this country.

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### The Oak Butt.

THE standing joke in the Sporting world at present is the *Oak Butt*. A few evenings ago a *wealthy Nabob* and a *little Greek* yoked to at billiards, at a fashionable house in St. James's-street; the latter giving this odds to the former, that he should play only with the *butt end* of his queue. But the Indian knew not that his antagonist, by long study and much practice, had brought his play to as much perfection with this end as with the other. They played all the early part of the evening for small sums, the Indian generally winning, till towards one o'clock; the spectators having all dropped off except two or three of the Greek's friends, the challenge was given to the Hindoo to play deeply. This was accepted, and in a short time the little Greek won a snug 2000gs, with which the play ended.

Now it happens that a queue is usually made of *oak*, and the overreached nabob being beat with the *butt* end, has been nick-named the *Oak Butt*. He is indeed the *butt* of the sporting world at present, and the *knowing ones* are looking out as sharply for him as undertakers for a death. Wherever he appears they flock round him, like place-hunters round a prime minister.

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### Sporting Articles.

LORD Sefton takes the lead amongst our modern *whips*, and is very nice in the selection of his coach and curricle horses. His Lordship purchased six carriage horses the other day, at the sum of Seven Hundred Guineas.

Sir Harry Vane Tempest has sold his famous horse Cockfighter—certainly the best horse in England—and also his Rolla, together for 4000 guineas. Mr. Mellish, we hear, was the purchaser.

Lord Sackville has bought Mr. Wyndham's Fidget colt, which came in second for the Derby, at Epsom, for 430 guineas.—We understand that he means to run him for the Great Stakes at Ascot, where he probably will again meet Sir Charles Bunbury's Filly, which won the Derby and Oakes, and on account of her carrying so much more weight, it will be a well contested race, and much money betted.

Sir C. Bunbury's Eleanor, which won both the Derby and Oakes, at Epsom, is entered for the Sweepstakes of 200gs. at the next Newmarket Spring Meeting.

Mr. Howard's Cocoa Tree, 8st. 2lb. is matched against Sir C. Bunbury's Thais, 7st. 3lb. Across the Flat, 50gs. 30 ft. at the Newmarket July Meeting; and Mr. Watson's Gaoler, 8st. 7lb. is matched against Mr. Concannon's b. c. by Dungannon, out of Flirtilla, 7st. 10lb. Across the Flat, 100gs. h. ft. the next October Meeting.

CRICKET.

## CRICKET.

ON Monday, May 25, was played, a Grand Match of Cricket, in the Barrack-field, at Woolwich, between Eleven Gentlemen of Beckenham and Bromley, against Eleven Gentlemen of Woolwich Club, for 500 guineas.

### WOOLWICH.

FIRST INNINGS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Humphrey | 5 | b Luke |
| Adams | 1 | run out |
| A. Ward | 8 | c. Burgess |
| White | 1 | b. Luke |
| I. Ward | 1 | c. Chapman |
| Crowhurst | 1 | b. Edwards |
| Smith | 22 | c. Davis |
| Talmash | 6 | b. Edwards |
| Sherlock | 2 | not out |
| Nichols | 0 | run out |
| W. Ward | 0 | run out |
| Byes | 8 | |
| | 55 | |

SECOND INNINGS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Humphrey | 3 | run out |
| Adams | 7 | b. Luke |
| A. Ward | 2 | run out |
| White | 7 | not out |
| I. Ward | 17 | b. Burgess |
| Crowhurst | 7 | run out |
| Smith | 11 | c Davis |
| Talmash | 19 | hit wicket |
| Sherlock | 0 | b. Burgess |
| Nichols | 2 | b. Luke |
| W. Ward | 16 | b. Burgess |
| Byes | 5 | |
| | 95 | |

### BROMLEY AND BECKENHAM.

FIRST INNINGS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Cowderey | 16 | c. Nichols |
| Wakelin | 2 | run out |
| Luke | 18 | b. A Ward |
| Cook | 0 | b. J. Ward |
| Stedall | 1 | c. W. Ward |
| Burgess | 0 | run out |
| Edwards | 3 | b. J. Ward |
| Alscoe | 2 | b. do. |
| Davis | 2 | b. A. Ward |
| Nash | 0 | b. ditto |
| Chapman | 4 | not out |
| Byes | 0 | |
| | 48 | |

SECOND INNINGS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Cowderey | 14 | c. Wight |
| Stedall | 9 | b. J. Ward |
| Burgess | 19 | b. ditto |
| Alscoe | 2 | c. Sheirlock |
| Davis | 11 | not out |
| Chapman | 7 | b. J. Ward |
| Byes | 12 | |
| | 74 | |

This Match is postponed.—Five to four on Woolwich at starting.

## MISBEHAVIOUR OF COACHMEN, &c. &c.

AT the Sessions-house, on Clerkenwell-green, the latter end of this month, the coachman and two footmen of a gentleman of great respectability were sentenced to one month's imprisonment, and a fine of five pounds each, on the prosecution of John Free, Esq. for wilfully driving their master's carriage against that of Mr. Free, in their attempting to break into the rank at the Opera-house on the 24th of March.

On Sunday the 24th inst. as Henry Dickens, Esq. a Barrister, was riding gently along the road, near the Plough, Clapham, a butcher came violently galloping in a taxed cart, crossing from one side of the road to the other, half drunk.—Mr. D. seeing his precarious situation, halloo'd out for the man to keep to either one side or the other, himself going to the left. The butcher, however, drove furiously on the same side, and the shaft of the cart entered about 22 inches under the horse's flank, very providentially missing Mr. D's leg. Mr. Dickens is determined to prosecute him to the utmost, both in the King's Bench for damages, and the Quarter Sessions of Surrey.

Obi-

## Obituary of Celebrated Stallions.

*To the* Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

I send you an obituary of the following celebrated Stallions, for the next Month's publication. Your constant reader,

*Newmarket, May 15, 1801.* W. L.

IN the latter end of the year 1800, died, in the 24th year of his age, the celebrated Stallion, King Fergus, sire of Hambletonian, Benningbrough, Overton, Warter, Ormond, Alexina, Hippona, Alexis, Johnny Groat, Ann of the Forest, Circassian, Young Traveller, Fergus, Villager, &c. &c. &c.

In 1800, died, at Bennington, Hertfordshire, aged 28 years, Javelin, the sire of Chance, Lance, Spear, Young Spear, Young Javelin, Halbert, Mendoza, Dart, Helmet, Peter Pindar, Pedlar, Ossian, &c. &c. He was the property of Thomas Bullock, Esq.

On the 16th of March, 1801, died, at New Malton, Yorkshire, aged 24, (the property of Mr. J Robinson) the well-known Stallion, Weasel, the sire of Palmflower, (dam of Cockfighter) Belle fille, Belle-vue, Imp, Statira, Swallow, and many capital hunters.

In 1799, that well-bred Stallion, Drone, was thrown overboard in his passage to America, with several other well-bred Racers and Brood Mares.

## Pedestrians, and the Smiling Beauty.

TWO St. James's-street Bucks, the Hon. Butler Danvers, and Mr. Penn, started on Monday, May 11, from Hyde-Park Corner, to decide a bet of a rump and dozen, upon the question of which making the best of his way on foot to the five-mile stone at Turnhamgreen, would return with the most expedition. The former being a well-made man, not heavy, and much stronger than the latter, the bets were two to one in his favour, and considerable sums among sporting Gentlemen were depending. They set off at ten minutes past one, Mr. Butler Danvers at full speed, and Mr. Penn also ran to keep up with him. After going a mile they walked, then trotted, and so on as they felt inclined. The run at the outset winded both, but Mr. P. being more in the practice of walking, though neither live on dried biscuits, took the lead on the return, and Mr. B. D. being seized with a pain in the side at Kensington, the other came in easy, at eleven minutes past three, having gone ten miles in two hours and a minute. Sir Charles Bampfylde was the umpire, and a number of men of fashion, friends of the parties, were present.

On the Wednesday following, the Advertisement, as under, appeared in the Morning Post:—

"If the very handsome YOUNG LADY, who was pleased to smile on the exertions of the Racing Combatants, on the Hammersmith-road, on Monday last, will favour A. B. with a Line, addressed to No. 11, George-street, Adelphi, she will meet with an Admirer, fervent in his adoration, as he is close in keeping a Secret."—Tuesday, May 12.

## Explanation of Plate II.

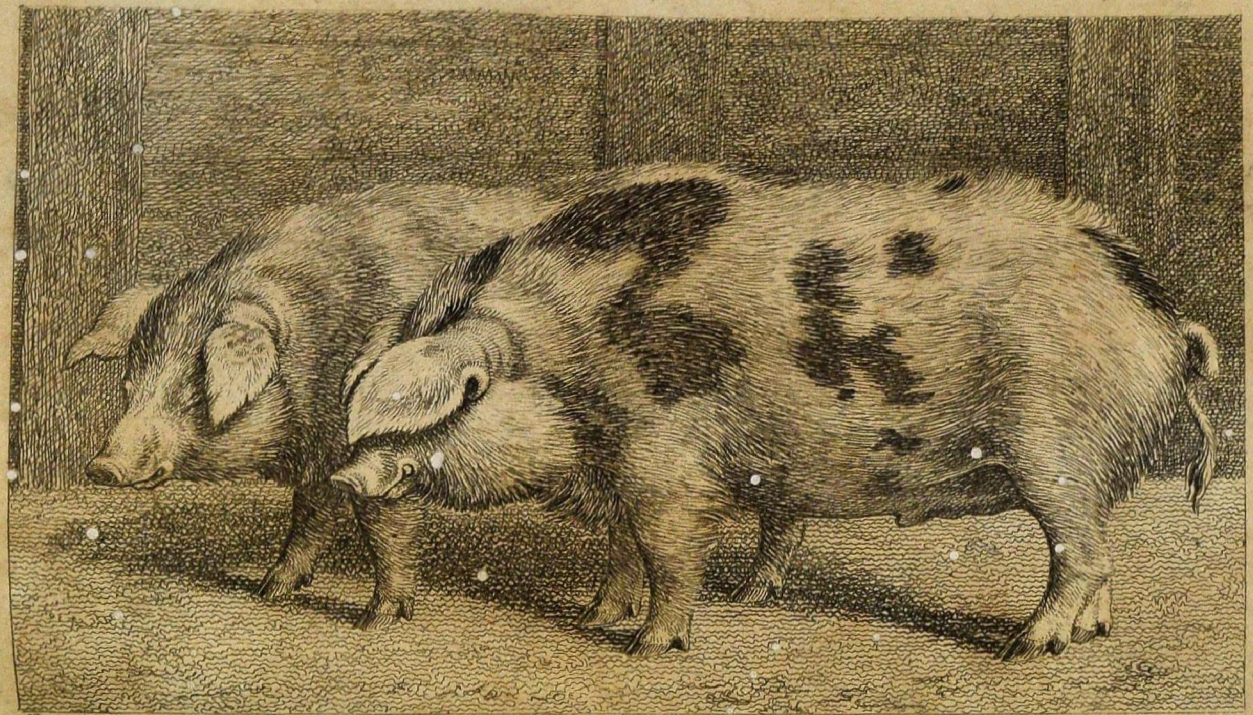
### Two Hogs,

Fatted by Mr. Watson, of Lambeth.

(An Etching, by Mr. Hewitt.)

IT was not our intention to have given this Etching in the present Number, but one of a very different subject; namely, *Pedestrians, and the Smiling Beauty*, from the preceding article; but an accident happening to the Plate, and there not being time to repair it for the present publication, this Etching of two Hogs, is substituted in its place; their weight is mentioned at bottom of the Plate.

ENTERTAINING



Rowlett del. et f.

Published June 1st 1801. by J. Whittle Warwick Sq.

# TWO HOGS,

fed with Malt at Mr. Watsons. Lambeth. April 19th 1800, one of which weighed 7 C. the other near Seventy five Stone.

ENTERTAINING *and* SCIENTIFIC ESSAY *against the Common Notions of* BLOOD-HORSES, BREEDING, *&c.*

*(Continued from p. 17.)*

BUT to return to the Breed of Horses.—We pay little regard to the mechanism of the female, or of the horse to which we put her, but generally choose some particular horse for the sake of the cross, or because he is called an Arabian; whereas, in fact, every stallion will not be suited to every mare: but he who has a fine female, and judgment enough to adapt her shapes with propriety to a fine male, will always breed the best racer, let the sort of blood be what it will, always supposing it to be totally *foreign*.—The truth of this will be confirmed by our observation; which shews us, that horses do race, and do not race, of all families and all crosses.

We find also, that affinity of blood in the brute creation, if not continued too long in the same channel, is no impediment to the perfection of the animal; for experience teaches us, it will hold good many years in the breed of game-cocks. Besides, we know that Childers, who was perhaps the best racer ever bred in this kingdom, had in his veins a consanguinity of blood; his pedigree informing us, that his great grandam was got by Spanker, the dam of which mare was also the dam of the said Spanker.

If we enquire a little farther into the different species of the creation, we shall find this principle concerning perfection of shape still more verified. Amongst game-cocks we shall find, that wheresoever power and propriety of shape prevails most, that side (condition alike) will generally prevail: we shall find also, that one cock, perfectly made, will beat two or three of his own brothers imperfectly made.—If any man should boast the blood of his cocks, and say that the uncommon virtue of this animal, which we call game, is innate, I answer, No; for that all principles and all ideas arise from sensation and reflection, and are therefore acquired.

We perceive this spirit of fighting in game chicken, which they exert occasionally from their infancy; even so it is amongst dunghill chickens, though not carried to that degree of perseverance.

When arrived at maturity, we see these different birds will still continue to fight, if they meet. If I should be asked, why the perseverance of fighting, in one, does not continue to death, as in the other, I answer, that from a different texture of the organs of the body, different sensations will arise, and consequently different effects be produced. And this will be proved by instances from the best of those very cocks which are called game, who, it is well known, when they suffer a variation in their texture, or (as cockers term it) become rotten, run away themselves, and their descendants also; which sensation of fear could not be produced by any alteration in the body, if this principle of game was innate.

Amongst men, do we not perceive agility and strength stand forth confessed in the fabric of their bodies? Do not even the passions and pleasures of mankind greatly depend on the organs of their bodies?—Amongst dogs, we shall find the fox-hound prevailing over all others in speed and in bottom; but, if not in speed, in bottom at least, I hope, it will be allowed. To what shall we impute this perfection in him? Shall we impute it to his blood, or to that elegance of

form in which is found no unnecessary weight to oppress the muscles, or detract from his ability of perseverance? If to blood, from whence shall we deduce it, or from what origin is it derived? Surely no man means more, when he talks of the blood of Fox-Hounds, than to intimate that they are descended from such, whose ancestors have been eminent for their good qualifications, and have shone conspicuous in the front of the pack for many generations.

But, allowing this system of blood to exist in Hounds and Horses, let us consider how inconsistently and differently we act with respect to each.—With respect to Hounds, if, when arrived at maturity, we think them ill-shaped and loosely made, we at once dispose of them without any trial, well knowing they will not answer our expectations: whereas, in Horses, let the shape be what it will, we are persuaded to train, because the Jockey says they are very HIGH-BRED.—If we now compare the blood of Horses with that of Dogs, shall not we find the case to be similar? Will not the origin be as uncertain in Horses as in Dogs? It is true, in some foreign countries they have long pedigrees of their Horses as well as we; but what proofs have they themselves of this excellence in the blood of one Horse more than another of the same country? I never heard they made any trial of their Horses in the Racing way; but if they did, their decision would be as uncertain as ours, with respect to the blood, because their decision must be determined by events alone, and therefore by no means a proper foundation whereon to build a system, or establish a fact, which can be accounted for by causes.

The Jockeys have an expression, which, if this system be true, is the most senseless imaginable: I have heard it often said, "Such a horse has speed enough, if his heart do but lie in the right place."—In answer to this, let us consider a Horse as a piece of animated machinery (for it is in reality no other); let us set this piece of machinery going, and strain the works of it; if the works are not analogous to each other, will not the weakest give way? and when that happens, will not the whole be out of tune?—But if we suppose a piece of machinery, whose works bear a true proportion and analogy to each other, these will bear a greater stress, will act with greater force, more regularity and continuance of time. If it be objected, that foreign horses seldom race themselves, and therefore it must be in the blood, I think nothing more easily answered; for we seldom see any of these horses sent us from abroad, especially from Arabia, but what are more or less disproportioned, crooked, and deformed in some part or other; and when we see this deformity of shape, can we any longer wonder at their inability of racing? Add to this, many of them are, perhaps, full aged, before they arrive in this kingdom; whereas it is generally understood, that a proper training from his youth is necessary to form a good racer.

But, be this as it will, let us consider how it happens, that these awkward, cross-shaped, disproportioned horses, seemingly contrary to the laws of Nature, beget horses of much finer shapes than themselves, as we daily see produced in this kingdom. And here I acknowledge myself to have been long at a loss how to account for this seeming difficulty.

