

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR,
MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE
TRANSACTIONS of the TURF, the CHACE,
And every other DIVERSION interesting to the MAN of PLEASURE,
ENTERPRIZE and SPIRIT,

For NOVEMBER, 1799.

CONTAINING,

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[Embellished with two Beautiful ENGRAVINGS—1st. The PORTRAIT of SALTRAM, from a Painting by Mr. Sartorius—and 2d. MILITARY SWORD EXERCISE, CUT 6, the last of the Set of Copper-plates on that Subject.]

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS;

And sold by J. Wheble, No. 18, Warwick-square, Warwick-lane, near St. Paul's; C. Chapple, No. 66, Pall Mall, opposite St. James's Palace; J. Booth, Duke-street, Portland-place; John Hilton, at Newmarket; and by every Bookseller and Stationer in Great Britain and Ireland.

W. JUSTINS, Printer, Pemberton Row, Gough Square.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Corrected Account of a Cricket Match from Plymouth Dock, shall appear in our next.

Our Correspondent, *Expectation*, shall not be disappointed of seeing the Pedigrees, &c. of Hermione and Citizen, in our next.

Tally Ho's St. George, shall have a place at the same time—together with the remainder of J. R. W.'s Communications, and the favour from Dumfries.

The Sigh, or Namby Pamby Rhimes, from Bristol, is miserably defective in accuracy, or poetical merit. We have nothing to do with plaintive Lovers, or their effusions; and have a constant objection to paying the postage of any letters not immediately connected with Sporting.

The Correspondent who last Month sent us some *stale* Anecdotes, is mistaken, if he thinks of making use of our Miscellany to degrade the Clergy, or the Established Religion of the Country.

L. M. dated from Croydon, and M. N. from Parliament Street, will find their favours in our Feast of Wit.

The Communications by Caniculus, and another person, at Windsor, who seem *anxious* to *sport* their names, should have been sent to the late Wonderful Magazine.



Saltram's portrait.

Just sculp.

Saltram a Son of Eclipse?

Published Dec. 1. 1790. by J. W. P. Warwick Square.

THE
Sporting Magazine,
For NOVEMBER, 1799.

PORTRAITURE OF SALTRAM.

A beautiful Engraving, from a Painting by
Mr. Sartorius.

WE have been trying back our Numbers for the pedigree and performances of this racer, but do not find it; therefore presume it has not been given.—We shall be obliged to our correspondent who so frequently favours us with pedigrees of horses, to oblige us with that of Saltram.

It may not be improper to mention here, that Saltram is a son of Eclipse, sire of Whiskey, and several other capital horses. Saltram was late the property of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

ROYAL CHACE, FOX HOUNDS, &c.

Copy of a Letter from Windfor Forest,
Monday, November 11.

HIS Majesty had the best run on Saturday that he has enjoyed since the commencement of the season. The deer was turned out near the gate of Sir Stephen Lushington's Park, at South-hill, and boldly crossing the open country, passed Cæsar's Camp, and pointed for the obelisk, near London Blackwater; turned obliquely to the right, through the parish of Sandhurst and Finchampstead wood, at the bottom of which he led his pursuers into an *awkward dilemma*; for crossing Blackwater river, they had no alternative but to discontinue the chace, or pass through a sheet of water, near half a mile

over, and middle-deep all the way. This the major part, including his Majesty, encountered, but many of the *slack-twisted* sportsmen declined, and were of course thrown out. Landing at Everfley Green, he went through the small woods and enclosures of Yately, and reached the heath in a direct line for Hartford bridge; crossed the Great Western Road, left Midley warren on the right, skirted the well-known sheet of water, called Fleet Pond; and, with the hounds, gaining ground upon him, continued his career to Ewshot Corner, and had nearly reached Crondall, when they ran into him in a good stile, and he was well saved, after a run of near three hours, in which the ground passed over exceeded thirty miles.—Upon taking the deer, his Majesty took refreshment, at Elvetham Park, the seat of General Gwyne, from whence he proceeded in a post chaise to Windfor.

The Berkeley fox hounds reached the subscription kennel at Marlow on Thursday, and this day began their season, at Bisham Park, near Maidenhead, and hunt the Billingbear and Binfield district on Wednesday and Friday next; they then remove to the kennel at Gerard's Cross, and hunt the two districts alternately. The Marquis of Donegal is become a subscriber to these hounds, upon the departure of Lord Sefton, (who has started *aut Cæsar, aut nullus*, in Northamptonshire); but so great and universal is the respect of the subscribers for the character of their veteran,

Mr. Williams, M. P. for Marlow, that they would not accept his Lordship's subscription in its original extent, because they determine to keep Mr. Williams at the head of the hunt, and to retain the principal command.

Copy of another Letter from Windsor,
Monday, November 18.

The Berkeley hounds, in conformity with the information in last Magazine, hunted the Berkshire district, three days of the week. On Monday they found, ran forty minutes, and killed at Bisham.—Wednesday quickly unkenelled, at Shottisbrook, when, after a tardy hanging run, (being a bad scenting morning) round Billingbear, the Hazes, &c. an unlucky circumstance accelerated the *death* of *Reynard*, who had, when it occurred, the appearance of having beaten his pursuers; for having unluckily entered a lane, just before a butcher's lad, with a dog, and no hounds within hearing, the fox being of course jaded, was soon caught by the dog, and held by the leg, till his companion coming up, secured him (butcher-like), and conveyed him to Maidenhead, where he had not long arrived with the trophy of victory, before two scarlet-coated emissaries appeared from the general assemblage, to claim their object of pursuit, which being delivered up, was retaken "to the spot from whence he came," and, being turned down in *cold blood*, soon constituted a *death*, which would "have been more honoured in the breach than the observance."

On Friday morning, after waiting from ten to twelve, for the termination of a most *severe* and *incessant* rain, they threw off at Bear-grove, and unkenelling an old fox immediately, he disdained any relief from the advantage of the

large coverts, but broke and went away directly to Lord Malmesbury's park, near Henley, topped the palling on the contrary side, and reached the covert facing Hawley-court, where the hares constantly getting before the hounds *in view*, so confused the chase, that they were very *undeservedly* beaten, after one of the fleetest and best runs of an hour and ten minutes, ever seen in that neighbourhood.

From thence in drawing homeward, they threw into an eight acre covert, near Sir William East's park, at Hurley, and instantly finding, he gave them one ring, and broke away in view of the whole company, full *three miles* over the common fields, before he could reach a covert, through the rotational chain of which he continued without a check, skirting Henley Park and the Wargrave Precipices, till he was run into and killed in the most handsome manner, near Twyford, after a very severe and distressing run (to the horses) of an hour and twenty minutes. Several serious falls were sustained, which reflected no disgrace when the dreadful state of the country is adverted to; and this to be *known* must be *seen*.

This day (Monday) they hunt Black Park; Wednesday, Cassinbury; and Friday, Denham Woods.

The arrangement is now fully made for the Berkshire district; they hunt it one week in every month, and in that week four days; of the time and places of meeting, we shall be enabled to give information.

From the unprecedented and drowning state of the commons near New Lodge, Brick Bridge, &c. &c. the stag hounds are compelled to hunt the heath country only.

On Saturday the deer was turned out before his Majesty and a numerous field, at South Hill, and running the heath for near two hours,

hours, took to the enclosures, and crossing the extensive parishes of Wokingham, Hurst and Ruscombe, reached the Bath road at Here Hatch, when bearing to the right, he crossed Ruscombe Lake (that amazing sheet of water), continuing the intervening country to the church of Waltham St. Lawrence, where he was taken, after a most terrible run of very near *four hours*, in which there were more *tired* horses and *thrown out* sportsmen, than has ever been known since his Majesty took the field.

PLAY UPON NAMES, &c. OF THE
NOBILITY.

To the EDITOR of the SPORTING
MAGAZINE.

SIR,

THE story of the Jew Conjuror, who was afterwards a Commissary, and then a Baron; and that of the Electress of Bavaria, who married a Fidler, (both of which appeared in your last Magazine) are neither singular or extraordinary.

If you will only take the trouble to look into our own Peerage, you will meet with the following strange instances—

Lord Mountjoy was, once a *Gardiner*, (and I have heard) lived in or near Dublin; and the Earl of Portmore was a *Collier*. Some years ago the present Bishop of Clogher was a *Porter* at a college, and the Bishop of Hereford was a *Burlier* at another; the present Countess of Shaftesbury married a *Cropper*, and the Countess of Tyrconnel a *Carpenter*.

We have also the following remarkable circumstances among our nobility.—The Duke of Beaufort's sons make better *Somersets* than the best tumblers at Sadlers Wells; and Lord Harrowby's daughters are bet-

ter *Ryders* than the Newmarket jockies.—The Earl of Stamford's eldest son was *Grey* before he was ten years of age; and, on the contrary, the Bishop of Clonfert (it is said by all who know him) will be *Young* as long as he lives.—The Countess of Roden is remarkably fond of *Jocelin* her husband.—Lord Lavington has always a *Payne* in his arms when he kisses his lady; and when the Earl of Dysart salutes his Countess, she always receives a *Cuffe*: and, still more astonishing, the Countess of Clanwilliam, although a wife and a mother, is a *Meade*, (*i. e.* maid).—It is also said, Lord Cloncurry, (whose son is confined for rebellious and treasonable practices) was a carpet weaver some years ago: the son's conduct is not to be wondered at, for he was *Lawless* from his birth, and no doubt will remain so long as long as he lives.—The Earl of Glendore, when young, was always a *Crobbie*, (*i. e.* Crofboy) and, as I am told, remains so still, Your's, &c.
Nov. 20, 1799. QUBUS.

PEDIGREE AND PERFORMANCES
OF JOHNNY.

JOHNNY was bred by William Cornforth, Esq. of Barforth, Richmond, Yorkshire, and foaled in 1769.—Got by Matchem, dam by Bahrahm, Partner, Bloody Buttocks, Greyhound, out of Brocklesby Betty, by the Curwen Bay Barb, Mr. Leeder's Hobby mare, by Lister's Turk.—The dam of Johnny bred Nanny, Jacintha, Willy, Dubikelper, &c.

Brocklesby Betty, as a runner, was thought to be superior to any horse or mare of her time, notwithstanding she was a brood mare before she was trained.

Johnny, when in training, was the property of Lord Clermont, and won 3750gs in matches;

2225gs in flakes; and received 1050gs in forfeits at Newmarket.—During the time of his running, he beat Firetail, Pumpkin, Maiden, Postmaster, Trentham, Pontifex, &c. He died in the Spring 1777.

OF YOUNG MORWICK.

He was bred by Mr. VEVERS, of Scholes Park, Abberford, Yorkshire, and foaled in 1775.—Got by Morwick Ball, dam by Engineer; great by Changeling, out of the dam of Mambrino, and Dulcinea by Cade; her dam by the Bolton, Little John; her grand dam, (Mr. Durham's Favorite) by a son of the Bold galloway; great grand dam (the dam of Lord Portmore's Dastodil) by a foreign horse of Sir Thomas Gascoigne's.

In 1779, Young Morwick won the four yr old Plates of 50l. at Manchester, Liverpool, Nantwich, Knutsford, and Lincoln.

In 1780, he won 50l. at Manchester; 50l. at Preston; 50l. and the Subscription Plate of 100l. at Edinburgh.

In 1780, he won the King's Plate at Guildford, beating Mr. Halking's Epsom; the King's Plate at Winchester, beating Mr. Pratt's Somebody—walked over for the King's Plate at Salisbury—won the King's Plate at Lewes, beating Clumsey and Whizzig—won the King's plate at Canterbury, beating Mrs. Price's Ranger—and the King's Plate at Newmarket, in October, beating Mr. Freeman's Standby.

In 1782, he won 50l. at Manchester, beating Primrose and Foreman—50l. at Scarborough, beating Hermit—and 100l. weight and age, at Stockton, beating Amazon, Miracle, Anybody, and Wonderful. He also started for 50l. at Doncaster, against Crookshanks and Captain Tart, but broke down in the second

heat when first, and thought to be winning the plate easily.

Young Morwick won all the above prizes in a very high form, and in the year which he broke down, was thought to be the best aged horse in the kingdom. He covered several seasons at Dringhouse, near York, at five guineas each mare, and five shillings the groom, and was sire of Candlish, Gustavus, Ploughboy, Bradamante, Trimbusli, and many other good plate horses in the North; and sire of many of the most capital hunters in the kingdom.

COURSING MEETINGS.

MALTON COURSING MEETING.

THE company was very numerous during the whole week. The first day was on the Duggelbie Grounds, the second and third on the Wharram. The hares in general ran but indifferently. Mr. Webb's bitch, Fortune, winner of two cups, won the great silver cup of the meeting. Sir Rowland Wyane's bitch won the second, and a match for another silver cup was run between a celebrated Scotch greyhound, which had beat all Scotland, and was brought on purpose to challenge an English one, and Mr. Topham's dog, Snowball. After a course of above two miles, it was unanimously given in favour of Snowball. A great deal of money, it is said, was depending on this match. Almost every hare that was put was killed, the breeding season having been very backward.

ASHDOWN PARK COURSING MEETING.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 19.

For the Cup and Couples.

Dr. Vilett's Vestal, won against Mr. Phillips's Pickle.

Mr.

Mr. Corfellis's Castle won against Mr. Hunt's Sly.

Mr. Hallett's Smoaker won against Mr. Stead's Speckle.

Sir J. Throckmorton's Sampson won against Mr. Thornhill's Young Toy.

Mr. Stead's Smoak won against Mr. Wyld's Ado.

Mr. Bryan's Penelope won against Mr. Thoyts's Thalia.

Mr. Proufe's Pall Mall won against Lord Ashbrook's Active.

Mr. Pickering's Prodigy won against Mr. James's Ramy.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 20.

Continuation for the Cup and Couples.

Mr. Corfellis's Castle won against Sir J. Throckmorton's Sampson.

Mr. Pickering's Prodigy won against Mr. Stead's Smoke.

Dr. Vilett's Vestal won against Mr. Brynn's Penelope.

Mr. Hallett's Smoaker won against Mr. Proufe's Pall Mall.

Winning Dogs Matched.

Mr. Corfellis's Castle against Mr. Hallett's Smoaker, undecided; tossed up for, and won by Castle.

Dr. Vilett's Vestal against Mr. Pickering's Prodigy, first course undecided, second won by Vestal.

Winning Dogs Matched.

The Cup won by Mr. Corfellis's Castle, the Couples by Dr. Vilett's Vestal.

The same day, a Sweepstakes of one guinea each, for the first turn was won by Sir J. Throckmorton's Toby, beating eight others.

PRESERVATION OF THE GAME— A CHALLENGE.

Judgment of the Court of King's Bench on the Challenger.

Court of King's Bench, Nov. 23.

MR. Hare, of Shrewsbury, was brought up to receive sentence for having sent a challenge to a Mr. Kenrick.

Mr. Hare produced an affidavit,

which stated, that he was left in charge of an estate belonging to Lord Beauclerk, in the neighbourhood of Shrewsbury; that he was commissioned to take care of the game as well as of other parts of the property; that Mr. Kenrick came to that neighbourhood to reside for some time; that he frequently went out a hunting; that twice complaints had been lodged with the defendant, Mr. Hare, against Mr. Kenrick, by the farmers on Lord Beauclerk's estate, for having rode through their fields, destroyed their fences, &c. that he, Mr. Hare, went and called on Mr. Kenrick, to remonstrate with him on his conduct; that in the course of the conversation Mr. Kenrick said, that if Lord Beauclerk wished to preserve his game on his estate from injury, he might live on it himself; that the defendant answered, that Lord Beauclerk had a right to live where he chose, and that he being appointed and entrusted with the care of the estate, was determined as far as was in his power, to preserve any part of it from injury; that Mr. Kenrick still asserted, that he would hunt on the estate, and that if the farmers, or he, Mr. Hare, suffered, they might take their revenge; that the defendant then said, that if Mr. Kenrick again hunted on the estate, he would shoot his dogs; that Mr. Kenrick replied, that he would horse-whip him; that they then separated, and that soon after Mr. Kenrick appeared with some men, seemingly intoxicated, along with him on horseback, and with dogs, in the lawn before the defendant's house, and did every thing that they could to insult him; that in consequence of this usage, he, the defendant, sent a challenge to Mr. Kenrick, but concluded it with a desire to make up the business, which he offered to do, if Mr. Kenrick would only make an apology for the threats that he would horse-whip him

him; that no answer was returned; that the defendant was treated with every indignity, and that Mr. Kenrick had concluded by instituting this suit against him in the King's Bench.