I have been often conversant with travellers, concerning the nature

rore and breed of these horses; few of whom could give any account of the matter, from having had no taste therein, or any delight in that animal? but, at length, I became acquainted with a Gentleman of undoubted veracity, whose word may be relied on, and whose taste and judgment in Horses is inferior to no man's.

He says, that having spent a considerable part of his life at Scandaroon and Aleppo, he frequently made excursions amongst the Arabs, excited by curiosity, as well as to gratify his pleasures.—[The Arabs, here meant, are subjects of the Grand Seignior, and receive a stipend from that Court, to keep the wild Arabs in awe, who are a fierce banditti, and live by plunder.]—He says also, that these stipendiary Arabs are a very worthy set of people, exactly resembling another worthy set of people we have in England, called Lawyers; for that they receive fees from both parties, and, when they can do it with impunity, occasionally rob themselves. These Arabs encamp on the Deserts together, in large numbers, and with them moves all their household; that these people keep numbers of greyhounds, for the sake of coursing the game and procuring their subsistence; and that he had often been with parties for the sake of coursing amongst those people, and continued with them occasionally for a considerable space of time: that by them you are furnished with dogs and horses, for the use of which you give them a reward.—He says, they live all together, men, horses, dogs, colts, women and children; that these colts, having no green herbage to feed upon when taken from the mare, are brought up by hand, and live as the children do; and that the older horses have no other food than straw and chopped barley, which these Arabs procure from the villages most adjacent to their encampments. The colts, he says, run about with their dams on all expeditions, till weaned; for that it is the "custom" of the Arabs to ride their mares, as thinking them the fleetest, and not their horses—from whence we may infer, that the mare-colts are best fed and taken care of; that, if you ask one of these banditti to sell his mare, his answer is, that on her speed depends his own head.—He says also, the stone-colts are so little regarded, that it is difficult to find a horse of any tolerable size and shape amongst them.

If this then is the case, shall we be any longer at a loss to account for the deformity of an animal, who, from his infancy, is neglected, starved, and dried up for want of juices? or shall we wonder that his offspring, produced in a land of plenty, of whom the greatest care is taken, who is defended from the extremity of heat and cold, whose food is never limited, and whose vessels are filled with the juices of the sweetest herbage,—shall we wonder, I say, that his offspring, so brought up, should acquire a more perfect shape and size than his progenitor? Or, if the sire is not able to race, shall we wonder that the son, whose shape is more perfect, should excel his sire in all performances?

But there is another reason why many of the very finest of these *foreign* horses cannot race. Our observation of them will shew us, that though their shoulders in general exceedingly incline backwards, yet their fore-legs stand very much under them; but in different horses this position is more or less observable. This, (when I considered the laws of Nature) appeared to me the greatest imperfection a Stallion could

possibly have; but, when this gentleman informed me it was the custom of the Turks always to keep each fore-leg of the horse chained to the hinder one, of each side, when not in action, I no longer considered it as a natural, but an acquired imperfection. Shall we now wonder that such a one, though ever so well made in other respects, cannot race, in spite of all his blood!—But the custom of the Arabs in this respect, he says, his memory does not extend to.—I well remember this to be the case of the Godolphin Arabian when I saw him, who stood bent at knees, and with his fore-legs trembling under him: such is the case of Mosco's grey horse in some degree.—In our country, we frequently see horses stand pawing their litter under them with their fore-feet; our custom, to prevent it, is to put hobbles on their fore legs; and this will produce the same position in a greater or less degree, though not so conspicuous as in some of those foreign horses, who have been habituated from their youth to this confined method of standing.—His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland had a very remarkable instance of this, in a horse called Muley Ishmael, which was, otherwise, the most elegant horse I ever yet beheld. Whether this position is natural or acquired, will be best determined by his produce. Suppose, now, such a horse should be tried, and found no Racer, shall he be condemned as a Stallion, and the fault be imputed to his blood? Or on the other hand, if his colts are strait upon their legs, and found to be good Racers, shall the perfection of such colt be imputed to the blood of the father, when we can account for speed in the one, and the want of it in the other, from the different attitude of each horse?

We are further acquainted, that the horses we call Turks, are in reality Arabs; that the true Turkish horse is a large, heavy, majestic animal, of no speed, designed to ride on for state and grandeur; that it is the custom of the Bashaws in Arabia occasionally to choose, from their provinces, such colts as they like and send them to the Grand Seignior's stables, which they do at their own price, and which the Arabs, who breed them, look upon as a very great hardship. These colts are again picked and culled, after having been some time in the Grand Seignior's stables, and the refuse disposed of at his pleasure; so that the fine horses found in the possession of the Turks, are either some of these which are cast from the Grand Seignior's stables, or which the Turks buy from the Arabs whilst they are young.—And he further acquaints us with the reason why the Turks choose these Arabian horses when young,—because, if continued long in the hands of the Arabs, they are small, stunted, and deformed in shape; whereas, when brought into Turkey, a land of greater plenty than the Deserts of Arabia, they acquire a greater perfection both of size and shape.—Now, whether these Turks and Arabs are of the same or different extraction, may perhaps be very little to our purpose; but it is absurd to suppose that Providence has bestowed a virtue on a part only of this species produced in any one country, (which species was undoubtedly designed for the use of man) and that mankind should not be able, in any age, to determine with precision this virtue, or fix any criterion whereby to judge with any certainty.

Seeing then this is the case, how shall we account for the various perfection and imperfection in the breed

breed of these *foreign* horses? for we perceive it not determined to those of Turkey, Barbary, or Arabia, but from each of these countries, some good, some bad Stallions are sent us.—What shall we do? Shall we continue to impute it to the good old phrase of BLOOD, the particular virtue of which no man ever yet could ascertain, in any one particular instance, since horses were first created? or shall we say that Nature has given these *foreign* horses a finer texture, a finer attitude, and more power, than any other horses we know of; and that these very horses and their descendants always did, and always will, surpass each other in speed and bottom, according to their different degrees of power, shape, elegance, and proportion?—But there is also a certain length, determined to some particular parts of this animal, absolutely necessary to velocity, of the particularity and propriety of which length all the Jockeys appear to be entirely ignorant, from the latitude of their expression, which is, that—a Racer must have length somewhere!

*(To be continued.)*

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## THE FISHERMAN'S DOMESTIC PLEASURES.

From PRATT'S "Gleanings in Wales."

I Set off from a lone house, on a sandy heath, very properly called "The Barren Island," about a mile on the Aberestwith side of Aberaven, where I had passed a stormy night, rendered more troublous by there being every hour brought to the Ferry-house the dead bodies of Fishermen, who had perished in a tempest, which a few nights before had wrecked a number of vessels on the coast of Wales. It was the season of the herring-fishery, in progress of which there are many misfortunes of this sort, and of other kinds; for a bad season, or, which is tantamount, bad luck, will ruin a whole family, sometimes a whole village, the sole dependence of which are the herrings, the staple commodity of the inhabitants.

At the time of my quitting the Barren Island, the clouds made the fairest promises, and a beautiful rainbow stretched its arch across the heavens to confirm them; but I had not gone a league, before all these fair promises were broken, and my clothes were completely wet through, notwithstanding my horse did the best in his power, for both our sakes, to prevent it.

We took shelter at a most miserable looking hut at the side of the heath, and accepted the protection it offered with as much entire goodwill as if it had been an eastern palace. My horse was obliged to crawl into a kind of out-house, where a swine-driver and his pigs had the instant before taken refuge; and, while I was reconciling my steed to this society, a Jew pedlar and his pack, and another traveller with his dog, crowded in. Necessity, as Shakspeare says, brings one acquainted with strange company: not that these are the words of that immortal Bard, and of course my memory has injured even the sentiment; but you, who have literally his best sentiments by *heart*, can do him jusitce.

A being, scarcely human in appearance, invited me to enter the hut. I entered.—Its inhabitants—How shall I describe them? Fancy something which assembles the extremes of filth, penury, health, and felicity—personify these amongst men, women, and children—give to each of them forms and features

which

which confer a sort of grace and beauty on the household of the Barber of Barmouth by comparison.—Put all this filth, penury, health, and felicity, into motion; and, having formed your group, imagine that you see it unshod, unstockened, uncapped, and nearly unpetticoated and unbreeched.—Young and old were busied in counting the finest and freshest herrings I ever saw, that instant brought in from the fishing-boat. The father of the family, to whom the boat belonged, declared he had never had so prosperous a voyage; and, though he was almost blown away, he would hazard twice as much danger for such another drag. "Look what a size they are of, and how they shine, my boys and girls! I'faith, they seemed plaguily afraid of the hurricane, and came in shoals to the nets, as if they took shelter in them,—little thinking, poor fools, that this was a jump from the water to the fire! And now I talk of that, here, put half a dozen of them into a pan, for I am deuced hungry! and mayhap this Gentleman may be so too; and if so be that he is, he shall be as welcome to a fresh herring and a brown biscuit as myself.—What say you, my heart of oak!" continued he, clapping me as familiarly on the shoulder as if I had been his messmate; and, indeed, treating me as hospitably as if I had been so, and we had both escaped from a wreck to his cabin.

Perceiving my dripping situation, he said, "Come, shipmate, doff your jacket—put on this rug—come to an anchor in that corner—warm your shivering timbers with a drop of this dear creature, which will make a dead fish speak like an orator!—There!—another swig!—Don't be afraid of it!—One more,—and now you will do while your rigging and canvas are drying!"

All this time, mine host of the hovel stood in his sea-drench'd apparel; on my reminding him of which, he cried out, smilingly,—"Ah! you are a fresh-water sailor, I perceive, and would take a deal of seasoning before you were good for any thing! But for me, all winds and weathers are alike to old Jack, while I can get good fish abroad, and good flesh at home!—So fry away, Molly, for the wet has made me as hungry as a shark; and though I have drank like a whale, I shall now eat like a lion,—and I hope you will do the same, messmate!"

By this time mine hostess set before us our dish of herrings, which, with oatmeal cakes, potatoes, and butter-milk, furnished one of the heartiest dinners I ever ate; after which, the sailor made me partake of a can of flip—sung a song about the dangers and hardships of the sea-faring life—and made me take notice, that he was the happy father of a cabin-full of children, that I might see another was upon the stocks, and that, if it pleased God to send him a dozen such pieces of good fortune every year, for a dozen seasons, he should be as able, as he was willing, to procure a snug birth for every one. "And mean time, master," added he, "we will have another sip of grog, to drink success to the herring fishery."

Our regale was interrupted by the sudden exclamations from without doors, of "She's lost! she's lost!—She can't weather it!—she must go to the bottom!—There is not water enough for her to come in, and the wind blows like the Devil in her teeth!—She's sinking—the next sea will finish her!"—All the cottagers ran to the beach, which was within a few paces. I followed instinctively.

The hurricane was again renewed:

newed: the seas ran mountain high, and a small coasting vessel was struggling with them. In a few minutes the strand was covered with numerous, but not idle spectators. The whole of the villagers hurried to give assistance. Amongst the crowd, I discovered both the Pig-driver and the Pedlar, whose situation I had begun to relate to my kind-hearted host: but the most assiduous of the whole multitude was a young woman, who, while the tears ran down her cheeks, was amid the first to leap into a small boat which had been anchored on the beach, and in which the master of our cottage and three others resolved to trust themselves, to offer such assistance as was in their power.

The wind did not abate of its fury, but shifted a few points more in-shore. This, perhaps, in a vessel of greater burthen, might have been fatal; but was, in some sort, favourable to the little bark in distress. She had, by tacking, gained a station parallel to a part of the harbour, where she might run ashore; which she did, at length, without much damage: and the only thing now to be apprehended was the loss of the boat, that had gone out to her succour. The people on board the vessel were almost instantly on land; and one of them being shewn the boat, and told, at the same time, that she went out to the relief of the crew, was amongst the most active to throw out a rope, and try to return the favour intended him in kind.—The same circumstance, however, which brought in the vessel, presently befriended the boat, who venturing to set her sail, was, after a few desperate rolls, impelled over the billows, and driven, as it were, headlong on shore; but not before the sailor, who had been handling out the rope, perceived the female in the boat, on which he threw himself on the ground, in the eagerness of catching her in his arms.

You already feel they were lovers. They were more: the bands of matrimony had united them the week before. The very fishing-boat, which was now driven on shore, was the mutual property of the two fathers, who had agreed to give up each his share to their son and daughter, as the wedding portion. Two of the men in the little skiff were the fathers. The profits of the herring season were to be the childrens fortune.—How thin are the bounds that separate the extremes of happiness from the excesses of misery! The former, however, were now realized: the vessel brought in a good freight, the fathers were saved, and the children were happy. They all resided in, and were, indeed, natives of, the village; but mine host, whose house was nearest to the place of landing, and had a heart sufficiently expanded to fill a palace with people that stood in need of hospitality, insisted that, as soon as the Little Sally and Jack (which, it seems, was the name of the fishing boat) could be left for half an hour, they should pass it with him. This being agreed to, all hands went to work upon the Little Sally and Jack; and, if I had not been apprehensive that my ignorance of what was to be done, would rather have confused than assisted, my poor aid should not have been withheld.

Matters being put to rights, and less mischief done than might have been expected, the company set off for the hut of my generous host, who took a hand of each of the married lovers, walking between them, and told them he hoped, that, as they had so well escaped Davy's Locker this time, they would tumble in a hammock together

together these fifty years!—A fresh supply of fish was immediately ordered into the pan, my landlord swearing a terrible oath that on this occasion (for there was a strict friendship between him and the parties preserved) the old saying should be verified, as to their swimming thrice; accordingly, for their second ocean, it was determined that the bowl, which some years before had commemorated an escape from a shipwreck in his own fortunes, should now be filled to the brim, to celebrate the success of the Little Sally and Jack. I was pressed to stay and take my share, on pain of being deemed too proud to be happy amongst poor people; and on observing that my steed all this time was in a state which reproached me for faring so sumptuously, mine host started up, declaring that, though he could not ride, he loved a horse next to a man, and that, if mine would put up with a mess of bran instead of hay, (of which he had none) and a draught of ale instead of water, he should be as welcome as his own soul.—I took him at his word, and staid to witness and join in the festivities, till there was just enough of the evening left to reach Aberestwith. I would have offered a small token of acknowledgment for what I had received, but that I saw a tremendous frown gathering on the brow of my host, and an oath quivering on his lips, which frightened me from my design, and made me only take his hand, with an assurance that I would never pass his house without stopping to see if all was well on board, and how the herring fishery succeeded.

This so pleased him, that he made the bowl go round to my health, and wishing another gale of wind would blow me into his hovel as often as I should come along-side of it. He then led out my horse, held the stirrup while I mounted, and huzzaed me in three hearty cheers, till I was out of sight.

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## Sporting Season finished.

### Lord Monson's Hunt.

Lord Monson's hounds finished the season with a very excellent day's sport, on Saturday the 18th of April. Unkennelling in Stapleford Moor low cover, bold Reynard took his course through the upper cover to Danthorpe Thicket, and over the hill; then bending to the left, a little short of the Ling-spot Houses, he crossed the top of Langford Moor, and skirted the south side of the covers in Stapleford, but did not go into them. Through Stapleford and Norton towns he made for Norton wood; from thence, across the Newark road, into Swinderby, re-crossing the road again into Thurlby; and again he crossed it into Thorpe, and from thence to Tunman's wood.—He came back through Swinderby closes into Thurlby Moor, through Thurlby town, and crossed the river Witham at Bassingham; then making as if for Auber Moor, but turning to the right, he took the fens, and crossed the Brant into Boothby, passed Somerton Castle, along the meadows, through Navenby Lordship to Wellingore, over Mr. Neville's lawn, and up the cliff into Wellbourn.

At this time the fox was not more than a minute's run before the hounds; but, from the dryness of the heath-land, the scent would not serve the dogs in the least, and Reynard escaped, to the no small mortification of a respectable field.

Law

## LAW PROCEEDING.—HOLLOWAY *(qui tam)* *ver.* WHALLEY.

In our Magazine for February last (p. 249) we reported the proceedings of the Court of King's Bench between Sir Thomas Southcote and Mr. Whalley, the termination of which gave the advantage to Sir Thomas, and he has since been liberated from the King's Bench prison, the greater part of the debt claimed under a bond given by Sir Thomas to Mr. W. not being allowed by the Court and jury.—On this business we expected to hear no more; but a Mr. Rob. Holloway has thought proper to attack Mr. Whalley with a *qui-tam* action on the statute against Gaming.

In the Court of King's Bench, on the 25th of April, the matter came before the Court as here reported.

A Motion had been made to set aside the proceedings in this cause.—It was an action brought against the Defendant, as a Gambler, for the penalties for gaming, against the statute.

The Court ordered the proceedings to be set aside, for irregularity, but did not order that the writ should be set aside.

The Defendant's Counsel insisted that the writ had not been properly served, and therefore should be set aside also.—The writ had been given to his servant, after her admitting the Defendant to have been at home.

The Plaintiff's Counsel (Mr. Garrow) observed, that the Defendant had acknowledged the service of the writ, by tampering with the person who served it, and bribing him with money, and a suit of clothes, not to swear to the service, as in that case it could not be proved at all, for that his servant could neither read nor write.

Lord Kenyon said, as the Defendant was one of those shy birds whom it was difficult to serve personally, the service upon his servant, under the circumstances of the case, was sufficient.

## SOME ACCOUNT OF THE GAME OF BAR-GAMMON,

*As occasionally played at Westminster, the Old-Bailey, &c.*

*To the* EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

I Am a veteran of the Law, who, having been educated in that profession, through a juvenile partiality, have ever esteemed it as the sublimity of entertainment to attend the Courts of Justice: but of late years I have been greatly disappointed; for, instead of those *gentleman-like manners*, those *logical abilities*, and *profound judgment*, which in Murray, De Grey, and Wedderburn, dignified the Bar, and charmed the auditors, I cannot, when I now enter a Court of Law, conceive myself to be in any other place than a *bear-garden*, or in a *cock-pit*.

Some short time since I went down to Westminster, in hopes of passing away an agreeable hour. I was no sooner seated, than a witness was called to give evidence, whom it was the province of *Counsellor Bother'em* to cross-examine; and the first question he put was, "Well, Sir? What are you, beside being a very GREAT SCOUNDREL?" And, addressing himself to the Judge,—"My Lord, this *here* FELLOW, this *here* R——L, who has the impudence to come here, ought to be KICKED out of Court.—Why, my Lord, he is the most *perjured* DOG that ever appeared to give evidence? Every word he has sworn is a LIE!—You know, that you are an infamous LIAR, you do, you VILLAIN!—My Lord, I hope you will put him in the PILLORY!"

After pursuing this strain of *mildness* and *brilliancy* of speech for some time, another witness was

called, and Counsellor Brazen being pitted against him, attacked him thus:—"Come, Sir! let's hear what curious account you have to give of the business.—You are a Coppersmith, I suppose, Sir! are you not?"

"No; I am a Pewterer."

"O! you are a Pewterer, are you? Indeed, I believe you are; for, if I mistake not, you have been tried for stealing pewter pots!"

"I tried for stealing pewter pots! No, Sir! I would have you to know, that I am as honest a man as yourself!"

"Do you dare say so?—Why now, Sir, look at me!—Look at me! I say.—Look me full in the face, and answer me, whether you never saw me at the Old Bailey!"

"At the Old Bailey?"

"Yes, Sir, I say at the Old Bailey!"

"Perhaps I may, but I don't recollect."

"Now mind, Sir!—Mind, Sir, you are upon your oath!—I ask, whether you ever did, or did not, see me at the Old Bailey?"

"Why, yes; I believe I have!"

"Now, I knew I should have it!—There, my Lord! you see this fellow acknowledges he has been at the Old Bailey!—Didn't you once poll for Westminster?—What! you won't answer that question—you won't?—Very well! very well! I know you; and, before I have done with you, you shall know me!—My Lord, I need not say much, my Lord!—Your Lordship must see into this cause, and what sort of witnesses these are!—I trust your Lordship will order them, and the Attorney, into custody!—Here, Cryer, collar that fellow! Don't let him *slip through your fingers!*—As to his comrades there, Cryer, shew them the nearest way down the steps!—Out! out! out! Sir, Don't stand here!—My Lord, my client must have a verdict—must have a verdict!—Can't be otherwise!"

And now another, another, and another cause was called, until, in the space of one hour, (by my stop-watch) about thirty were disposed of, which was just two minutes for each cause;—a pace far more rapid than is recorded of a Clergyman who some years since started as candidate for Clerkenwell; and, in his letters of canvas, *offered* to give his opponent (the late Mr. Sellon) to the second lesson of the day, and beat him by twenty minutes.

In the course of thus galloping through causes, one was at last called, wherein *an Attorney* was the plaintiff, and who (on account of the distance at which the cause stood in the list) had not got down to the Hall.—Upon this occasion, whilst waiting for the Plaintiff, an opportunity presented itself to Counsellor Ego, on the part of the Defendant, to display his *forte*, in the way of *prologue*; and first, he began by putting himself in attitude, his arms a-kimbo, his head turning about like a wheel upon a pivot, to observe if his auditors mouths were open ready to swallow his oratory—starting up—sitting down again—nodding to *his* short-hand writer to take up his pen; and then significantly looking at the Jury, he, with a shake of the head, vehemently uttered—"Gentlemen! gentlemen! the Plaintiff is an *Attorney!*—an *Attorney!*—and" nodding, "you all like *Attorneys!* gentlemen—very good members of society, gentlemen—know how to make out bills, gentlemen!"—Nodding again, and then putting on a terrifying aspect, (as though frightened by a spectre) he shook his head in a most violent manner, and looking around him, and at the Jury,

Jury, to see if all were worked up to the proper pitch, he proceeded —"Oh, gentlemen! I have such a defence—such a defence—oh! such a defence—as—as—as——" and, continuing the quivering of his head, threw himself down on his seat again, and went off almost in a swoon.

In short, the eccentricities of this whirligig, the tails of whose wig were bobbing about as if a mouse was playing with them, made such an impression upon the Jury, that I could easily perceive, by the extension of their mouths, the stare of their eyes, and the erect posture of their hair, that their minds were already impressed with most prejudiced ideas against the Plaintiff, and in favour of the defence about to be made.

At last the bubble burst, and the whole of this most wonderful defence produced nothing but a shower of egotism upon himself, and of invective against the Plaintiff, as thus:—

"*Gentlemen of the Jury,*

"You find, as I before hinted to you, that the Plaintiff is an Attorney;—in other words, one of the locusts of the earth!—The mischiefs which these vermin do is incredible: they devour all the good things of the creation, and are the greatest scourge God could send upon a guilty land. And the present Plaintiff, gentlemen, is one of those who never leaves a client until he has ruined him.—Here, Gentlemen, here's a bundle of Bills of costs—1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9! Why they are like a pack of cards, all trumped up on purpose to swell the bills. The Defendant is an object of the greatest pity and compassion: he is reduced to a state of beggary and starvation, by this scum of the profession!—It is high time something was done to check the torrent of plunder which these voracious animals create. *I* believe, Gentlemen, you all know me—my Lord does—indeed, every body knows that *I* would not deceive you, nor paint any thing in deeper colours than it merits; and the public at large know, that *I* never undertake any causes, but those in which justice is on my side.—No!—and that when *I* say, the Plaintiff ought to be *hanged*, you'll believe me!—You'll observe, gentlemen, the Plaintiff's bills amount to above two hundred pounds, and there is not much more than one hundred and fifty of it paid to Counsel!—No, gentlemen; they pay us bad enough!—I have no greater enemies, gentlemen, than those of my own profession; for they have left no stone unturned to lessen my popularity, which has rendered it necessary for me to vindicate myself publicly.

"But, gentlemen, I have said enough of myself; and therefore, to return from my digression—The Plaintiff is one of those multipliers of actions, and promoters of litigation, which contribute so much to the ruin of mankind. He has here made out bills to a most enormous amount; and I will venture to say, gentlemen, that if he was to be paid the whole, his profit would not be so little as *ten pounds!*—Shameful, to extort so much from a client!—You must put a stop to such practices! and, if you must give a verdict, I trust you will mark it with very small damages, and take off from his demand what he has given to Counsel!—They are fees of honour, and ought not to be charged! However, I cannot see how it is possible for you to give him a verdict, but stamp an infamy upon him, by one in favour of my client!"

And then, Counsellor Ego, to conclude the whole, launched out into a climax of abuse against the Plaintiff, until, his lungs being exhausted,

hausted, he threw himself down upon his seat. Here I expected to see a long train of evidence, to make out a scene of the blackest villainy; but what was my surprise to find that not a single witness was to be produced!

Here expectation was on tip-toe; for the epilogue about to be spoken by the Judge, who, to the honour of the Court in which he presides, and to the ermine which adorns him, is so eminently conspicuous for his impartiality and upright administration of justice.

Much time, however, did not elapse, ere his Lordship dissected this *farrago*; which he did very laconically indeed, by telling the Jury, that, "as Counsellor EGO had called no witnesses, all that he had stated must be put out of the case;" or, in other words, be considered as a fable.—Thus this *horrible* Tragedy proved to be a mere Farce.

This cause being concluded to the honour of the Plaintiff, by a verdict in his favour, another was called, which was stated to be replete with intricacy, and to require a very patient investigation.

Orator *Flimsey*, therefore, thought this to be a fit cause to be referred to arbitration, which Counsellor *Wrangle* was unwilling to consent to; because, whilst the former found it a too dry, tedious, and unintelligible subject for the display of his eloquence, the latter considered it as a cause wherein there was the greatest scope for the exercise of his eminent faculties of *scrutiny*, and where he should be more than a match for his opponent, by the fertility of his genius in that *peculiar line*.—Between these two rivals, therefore, an altercation arose, whether this cause should, or should not, be referred.

Orator *Flimsey* addressed himself to my Lord, thus—

"*My Lord!*

"Your Lordship is, no doubt, aware that it is now three o'clock—too late, my Lord, to enter upon a cause of this length!

"My Lord, I have above twenty witnesses to examine, and the Jury are exhausted.—Indeed, I think this cause had better be referred: it will tire your Lordship's patience out!—I have no objection to Mr. ———, my Lord; he is a very fit man for causes of this nature.—Say, Mr. Wrangle, are you agreeable?"

"No, my Lord!" says Counsellor Wrangle, "I cannot consent! for this is one of the most *rascally* actions that ever disgraced a Court!—The witnesses which the Plaintiff means to produce, are all a set of the greatest *thieves* that ever appeared to give evidence!—As to the Plaintiff himself, he deserves to be *hanged!*—I won't refer such a *dirty* cause!—No: I'll try it!"

My Lord, not being able to persuade Mr. Wrangle to peace and good neighbourhood, directed the cause to stand over to the next morning, and that a short one might be next called.—On this, up jumped a dozen tie-wigs at once, and began debating all together (after the manner of Dover Court, all talkers and no hearers) which of their causes was the shortest.

"My Lord," says one, "mine is *not very long!*"—"My Lord," says another, "mine is *very short!*"—"Well," says the Judge, "*let me have the shortest!*"

In the midst of this wrangling, about whose was the longest, he that had the most vociferous lungs prevailed; and I, being most heartily disgusted, with such specimens of oratory, and legal defamation, quitted the Court, and retired to meditate upon what I had been a witness to.

G. C.

THE

## THEATRICALS EXTRAORDINARY.

The following Hand-bill has been recently published, as a species of entertainment perfectly novel:—

AN entirely new Grand Serio-comic Pantomimic Drama, with new and appropriate music, scenery, machinery, dresses, and decorations, called

THE IDEOT;

OR, DEAF, DUMB, AND BLIND.

In Act I.—A scene of the interior of St. Bartholomew's Hospital; including various surgical operations, and (by permission of the Matron) a dance by invalids on crutches.

In Act II.—A procession of Physicians, Surgeons, and Apothecaries, with the appropriate insignia of their respective professions, to the City Dispensary; to conclude (that the resemblance may be more striking) with a dinner.

In Act III.—A real sea-fight by condemned malefactors, a proper number of whom will be *really* killed, for the amusement of the audience. Scene—an Indian coast. Savage spectators on the stage, by the patients of the Small-Pox Hospital.

In Act IV. will be introduced, an entirely new and unrivalled composition, called THE WHOOPING COUGH, the united efforts of our principal Musicians, to be sung by Mr. Incledon.—The execution of this *bravura* will completely immortalize the fame of the singer.

In Act V.—A grand shock of electricity—an emetic—an amputation—a chorus of hysterical and hypochondriac persons, male and female. To conclude with an Apoplectic Fit, which carries off all the characters.

After which will be presented a Farce, called

THE MANIAC AND THE CRIPPLE.

## CURIOUS SPECIMENS OF AN EPISTOLARY STILE.

That the following genuine specimens may be considered as threatening letters from a Methodistic Holder-forth, in Nottinghamsaire, to a Minister of the established Church, in Lincolnshire, will appear on the perusal.

Jany. 22, 1800.

Mr Manure,
Barney hey
Nottingham.

THIS is a Letter Frome Wm. FOWKES moast Revt, Sir this Comes with kind Love or Respects to you hoping that you will persevere in your Lyol Principals and Stand true to your King and Constitution as the best in the known World and this you may easily prove from the sacred Scriptures and history — But its enough to make a Person Swear to here the Jacobins Talk and See how they act at Nottingham how they blaspheme that worthy Name who humbled himself and became obedient unto death Even the Death of the Cross that we might be made the Righteousness of God in him as the apostle saith Revt, sir a Little Chimney Sweeper told me that when he sweep'd your Chimney you told him you and he where boath black and you said his Trade was a damb'd deal better than yours for People would not pay you if they could help it Revt, Sir that Look as tho you did not sweep their Chimneys clean their Hearts, I mean Who must be purified by Faith otherwise Wee are all as an unclean Thing and our Righteousnesses as filthy Rags As the Prophet Isaiah saith Sir I preach the Gosspel and My hearers Give me Nothing they offer me money but I tell them the Gosspel is not mine but Christs that sent me So I bid them give Christ their Money or his

his poor Members Who are Industrious and poor for I am able to get my own Living by honest Industry and Sometimes I give my Poor Hearers a Little to pay them for their Loss of time in Listning to me Whilst I preach Repentance and Faith as the Apostle did of old or left upon Record in the Acts of The Apostles kind sir when Preachers Complain of their trade it look as tho they would not Preach freely for nothing I dont attempt to deny but Preachers who spend all their time should be paid as much as their time is worth were they at work Either at Husbandry or any Handicraft but I would have every Preacher take Care they dont make their Bill too Large for if they do they'l have their Portion in this Life and that will be a pity Revt, S I hope you will not be offended with me for telling you my Thoughts on this very Important Subject for Ive often tod my hearers I wish the Lord would send 5 thousand faithful Ministers to preach the Gosspel for Nothing In order to stop the Mouths of Gainsayers Who say that Preaching is become a trade but Revt, Sir whilst you told the Poor Sweep his Trade was better than yours how Can other Ignorant People who are so poor And needy that they have no Bible or Common Prayer Book nor Can They spare money to buy any how should they call Preaching any Thing Different to what you do kind Sir I wish to come over to Little Leak In a bout a Months Time to hear you preach I long to hear you for I'm told you schould in your Sermons and call the Jacobins Alto Pieces and as I profess to be a true and Lyol Man to the King and Constitution of Great Britan I hope you will send me Word When you can make a good scoulding Sermon for I,m told you Schould in your Sermons But kind Sir dont schould me for Ive had my Penny worths I think with my poor Silly Wife and if you had been schoulded as much as I have been you would not follow That Womanly Practice Sir I dismiss this Subject at this time And turn to the Matter in hand again about Preaching for Money And first my Thoughts bring me to the 34th Chap. of Ezeakils Prophecy Where those Shepherds of Israel are complained off for eating of the fat and Cloathing themselves with the Wool and feeding not the Flock but themselves Revt. Sir I wish you would explain that Chap. When I come over in about a Months time Because I think those Shepherds were more Like dogs who whorry the Sheep Rather than Feed them but Sir I'm Illiturate and never went to School in my Life and I expect you have been Tutered at Some College Perhaps And therefore I should take it as a great favour if you would Shew me the Identical meaning of that Chapr. that I may not preach false Doctrine for If I should I should Leed the People wrong way and then they will Lay the Blame on Me and I must Lay some blame on you, but what good will that do Either you or Me or them if Whe all go hell———

Sir Some Ignorant People have Said I swore in my Sermons, but I do not and I dare not swear for Christ hath for bidden all his followers saying Swear not at all—

Sir the first Mortal Man a few Centurys Back call'd by the Name of George Fox one of the People called First Quakers in England as hystory informs me and the Man Was one that feared an oath Because its twice forbidden in the New Testament of our Lord———

Revt, Sir I and my Friends Could wish to hear you tho the Days will be short, If we come

Please

Please to Let us have a Fire to warm us and If you only Bestow a Cup of Cold Water In the Name of a Disciple Christ saith you shall in no wise Loose your Reward Revt, Sir I wish you to Read this Letter to My Brother Clergemen Mr. Pearson of Rempson Mr. Whiteman and Mr. Eyre of Wimeswould who both know me I preached at Wimeswould Last Midsummer Mr Eyre heard Me and he told about Michelmass Last Past I preached sound Doctrine I go from house to house Preaching Repentance——

I might have quoted more Texts out of the new Testament but Time is very Precious With Me for I have many Very Weighty and Important Things to think about for boath the Bodyes and Souls of my Poor fellow Mortals Who are perishing for Lack of Knowledge so I leave off abruptily—Our father which art in Heaven and so on

P.—S. Sir this Letter hath Been Read by many of my Lyol Friends at Many Places in Nottingham and Meets with all their Approbations.

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## LETTERS *on the* ART *and* PLEASURES *of* HARE-HUNTING.

(To a Person of Quality.)