The Court, in referring to their notes, found the whole circumstances of the case so much in favour of Mr. Hare, that they observed, that if this affidavit had been given in and substantiated at the time when the rule for the criminal information was moved for, it would not have been granted.

Mr. Erskine addressed the Court nearly in these words:

"MY LORD—There is a material omission in the affidavit which has been read to the Court.

"The defendant, from that modesty which is the inseparable companion of extraordinary merit, has contented himself with telling your Lordships in general terms, that he is a Captain in the navy on the half pay. It has been left to me, unfortunately, who know what belongs to him, more particularly to describe him: I say unfortunately, because I am quite overpowered and disabled by my own sensations, when I reflect that the honour and safety of a brave and glorious British seaman is committed to my care and protection. I will tell you, however, my Lord, as well as I am able, who this gentleman is whom the prosecutor so coolly proposed to have *horse-whipped*, and who so *intrepidly* brings him here for judgment.

"He has served in the navy from his earliest youth, and has maintained the prosperity and glory of his country in fifteen battles: he was first Lieutenant to the Admiral in the Mediterranean when Toulon was besieged, and was appointed to the command of the Vulcan fire ship, employed in the destruction of the arsenals of France. Your Lordships know that the service of a fire-ship is al-

ways a service of danger, and that the Captain stands pre-eminent in peril as is stationed he in the last who leaves the ship, and the success of the adventure frequently depends upon how late he leaves it, and the certainty of the explosion from the fire which is to produce it. He remained till the latest moment, and to secure the train against extinguishment fired a pistol into the tube: at the same instant, he was thrown up into the air, like a shell from a mortar and fell senseless into the sea at a vast distance from his ship. The consequences your Lordships can but too easily anticipate: no greatness or fortitude of mind can exempt the body from the ordinary sufferings of human nature; his frame was shook to pieces; his nerves became unstrung and shattered, and disabled from further service by his fearless exertions; he is retired into the country with a small pension bestowed on him by the bounty of the King: small it must be, for what fund can adequately spread itself over that wide extended field of merit and glory which is crowded with the heroes of the British navy.

"I can well observe how your Lordships are affected, and I believe that one common sensation pervades the mind of every man within the reach of what has been transacting in Court. Upon the case itself, I will not make a single observation."

The Court fined Captain Hare a shilling, and added, that it was no impeachment of his honour to require his entering into a recognizance to preserve the peace.

Lord Kenyon said, that though the merit could not exempt any person from the censure of the law, he was glad that the evidence of the transaction enabled them to pronounce a nominal judgment upon so meritorious an officer.

A PHILOSOPHICAL AND PRACTICAL TREATISE ON HORSES, AND ON THE MORAL DUTIES OF MAN TOWARDS THE BRUTE CREATION:

BY JOHN LAWRENCE, .

[Continued from page 13, Vol. XV.]

OUR present extract will relate solely to the art of riding, on which the author thus expresses himself—

The decline of riding-house forms in this country, and the universal preference given to expedition, fully confirm the superior use and propriety of a jockey-seat. Indeed, our riding schools are now considerably reformed from the stiffness of ancient practice, in all respects. But the reader, on a reference to Hughes's publication, will find we do not entirely agree in all points. It was the practice formerly in the schools, and, indeed, pretty generally upon the road, to ride with the tip of the toe only in the stirrup; as if it were of more consequence to prepare for falling with safety, than to endeavour to sit securely. Those who preserve a partiality for this venerable custom, I would advise to suspend a final judgment, until they have made a few more essays upon a huge, cock-tail half-bred; of that kind, I mean, which "cannot go, and yet won't stand still;" and will dart from one side of the road to the other, as if they really desired to get rid of their burden. Nor is the ball of the foot a proper rest; chiefly, because inconvenient to that erect, or rather almost kneeling posture, which is required in speedy riding. The riding-house seat is preserved, by the balance or equipoise of the body, solely; that recommended here by the firm hold of knee, which is obviously strengthened by the opposite directions of the knee and toe, the one in, the other outward. The use of a fixed seat is to enable the

rider to give his horse the proper pulls, without which every experienced jockey knows he can neither go steadily and well, nor last his time. It is not the custom of the schools to spur the horse with a kick; but spurring is always so performed, upon the road and field; as the military mode of giving that correction would quite derange a jockey-seat, and would be on other accounts inconvenient.

There are many persons unaccustomed to riding on horseback, who, when they occasionally mount, are very justly anxious both for their personal safety, and their appearance. It is for the benefit of these I write. If they will immediately adopt my rules, they will not only make a respectable horseman-like appearance, but will place themselves in the line of improvement, and in a situation the best calculated to insure their safety. Instead of being unable to keep their spurs from the horse's sides, they would, with a proper seat, experience considerable difficulty in reaching them. It is often neglected, even by people who are fond of horses, to teach their children a good seat, thinking it probably quite sufficient if they can but stick fast; and I have seen young gentlemen riding with their fathers, in a very vulgar and unbecoming style.

I cannot speak to the antiquity of the English fashion of rising in the stirrups during a trot, and of preserving time with the motions of the body, in unison with those of the horse; but I think the knowledge of it is discoverable in Baret, and in no author before him. It would be superfluous to give directions on this practice, which will be instantly acquired by observation and use. The same may be said of the gallop, which is performed, on the rider's part, like certain other pleasant actions, kneeling; the pulling of the horse helping to keep the rider

steady. In the canter, the rider sets upon his seat, as in an easy chair. The method of giving the wriggling helps with the bridle, either in the gallop, or swift trot, to encourage a horse forward, must be acquired by practice. The first-rate English horses, and the best examples of horsemanship, are to be seen in Rotten Row, Hyde Park; where for many years past, it has been the prevailing custom to take the morning ride, and where no person of decent habit and demeanour is refused admittance.

The following directions for a just seat on horseback, are transcribed from Blundeville—"And see that you do not only fit him boldlie, and without feare, but also conceive with yourself, that he and you do make as it were but one bodie: and that you both have but one sense and one will. And accompanie him with your bodie in any mouing that he maketh, always beholding his head right betwixt his eares, so as your nose maie directlie answer his foretop. Which shall be a signe unto you to know whether, whether you sit right in your saddle or not. And let the ridge-bone of your back be even with his. And let your left hand, holding the reanes of the bridle, be even with his creast, and in anie wise keep your thighes and knees close to the saddle, holding downe your legs straight, like as you do when you are on foote. And let your feete rest upon the stirrups in their due places, both heele and toe standing in such sort, as when you shall turne your head, as farre as you can on the one side, without mouing your body, and looking downward to your stirrup: you shall perceiue that your toe doth directlie answere the tip of your nose: and according as the saddle is made, so shally ou ride long or short. But alwaies let your right stirrup be shorter than

the other by half a hole."—Page 5, *First Book of the Art of Riding*.

"Likewise his legs must be pendant of an equal distance from the horse's sides, his feete so leuil in the stirrops, as they are when he walketh on the ground, neither must his stirrop lethers be so long, that his chiefe labour shall be to keepe his feet in them (for so a man shall loose his true seat by stretching his legges, as if they were on the tenners) nor so short that he shall be rayfed from his true seate (the pitch of his knees being dislocated from the points of the saddle) nor ought one stirrup to be longer than the other (in my judgment) although many worthy men haue set that order downe. My reason is, in regard the man must haue a true and vpriight seate, and nature hath made his legges (which are the supporters thereof) one not longer than another, but of an equal length; therefore I cannot see how the body should be kept direct, the legges one of them hanging slder than another."—*Baret, chap. xiii.*

Before I resume the thread of my own discourse, I shall present the reader with a few useful hints from Mr. Hughes.