### LETTER I.

*Containing something to the Purpose.*

MY LORD,

THE solicitations I have received so frequent from your Lordship, to give my sentiments on Hare-hunting, hath at last induced me to put pen to paper; but I must desire you will consider, that, as little can be said on the subject with positive truth and certainty, great part of what I shall advance must be deemed matter of conjecture; yet such as bears strong features or resemblance of reality, being founded chiefly on observations made in a long course of years and experience.

Most persons, I may venture to say ALL, at one time or other of life, are fond of some peculiar amusement. Your Lordship cannot forget, in our frequent debates on diversions, I have often declared *Hare-Hunting* has been mine.—What contributed to my liking it, were the early impressions I received in favour of the sport from a grandfather and father, who made it their particular delight.

I confess to your Lordship the being prejudiced so much in its favour still: I esteem few diversions equal, nor any preferable to it. The Buck, Stag, Hind, or Fox Chase, no doubt, have their delights; but of such sort as cannot be heartily enjoyed, only by persons of ample fortune and circumstance, like your Lordship: and such indeed *do*, or *seem* chiefly to delight in those sports, though many that pursue them, on examination of their hearts, I dare say, will be conscious they do it more from a motive of *affectation* than *real love*.

A lover of Hunting almost every man *is*, or *would be thought*; but twenty in the field after a Hare, my Lord, find more delight and sincere enjoyment, than *one* in twenty in a Fox Chase; the former consisting of an endless variety of accidental delights, the latter of little more than hard riding, the pleasure of clearing some dangerous leap, the pride of striding the best nag, and shewing somewhat of the bold horseman; and (equal to any thing) of being *first in* at the death, after a chase frequently from county to county; and, perhaps, above half the way out of sight or hearing of the hounds: so that, but for the name of Fox-hunting, a man might as well mount at his stable-door,

door, and determine to gallop twenty miles an end into another county.

I do not doubt, but at the conclusion of such an imaginary chase, if he came to his inn safe, he would enjoy all that *first* and *chief* satisfaction several Gentlemen do, in their hearts, after a Fox Chase, from the happiness of having cleared many double ditches, five-bar gates, and dangerous sloughs, without the misfortune of one broken rib, notwithstanding two or three confounded falls in taking flying leaps.

After a Hare, these accidents are not usually met with. The diversion is of another sort. When Puss is started, she seldom fails to run a ring: the first is generally the worst (for horse or foot) that may happen in the whole Hunt; for the fences once leaped, or the gates once opened, makes a clear passage, oftentimes, for every turn she takes afterward.

The case is otherwise with Stag, Buck, or Fox: when either is on foot, ten to one, after a few turns, if he does not take endways, and lead the keen sportsman into continued new unexperienced dangers. If he is unhorsed, there lies the *Hero* of the day, undistinguished, unassisted!—if not, he has the pleasure, at the end of the chase, of finding himself a dozen miles, perhaps, from his own home.

The former of these disadvantages made a noble Peer turn off the finest kennel England boasted. —The best of consorts, to this day, deplored her Siberian Prince, who, by a broken rib, was cut off in the flower of his age; and, but for such misfortune, Roper himself had longer existed.

Observe the nimble Harrier, my Lord, continues the double, on foot or horseback, according as age, ability, or fortune, impowers him, enjoys every note of the harmony, closely pursues his pack, is seldom thrown out of sight or hearing; and, above all, enjoys a hunt *delightful*, but not *dangerous* as the Fox Chase—moderate, but not so laborious—in the course of which his satisfaction is in no small degree heightened (whether he pursues, crosses, or guards the foil) by the frequent views of the game.

How quick the blood circulates in the vigorous youth, and, at the unexpected sight of the Hare, how nimbly pants the heart with surprizing transport, till then unfelt! —How are the spirits cheered, the long congealed blood warmed of limping age, the memorable exploits of *twenty-six* brought full into view, and feebly mimicked, at *threescore and ten!*—How are both young and old lost in delightful enchantment, when Puss has *baulked* the dogs, dropt the pack, and on some rising hillock plays, in sight, her little tricks,—leaps here—doubles there—now sits an end and listens—then crouched as if sunk in the earth, deceives the unexperienced eye, and creeps to a squat!

These are raptures unenjoyed in Fox, or any chase; but *trahit sua quemque voluptas.* — Hare-hunting may be as disagreeable to the Park keeper, Forester, or Fox-hunter, as the *contrary* to me; and each may, and no doubt hath, as much to advance in favour of his amusement, as I can possibly say of mine: therefore it would be imprudent to declaim against other people's diversions, to enhance the satisfaction found in my own.

It is humour and inclination makes one or other part of any pastime pleasant or not; and the delight found in pursuing a poor harmless Hare, with a parcel of ugly roaring hounds, to a man of cold slow circulation, (or a fribble of meek effeminate temper) may appear,

appear, on consideration, inhuman and barbarous as bull-baiting.

So much by way of preface.—I must now beg a little of your attention on Hounds; not in general, my purpose being only to touch on the sorts most used for the subject I write about.

The Buck, or Blood Hound, has little to do with the Hare. The Otter and Fox Hound (the staunch Finder excepted) will often join in the hunt; it being very difficult to have a complete kennel of either sort, so firmly staunch, but many will freely hunt each other's quarry, (notwithstanding Gentlemen breed ever so true) which in a great measure is owing to some casualty in the entrance of them, or in their entering themselves when at keeping.—At trying young hounds, great regard should be had to the quarry they are entered at; because a dog generally prefers that game he was first used to, and blooded with. This few Sportsmen attend to; but, on the contrary, if they can bring their young hounds to stoop and challenge a cat, coney, or red herring dragged by a string, think themselves well off with a fine promising breed.

The like may be observed to stand good, in some proportion, with respect to the situation. The dogs that have been entered in, and accustomed to a champain country, like hunting there, before the low enclosed turf: so low-land hounds perform better in wood-lands and enclosures, than on the downs and sandy heaths.

The time for entering young dogs, takes place according to the season they were whelped in. In my judgment, they should be a twelvemonth old: eighteen months is a great age.

## LETTER 2.

### *Concerning the Sorts of* Harriers, *and Difference.*

THE hounds most in use, and proper for Hare-Hunting, may be confined to few sorts, and each excellent in nature, *viz.*

The deep-tongued, thick-lipped, broad, and long-hung Southern Hound.

The fleet sharp-nosed dog, ears narrow and pointed, deep chested, with thin shoulders, portending a quarter of the Fox strain.

The rough wire-haired Hound, thick quartered, well hung, (not too fleshy shouldered) together with the rough or smooth Beagle.

Each of these sorts (as I said before) have their excellencies, &c. It is not possible, with justice, to commend one before another, for kind, colour, or service; preference being given according to the humours and inclinations of Sportsmen, the tribe of whom are very numerous, and, of consequence, different in opinion.

He that delights in a long chase of six hours, (often more) and to *be in* with the dogs all the time, let him breed of the Southern Hounds first mentioned, or such heavy dogs as Sussex Gentlemen run in the Wild. They make good deep bass music, afford great diversion, and, considering how dirty the country is, (notwithstanding a hunt often lasts all day long) fatigue the healthy footman very little.

In an open country, where there is good riding, prefer the second sort, with a quarter of the Fox strain: these suit the more eager active horseman, and spend their tongues generously, making delightful harmony, and at the same time go at such a rate a Hare durst

not play many tricks before them: they seldom allow her time to loiter; she must run, and continue her soiling, or change soil: if the latter, she dies.—Keep in, Huntsman!—Fresh ground, on the turf, is in some degree a continued view; otherwise hang your dogs, barring extraordinary accidents of highways and sheep-blemish; for I would no more excuse the loss of a Hare on fresh sward, (unless the Huntsman's fault, which is too often the case) than I would a kennel of Fox-hounds losing Reynard in full chase. The reasons against it, in both diversions, are the same.

The slow Hounds, first mentioned, generally pack best. Of the second sort, many not being of equal speed (for it is hard to procure an even kennel of fast hounds) will be found to tail, which is an inconvenience; for the hind dogs labour on to overtake the leading hounds, and seldom or ever stoop, nor are of the least use, but to enlarge the cry,—unless at an overrun, which happens at the top of the morn for a quarter of a mile together: then the old hounds, thrown out or *tailed*, often come up and hit the fault off.

The Southern dogs are not so guilty of running a-head; for, as they pack well together, from their equality of speed, (it being easier to excel in the slow than the fast) at the least baulk there are *ten* noses on the ground for *one*.

The third species of Hounds mentioned, I never saw an entire kennel of, being in some parts not much encouraged. They are of northern breed, and in great esteem, being bold dogs, and by many Huntsmen preferred for the Otter and Martin. In some places they are encouraged for Fox-hounds, but are bad to breed from, being too subject to degenerate, and produce thick, low, heavy-shouldered dogs, unfit for such chases.

Beagles, rough or smooth, have their admirers; they spend their tongues free in treble or tenor, and go at a greater rate than the Southern hounds, but *tail* abominably. They run low to ground, therefore enjoy the scent better than taller dogs, especially when the atmosphere lies low. In an enclosed country they do best, as they *muse* with the Hare, and at trailing, or default, are pretty good for the hedge-rows: yet I have seen *eighty* couple in the field, out of which, in a winter's sport, I observed not *four* couple that could be depended on, the majority being so propense to challenge *feather or fleak*; yet, by the assistance of a clever Huntsman, and the foil well trod, I have sometimes seen pretty diversion.

Of the two sorts, I prefer the rough, or wire-haired, being generally good shouldered dogs, and well filleted.

Smooth-haired Beagles are commonly deep hung, thick lipped, and large nostrilled, but often so soft, solid, and bad quartered, as to be shoulder-shook and crippled the first season's hunt; and have frequently that unpardonable fault of crook legs, like the tarrier, or right Bath turnspit.

I know admirers of this sort, but they are no favourites of mine: few will endure a tolerable hunt, or at default bear hard charging. After two hours running, observe them crippled and down: the Huntsman may go on by himself, for what assistance many of them give him; and it is plain from their form and shape, (for Nature makes nothing in vain) that they are not designed for hard exercise.

So much for Harriers. A deal may be said for and against the several

several kinds: it is a wide unsettled point to give opinion upon; but, to sum up the whole in few words, staunch true hounds, of any sort, are desirable; and whoever has them of pretty equal age and speed, (the requisites of hunting and packing well together) whether southern, northern, fox strain, or beagle, can boast an invaluable advantage in the diversion, and what few gentlemen, let them breed ever so true, can attain to, but in years.

The properties to be considered in the choice of a hound, were settled, my Lord, long before you and I were born; and my opinion can be little more than an acquisition from former sportsmen. However, prefer the dog of a middling size, with his back longer than round, nose large, with nostrils bold and wide, chest deep and capacious, fillets great and high, haunches large, hams straight, the sole hard and dry, claws large, ears wide, thin, and deep, more round than sharp, eyes large and protuberant, forehead prominent, and upper lips thick, and deeper than the lower jaw.

The manner of keeping hounds in kennel, I suppose I am not expected to enter into; be your huntsman a fellow of very indifferent judgment, and not *one* of the most nasty, lazy rascals, he will take care to keep his kennel sweet, his dogs clean littered, aired, and watered; their provisions sufficiently boiled, *or rather stewed*. Avoid coarse, raw, and parboiled flesh, nothing spoils the faculty of scenting more.

As to the method of breeding dogs, I shall only observe, gentlemen cannot be too careful, at the proper season, of the *sires* they want a succession from. A very little spoils the litter, and, notwithstanding all the care and vigilance possible, litter after litter, sometimes prove false and degenerate, from as high-bred creatures as any in the kingdom.

I kept a bitch in my chamber from the earliest tokens of her growing proud, and had her so close warded, I could have taken the sacrament, in all the time, she never saw any other dog; yet the whelps inherited few or none of their sire's qualities, nay scarce the colour; whence I proved, that a dog and bitch, of the *highest blood*, may fail of getting tolerable puppies. The like is often experienced among horses, how nature errs in this particular (if it may be called an error) I submit to some more experienced naturalist.

Talking with a learned physician (a great connoisseur in pointing and setting dogs) upon the subject of puppies, he told the following marvellous tale of a bitch he had of the setting kind.

"As he travelled from Midhurst into Hampshire, going through a country village, the *mastiffs* and *curdogs* ran out barking, as is usual when gentlemen ride by such places; among them he observed a little ugly pedlar's cur particularly eager and fond of ingratiating himself with the bitch. The doctor stopped to water upon the spot, and whilst his horse drank, could not help remarking how amorous the cur continued, and how fond and courteous the bitch seemed to her admirer; but, provoked in the end, to see a creature of Phillis's rank and breed, so obsequious to such mean addresses, drew one of his pistols and shot the dog dead on the spot; then alighted, and taking the bitch in his arms, carried her before him several miles. The doctor relates farther, that madam, from that day, would eat little or nothing, having, in a manner, lost all appetite; she had no inclination to go abroad with her master, or come when he called; but

seemed to pine like a creature in love, and express a sensible concern for the loss of her gallant. Partridge season came on—but she had no nose—the doctor did not take a bird before her. However, in process of time, Phillis waxed proud—the doctor was heartily glad of it, physically apprehending it would be a means of weaning her from all thoughts of her deceased admirer: accordingly, he had her confined in due time, and warded by an admirable setter, of high blood; which the doctor galloped his grey stone-horse forty miles an end to fetch for the purpose. And, that no accident might happen, from the carelessness of drunken, idle servants, the charge was committed to a *trusty old woman housekeeper*; and as absence from patients would permit, the doctor assiduously attended the affair himself.

"But lo! when the days of whelping came, Phillis did not produce one puppy, but what was, in all respects, the very *picture* and *colour* of the poor dog he had shot so many months before the bitch was in heat.

"This affair not more surprised, than enraged the doctor. For some time he differed, almost to parting, with his old faithful housekeeper, being unjustly jealous of her cara; such behaviour before, she never knew from him; but alas, what remedy? he kept the bitch many years, yet to his infinite concern, she never brought a litter, but exactly similar to the pedlar's cur. He disposed of her to a friend in a neighbouring county, but to no purpose! the vixen still brought such puppies. Whence the doctor tenaciously maintained, bitch and dog may fall passionately in *love* with each other.

"That such creatures, especially the *female*, may at particular times like, or *prefer*, I grant the doctor; but how the *impression* of the dog (admitting, to favour him, there was any) could occasion *similitude* in the issue of the bitch, and for a continuance of years, after the dog's death, nobody but the doctor is capable of defending; who, to this day, relates and justifies the truth of every circumstance I have mentioned. So much for dogs, harriers especially. I hope the digression will be pardoned, and if not disagreeable, I shall proceed with a page on the Quarry."

*(To be continued.)*

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THE ORIGIN OF SIDE SADDLES.

IN the time of Anne, Queen of Richard II and not before, the ladies' dresses reached down to the ground—"*cum caudis*, i. e. *with trains*;" a novelty which induced a well-meaning divine of those times to write a tract, *Contra caudas dominarum*, against the tails of the ladies. Whether or no this remonstrance operated so far as to occasion the contrary extreme, and even to have been the distant cause of producing the short petticoat of the present age, one cannot say. As an apology for the English ladies in adopting this fashion, we should in justice remember, as was the case of the Scotch, that it was countenanced by Anne Richard's Queen, a lady not less enterprising than successful in her attacks on established forms, and whose authority and example were so powerful as to abolish, even in defiance of France, the safe, commodious, and natural mode of riding on horseback, hitherto practised by the women of England, and to introduce side-saddles.

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PEDANTIC FUNERAL PROCESSION,

*From the Lewes Journal.*

A Band of whiffling musicians, playing slowly as a dead march the

the tune of "Yankee Doodle" on many half-learned Instruments.

Folly, bearing on a Pole a Fool's Cap, the bells muffled.

Malevolence and Apathy, tearing with their teeth an Attic Evening Ticket.

Slander and an Hermaphrodite, exercising their envenomed lash upon the Portraitures of two retreating females.

Pedantry, brandishing the Torch of erudition by which the deceased "*set the Thames on Fire.*"

Two Parish Clerks, displaying the Admissory Problem, from the Solution of which arose all his honors, viz. "*The ascertained distance between Westminster Bridge and the first of August.*"

Printer's devils carrying Banners of his affigned armorial bearings, being three Notes of Interrogation ? ? ? as in doubt of the propriety of all language. His crest a Carp; his motto, "I cavil."

Two Vulcanian artists, bearing the mysterious branding Irons, by which were impressed upon the two wings of his back front, or seat of honor, the scientific imprimatur of Q Q in Roman letters for latinity sake! as his Licence of being qualified to Quibble.

A Tablet (borne) of his non-memorable attack upon Female benevolence, in brazen Characters.

A London Post Boy, bearing the embrio letters; the words "*Very Deep,*" engraved upon his cap, bearing a magpie and a cage, whistling, Cavi! Cavi! and a Conjuror in a Quart Bottle.