"If you would mount with ease and safety, stand rather before the stirrup than behind it; then with left hand, take the bridle short, and the mane together, help yourself into the stirrup with your right, so that in mounting, your toe do not touch the horse. Your foot being in the stirrup, raise yourself till you face the side of the horse, and look directly across the saddle, then with your right hand, lay hold of the hinder part of the saddle, and with your left, lift yourself into it.

"On getting off the horse's back, hold the bridle and mane in the same manner as when you mounted, hold the pommel of the saddle with your right hand; to
raise

raise yourself, bring your right leg over the horse's back, let your right hand hold the hind part of the saddle, and stand a moment on your stirrup, just as when you mounted. But beware that in dismounting, you bend not your right knee, lest the horse should be touched by the spur. Grasp the reins with your hand, putting your little finger between them. Your hand must be perpendicular, and your thumb uppermost upon the bridle.

"Suffer him not to finger the reins (the groom, in holding the horse) but only to meddle with that part of the headstall, which comes down the horse's cheek: to hold a horse by the curb, when he is to stand still, is very wrong, because it puts him to needless pain.

"When you are troubled with a horse that is vicious, which stops short, or by rising or kicking endeavours to throw you off, you must not bend your body forward, as is commonly practised in such cases; because that motion throws the breech backward, and moves you from your fork or twist, and casts you out of your seat; but the right way to keep your seat, or to recover it when lost, is, to advance the lower part of your body, and to bend back your shoulders and upper part. In flying or standing leaps, a horseman's best security is, the bending back of the body.

"The rising of the horse does not affect the rider's seat; he is chiefly to guard against the lash of the animal's hind legs; which is best done, by inclining the body backward. Observe farther, that your legs and thighs are not to be stiffened, and, as it were, braced up, but your loins should be lax and pliable, like the coachman's on his box. By sitting thus loosely, every rough motion of the horse will be eluded; but the usual method of fixing the knees, only serves, in great shocks, to assist the

violence of the fall. To save yourself from being hurt, in this case, you must yield a little to the horse's motion; by which means you will recover your seat, when an unskilful horseman would be dismounted.

"Take, likewise, particular care not to stretch out your legs before you, because, in so doing, you are pushed on the back of the saddle; nor must you gather up your knees, as if riding upon a pack; for then your thighs are thrown upwards. Let your legs hang perpendicular, and sit not on the thickest part of your thighs, but let them bear inwards, that your knees and toes may incline inwards likewise."

I have before assigned a reason for the present practice of riding with the knee somewhat bent, and the toe turned in a small degree outward and upward; and this small deviation will, by no means, affect the general utility of Hughes's system. He proceeds—

"If you find your thighs are thrown upwards, open your knees, whereby your fork will come lower on the horse. Let the hollow, or inner part of the thighs, grasp the saddle, yet so as to keep your body in a right poise. Let your heels hang straight down, for while your heels are in this position, there is no danger of falling."

The following is an excellent rule—

"If your horse grows unruly, take the reins separately, one in each hand, put your arms forward, and hold him short; but pull him not hard with your arms low; for, by lowering his head, he has the more liberty to throw out his heels: but if you raise his head as high as you can, this will prevent him from rising before or behind; nor, while his head is in this position, can he make either of these motions."

"Is it not reasonable to imagine, that if a horse is forced towards a

carriage which he has started at, he will think he is obliged to attack or run against it? Can it be imagined that the rider's spurring him on, with his face directly to it, he should understand as a sign to pass it?"

These rational queries, I submit to the serious consideration of such as are fond of always obliging their horses to touch those objects, at which they are, or affect to be, frightened.

It may be remarked, that most of the riding-school gentlemen, are very fond of horses carrying their heads high; a form much more suitable for state and parade, than real business. Almost all the Arabians which come over hither, and which have been worked in their own country, go in that manner. Work indeed will bring the head down, but, perhaps, with the nose pushed straight out. Horses, of this form, are ridiculed by Baret, under the name of Astronomers and Stargazers.

Indifferent horsemen should venture on horseback without spurs. Let them reflect upon the predicament of being placed between a deep ditch, and a carriage, at which their horse flies.

There is a circumspection to be adopted advantageously by the unskilful, which will, at first, give them the semblance, afterwards the reality, of good riding. The method of taking a rein in each hand, occasionally (much in use of late years) gives the rider great command over the mouth, neck, and fore-quarters of a horse.

A good horseman, without pressing too much upon the mouth of his horse, is always prepared to assist him, in case of a blunder, with the united exertions of his arm, chest, shoulders, and loins; and, from the force of constant habit, this comes instinctively, as it were, for the occasion; even if the acci-

dent be unnoticed, or the mind otherwise engaged. Both hands upon the bridle are necessary and becoming, in riding fast down steep descents, or stoney ways; and it is extreme folly to commit the reins to the neck of the presumed safest horse.

Some speedy and jadish horses will, after "they have got their gruel," by being travelled briskly, thirty or forty miles; at the next stage, fall into a slow trot, bend their necks, foam at the mouth, refuse to bear an ounce upon the bit, and keep perpetually upon the curvet, as if they longed to be upon the parade. Whenever this happens, the best way of concluding the business, is to walk them the remainder of the journey, and then give them a week's rest: you may choose whether you will ride them another.

I have no apprehension at all of ridicule, for writing a treatise upon fore backsides; since I am sure it will not proceed from the afflicted, and my observations are not addressed to the class of found bottoms. Seriously, the dreadful manner in which some people chafe, deters them entirely from the most pleasant and healthy exercise in the world; and, in fact, makes a journey on horse-back, of any length, totally impracticable. Bracken's directions, in this case, are excellent, and, I should think (for, happily, I have no experience herein) if attended to, fully sufficient. Timely precaution is the chief dependence. The means, a good saddle, with proper room in the seat, and the same for the knees; and a back, which does not go too high, or step too short. A good stock of diachylon plaister ought to be at hand, a large piece of which must be applied, as soon as the skin begins to be fretted; but to prevent which, nothing will so much contribute, as frequent immersion of the

the thighs and hinder parts in cold spring water.

Previous to further proceeding on the art of riding on horse-back, I shall say a few words on the modern horse-furniture, in use, either for road or field.

I have already adverted to the variety of bits and bridles, in use in former times, when, as we are informed by Madox, in his History of the Exchequer, they even bestowed names upon their saddles.

Our bridles at present, are either curbs, double and single, or snaffles, either single, or accompanied with a check-cord and rein; the reins either brown or black leather, quite plain, the headstall without a nose-band, or any ornament of ribband in front.

The curb-chain, and its application, is well known. The double-bridle has two bits, snaffle and curb; the latter with checks moderately long, light, and thin, and with a joint, like the snaffle, or whole, and known by several names, according to its form and effect.

The use of a curb-bridle, which, indeed, is generally the most proper for road service, is to bring the horse's head in, to lift up his fore-quarters, and set him sufficiently on his haunches. This, of course, contributes to his going light in hand, and safely above the ground. The curb is to be used in those two paces, where stride is to be repressed, to wit, the trot and canter: in the walk and gallop, where a horse cannot lunge out too far, the snaffle is ever the most fitting.

The proper way to ride with the curb-bridle, is to hold both reins together, at discretion, curbing the horse no more than is absolutely necessary; for which reason, the single curb-rein, with which the horse's mouth finds no favour, is an unfair and foolish contrivance. By being constantly curbed, his mouth becomes so case-hardened, that you

are even where you set out, if you intend an improvement; relieved, indeed, it is true, from the mighty trouble of holding two reins.

It is necessary to observe carefully that the curb-chain be not fastened above the snaffle-rein, and that it be hooked sufficiently loose, not to press too severely upon the horse's mouth.

The snaffle, it is remarkable, used to be formerly reckoned one of their severest bits; at present, it generally signifies a mild one; although, it is true, we have hard and sharp ones for some horses, the benefit of which is very problematical. The check, is a cord in the place of the curb chain, which compresses the under jaw, and is intended for a hard-pulling horse. This is chiefly in use upon the course. In swift action, whether indeed it be gallop or trot, the horse must have the free use and extension of his neck and head. In a gallop, the curb lifts a horse up too much, and besides, he cannot pull fairly and well against it.

[To be continued.]

EXTRAORDINARY FEMALES.

THERE is at present in the Middlesex Hospital, a young and delicate female, who calls herself Miss T—lb—t, and who is said to be related to some families of distinction: her story is very singular. —At an early period of her life, having been deprived, by the villainy of a trustee, of a sum of money, bequeathed her by a deceased relation of high rank, she followed the fortunes of a young naval officer, to whom she was attached, and personated a common sailor before the mast, during a cruise in the North Seas. In consequence of a lover's quarrel, she quitted her ship, and assumed for a time the military character; but her passion

passion for the sea prevailing, she returned to her favourite element, did good service, and received a severe wound on board Earl St. Vincent's ship on the glorious 14th of February, and again bled in the cause of her country in the engagement off Camperdown. On this last occasion her knee was shattered, and an amputation is likely to ensue. This spirited female, we understand, receives a pension of 20l. from an illustrious Lady, which is about to be doubled.

On Friday, the 25th ult. a young female, in man's attire, who had served four years in a regiment of Fencible Cavalry, asked relief in Lewes, under the authority of a pass. She slept, unsuspected, with her comrades, until illness at length led to the discovery of her sex.

ACCOUNT OF MANAGEMENT.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

A New Comedy, called *Management*, written by Mr. Reynolds, was performed for the first time on the night of the 31st ult. to an overflowing house, with universal and deserved applause.

This piece bears more of the character of the legitimate English Drama, than any one that has yet come from the pen of its author. It possesses a good plot, well conducted, and is sustained throughout by a pleasing diversity of moral sentiment, sprightly dialogue, and whimsical *equivoque*. The interest is well preserved, and the general conduct of the piece is such, that we are kept in an interesting state of suspense, till the scene approaches to its final close. The characters of an obdurate father and a dutiful daughter, against the domestic happiness of whom a complication of the most villainous designs is brought

to light, are drawn with a masterly hand, and afford some high wrought scenes of natural feelings, which never fail to produce the most impressive effect.

To these parts Mr. and Mrs. Pope do the most ample justice, and, by a successful exertion of their great talents, ensure the admiration and applause of the audience, whose sympathy they excite, and whose tears they extort. The sentimental department rests chiefly with them, and the important trust could not possibly have been placed in more able hands.

The serious subject of the piece is very happily relieved by the occasional and well-timed introduction of an eccentric manager of a country theatre, whose pleasantries, added to those of a comical steward, constitute a grateful variety in the progress of the scene. In the latter part, indeed, there is rather too much about the perplexities of the matrimonial state; but as the attacks are invariably made under the winning mask of pleantry, they are received in good part, nor are they likely, in their repetition, to experience any thing repulsive from the smiling objects of their charge.

Fawcett and Munden are the representatives of these characters, and in them are both perfectly at home. A part which, we believe, is new to the stage, though old in the closet, is allotted to Mr. Lewis. It is that of a fashionable gentleman, pretending to economical management, whose disbursements in folly so much exceed his savings in parsimony, that he is at length reduced to the utmost necessity.—This character gives the title to the piece. There is nothing particularly striking in its features, but Mr. Lewis gives a consequence to it that renders it one of the leading characters of the play. It is certainly the most deficient of the whole in point of correct delineation.

tion. Reynolds always takes care to give a pass-word to his hero, which he contrives to make applicable to the variety of situations in which he thinks proper to place him. In the present instance, he is to do whatever he determines upon, "*if he tries a thousand ways;*" a burden which, by coming too frequently upon us, is apt sometimes to be *heavily* felt.—The language is alternately energetic and sprightly: the incidents, on the whole, are natural; and the comedy altogether is unquestionably one of the best we have for a long time witnessed, as well in point of interest, as on the score of pleasantry.

It does much credit to the taste of the author, and will serve to raise his fame more than all the other pieces which his prolific pen has produced.

The performers acquitted themselves with their wonted abilities; but, after what we have above said of their exertions, it is only necessary here to add, that Mrs. Davenport, in the part of a designing widow, appeared to much advantage; and not entirely to overlook minor merit, it is due for us to say, that Mr. Davenport, and the rest of the *dramatis personæ*, did every thing that their respective situations required towards the success of the piece.

The scenery is beautifully picturesque, and affords an additional proof of the liberality of the manager in the decorative department of the theatre.

The applause of the audience was unbounded, and the second representation of the comedy was announced amidst a tumult of approbation.

The prologue, which was spoken by Betterton, is principally an allusion to the numerous recent imitations of foreign dramas. The epilogue is by Mr. Colman, and is

in his happiest vein. It turns upon the stock and sale of a country manager's effects, and abounds with humorous points. Several of these, however, were unmercifully fractured by the inharmonic delivery of Fawcett, malgré the *puff* preliminary which he gave of his own *super-excellence*. The principal characters are as follow:

Sir Hervey Sutherland	Mr. POPE.
Captain Lavish	Mr. LEWIS.
Worry	Mr. MUNDEN.
Mist	Mr. FAWCETT.
Alltrade	Mr. FARLEY.
Stopgap	Mr. SIMMONS.
Geoffry	Mr. DAVENPORT.
Mrs. Dazzle	Mrs. DAVENPORT.
Juliana	Mrs. POPE.

HERONS AND ROOKS.

A Remarkable circumstance occurred not long ago at Dallen's Tower, in Westmoreland, the seat of Daniel Wilson, Esq.

There were two groves adjoining to the park, one of which, for many years, had been resorted to by a number of herons, who there built and bred. The other was one of the largest rookeries in the country. The two tribes lived together for a long time without any disputes. At length the trees occupied by the herons, consisting of some very fine old oaks, were cut down in the spring of 1775, and the young brood perished by the fall of the timber; the parent birds immediately set about preparing new habitations, in order to breed again; but as the trees in the neighbourhood of their old nests were only of a late growth, and not sufficiently high to secure them from the depredations of boys, they determined to effect a settlement in the rookery. The rooks made an obstinate resistance; but, after a very violent contest, in the course of which many of the rooks, and some of their antagonists, lost their lives,

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the herons at last succeeded in their attempt, built their nests, and brought out their young. The next season the same contest took place, which terminated like the former, by the victory of the herons: since that time, peace seems to have been agreed upon between them; the rooks have relinquished possession of that part of the grove which the herons occupy. The herons confine themselves to those trees they first seized upon; and the two species live together in as much harmony as they did before the quarrel.

In perusing this simple narrative, how the affections are engaged: we lament the fall of the oak, because it destroys the tender offspring which is rearing upon its lofty branches; we forget that it will soon be formed to carry Britain's thunder "to a distant coast." The mother's tenderness for her unfledged brood seizes the whole soul, and we admire her intrepidity, when stoutly contending for a place of security to supply what she has prematurely lost! The rook, who was no party in the conspiracy, is the only sufferer; she maintained all the relations of peace and amity; but when a more powerful neighbour is robbed of its inheritance, she is then sacrificed because she is weak. I think the subject worthy of the lyric muse, and the world would rejoice, with me, if it was handled by the pen of the first poet of the age.

It is the character of insophisticated manners to admire the principles of justice; in all private contests we take a side. We feel for the rook, and we know not how to condemn the heron. But how much would we have applauded the heron, if she had possessed what the poets ascribe to the sagacity of the eagle, and when she saw her danger, had taken her flight with her young; man would then have been the only aggressor.

COMBINATIONS.

AMONG others, we are told of a combination lately formed among *footmen* and *waiters*, at hotels, taverns, &c. These gentlemen are not at all satisfied with the situation in which Providence has placed them. No! conceiving themselves, from the authority of the *Rights of Man*, to be upon a footing with their masters, in every thing except property, they formed themselves into clubs, and keep a register of masters and mistresses, describing their tempers and dispositions, their parsimony, and their generosity, and are shortly to determine who are to have servants, and who are to have none. To carry this into execution, they have raised a fund to support those *out of place*, while those *in place* are to have the privilege of being as faucy as they please.