The Body enclosed in cerements of Calf Skin, embalmed with *Attic Salt*, the outward case of sheepish appearance; upon the Coffin were placed sundry Pellets of Moloch's Letter, by which the deceased was strangulated, and Two Goose Quills. When arrived at the beggy Swamp to which the Body was to be committed, the High Priest Infernalis, read the service, after which a Bellman Herald proclaimed the titles of the deceased as follows: Thus hath Satan withdrawn the great Grammaticus,—Dissertator upon Dumplins, — Butterfly Jack-ketch, or wheel-breaker—Corrector of Dipthongs—Inspector of Commas,—Director of full stops —Supervisor of i Dots and t Crosses —Scavenger to the County Journal —— Propounder, Expounder, and Compounder of all Questions, logical, linguistical, quibblestical, paradoxical, and orthodoxical: it is now enjoined all good people to hope that we may never again see his equal.

Long live Mother Dulness!

He then received literary honours by a quart of mouldy Ink being squirted over his grave. Upon the committal of the Body to the Pit, the exhalations became so potent as to occasion the immediate dispersion of the numerous spectators, and a rapid sweep of all the smelling Bottles and Perfumery within the good Town of Lewes.

The following Epitaph is to be set up in memory of the deceased, in the Temple of Cloacina, over the Aperture of the Frankincensorial Altar.

Hic, Hac, Hoc.
Here lies a heavy block:
Noun, Pronoun;
The Female's foes thrown down:
Verb Participle;
He's soons'd in Moloch Pickle:
Adverb, Conjunction;
His death was Extreme Funk—tion.
Preposition, Interjection;
He's had a full Dissection!

Amen.

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Extraordinary Change of Fashions at Paris.

(By a Correspondent.)

"WHAT happy changes have been effected here!" said I, observing the manners of the capital.

capital. "The Ladies no longer change the night into day; they are in bed before eleven, and up before eight; they no longer breakfast at dinner hour, nor do they dine when they should be supping. None but the Hair-dresser and the Femme de Chambre are admitted to their toilette. Those young sparks, who used to declaim on the charms of Madame, no longer amuse themselves in controuling the important work of the dressing closet, in determining upon the effect of a garland, in pointing out the lock which the Hair-dresser should twist—the place where he should apply a curl; in short, in driving the poor artist to despair. The Elegantes no longer adapt the Grecian head-dress to the Roman costume; they are, from top to toe, in the French stile: a part of the time which they formerly devoted to the toilette, is now employed in regulating their domestic economy; the honest tradesmen are not kept waiting in the hall, while every beau finds prompt admission. At table they are simple and moderate, seldom eat of more than one dish, and always put water in their wine. They speak little, particularly in conversations which turn upon subjects foreign to the sex: they never interrupt a serious discourse, to entertain you with the talents of their Milliner, or the elegance of a new robe. Instead of spending the evening at cards, they meet at a friend's house, and there amuse themselves with working a piece of embroidery. Sometimes they indulge themselves with a ball, or a play, but they are always sure to return from them before midnight. Wherever you meet them, they do not exhibit themselves, in the midst of Winter, with their arms naked and petrified with the cold. Their dress has ceased to be a public spectacle, and modesty presides over their toilette. They do not appear at the Opera, in the month of January, with an enormous bouquet in their bosoms; but their taste is entirely regulated by the seasons; their entrance into their box is gentle, and studiously imperceptible; they arrive generally before the curtain rises, and do not suffer their shawl to hang floating from the box to attract observation: they listen to the actors, instead of tittering, as formerly, at the nonsensical compliments paid them by a swarm of coxcombs; they smile at what is good, instead of turning it into ridicule behind their fans. In the promenade, they no longer sweep the walk with a train three ells long, so as to render it impossible to breathe at their side without being choaked with dust. They are no longer ashamed, at four or five and thirty, of being seen in company with misses of fourteen or fifteen, or of acknowledging them their daughters. Instead of being vexed and jealous, they are actually delighted to find them praised and admired. They occupy themselves seriously with their education, which is not confined to learning to read a romance, write a billet-doux, and dance the Waltz. They no more make fortunes in the career of vice; on the contrary, a woman must have some qualities of heart and mind to become even the mistress of a man of fashion; nor do we see them pass impudently from the closet of a bagnio to the nuptial couch of the father of a family. In fine, the rigidness of morality is carried even to the observance of conjugal fidelity; an extent hitherto unknown in France. A woman still loves her husband, although she has been several years married; and, for some time past, the sex seem to have forgotten that there exists a law for divorce."

At the sight of such miracles, I could

could not recover from my astonishment.—"Is this Paris?" said I.—"Can it be possible that I am in the capital of France?"

At that moment my Wig-maker drew my bell; I started from my sleep, and found it was all a dream.

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## *The* LIFE, ADVENTURES, *and* OPINIONS, *of* COL. GEORGE HANGER.

(*Continued from page 82.*)

THERE is no occasion for me to confess all the atrocious sins committed by me at this period, in sanctified as well as unsanctified places; for I solemnly declare, that I have most truly repented of such scandalous crimes, and have every reason to believe that my forgiveness is sealed, although I have not been favoured with absolution from the Pope; nor, were I ever so penitent, is it likely that he would order a general thanksgiving for my repentance, although a former Pope did order one in consequence of the murder of many thousand Protestants on St. Bartholomew's day. Boys commit sins from incoherent giddiness and want of reflection, which they would scorn to perpetrate at a more mature age of improved knowledge. I declare to God, I would sooner cut my hand off than repeat such offences. Although our Divines may have no sins of their own which cry for pardon, yet I shall not request them to spend their time so unprofitably, as in praying for mine to be forgiven, having reserved that task to myself. Nay, I trust, that even the most antiquated, regenerated, and pious Whitfieldite beldams, too old and ugly to have carnal temptations to sin any more, will attribute those crimes to giddy unreflecting youth, and not be too censorious; for, to use the words of Mother Cole, I myself, as well as they, am new-born.

I made one in the great rebellion under Dr. Foster, though only in the lower part of the fourth form. Foster was only a schoolmaster.—In Dr. Barnard's time, such discontent never would have taken place; he was a gentleman as well as a scholar, and knew well how to make the boys both obey and love him. He was well acquainted with human nature, and governed not by the rod, but by good sense and a knowledge of the passions. We marched to Maidenhead-bridge; when my father, who lived within one mile of that place, having heard of the business, sent his groom and a horse three different times in the day to take me home. I had pledged my honour to the boys not to leave them, of which I informed my father; and though he was much incensed against me, I steadily adhered to my promise, and never deserted the cause, to support which I had so solemnly pledged myself. Some disgracefully forfeited their honour, and were never after respected whilst at school; and it yet is an existing plot in their escutcheon of honour. We had also a serious quarrel with the townsmen of Windsor. I was only then in the lower school: but I went up to see the big boys fight; some of whom run away before even a blow was struck, and they have been stamped as cowards from that day to this. Some few boys I have known to be so timid that they never could be brought to fight even open-handed; and, had they been beat with a lady's thread-paper, would have cried as much as others would have done from an horse-whipping. Those who are cowards at school, ever remain so; age gives experience, but

but not courage: it is strange, but it is true, that these characters continue to be insolent and over-bearing at an advanced period of life; but it is generally to their inferiors, unless they happen to fight on some person of consequence who is as noted a coward as themselves; then indeed they are wonderfully bold: but when an inferior has the impudence not to respect their consequence, and resents the injury, sooner than fight, they will make the most abject, mean, and disgraceful apologies. Such men, as we have daily proofs, are to be found in right honourable families, as well as in the middle ranks of life.

When I left Eton College, I did not go either to Oxford or Cambridge to complete my education, as is customary with most young men. This was a very fortunate circumstance, in which my father shewed his superior judgment. As I had resolved on being a soldier, a German education was best suited to the profession I had chosen. Had I been placed at Oxford or Cambridge, not being of a studious disposition, my health might have suffered from every species of riot and dissipation, which is so prevalent at our universities, and my mind would have remained in the same uncultivated state at my departure as at my arrival, for it is a hundred to one if I had ever read any literary works, except the Sporting Calendar and the Newspaper. I was accordingly sent into Germany, to Gottingen, which is one of the most celebrated universities in the world. The first teachers in every science are to be found there; and public lectures in all branches of learning are delivered by the most experienced and learned professors. But Gottingen is not a proper place, in my opinion, for the character of a young militant (particularly an Englishman). For a soldier, whom no talent, after courage, can recommend so much to the favour of the great world as good-breeding, and elegant and polite manners, is not likely to acquire those fascinating accomplishments from a recluse set of learned professors, whose knowledge extends no further than the lectures they deliver to their pupils. Such societies are too confined and contracted to improve and expand the mind of a young militant. Whilst studying the memoirs of the great Frederick; while adoring and envying his immortal fame, his tender breast, as yet a stranger to the toils of war, or its hard and dear-earned pittance, pants to acquire inferior honour in the tented field; and anxiously awaits Bellona's solemn call, to meet the winged messenger of death, or share the laurel on the victor's brow.

There is another material deficiency in such seminaries of learning; the society of women of the first manners, fashion, and education, without which no mind can be polished, is wanting. The lovely fair ones contribute more to soften our behaviour, and take off our natural roughness, than all the universities and voluminous libraries in Europe. Twelve months residence, in a polite foreign court, will refine a young man's manners, and bring him nearer to that most desirable and enviable of all characters, a perfect, easy, and fine gentleman, than an age of attendance on the pompous, pedantic, periwigged pride of all the learned doctors of the age, vomitting forth, with volcanic force, streams of Hebrew, Greek, and Latin lava. I would rather sit in company with two or three sensible and well-bred women, than all the Doctor Johnsons that centuries have produced; for a well-bred woman can be guilty of an indelicacy with more grace, than

than Johnson could put on to present himself before the minister who pensioned him.

There is another defect in Gottingen. There are generally too many English there, who herd together, and, by always talking their own tongue, never acquire a fluency in that of the country, which can only be obtained by associating with the natives.

After applying myself to mathematics, fortification, and the language, for about twelve months, I quitted Gottingen for Hanover and Hesse Cassel; at which places I spent the rest of the time I remained in Germany, which was three years. At Hanover I had the distinguished honour of being patronized, in every sense most flattering to my feelings, by Prince Charles, our queen's eldest brother, a soldier and high-finished gentleman, to whom I owe a thousand obligations and friendships; and also by that gallant veteran Field-marshal Sperben, whose distinguished conduct in the seven years war, under Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick, who commanded the allied army, gained him immortal honour, and the love and respect of all Englishmen. The abilities of this brave and able veteran shone with peculiar splendour on that memorable day when the French army suffered a total defeat on the plains of Minden, where so many thousands of them *bit the dust*. In various other successful conflicts with the French, he shared the laurels which so justly adorned the brow of that great General, whose military fame Bellona gladly welcomed and approved, while she justly rated him the contemporary rival of the immortal Frederick.

But the officer with whom I contracted the greatest intimacy, and from whom I received the greatest favour and friendship, was General Freytag. It is not without some degree of vanity that I reflect on a friendship which was formed at so early a period of my life, and lasted to the very hour of his death, which happened about four years ago. This gallant soldier had distinguished himself in the command of a large partizan corps of yagers, hussars, &c. in the seven years war, and is the same Field-marshal Freytag who acted with our troops in Brabant this war, under the command of his royal highness the Duke of York. By the above distinguished character I was introduced to the first nobility in Hanover, and constantly passed my time in the most polite circles. With the officers I also formed friendships, which have lasted to the present moment.

I was at this time an ensign in the first regiment of British foot-guards; nor could any youth be more attached to his profession than I was. The officers of the Hanoverian guards kindly permitted me to stand in the regiment with them on field days; as did those of the two regiments of light horse. The officers who composed these regiments, had many of them served the whole seven years of the war in that distinguished corps of hussars commanded by the greatest partizan of the age, General Luckner, who shewed me the same favour, and instructed me also in the discipline of the light cavalry.

Thus I passed my time with the utmost satisfaction, and was daily learning my profession. I always attended all the reviews in that country; and, by letters from officers of distinction to General Saltern, the governor of Magdebourg, I was through his interest, honoured with permission from the king (the great Frederick) to attend the Prussian reviews near that town. On those extensive plains his ma-

jesty reviewed twenty thousand infantry and five thousand cavalry! Every manœuvre which the fertile mind of the great Frederick could devise, was performed by this army, with an accuracy scarcely to be conceived. Two of them attracted my attention above all others. The first was a square, consisting of about six thousand infantry, supposed to be the part of a beaten army retreating over an open plain for many miles, attacked by five thousand cavalry, in all directions, until they gained the inclosures; when the cavalry desisted from molesting them any further. The second was the five thousand horse, in one line, charging, for above half a mile, with the utmost regularity. The three first charges they attempted to perform did not please his majesty: before they had advanced half way, some small irregularity taking place, which, though ever so trifling, could not pass unnoticed by his all-penetrating eye, an aid-de-camp was dispatched to stop them; they went about three different times, and took up the ground again which they before had occupied. The fourth time they made a rapid and correct charge, with which the king was highly pleased, and sent them his thanks. They halted within fifty yards of his majesty; and the whole line, of so large a body of horse, was as regularly dressed as I have ever since seen one single regiment. Two thirds of this body of horse were *cuirassiers*; those troops, whose praises the king has sung in the elegant poems written by his majesty at *Sans Souci*. I was favoured with permission to remain in the Prussian camp the whole time of the review, which occupied four days, dining and sleeping in the tent of Colonel Rohr, of the regiment of young Stutterheim, a great favourite of the king, who had served the whole seven years war under his majesty's command. This was a most singular favour conferred on me, and which I am certain was never granted to any other English officer in those days: for it was with the greatest difficulty they could obtain permission, even from a great distance, to see the review, the mounted chasseurs keeping the ground clear for some miles around. Five thousand cavalry, in one body, is a sight rarely to be viewed in Germany, and what very few British officers ever have seen. The charge they made was beautiful and grand; and the very ground, which was hard and parched by the summer's heat, shook under them.

From Hanover, I carried with me letters of recommendation to Hesse Cassel, from the above respectable characters. I was also recommended to General Schlutfen, who at that time was minister to his serene highness the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel, by my much respected and ever to be lamented friend, the late Lord Southampton, then General Fitzroy. Between these officers a great intimacy subsisted, from their having both been brother aid-de-camps to Duke Ferdinand in the seven years war.

Here I made connections in a service in which it was my fate, in a few years, to have the honour of being employed, and to make my debut on the hostile plains of America. Little did I think, when I was first introduced at the court of the distinguished and amiable Prince of Hesse Cassel, that I should ever have the honour of serving in his army.

Hesse Cassel is one of the cleanest and most delightful towns I ever beheld. The new town is built entirely of stone, and, on approaching it from a distance, has a very beautiful and grand appearance.

I shall

I shall now, with pleasure, speak of my old companions in war, the Hessian troops, than whom there is no braver or better disciplined forces in the world. Their discipline is the same as that of the Prussians. In one respect the preference may be given to them, the Hessian regiments being composed all of *landes kinder* (natives of the country), whereas the Prussians have a great number of foreigners in their battalions. They were both of them in alliance with us in the seven years war, and in that of America, and ever behaved with the greatest gallantry and fidelity, and the most sincere attachment to the cause in which they were engaged.

The brilliant actions which, early in life, distinguished the present Duke of Brunswick, when hereditary prince, then commanding a detached body of troops from the allied army, under the orders of Duke Ferdinand, in the seven years war, and have established his fame as a soldier, were performed under his command, by the Hessian grenadiers, some British infantry regiments, and Elliot's light dragoons. The reputation of the Hessian grenadiers is too well known to want any eulogium from my pen. In all times, in all places, in every situation, their conduct and valour have distinguished them.

*(To be continued.)*

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CHARACTER OF MAJOR BAGGS.

HIS death, in 1792, was occasioned by a cold caught at the Round-House of St. James's, when he and many others were carried there, by Justice Hyde, from the gaming-table.—In the first company he obtained, George Robert Fitzgerald was his Lieutenant.