INSTANCES OF EXTRAORDINARY ANTIPATHY.

[From the German.]

HENRY of Heer, obs. 29, speaks of a young woman of Namur, who was very uneasy, and seemed ready to faint away, every time she heard the sound of a bell.

John Keller, rector of Weilk, a small village of Silesia, every time he saw served up at a table a sort of pastry, made of the flesh of a smoked hog (a very common dish of meat in that country, and very agreeable to the taste of the inhabitants) burst out into such immoderate fits of laughter, that he would have died laughing, if it was not immediately removed out of his sight.

Bartholine, Cent. IV. relates another fact of the same kind, which had been communicated to him by Dr. Borrichius, who, being
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in England, had heard the celebrated Boyle say, that the harsh and disagreeable sound of a knife, whetting on a grind stone, never failed making the gums bleed of a servant he then had.

There was a young woman at Schellstan, in Germany, who (as M. Fehr relates, in his account of her case, to the Academy of the Curious), had conceived, for sixteen years, such an aversion for wine, and every thing relating to it, that she could take no remedies, in which were either the salt or cream of tartar, spirit of wine, &c. And if it happened, without knowing of it, that she had taken any thing of the like, a sweat overspread her whole body, with anxieties, oppressions, and weakness. This young woman, notwithstanding, was formerly accustomed to drink wine.

John Pechman, a learned divine, could not, from his earliest youth, bear the floor swept, without being immediately uneasy, which was soon followed by a difficulty of breathing, continual sighs, and a dread of being suffocated. Once, at his prayers, being surprised by the sweeping of an adjoining room, he grew pale and restless, sweated abundantly, and, having opened his window, gaped at the air with great greediness, fetching at the same time very deep groans; and he would often jump out of the window, if he perceived his servant maid following him with a broom. In the public streets, if, contrary to his expectation, the ground was scraped or swept, he was wont to run away, as mad; and, even assisting at public disputations, if, to disturb him, the ground was rubbed at a distance with the ferril of a cane, so as that the noise might reach his ears, he was obliged to fly for it, or open the next window for air; so that it was certain that his aversion was not in the least feigned.

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or pretended. Perhaps, from his infancy, he could not endure this noise, as very disagreeable to him; and that afterwards, either by disturbing, thwarting, threatening, or striking him, this antipathy was still increased; according to the maxim, "we always eagerly seek after what we are forbidden, and wish for what we are refused."—Thus, the more he was contradicted, the more his imagination, under the appearance of an evil, or a thing contrary to nature, had conceived a horror against brooms.

SHOEING OF HORSES.

THE following paragraph has appeared in almost all the newspapers in the kingdom:

Shoeing of Horses, as prescribed by the Veterinary College.

"Nothing to be cut from the soles, binders, or frog, but loose rotten scales. No shoes to be fitted on red hot. Shoes to be made of good iron, with a flat surface, for the horse to stand on; web not so wide as formerly, and weakest at the heel, that the frog may rest on the ground. No more opening of heels on any pretence."

A practical farrier's remarks on the above method of shoeing horses.

TO THE PRINTER.

SIR,

Observing, in the public papers, certain rules laid down for shoeing horses, I shall not scruple to pronounce them erroneous; relying solely on the observations and experience of nearly fifty years. Reason suggests, and my practice has proved, that no invariable rule can be laid down for shoeing horses, for what will suit one will lame another, and the same horse must be shod two or three different ways, according to the business he has to

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do. This silly uniformity was practised forty years ago at Newmarket, and though it might answer on the turf, proved pernicious on the road. The custom still prevails in the army, and has lamed hundreds of horses. Such a plan is only fit for horses that play or traverse the velvet lawn; were post-horses shod in this way, many of them would infallibly be cripples. In this, as in other matters, nothing is more fallacious than theory, however well it may look upon paper; and I can, without vanity, oppose the practical knowledge of half a century to all those fine and fanciful writers, who never sullied their hands with a hammer, or drove a nail into a horse's foot.

W. S.

Horse Infirmary, Birmingham, Nov. 1.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE ARABIAN HORSES.

[From Neiburh's Travels.]

OF all their domestic animals, it is well known that the Arabians put the greatest value on their horses. Of these they have two great branches, the *Kadifchi*, whose descent is unknown; and the *Kochlani*, of whom a written genealogy has been kept for two thousand years. The *Kadifchi* are in no better estimation than our European horses, and are usually employed in bearing burthens, and in ordinary labour.

The *Kochlani* are reserved for riding solely. They are highly esteemed, and consequently very dear. They are said to derive their origin from King Solomon's studs. However this may be, they are fit to bear the greatest fatigues, and can pass whole days without food. They are also said to shew uncommon courage against an enemy. It is even asserted, that when a horse of this race finds himself wounded, and unable to bear

his rider much longer, he retires from the fray, and conveys him to a place of security. If the rider falls upon the ground, his horse remains beside him, and neighs till assistance is brought. The *Kochlani* are neither large nor handsome, but amazingly swift. It is not for their figure, but for their velocity, and other good qualities, that the Arabians esteem them.

These *kochlani* are bred chiefly by the Bedouins, settled between Basra, Merdin and Syria, in which countries the nobility never choose to ride horses of any other race. The whole race is divided into several small families, each of which has its proper name. That of *Dsjulfa* seem to be the most numerous. Some of these families have a higher reputation than others, on account of their more ancient and uncontaminated nobility. Although it is known by experience, that the *Kochlani* are often inferior to the *Kadifchi*, yet the mares at least, of the former, are always preferred, in the hopes of a fine progeny.

The Arabians have indeed no tables of genealogy to prove the descent of their *Kochlani*, yet they are sure of the legitimacy of the progeny; for a mare of this race is never covered unless in the presence of witnesses, who must be Arabians. This people do not indeed always stickle at perjury; but in a case of such importance, they are careful to deal conscientiously. There is no instance of false testimony given in respect to the descent of a horse. Every Arabian is persuaded, that himself and his whole family would be ruined, if he should prevaricate in giving his oath in an affair of such consequence.

A Christian, having a *Kochlani* mare, whom he wishes to have covered by a stallion of the same race, is obliged to employ an Arabian witness

witnefs, who muft watch the mare twenty days, to be fure that fhe has not been defiled by the embraces of no common horfe. During all this time, fhe muft not fee either horfe or afs, even at a diftance. When the mare produces her foal, the fame Arabian muft be prefent, and within the firft feven days, a notorial certificate of the legitimate birth of the foal is made. If there happens to be a croffing of the two breeds, the foal, whether the fire or the dam be Kochlani, is always efteemed Kadifchi.

The Arabians make no fcruple of felling their Kochlani ftallions like other horfes; but they are unwilling to part with their mares for money. When not in a condition to fupport them, they difpofe of them to others, on the terms of having a fhare in the foals, or of being at liberty to recover them, after a certain time.

Thefe kochlani are much like the old Arabian nobility, the dignity of whole birth is held in no eftimation, unlefs in their own country. Thefe horfes are little valued by the Turks: their country being more fertile, better watered, and lefs level; fwift horfes are lefs neceffary to them than the Arabians. They prefer large horfes, who have a ftately appearance when fumptuoufly harnefled. It fhould feem that there are alfo Kochlani in Hedfjas, and in the country of Dsjof; but I doubt if they be in eftimation in the dominions of the Imam, where the horfes of men of rank appeared to be too handsome to be Kochlani. The Englifh, however, fometimes purchafe thefe horfes at the price of eight hundred or one thoufand crowns. An Englifh merchant was offered, at Bengal, twice the purchafe-money for one of thefe horfes, but he fent him to England, where he hoped that he would draw four times the original price.

THE JUMPERS.

[In a Tour through Wales.]

PERHAPS many of the people in Caernarvon, like thofe of every other place, are not attached to any fociety of religionifts. The higher clafs caft an eye to the bottle, the lower to the ftroll. I attended prayers twice at the church, where the congregation, the firft time, confifted of fixteen perfons, and the fecond, of eighteen.

I alfo vifited a diffenting meeting-houfe. It was crowded. But the moft numerous fociety of worfhippers, I believe, are the methodifts. I faw two of thefe; both ran over with attendants.