As soon as he got the rank of Major, he retired upon half-pay, and devoting himself to deep play ever after, he pursued it with an eagerness and perseverance beyond example. When he was so ill that he could not get out of his chair, he has been brought to the hazard-table, when the rattling of the dice seemed suddenly to revive him. He once won 17,000l. at hazard, by *throwing on*, as it is called, fourteen successive mains. He went to the East Indies in 1780, on a gaming speculation; but not finding it answer, he returned home over land. At Grand Cairo, he narrowly escaped death, by retreating in a Turkish dress to Smyrna. A companion of his was seized, and sent prisoner to Constantinople, where he was at length released by the interference of Sir Robert Anstie, the English ambassador. He won 6000l. of Mr. O— some years ago at Spa, and immediately came to England to get the money from Lord O—, the father of the young man. Terms of accommodation were proposed by his Lordship, in presence of Mr. D— the banker, whose respectability and consequence are well known. Lord O— offered him a thousand guineas, and a note for the remainder at a distant period. Baggs wanted the whole to be paid down. Some altercation ensued. Mr. D— then observed, that he thought his Lordship had offered very handsome terms. "Sirrah," said Baggs in a passion, "hold your tongue; the laws of commerce you may be acquainted with, but the laws of honour you can know nothing about." When he fought Fitzgerald he was wounded in the leg, and fell, but when down returned the fire, which struck the knee of his antagonist, and made him lame ever after. He never could hear of Fitzgerald's unhappy fate without visible delight, and "grinning horribly a

ghastly smile." He is supposed to have utterly ruined by play forty persons. At one time of life he was worth more than 100 000l. He had fought eleven duels; and was allowed to be very skilful with the sword. He was a man of a determined mind, great penetration, and considerable literature: and when play was out of the case, could be an agreeable and instructive companion. He was very generous to people whom he liked; and a certain naval Lord, highly respected, when in rather a distressed situation at Paris, some years ago, found a never-failing resource in the purse of the Major. He lived at Paris several years, in the greatest splendour. His countenance was terrible, though his appearance and manners were gentleman-like. While he lived at Avignon, he frequently gave splendid suppers to the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, and their friends. He went to Naples at the time they did, and got introduced to the King's private parties, of whom he is said to have won 1500l.

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*For the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

## ETYMOLOGICAL ACCOUNT *of some ludicrous* GAMES, SPORTS, PASTIMES, *&c.*

### *Hunting the Gowke.*

A Practice, in Scotland, of sending any one on a toolless errand, or an absurd message, &c. on the first of April.

*King Arthur.*—A game used at sea, when near the line, or in a hot latitude. It is performed thus:—A man, who is to represent King Arthur, ridiculously dressed, having a large wig made out of oakum, or some old swabs, is seated on the side over a large vessel of water. Every person, in his turn, is to be ceremoniously introduced to him, and to pour a bucket of water over him, crying, "Hail! King Arthur!" If, during this ceremony, the person introduced laughs or smiles, (to which his Majesty endeavours to excite him, by all sorts of ridiculous gesticulations) he changes place with, and then becomes King Arthur, till relieved by some brother Tar, who has as little command over his risible muscles as himself.

*Basketing*—A punishment frequently made use of in cock pits.—At cock-fightings, where persons refusing, or unable, to pay their losings, are adjudged to be put in a basket suspended over the pit, there to remain during that day's diversion. On the least demur to pay a bet, "Basket!" is vociferated *in terrorem*.

*Cat-whipping*, or *Whipping the Cat*—A sportive trick often practised on ignorant country fellows, vain of their strength, by laying a wager with them, that they may be pulled through a pond by a cat. The bet being made, a rope is fixed round the waist of the party to be catted, and the end thrown across the pond, to which the cat is also fastened by a packthread, and three or four sturdy fellows are appointed to lead and whip the cat: these, on a signal given, seize the end of the rope, and, pretending to whip the cat, haul the astonished booby through the water.

*Gone-Riding*.—A goose, whose neck is greased, being suspended by the legs to a cord tied to two trees, or high posts, a number of men on horseback, riding full speed, attempt to pull off the head; which if they effect, the goose is their prize.

*Mumble a Sparrow*, a cruel sport practised at wakes and fairs in the

the following manner:—A cock sparrow, whose wings are clipped, is put into the crown of a hat: a man, having his arms tied behind him, attempts to bite off the sparrow's head, but is generally obliged to desist, by the many pecks and pinches he receives from the enraged bird.

*Pig-Running*,—a piece of game frequently practised at fairs, wakes, &c.—A pig, whose tail is cut short, and both soaped and greased, being turned out, is hunted by the young men and boys, and becomes the property of him who can catch and hold him by the tail above the height of his head.

*Travelling Piquet*—A mode of amusing themselves, practised by two persons riding in a carriage, each reckoning towards his game the persons, or animals, that pass by on the side next them, according to the following estimation:—

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|---|---|
| A Parson riding on a grey horse | *Game.* |
| An old woman under a hedge | *ditto.* |
| A cat looking out of a window | 60 |
| A man, woman, and child, in a buggy | 40 |
| A man riding with a woman behind him | 30 |
| A flock of sheep | 20 |
| A ditto of geese | 10 |
| A post-chaise | 5 |
| A horseman | 2 |
| A man or woman walking | 1 |

*Building the Galley*,—a game formerly used at sea, in order to put a trick on a landsman, or fresh-water sailor.—It being agreed to play at that game, one sailor personates the builder, and another the merchant or contractor. The builder first begins by laying the keel, which consists of a number of men laid all along on their backs, one after another, that is, head to foot: he next puts in the ribs or knees, by making a number of men sit feet to feet, at right angles to, and on each side the keel. He now (fixing on the person intended to be the object of the joke) observes he is a fierce-looking fellow, and fit for the Lion; he accordingly places him at the head, his arms being held, or locked in, by the two persons next to him, representing the ribs. After several other dispositions, the builder delivers over the galley to the contractor, as complete; but he, among other faults and objections, observes the Lion is not gilt: on which the builder, or one of his assistants, runs to the head, and dipping a mop in the excrement, thrusts it into the face of the Lion.

*Hunting the Squirrel*.—An amusement practised by post-boys and stage-coachmen, which consists in following a one-horse chaise, and driving it before them; then passing close to it, so as to brush the wheels, and by other means terrifying any woman or person that may be in it.

*Riding Skimmington*.—A ludicrous cavalcade, in derision of a man beaten by his wife. It consists of a man riding behind a woman, with his face to the horse's tail, holding a distaff in his hand, at which he seems to work, the woman all the while beating him with a ladle; a smock, displayed on a staff, is carried before them as an emblematical standard, denoting female superiority: they are accompanied by what is called *rough music*, that is, frying pans, bulls-horns, marrow-bones, cleavers, &c. A procession of this kind is admirably described by Butler, in his Hudibras.

*Tup-Running*.—A rural sport practised at wakes and fairs, in Derbyshire; a ram, whose tail is well soaped and greased is turned out to the multitude; any one that can take him by the tail, and

and hold him fast, is to have him for his own.

*To Whip the Cock.*—A piece of sport practiced at wakes, horse-races, and fairs, in Leicestershire: a cock being tied, or fastened into a hat, or basket, half a dozen carters blindfolded, and armed with their cart-whips, are placed round it, who, after being turned thrice about, begin to whip the cock, which if any one strikes so as to make it cry out, it becomes his property. The joke is, that instead of whipping the cock, they flog each other heartily.

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THE NEW DEDALUS;

A Work by Jean Jacques Rousseau, at present in the possession of Citizen Desaurois, at Paris.

ITS object is to prove, that men may fly with great ease, and that it would be found both a useful and convenient attainment. In comparison with this, the *self-acting Mangle* of Philosopher Godwin, and all the petty discoveries of modern days, are nothing. The following extracts may be deemed amusing:—"Let us now speak of our wings; when they are well fixed on, it will be necessary to oil them in some degree, in order to render them impenetrable to wet. They should reach the length of our arms, and we should be clothed as light as possible. It will be then necessary only to try a little, in order to accustom ourselves, balancing ourselves with great caution; at first, skimming along the ground like young starlings, till become more courageous by habit and experience, we launch into the air with the impetuosity of an eagle, and view with contempt our wretched fellow-creatures, whom we have left crawling upon earth."

Rousseau views the consequences of his discovery like a Frenchman.—"I can fancy," says he, "that I see our amiable youth pursuing, by means of this science, their little amours, in which they may have all the success of Leander without the danger of meeting his fate; while the Hero of his affections, if she have courage as well as love, may flap her wings and save him half the journey."

In the conclusion of this work, however, the Author very candidly states some of the objections to which it is liable on the grounds of practicability.

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A MODERN DICTIONARY,

Of vulgar allusions, cant expressions, and other terms of well-known import, relating to Sporting.

*All Hollow.*

HE was beat all hollow; i. e. he had no chance of conquering.—"It was a hollow thing;" it was a decided thing from the beginning.

*Ames Ace.*—Within ames ace; nearly, very near.

*Bayard of Ten Toes.*—To ride bayard of ten toes, is to walk on foot.—Bayard was a horse famous in old romances.

*To Bear the Bell.*—Some suppose it a term borrowed from an ancient tournament, where the victorious knights bore away the *belle* or *fair lady*; others derive it from a horse-race, or other rural contentions, where bells were frequently given as prizes.

*Bishoped, or To Bishop.*—A term among horse-dealers, for burning the mark in a horse's tooth, after he has lost it by age.

*Black Legs.*—A gambler or sharper on the turf, or in the cock-pit; so called, perhaps, from their appearing generally in boots.

*Bottom.*—In the sporting sense, strength and spirits to support fatigue,

tigue, as a bottomed horse.—Among bruisers it is used to express a hardy fellow, who will bear a good beating.

*Bread-Basket.*—The stomach; a term used by boxers. I took him a punch in the bread-basket; i. e. I gave him a blow in the stomach.

*Broughtonian.*—A boxer, a disciple of Broughton, who was a beef-eater, and once the best boxer of his day.

*To Bar the Bubble.*—To except against the general rule, that he who lays the odds must always be adjudged the loser: this is restricted to bets laid for liquor.

*Butcher's Horse.*—That must have been a butcher's horse, by his carrying a calf so well; a vulgar joke on an awkward rider.

*Captain Sharp.*—A cheating bully; or one in a set of gamblers, whose office it is to bully any pigeon, who, suspecting roguery, refuses to pay what he has lost.

*Cockney.*—A nick-name given to the Citizens of London, or persons born within the sound of Bow-bell, derived from the following story:—A citizen of London being in the country, and hearing a horse neigh, exclaimed, "Lord! how that horse laughs!" A bye-stander telling him, that noise was called *neighing*: the next morning, when the cock crowed, the citizen, to shew he had not forgot what was told him, cried out, "Do you hear how the *cock neighs?*"—The king of the cockneys is mentioned among the regulations for the sports and shews, formerly held in the Middle Temple, on Childermas Day. See Dugdale's Origines Juridiciales, p. 247.—We learn from the following verses, attributed to Hugh Bigot, Earl of Norfolk, that it was in use in the time of Henry II.

Was I in my castle at Bungay,
Fast by the river Waveney,
I would not care for the king of cockney.

[To our Correspondent's repetition of the origin of the term Cockney, we must take the liberty of adding, that the French have a phrase, *Pays de Cocagne*, intimating a plentiful country, from, we think, the notion of the *Cockney's country* may have been derived, as a corruption of the French term; especially as plenty has long distinguished the capital beyond all other places in the kingdom.]

*Cross-buttock.*—A particular lock, or fall, in the Broughtonian art, which, as Mr. Fielding observes, conveyed more pleasant sensations to the spectators than the patient.

*Cur.*—A cut or cur-tailed dog. According to the forest laws, a man who had no right to the privilege of the chase, was obliged to cut or law his dog; among other modes of disabling him from disturbing the game, one was, by depriving him of his tail. A dog so cut was called a cur, or cut-tailed dog.

*Curse of Scotland.*—The nine of diamonds. Diamonds is said to imply royalty, being ornaments to the imperial crown; and every ninth king of Scotland has been observed, for many ages, to be a tyrant and curse to that country. Others say, it is from its similarity to the arms of Argyle; the Duke of Argyle having been very instrumental in bringing about the Union, which by some Scotch patriots, has been considered as detrimental to their country.

*Daisy Cutter.*—A jockey term for a horse that does not lift up his legs sufficiently, or goes too near the ground, and is therefore apt to stumble.

*Daisy*

*Daisy Kickers.*—Hostlers at great inns.

*Dice.*—*The names of false dice.*—A bale of bard cinque deuces—A bale of flat cinque deuces—A bale of flat sice aces—A bale of bard cater trues—A bale of flat cater traes—A bale of fulhams—A bale of light graniers—A bale of langrets contrary to the ventage.—A bale of gordes, with as many highmen as lowmen for passage—A bale of demies—A bale of long dice for even or odd—A bale of bristles—A bale of direct contraries.

*Do.*—To do any one, to cheat him. Also, to overcome in a boxing-match; witness those laconic lines, written on the field of battle, by Humphreys, to his patron—"Sir, I have *done* the Jew."

*Done up.*—Ruined by gaming.

*Donkey.*—A he, or Jack-ass; called donkey, perhaps, from the Spanish, or don-like gravity of that animal. Intitled also, the King of Spain's trumpeter.

*Down hills.*—Dice that run low.

*Drummer.*—A jockey term for a horse that throws about his fore-legs irregularly; the idea is taken from a kettle-drummer, who, in beating, makes many flourishes with his drum-sticks.

*Elbow-shaker.*—A gamester; one who rattles Saint Hugh's bones, i. e. the dice.

*Face.*—No face but his own; a saying of one who has no money in his pocket, nor no court cards in his hand.

*Feague.*—To feague a horse; to put ginger up a horse's fundament; and formerly, it is said, a live eel, to make him lively and carry his tail well. It is said, a forfeit is incurred by any horse-dealer's servant, who shall shew a horse without first feagueing him.

*Featerer.*—A dog-keeper; from the French *vautrier*, or *vaultrier*, one that leads a lime-hound for the chase.

*Flying Horse.*—A lock in wrestling, by which he who uses it, throws his adversary over his head.

*Forlorn Hope.*—A gamester's last stake.

*Fulhams.*—Loaded dice are called high and low men, or high and low Fulhams, by Ben Johnson, and other writers of his time; either because they were made at Fulham, or from that place being the resort of sharpers.

*Fuzz.*—To fuzz; to shuffle cards minutely; also, to change the pack.

*Gambadoes.*—Leathern cases of stiff leather, used in Devonshire, instead of boots; they are fastened to the saddle, and admit the leg, shoe and all.

*Game.*—Bubbles, or Pigeons, drawn in to be cheated.

*Gammon and Patter.*—Common place talk of horse-dealers, &c.

*Gallygropers.*—Usurers who lend money to gamesters.

*Hedge.*—To make a hedge: to secure a bet, or wager, laid on one side, by taking the odds on the other: so that let what will happen, a certain gain is secured, or hedged in, by the person who takes this precaution, who is then said to be on velvet.

*High Flinder.*—A gambler who having a strong head, drinks to intoxicate his adversary or pigeon.

*Hobby Horse.*—A man's favourite amusement or study.

*Hobson's Choice.*—That or none; from old Hobson, a famous carrier of Cambridge, who used to let horses to the students; but never permitted them to choose, always allotting each man the horse

horse he thought properest for his manner of riding and treatment.

*Horse Coser.*—A dealer in horses, vulgarly and corruptly called, *horse-courser*. The verb, *to cose*, was used by the Scots, in the sense of bartering or exchanging.

*Hosteler*—i. e. *eat-stealer*. Hostelet was originally the name for an innkeeper, inns being in the old English, styled Hostels, from the French, signifying the same.

*Hunt's Dog.*—He is like Hunt's dog, will neither go to church nor stay at home. One Hunt, a labouring man, at a small town in Shropshire, kept a mastiff, who, on being shut up on Sundays, while his master went to church, howled so terribly as to disturb the whole village; wherefore his master resolved to take him to church with him; but when he came to the church door, the dog having perhaps formerly been whipped by the sexton, refused to enter; whereupon Hunt exclaimed loudly against his dog's obstinacy, who would neither go to church nor stay at home. This shortly became a bye-word for discontented and whimsical persons.

*Hunting.*—Drawing in unwary persons to play, or game. A man whose turn comes for him to drink, before he has emptied his former glass, is said to be hunted.

*Jehu.*—To drive Jehu-like; to drive furiously; from a king of Israel of that name, who was a famous charioteer, and described as such in the Bible.

*Jog-trot.*—A slow but regular pace.

*Lurched.*—Those who lose a game of Whist, without scoring five, are said to be lurched.

*To Nab.*—To nab the rust; a jockey term for a horse that is restive.

*Knave Noddy.*—The old-fashioned name for the knave of trumps.

*North Allegons.*—Spurs; that place, like Rippon, being famous for making them.

*Oak.*—To sport oak; to shut the outward door of a student's room at college.

*To Palm.*—To conceal, or hide in the hand, a die or a card.

*Pigeons.*—Dupes of sharpers in gaming.

*Pigeons.*—Sharpers who, during the drawing of the lottery, wait, ready mounted, near Guildhall, and, as soon as the first two or three numbers are drawn, which they receive from a confederate on a card, ride with them full speed to some distant insurance office, before fixed on, where there is another of the gang, commonly a decent looking woman, who takes care to be at the office before the hour of drawing; to her he secretly gives the number, which she insures for a considerable sum; thus biting the biter.

*Pomp.*—To save one's pomp at Whist, is to score five before the adversaries are up, or win the game; originally derived from *pimp*, which is Welsh for five; and should be, I have saved my pimp.

*Queer Prancer.*—A bad, worn-out, foundered horse; also, a cowardly, or faint-hearted horse-stealer.

*Rolleau.*—A number of guineas, from twenty to fifty or more, wrapped up in paper, for the more ready circulation at gaming-tables; sometimes they are inclosed in ivory boxes, made to hold exactly twenty, fifty, or one hundred guineas.

*Secret.*—He has been let into the secret; he has been cheated at gaming or horse racing.

*Ship Jacks.*—Youngsters that ride horses

horses on sale; horse dealer's boys.

*To Sport.*—To exhibit; as Jack Jehu sported a new gig yesterday—I shall sport a new suit next week, &c.

*Star Gazer.*—A horse who throws up his head.

*Swelled Head.*—A disorder of which horses are extremely liable. This disorder is generally occasioned by remaining too long in one livery-stable, or inn, and often arrises to that height that it prevents their coming out at the stable door. The most certain cure is the *unguentum aureum*, not applied to the horse, but to the palm of the master of the inn, or stable.—N. B. Neither this disorder, nor its remedy, is mentioned by either Bracken, Bartlett, or any of the modern writers on farriery.

*Thomond.*—Like Lord Thomond's (corruptly called Trueman's) cocks, all on one side.—Lord Thomond's cock-feeder, an Irishman, being entrusted with some cocks, which were matched for a considerable sum, the night before the battle, shut them all together in one room, concluding, that as they were all on the same side, they would not disagree; the consequence was, they were most of them killed or lamed before the morning.

*Tuft Hunter.*—An university parasite; one who courts the acquaintance of nobility; whose caps are adorned with a gold tuft.

*Vincent's Law.*—The art of cheating at cards, composed of the following associates: Bankers, those who play booty; the Gripe, he that betteth: and the person cheated, who is styled the Vincent; the gains acquired, Termage.

*To Vowel.*—A gamester who does not immediately pay his losings, is said to vowel the winner, by repeating the vowels I. O. U.; or, perhaps, from giving his note for the money, according to the Irish form, where the acknowledgment of the debt is expressed, by the letters I. O. U.; which the sum and name of the debtor being added, is deemed a sufficient security among gentlemen.

*Uphills.*—False dice that run high.

*Wibling's Witch.*—The four of clubs; from one James Wibling, who, in the reign of James I. grew rich by private gaming, and was commonly observed to have that card, and never to lose a game but when he had it not.

# FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

MR. EDITOR,

AS you are a man of wit—you must be so, for you are periodically surcharged with it, and retail it out in Monthly portions—I beg you will insert this letter in one corner of your unequalled, matchless, superlatively excellent Magazine. There's compliments for ye, old boy; and, like the generality of compliments, spoken without intending to praise or burlesque.

Were you ever at a Masquerade? But why should I ask such a question; you, who are hand and glove

glove with all the bon-vivants, managers, and fidlers in the metropolis. Presuming that you have dipped into this medley bag, this heterogeneous assembly, this higgledy-piggledy of Lords and Beggars—Chimney Sweeps and Ghosts—Clowns and Cupids—Venuses and Valets—Princesses and Pastry Cooks—Coblers and Countesses—and, in short, where love and madness—politeness and blackguardism—wit and nonsense—fun and sadness—loveliness and ugliness—beauty and deformity—are all jostled together like the tickets in a lottery-wheel, or like dust in a whirlwind.—If you have seen these things, I need not attempt to describe what is undescribable; yet my motive for troubling you—Lord bless me, only see how I fall into these common-place expressions, which coming in common time, and in a common way, have seldom an uncommon effect: but I hate your common things, which induced me to address myself to you, thinking you was no *common* sort of a being. If you should think me a little cracked, have pity on me, for I am just arrived from the palace of the gods—no, I mean *goddesses*.*—Such Angels—such Divinities—such Venuses—by all the powers of Stoicism, I often wished myself a *flea*, or a *fly*, or an *any-thing* but a foolish stupid magpie-like Dicky Gossip. I talked of curling, of dressing, of shaving, of carpet-kneeling, and frizzing; but the only frizzing I heard, or thought of, was the frizzing in my stomach, when my heart was hissing hot. How could it be otherwise—at least, if it possessed any susceptibility—when within the influence of sparkling eyes—carnation cheeks—vermilion lips—ye, gods, I longed for a *smack*, but the grapes were *sour*—alabaster b——but I'll not press this description farther; even the recollection of it is too moving. Amongst the many characters I met with in the *Grosvenor-street Elysium*, I cannot forget the devil, who was a devilish dull fellow. I gave him a singe with my curling irons, and sent him off to Pandemonium.—Next came Mr. Brain, who was rather brutish, but being guarded by a good keeper did but little *mischief*, though he displayed a wonderful propensity to *bugging*.—Ah! Master *Snip*, says I, how are you and your *gander*?—remember geese are seldom all white—but you were *above* these things—I know, if you *made* a goose, you would have him of what colour you pleased. Moreover, if any one objects to your character, clip off their *nose*, and say, "*I save you one.*"—St. Paul preached wisely—Ah, Mr. Orator-Physiognomical Professor, thou chatterer of philosophy, and retailer of "studs and patches,"—"list, list, oh list"—satire, wit, and sense, flowed from thy *pointed* tongue.—And as for you, Master Jumps,† you *make* no *stay* here.

* Mrs. Methuen's Masquerade, Grosvenor-street.

† Ladies Imperial Stay and Jump Museum. A new fashion.—The *je ne sais quoi* PATENT STAY; lately invented, and brought to the *ne plus ultra* of perfectibility, by JEMMY JUMPS, Esq. M. S. H. B. and T. L.—The *unequalled* Stay, now offered to the *Angelic Fair*, is the *whole* and *sole* invention of J. J. and has obtained the fiat of approval from the most scientific and skilful professors in Chirurgury, Pharmacy, Anatomy, Obstetrification, and Vaccine Inoculation.

This STAY, "which has not been before accomplished in this or any other Country, will give and preserve the most *elegant shape*, and restore strength in cases of weakness. Ladies disfigured in infancy, or from wearing short waists, will be restored to beautiful forms."—It combines ease with grace, elegance with simplicity, and will inevitably prove the most invaluable desideratum to the feminine

here, for I owe you a *lacing*, and now I have met you, take care of your *bones*; for though you may be as stiff as *buckram*, I'll *lather* you 'till you are as pliant as baked gingerbread; therefore mind your ponies, nor dare to *tap* me on the shoulder again, lest I should under *sill* thy patent Stay.—Lovely girls, says I, when a crowd of angels flew around me, should you want any thing in my way, or if it is out of my way, I'll wait on you purposely —attend to my card *, and you'll find I'm an *universalist*; i. e. a *Professor* of all trades.—As Doctor, I'll cure you of all complaints except the *megrims*—as Barbatic, I can fit your heads with any things, except beautifying what is already the *quintessence of bewitching*—then, as Carpenter, I'll provide with celestial bedsteads, and *terrestrial immortaling coffins*—as—but I'll say no more; take me one month upon trial, and, if you do not like me in that time, clap me into one of my own *everlasting coffins*, and send me to death's door without a footman.

D. Gossip.

P. S. Our entertainment was not solely confined to the *feasting* of the eyes and ears—no! some other senses were regaled—the perfumes of Arabia were wafted through the rooms in the trains of these Goddesses (I cannot call them Ladies) —and as for the sight, you can pretty well guess how that sense was gratified—but then for the taste—" aye, there's the rub"—think of three or four pastry-cooks shops, and a wine-merchant's cellar being combined, and Butlers and Ladies Maids being fully engaged, and you may shrewdly suspect how another sense was engaged—and for *touching*—but this is better *felt* than *described*.

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The pedestrian, Mr. Penn, is the gentleman, of whom it was said with some pleasantry,—that he was a pen which had been often cut, but never mended.

Mr. Pitt has lately had a severe

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world. Deformity will fly its presence and symmetry, and the line of beauty supply its place.—Crooked backs—round shoulders—extravagant protuberances—and every other distortion, will yield to its all-powerful qualities.

Pro Bono Publico.

N. B. Ladies measured and fitted at home or abroad, and specimens constantly on sale at the Patentee's Museum, at the sign of the Golden Bodkin, Whalebone-square, Lace-lane, London.

* DICKY GOSSIP, M. D. B. C. and D. (i. e. Jack of all Trades,) lately arrived from the City of Bath; acquaints the Nobility and Gentry of the British Metropolis, and its environs, that he has lately opened an *Union Repository*, where he practices his *various callings*. Where bald-heads and scald-heads; long-beards and wrong-heads, may be *scientifically* fitted with jaseys, scratches, bobs, and full bottoms: where tropsies and tooth-aches are effectually cured:—where coffins and bedsteads are made and mended:—where spencers, pantaloons, and all sorts of small clothes are *cut out* on new principles, and, in short, where man, woman, and child, may obtain every terrestrial requisite while living, and provided with a *good case* for another world.

D. G. practices fire-bottom-my, dent-ify-cation, and Essene inoculation, to the poor *gratis*: and has opened a subscription *Coffee Club*, for the benefit of widows.

The *Gossip*, or *Porcupine Coxon*, being all the rage, D. G. has now on sale a large assortment, at his *Wig Gallery*, where all complexions may be suited to a *hair*, and where wonders may be purchased in a wig.

* * * Cows tails and horse manes bought: also wigs bought, sold, and exchanged upon equit-able terms.

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N. B. Letters dress'd, post-paid, to Doctor or Dicky Gossip, at the sign of the *four eels*, Head and Chin-square, near Blue Nose-Row, London.

NOTICE.

May the man who refuses to accept the proferred hand of Peace, be *darkened* with *Gunpowder*, and *shaved* with a *Red-hot Poker*.

fit of the gout. In one of his first rides, Lord Clare meeting him, cried out—" I am extremely glad to see you *out*, Sir!"—" I can easily believe you, my Lord," replied the *Ex*-Minister, and rode on.

EPIGRAM ON A MODERN THRASO.

How kind has nature unto Bluster been,
Who gave him dreadful looks and dauntless mein;
Gave tongue to swagger, eyes to strike dismay,
And, kindest still, gave legs—*to run away!*

WOBURN. P.

*Genuine Anecdote.*—A few evenings since, a sailor, after having been stripped of almost all his shiners, by some free-hearted lasses in Wapping, took a place in one of the Mails from London to Yarmouth. Arriving a few minutes before the time, he was first seated in the coach. Presently a gentleman stepped in, and a lady was about to follow, when Jack, yet smarting with the sense of recent injury, roared out, " *Avast, avast, Mistress, no women here, d—mn my eyes, no women here, this is a* Male *Coach.*"

A person of the name of *Hopper*, advertises in *The Newcastle Chronicle*, that his wife has *hopped* off from him, " contrary to the established laws of matrimony and this realm:" he, therefore, cautions all persons against *transacting business* with his said wife.

The *curious* in the Epitaph way, will find something whimsical in the following lines, actually inscribed upon a country tomb stone, in the North, to a little deformed man named Thomas Woodcock:

Here lies an honest Cock, ill-shapen—
Wou'd you know his name, 'twas Tom Wood-*capon*.

A certain doctor observing lately, that in the space of six weeks he had inoculated six thousand persons in Paris, for the cow-pox—" Why then, doctor, (returned Jack Bannister) you have *vexed* more French people in a given time, than even the bravest of our Commanders."

The *belles* it has been sportively said, exhibit an universal display of *net-work*, for catching the *butterflies of fashion*; but the *meshes* are so large and so weak, that even *these creatures* soon regain their freedom and are *lost*.

The following is told in a Provincial Newspaper.—During the Westminster Election, when Mr. Fox was the *rival candidate* of Mr. Tooke, he was one day obliged to absent himself from the Hustings in Covent Garden, in order to attend his friend, Lord John Russel, who was then a candidate for the County of Surrey. Mr. Sheridan, on this day, attended for Mr. Fox, and made a speech to the people, who were assembled before the Hustings, in which he was very witty at the expence of the Rev. J. H. Tooke. Mr. Tooke in reply, observed, that Mr. Sheridan and his Friend, reminded him of a puppet-shew, at which, whenever *Punch* was absent, the *Merry-Andrew* or *Jack-Pudding*, amused the audience with a speech. Mr. Sheridan was so piqued at this apt allusion, that he afterwards waited on Mr. Tooke, at his Committee, and made a compromise with him, by which it was agreed, that neither should attack the other during the remaining part of the Poll.

The Norfolk Jack Ketch is condemned to six months imprisonment, for obtaining money from persons under false pretences. His mode of swindling was peculiar and ingenious. He made wives believe he had hanged their husbands; and imposed upon husbands in their turn, by asserting he had done execution upon their wives. He was prosecuted at the joint expence of seventeen disappointed ladies, whom he pretended to have made widows by a *tour de son metier*.

SPORTING

# SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

ON Monday the 27th of April, a mare, the property of Mr. Lane, of Eau Brink, (rode by himself) trotted from the South-gates, Lynn, to the 8th mile-stone, and seven miles back again; viz. fifteen miles, in 55 minutes and half, for a bet of fifty guineas. She was allowed an hour for its completion, but performed the distance, with apparent ease, in the above time. Immediately after which, she was sold to Mr. Weistler, of St. Mary Magdalen, for 100 guineas.

On the morning of the 31st. ult. Capt. Morgan, of the 55th regiment, undertook, for a wager of one hundred guineas, to ride his bay horse (by Young Morwick) from Leicester to Northampton, (a distance of thirty-two post miles) in one hour and forty minutes, which he completed, with apparent ease, in ninety-eight minutes. Before starting, the odds were high against him, and much money sported, by what are termed, the *knowing ones*, who were *deeply* taken in.

On Friday, May 15, for bets of a considerable sum, a broken-down blood-horse, belonging to a poulterer in Birmingham, which had lately been sold for only fifty-two shillings, travelled 120 miles in fourteen hours and forty minutes. He was allowed sixteen hours to perform the journey. At first, the bets were greatly against him, but finally turned in his favour, nearly three to one; and he actually went the last thirty miles with more spirit than the preceding ones.

Mr. Barclay's horse, Tally-ho, is engaged in two very extraordinary matches this summer: first, at Montrose, with Mr. C. Graham's Wirley, for four hundred guineas; and at Hamilton, with Mr. Fletcher's Rolliker, for one thousand guineas, twelve stone each. What renders these engagements so very remarkable is, that *each* race is to be the uncommon length of *ten miles!*

The following matches have just been made for the Newmarket October Meeting;—Mr. Cox's Pet, 7st. 9lb. and half, against Lord Clermont's Meteor, 7st. 8lb. R. M. fifty guineas. Mr. Adams's Humbug, 8st 8lb. against Mr. Rooke's Dick Andrews, 7st. 12lb. B. C. one hundred guineas, h. ft.—For the Lewes Races, Mr. Rooke's Dick Andrews, 8st. 3lb. against Lord Sackville's Robin Red-breast, 8st. two miles, two hundred guineas, h. ft.

An Ensign in a marching regiment having lately, at Bath, lost a large sum at play to two officers in the army, expressed a desire to change the dice, which was strongly opposed by the officers, with this question, "Sir, do you think we are cheating you?". To which he replied in the affirmative, and immediately snatched up the dice, which he retained, although his opponents got him down, struck him several times, and even bit his fingers, till the waiters broke in, and rescued him. The dice were then opened in the presence of a number of gentlemen, and were found loaded very curiously and artfully with lead.

ANECDOTE.—*Translated from the* Opus Arithmeticum *of Dr. Wallis.*—"One Sessa, an Indian, having first found out the game at Chess, and shewed it to his prince Shehram, the king, who was highly pleased with it, bid him ask what he would for the reward of his

his invention; whereupon he asked, that for the first little square of the chess-board, he might have one grain of wheat given him; for the second, two; and so on, doubling continually, according to the number of squares in the chess-board, which was 64. And when the king, who intended to give him a noble reward, was much displeased that he had asked so trifling a one, Sessa declared, he would be contented with this small one. So this reward he had fixed upon, was ordered to be given him; but the king was quickly astonished, when he found that this would rise to so vast a quantity, that the whole earth itself could not furnish out so much wheat.

The Main of Cocks, fought at Lutterworth, on Friday May 15, between the Gentlemen of Leicestershire and Warwickshire, was won by the former by six battles ahead.

A beautiful characteristic *fishing chateau*, is erecting on a trout-stream in North Wales, by Sir John Leicester and Sir Richard Hoare, Baronets, two fly-fishers of the first celebrity.

Monday afternoon, the 18th of May, a party of the Bow-street officers went to a house in Saint James's Place, St. James's street, against which an information had been laid as a common gaming-house, and where, in a room on the first floor, they found a number of gentlemen with a roulet table, which the officers seized, together with the bank, containing about forty pound notes and silver pieces, adapted for the purpose of play. These, with the parties attending, were conveyed to Bow-street, where the latter were obliged to give bail. The table, money, &c. were ordered to remain in the hands of the officers, no one appearing to claim them.

In the Court of Common Pleas in Easter term 1801, before Mr. Justice Rooke, an action was brought by Butler against Lewis, to recover back the sum of 800*l.* given at various times to the defendant, for the purpose of illegal insurance in the lottery.—The plaintiff is a baker, and the defendant a lottery-office-keeper, between whom a series of folly and imprudence on the one side, and of illegal transactions on the other, was disclosed, that called from the learned Judge the severest reprehension. The plaintiff not being able to prove that he had advanced to defendant more than forty pounds, obtained a verdict only for that sum.