I had heard many ridiculous things of a feft of methodifts called Jumpers, for all new religions are treated with ridicule, and exhibited in an erroneous light. Thefe, by fome, are deemed "mad; by others, traitors, who read Pain's works, have defigns againft government, and ought to be fuppreffed by the magiftrate."

Being told, September 8, 1799, in the evening, that they were at worfhip, I haftened to the chapel, and found the doors crowded without. Gaining a paffage, I perceived myfelf in a fpacious room with two galleries, crowded with about five hundred people, many, no doubt, like myfelf, were fpectators only. There were not many pews, the great body of hearers flood in the area, and, with a devotional afpect, indicating all attention. The preacher poffeffed uncommon lungs.

After a few minutes, he delivered himfelf in fhort fentences, with the utmoft vehemence, evidently defigned to ftrike the paffions of his hearers. Ignorant of the Welch tongue, I could not underftand them, but was told, upon enquiry, they

they were extatic sentences, selected from Scripture, chiefly the Psalms. At the end of one of these, issued a small *hum* from the people; a second sentence increased it; a third, still more, &c. till, in the space of one minute, the crowd broke out into the most rapturous violence of voice and gesture. Every one seemed to adopt a sentence of his own, perhaps caught from the minister, and continued to vociferate it with all the exertion of which he was capable, and this in a kind of tune or cadence. One hundred different tunes, yelling from one hundred different voices, in a single room, must produce horror in the extreme. I never experienced sounds so discordant.

That person was the happiest who could exert the loudest; continue the longest, and jump the highest.

They performed in parties of from two to eight. Sometimes the two sexes joined, but generally not. If one began to jump, another answered him, face to face; then a third, fourth, &c. forming a kind of ring.

As jumping is most violent exercise, they were obliged to desist, at intervals, but the body was kept in continual motion, something like what I have seen in dancing. The hands, head, and feet, were more employed, but the tongue never lay. The parson disappeared when he had raised his people to that pitch of enthusiasm he wanted.

I, who did not understand their words, but could only observe their gestures, and hear their sounds, could scarcely detach the idea of quarrelling, and was fearful, lest, by standing too near, they should jump upon my toes, or I should give offence by impeding their rough devotions.

They were all decently dressed. The females were the most numerous. Some of both sexes, at-

vanced in years, made but miserable jumpers. They seemed just as much intoxicated with exertion as they could have been with liquor, and, had a thirsty traveller passed by, he could not have been charged with impropriety, had he stepped in and called for a pint.

The scene continued near an hour. It gradually wore off, for nature must sink under violence. I could perceive a small degree of finesse, arising from pride, in a few of the worshippers, who chose to lie by till the rest were exhausted, and then began with double energy.

We may reasonably imagine that excessive romping will discompose the dress. The mens, I observed, stood it better than the womens. I had been told, the latter often lost their petticoats. This may be true, but it did not occur under my eye; and if it had, the loser was too far gone to regard it.

When the performers had exerted themselves to the very last moment of their ability, so that they were unable even to stand, the husband, or friend, took charge of them with seeming pity; and, I observed, cast an eye round to see if any of her garments were giving the slip. Caps, handkerchiefs, and aprons, were obliged, by the friend, to undergo a renovation.

Upon enquiry, I found these boisterous worshippers were people of very orderly life, and, I am inclined to think, they are no more conversant with Pain's writings, or the arts of government, than with Algebra.

As every shoot of the grand tree which composes religion, is supported by Scripture, I make no doubt but this inoffensive race can bring unanswerable texts in support of their's, though I had not the pleasure of conversing with any one of them. Their ecstasy seemed to proceed from a profusion of heavenly love, perhaps founded upon

upon the words, "Rejoice in the Lord evermore, and again, I say, rejoice." If this sentence does not command jumping, it gives a latitude. The conduct of David is still more, in point, "Who danced before the Lord with all his might." Nay, he proceeded one step further, he *leaped* before him, and in a dress too thin to be delicate. W. H.

COURT MARTIALS.

Copy of the CHARGES preferred against Lieutenant-Colonel MONTAGUE, of the 1st Wilts Militia, by CAPTAINS AWDRY and HOULTON, of the same Regiment.

FIRST CHARGE.

THAT he, Lieutenant-Colonel Montague did, during the months of July, August, and September, 1799, in a manner derogative to the situation as a Field Officer commanding a regiment, suffer himself to be admitted a member of, and termed the Subaltern's Club, under the title of Lieutenant, or Ensign Montague, which club was formed on principles destructive of the harmony of the corps, thereby endeavouring to form parties in the regiment, to the prejudice of good order and military discipline.

Second Charge.—That he, Lieutenant-Colonel Montague did, on the 28th July, at a dinner given by himself to certain officers of the regiment, after many attempts to prejudice their minds against Captains Awdry and Houlton, prevail on most of them to sign a paper, containing proposals to form a separate mess, and exclude such Captains; declaring to those who had not signed the paper, that they must now be of one party or the other, for, "*they could not serve God and Mammon*"; intending thereby to make divisions, and create divisions in the

corps, to the prejudice of good order and military discipline.

Third Charge.—That he did, in further prosecution of a malicious and settled design to injure Captains Awdry and Houlton, on the 29th July, 1799, convene a meeting of the officers, from which they were precluded, by his express order: that he, Lieut. Col. Montague did there, in the most unjust and extra-judicial manner, condemn them unheard, and used all his influence as Commanding Officer, to induce the other officers to desert their society: that finding a large respectable majority adverse to his wishes, he actually divided the regimental mess, separating himself from it, and taking with him several of the subalterns who had, on the preceding day, signed the paper before-mentioned, thereby repeating his endeavours to foment divisions and form parties in the corps, in direct violation of his duty as Commanding Officer, and to the prejudice of good order and military discipline.

Fourth Charge.—That disappointed in the result of the meeting he, Lieut. Col. Montague had convened, he did, on the evening of the same day, in a false, scandalous, and infamous manner, unbecoming the character of an officer and a gentleman, assert to an officer of the regiment that they, Captains Awdry and Houlton, were incendiaries; and used other reproachful expressions grossly reflecting on them. That he further declared, he meant to resign on the reduction of the militia, but would now remain in the regiment until he had rooted them out; evidently resolving, from motives of private pique and resentment, to harass and oppress them by every possible means, to the prejudice of good order and military discipline, and the injury of his Majesty's service.

CHARGES

CHARGES preferred by Captain PHAYRE, of the same regiment, besides four Charges preferred by him similar in substance to the four Charges above recited, as preferred by Captains Awdry and Houlton.

Fifth Charge.—That he, Lieut. Col. Montague did, in the most illiberal, underhand, scandalous, and infamous manner, at various times, in the month of July last, apply to the different officers of the regiment individually, and use his power in the situation of Commanding Officer, to extort from them evidence of private conversation, at the table of Captain Phayre, and elsewhere; intending thereby to injure and oppress Captain Phayre, and to seek matter of accusation, by means the most dishonourable, and to destroy all confidence between officers, to the prejudice of good order and military discipline, contrary to his duty as Commanding Officer, and unbecoming the character of a gentleman.

Sixth Charge.—That he, Lieut. Col. Montague did, on the 24th of June last, muster, or cause and permit to be mustered, as a soldier, in a livery dress, Patrick Kavannah, an Irish Roman Catholic, the servant of an officer in the regiment, the same Patrick Kavannah not having been duly enlisted and sworn, and not having actually done his duty as a soldier; and that he did permit and suffer the said Patrick Kavannah to receive pay as a soldier, contrary to his duty as an officer commanding the regiment, and in direct breach of the articles of war.

COPY OF THE OPINION AND SENTENCE.

The Court having duly weighed and considered the evidence before them, proceed to give their opinion as follows: viz.

With respect to the first article of charge, the Court is of opinion

that Lieut. Col. Montague's conduct was unbecoming the character of a Commanding Officer, as belonging to and continuing in the Subaltern's Club—He, Lieut. Col. Montague appears to be actuated by an intention of forming a party in the regiment.

With respect to the second article of charge, the Court is of opinion that Lieut. Col. Montague is guilty.