A French prisoner, Jose de Silva, last month, died from starvation, in the hospital of Mill-prison, Plymouth, having gambled away eight days provisions. The agent has destroyed all the prisoners' gaming-tables; but so inveterate is their itch for gaming, that they make billiard-tables on the earth.

A tradesman of Chelmsford, near sixty years of age, has lately beat down a single pin, at the distance of ten yards, five hundred times, and fetch the ball himself, missing only once, and which he performed in one hour and forty-three minutes; the ground he walked over, is calculated at five miles two hundred yards. The wager was for five shillings only.—After which, and on the same day, he beat down the pin seven hundred times, missing only eleven bowls, at the same distance; going the space of seven miles and thirty eight yards, and making in the whole twelve miles, three furlongs, and eighteen yards, in four hours twenty-one minutes; and, in which time, he beat down the pin 1188 times, and missed 12.

*Remarkable Instance of a Deer.*—The Wentworth Hover was turned out

out at Wickham-Court Ferry, on Saturday the 25th ult. before Lord Derby's hounds, which afforded an excellent chase of five hours: he then took the river Thames, by Erith, in Kent, and supposed, by his pursuers, to be drowned. The next day, however, he was found in Raynham marshes, by Thomas Holt, keeper to the Dowager Lady Dacre, of Bell-house, Essex, when, after, a sharp run, the deer again took the Thames; but, by the assistance of two boats, he was taken and conveyed safe to his Lordship's paddock, at the Oaks, in Surrey.

An incredible number of wild peacocks have lately made their appearance at the Cape of Good Hope, from the mountains, and committed great depredations on the farmers; so much so, that the Government of that colonoy have been induced to issue a proclamation, requiring all farmers and others to destroy the peacocks wherever they may meet with them.

On Tuesday the 19th of May, about three o'clock, two well-dressed men, called at the Duke of Queensberry's, in Piccadilly, and being informed by the servant that his Grace was out, were shown into a room, on pretence of writing a note. During the absence of the servant, these light-fingured gentlemen contrived to appropriate to their own use a few of his Grace's curiosities, consisting of gold trinkets, &c. to no small amount; but, being detected in their attempt to escape, were pursued, and luckily overtaken in Queen street, May Fair.

The Countess of Clonmell was, a few days since, fined the sum of thirty guineas, at Marlborough-street, for neglecting to take out a hair-powder licence for three of her servants.

One of the most dashing young men, who have lately appeared in the fashionable lounge, is Mr. Thomas Coventry. Six horses are generally attached to his vehicle, and the attendant retinue five out-riders.

Madam Bacelli, who for so many years distinguished herself as one of the most fascinating dancers on the Opera stage, died at her lodgings in Sackville-street, the beginning of this month.

Some days ago, a cart with a horse in the shafts, employed on the King's works at Dover Castle, in consequence of the wheel not being properly blocked, backed rapidly down a steep precipice, dragging the poor animal forcibly after it; when, strange to relate, although the cart itself was literally dashed to pieces, the horse escaped without material injury.

The following melancholy accident will, we hope, operate as a caution to young people how they engage in dangerous recreations: —Early on Saturday se'nnight, as James Spray, a youth about 17 years of age, of Cambridge, was climbing a tree to get at a rook's nest, a bough on which he had hold, when near the top, broke, and he fell from the tree. His thigh was shattered, and he was otherwise so dreadfully bruised, that he died on Sunday evening last.

Mr. Heseltine, jun. tea dealer, of London, being on his Norfolk journey, called at the Crown Inn, at Downham, on Sunday afternoon the 10th of May, in order to take refreshment and a bed; his nag (a blood mare) was taken care of as usual, and in the night the mare was missing, supposed to be stolen, as well as a bridle, halter, saddle, and pair of boots belonging to the hostler.

# POETRY.

## THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

### BEANS AND BACON.

A PHILOSOPHICAL TALE,

*By* ANTHONY PASQUIN, ESQ.

*Nil Admirari.*——HOR.

WHEN big *Sir Fungus* fill'd the massy chair,
All gorgeous carv'd, and rais'd above his peers;
He ask'd a queſtion, made his brethren stare,
Pulling his perruke down to—hide his ears.
As we've arrang'd complete, both *grubs* and *greens*,
Pray, in what *genus*, shall we class our *beans*?
How class our beans! cried MUZZY, let me see;
How class our beans! roar'd HORACE, *vis a vis*:
How class our beans! went regularly round,
And all feeds'd lost in reveries profound.
Silence assum'd a limited command,
Each head lean'd ponderous on its suffering hand;
No band of nincompoops were e'er so pos'd,
And some, o'erwrung by study, dreamt and doz'd.
Some look'd towards the ceiling, some the floor,
The wisest doubted, and the wicked swore.
D. D's. L.L.D's, seemed in deep distress,
And dullneſs hoodwink'd every F. R. S.
Each at hope's threshold made a cheering halt,
And all nos'd error, like poor curs at fault.
Some were for analysing nature's laws,
Some hid their ignorance in hems and haws;
Some, with a maniac's motion, soar'd the air,
Some kick'd their wigs about in wild despair
Shade of *Linnæus*, said a silken Peer,
Great soul of botany, whom all revere!
But, gentlemen, if you're not dumb as fishes,
How can the Swedish spirit here my wishes?
Confound these physical disputes for me,
Who rails at physic? roar'd a hot M. D.
Indistinct murmurs saddened all the room,
The hungry *Parcæ* flutter'd in the gloom;
Pride, vague ideas on ideas heap'd,
While sleepless satire through the keyhole peep'd.
Look for *Rhoseclus*—who makes that clatter?
Pray gauge my *cranium*—what the deel's the matter?
Knowledge is vanity, Sir JOE—'tis true;
Pray what is science?—I can't tell, can you?
Farewell synopsis, comments, all farewell,
What's this I hear, why zounds, Lord D's not well.
Insidious lunacy, with wondrous pains,
Was stirring wit, and addling all their brains;
When, an OLD WOMAN, (who, at their desire,
Was wont to empt the pot and stir the fire)
Ended the squabble as bystanders ought,
And sav'd their brains from being split by thought:
"Your honors, sure, (quoth she) can't be mistaken,
I always *class* my *beans*, with—BACON!"

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### EPSOM RACES.

COME, Madam Muse, new nib thy pen,
And put on thy best graces;
To sing, in merry jocund strain,
The joys of Epſom Races.

Curricles,

Curricles, Coaches, Chaises, Giggs,
Beaux, Bloods, and Men of Trade,
Black-legs, Nobles, Peers, and Prigs,
All join the cavalcade.

The Young, the Old, the Brown, the Fair,
Of pleasure take their fill;
The mania spreads, from Berkeley-square,
As far as Fish-street-hill!

Miss Drugget cries—"My sweet Papa,
"Let's go to Epsom, pray;
"There's you, and I, and dear Mama,
"Will fill a one-horse chaise.

"In order to go safe and slow,
"By day-break we'll set off:
"The ride will do you good, I know,
"And cure your nasty cough.

"I *declare* upon the country now;
"How sweet the *vernal* breezes!
"We'll take our dinner, too, I *vow*,
"And dine beneath the *trees*."

Old Drugget shook his cranium wise,
But Madam cried—"I begs!
"What, tho' old Dobbin's lost both eyes,
"He still has got four legs.

"You cruel man, you're more severe,
"Than Chinese, Turk, or Persian;
"Deny your wife, and daughter dear,
"But one short day's diversion.

"So, Mr. Drugget, pray give o'er,
"And mind what I desire;
"Go to the Liv'ryman, next door,
"And quick a buggy hire."

The Cit found all resistance naught,
My Lady was in *airnest*;
The Chaise was hir'd, provisions bought,
And poor old Dobbin harness'd.

Through ev'ry village that they went,
The boys began a hooting;
Their luckless steed was almost spent
Before they got to Tooting.

Old Drugget laid on many a blow,
And whipp'd with might and main;
And now, behold, he cry'd "Gee-ho!"
And now he jerk'd the rein.

At length he turn'd to Spousy dear,
And said—"My sweetest jewel,
"The Race-Ground, Love, is very near,
"For, see, we're ent'ring Ewell."

Reaching, at last, the crowded course,
They gap'd, they star'd, they wonder'd;
Whilst bets upon the fav'rite horse,
Vociferously thunder'd.

The Cit exclaimed—"Confound this din,
"I wish, as I'm a sinner;
"This cursed racing would begin,
"That I might get my dinner.

"What with the fagging that I've had,
"By Jove I'm almost dead;
"Holla! You sir! Come here my lad,
"You, Gin and Gingerbread!"

But when the racing list he reads,
To trust his sight afraid is;
"Zounds! here's not only *Sporting Steeds*,
"But also *Sporting Ladies!*

"Sure there was never such a scene,
"Since days of Father Adam;
"I'll see it nearer"—out he leapt,
And gave the reins to Madam.

Ent'ring a booth, a dext'rous cheat,
In trick and cunning able;
Seduc'd the unsuspicious Cit
To join an E. O. table.

Tempted by play's inviting call,
A guinea bright he ventures;
And views the circl'ing of the ball,
On expectation's tenters.

Breathless with joy, he gain'd his chaise,
And cry'd, "the guinea's won!"
But who can paint his grief, amaze—
His fav'rite watch was gone!

With dreadful ire his bosom burn'd,
But now the horses start;
Alas! the chaise was overturn'd,
By running 'gainst a cart!

Away went Drugget and his dear,
Away went ham and chicken;
With bottles, glasses, wine and beer,
Ye Gods, what pretty picking!

There, too, good lack, between the wheels
Was seen their hapless daughter,
Kicking aloft her lovely heels,
'Midst copious streams of porter!

"I've lost my wig," poor Drugget roar'd,
"Your wig, that's nought," cry'd Miss,
"Mama has spoil'd her bran-new gown,
"And I my blue pelisse."

The unlucky chaise went quite to pot,
Old Dobbin, too, was undone;
At great expence a cart they got,
To take them back to London.

Arriv'd at home, th' enraged Cit,
With words the most uncivil,
Sent horses, jockies, E. O. too,
All packing to the Devil!

SLY-BOOTS.

## TO SPRING.

BY MRS. ROBINSON.

LIFE glowing season!—odour-breathing Spring!
Deck'd in cerulean splendours,—vivid,—warm,
Shedding soft lustre on the rosy hours,
And calling forth their beauties! Balmy Spring!
To thee the vegetating world begins
To pay fresh homage. Ev'ry Southern gale
Whispers thy coming;—every tepid show'r
Revivifies thy charms. The mountain breeze
Wafts th' ethereal essence to the vale,
While the low vale returns its fragrant hoard
With ten-fold sweetness. When the dawn unfolds
Its purple splendours 'mid the dappled clouds,
Thy influence cheers the soul. When noon uplifts
Its burning canopy, spreading the plain
Of Heav'n's own radiance with one vast of light,
Thou smil'st triumphant! Ev'ry little flow'r
Seems to exult in thee, delicious Spring,
Luxuriant Nurse of Nature! By the stream,
That winds its swift course down the mountain's side,
Thy progeny are seen;—young primroses,
And all the varying buds of wildest birth,
Dotting the green slope gaily. On the thorn,
Which arms the hedge-row, the young birds invite
With merry minstrelsy, shrilly and mas'd
With winding cadences; now quick, now sunk
In the low twitter'd song. The ev'ning-sky
Reddens the distant main; catching the sail,
Which slowly lessens, and with crimson hue
Varying the sea-green wave; while the young Moon,
Scarce visible amid the warmer tints
Of Western splendours, slowly lifts her brow
Modest and icy-lustred! O'er the plain
The light dews rise, sprinkling the thistle's head,
And hanging its clear drops on the wild waste
Of broomy fragrance. Season of delight!—
Thou soul-expanding pow'r, whose wondrous glow
Can bid all Nature smile!—Ah! why to Me
Come unregarded, undelighting still—
This ever-mourning bosom? So I've seen
The sweetest flow'rets bind the icy urn;
The brightest sun-beams glitter on the grave;
And the soft zephyr kiss the troublous main,
With whisper'd murmurs. Yes, to me, O Spring,
Thou com'st, unwelcom'd by a smile of joy;—
To Me! slow with'ring to that silent grave
Where all is blank and dreary;—yet once more,
The Spring Eternal of the Soul shall dawn,
Unvisited by clouds, by storms, by change,
Radiant and unexhausted! Then, ye buds,
Ye plumy minstrels, and ye balmy gales,
Adorn your little hour, and give your joys
To bless the fond world-loving traveller,
Who smiling measures the long flow'ry path
That leads to Death! For to such wanderers
Life is a busy, pleasing, cheerful dream,
And the last hour unwelcome—not to Me,
O! not to me, stern Death art thou a foe,
Thou art the welcome messenger, which brings
A *passport—to a blest and long repose!*

## THE TINKER AND GLAZIER;
### OR, ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER.

### A TALE.

*By Mr. Harrison.*

SINCE Gratitude, 'tis said, is not o'er common,
And friendly acts are pretty near as few;
And high and low, with man and eke with woman,
With Turk, with Pagan, Christian, and with Jew;
We ought, at least, whene'er we chance to find,
Of these rare qualities a slender sample,
To shew they may possess the human mind,
And try the boasted influence of example.
Who knows how far the novelty may charm?
It can't, at any rate, well do much harm;
The tale we give then, and, we need not fear,
The moral, if there be one, will appear.

Two thirsty souls met on a sultry day,
One glazier Dick, the other Tom the tinker;
Both with light purses, but with spirits gay,
And hard it were to name the sturdiest drinker.
Their ale they quaff'd;
And, as they swig'd the nappy,
Tho' both agreed, 'tis said,
That trade was wond'rous dead,
They jok'd, sung, laughed,
And were completely happy.
The landlord's eye, bright as his sparkling ale,
Glisten'd to see them the brown pitcher hug;
For ev'ry jest, and song, and merry tale,
Had this blithe ending—"Bring us t'other mug!"
Now Dick the glazier feels his bosom burn,
To do his friend, Tom Tinker, a good turn,
And where the heart to friendship feels inclin'd,
Occasion seldom loiters long behind.
The kettle gaily singing on the fire,
Gives Dick a hint just to his heart's desire;
And while to draw more ale the landlord goes,
Dick, in the ashes, all the water throws,
Then puts the kettle on the fire again,
And at the Tinker winks,
As "trade's success!" he drinks,
Nor doubts the wish'd success Tom will obtain.
Our landlord ne'er could such a toast withstand;
So, giving each kind customer a hand,
His friendship too display'd,
And drank—"Success to trade!"
But, O how pleasure vanish'd from his eye,
How long and rueful his round visage grew;
Soon as he saw the kettle's bottom fly,
Solder the only fluid he could view!
He rav'd, he caper'd, and he swore,
And d—d the kettle's bottom o'er and o'er.
"Come, come!" says Dick, "fetch us, my friend, more ale;
All trades, you know, must live:
Let's drink—'May trade with none of us, e'er fail!'
The job to Tom, then, give;
And, for the ale he drinks, our lad of mettle
Take my word for it, soon will mend your kettle."
The landlord yields, but hopes, 'tis no offence,
To curse the trade, that thrives at his expence.
Tom undertakes the job; to work he goes,
And just concludes it with the ev'ning's close.

Souls so congenial had friends Tom and Dick,
They might be fairly called brother and brother:
Thought Tom, to serve my friend I know a trick,
"And one good turn always deserves another!"
Out he now slily slips,
But not a word he said:
The plot was in his head,
And off he nimbly trips.
Swift to the neighb'ring church, his way he takes;
Nor, in the dark,
Misses his mark,
But ev'ry pane of glass he quickly breaks.
Back as he goes,
His bosom glows,
To think how great will be his friend Dick's joy,
At getting so much excellent employ!
Return'd, he beckoning draws his friend aside,
Importance in his face;
And, to Dick's ear his mouth applied.
Thus briefly states the case—
"Dick! I may give you joy, you're a made man;
I've done your business most compleat my friend:
I'm off!—the devil may catch me if he can,
Each window of the church you've got to mend;
Ingratitude's worst curse on my head fall,
If, for your sake, I have not broke them all!"
Tom with surprize, sees Dick turn pale,
Who deeply sighs—"O, la!"
Then drops his under jaw,
And all his pow'rs of utt'rance fail;
While horror in his ghastly face,
And bursting eye-balls, Tom can trace,
Whose sympathetic muscles, just and true,
Share with his heart,
Dick's unknown smart,
And two such phizzes ne'er met mortal view.
At length, friend Dick his speech regain'd,
And soon the mystery explain'd—
"You have indeed my business done!
And I as well as you, must run;
For, let me act the best I can,
Tom! Tom! I am a ruined man.
Zounds! zounds! this friendship is a foolish act,
You did not know with the parish I contract;
Your wish to serve me then will cost me dear,
I always mend those windows by the year.