With respect to the 3d article of charge, the Court is of opinion that Lieut. Col. Montague is guilty, inasmuch as he did, as Commanding Officer, convene a meeting of the Officers of the First Wiltshire Militia, the 29th July last, from which Captains Awdry, Houlton, and Phayre, were excluded by his express order, through the Adjutant, which he appears to have done for the purpose of dividing the mess, such division having actually taken place through his influence.

With respect to the fourth article of charge, the Court having marked with a disapprobation the testimony of the only evidence adduced in support of it, deem it insufficient to substantiate the charge, and therefore acquit Lieut. Col. Montague.

With respect to the fifth article of the charge, as exhibited by Captain Phayre, the Court is of opinion, that Lieut. Col. Montague, contrary to his duty as Commanding Officer did, from personal motives, unduly exert his power to obtain, from different officers of the regiment, evidence of private conversation in the families of other officers.

With respect to the sixth article of charge, the Court is of opinion that Lieut. Col. Montague permitted Patrick Kavannah to be mustered, being an improper person, but without any criminal intention, Lieut. Col. Montague having ordered him to be struck off the pay list as soon

as he was acquainted with the circumstance of the case.

The Court having taken the whole of the evidence and defence into their consideration, as well as the serious consequences of a Commanding Officer using his situation and power to excite or foment parties in a regiment, to reconcile which they conceive he is more particularly bound to interpose his influence and authority—

Do Adjudge Lieut. Col. MONTAGUE to be DISPLACED from the First Wiltshire Regiment of Militia.

The Court conceive it to be their duty, before they close their proceedings, to express the regret they feel in being obliged to notice the inconsistencies and contradiction which appear in parts of the evidence, as well as other circumstances recorded on their minutes, tending to bring the Militia service into disrepute.

Copy of a Letter from Sir CHARLES MORGAN, Judge Advocate General, to Lieutenant-General GRENVILLE.

Judge Advocate General's Office,
October 22.

SIR,

I have had the honour of laying before the King, the proceedings of a General Court Martial at Plymouth Dock, on the 28th day of September last, and continued by adjournment to the 15th day of this instant October, for the trial of Lieut. Col. Montague, of the first Wilts regiment of militia, upon several charges, preferred against him, which, together with the opinion of the Court Martial upon each of them respectively, and their adjudication upon the whole matter, are recited in the annexed transcript; and am commanded to acquaint you, that his Majesty, advertising to all the circumstances of the case, deems it necessary, agreeable

to the sentiments of the Court Martial; that the said Lieutenant-Colonel Montague be displaced from the first Wiltshire regiment of militia, and will give his directions for that purpose. His Majesty was pleased to express much concern, that the Court Martial should have seen occasion to censure any inconsistencies or contradictions in the testimony of any of the witnesses; but his Majesty trusts with confidence, that it cannot, in any respect, throw even a shade of discredit upon the militia service, to which the country is in so eminent a degree indebted.

I have the honour to be, &c.

C. MORGAN.

At a General Court Martial held in the City of York, on Monday the 23d of September, and several subsequent days, John Worthington, Esq. Major of the Suffex regiment of Fencible Cavalry, was tried on the following Charges, exhibited against him by Sir George Thomas, Bart. late Colonel of the same regiment—

First.—Having, between Sept. 1796, and Sept. 1797, whilst the regiment was at Bristol, curtailed the feeding of the horses of his troop, and made an agreement with Paymaster Faulder, who was ordered by the Colonel to purchase the corn, and see the full allowance delivered daily to each troop, to convert the said curtailment into cash, and to pay him the sum of one guinea and a half per week, and which he absolutely received from the said Paymaster, and appropriated to his own use, thereby injuring the service, by starving the horses of his troop, and shamefully embezzling the illicit profits arising therefrom.

Second.—Having, whilst quartered at Truro, Bodmin, and Falmouth, during October, November, and December, 1797, curtailed the

the allowance of corn to the horses of his troop, and embazzling the profits arising from such saving.

Third.—Having curtailed, during the time his troop was quartered in Annan, between May and November, 1798, the allowance of corn from the horses of the said troop, and appropriating the sums arising therefrom to his own use, and for having made, at the same time, false returns of horses, several being sent to graze, in order that he might purloin the savings thereon: and for having directed Lieutenant Stevenson to make false returns of the said troop, and to curtail the allowance of corn, which he positively refused to do.

The Court having heard the evidence on both sides, found Major Worthington *guilty* of all the charges, except that part of the first charge of starving the horses of his troop, there being no evidence before the Court of the horses of his troop being in bad condition.

The sentence of the Court was, “That Major Worthington be dismissed his Majesty’s service.” This sentence has since been confirmed by the King.

WIGS.

THE following circumstance may be depended on as a fact—

The Captain of a West India vessel, returning unexpectedly after several months absence to his home at Deptford, and not finding his *cara sposa* in his parlour, ran up stairs with all the speed of impatient affection to her dressing-room.—Horror, of horrors! A spruce brown wig lay carelessly on the toilette of the absent Lady. Seeing before his face the evident proof, as he deemed it, of his own dishonour, the Captain was in a pa-

roxism of fury. The bell rings violently. The Lady’s maid makes her appearance. *Where is your infamous mistress? To what paramour does that ornament belong?* The girl protested, and called Heaven to witness, that her mistress was chaste as ice, as pure as snow; but when she attempted to persuade the irritated husband that the peruke was actually the property of his Lady, and that she was in the habit of decorating not his head, but her own, he remained in vacant astonishment till the arrival of his wife: her perfect innocence of demeanour, her unfeigned joy at his return, her confirmation of the girl’s narration, and, above all, the ocular demonstration offered him by the investiture of the alarming appendage on her own person, put an end to his perturbation of mind, and turned all the torrent of his wrath against the capricious demons of fashion which had occasioned it.

It is reported that some dispute at present exists about a Bishop demurring to comply with the custom of the order in parting with his hair, and wearing a wig. This very important dispute will doubtless call forth a great deal of learning to prove that full bottomed wigs are *apostolical*. Lord Peter’s argument, in “The Tale of a Tub,” to shew that shoulder-knots were agreeable to his father’s will, must be of great use on this occasion.

DEAF AND DUMB!

ANOTHER of these pests of a society, who prey upon the credulous vulgar, by pretending to

—“look into the seeds of time, And see which grain will grow, and which will not;”

was apprehended, at Whitehaven, last week. This also was a *Lady*. On

On her examination before the Magistrates, for a very long time she remained *deaf*, and consequently *dumb*, to every enquiry; but, however wonderful it may appear, on the Magistrates, in their conference with each other, festively mentioning the words *house of correction, hard labour, &c.* she suddenly discovered symptoms of hearing, and dropping upon her knees, she spoke! As she then sued in *forma pauperis*, implored forgiveness, and looked contrition, no more can be said. She called herself Elizabeth Campbell, a native of Edinburgh, sixteen years of age. She appears to be five or six and twenty.

THE ADVANTAGES OF GAMING.

THE love of gaming, so predominant in the present age, however innocent and laudable, has not altogether escaped censure. Were we not well acquainted with the barbarous pleasure, which many authors take in calumny and detraction, it would be really surprising that so natural a propensity of the human mind should have been so unmercifully attacked. In charity, however, we must suppose this mistake originated rather from their utter ignorance of the subject, than from any intention of leading their readers astray; a supposition, the more probable, when we reflect on the extremely low company which, from their poverty, authors in general are obliged to keep. But this, though perhaps a sufficient excuse for the generality of authors, would, in vain, be urged in favour of a person who has had the honour of a university education, and who, from having kept the best company, must have imbibed notions on this subject, very different from the common herd of scribblers. I must, therefore, beg leave to offer

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to my readers some few, amongst the many arguments which may be brought in support of a practice which is equally worthy the patronage of the liberal, whether we consider the pleasing resource of amusement at present derived from it, or the happy effect it may have on our future lives and fortunes.

And here it might, perhaps, be sufficient to point out the real utility of gaming, which would highly recommend it to the serious and considerate part of mankind, without insisting on its great antiquity, and the universal esteem it has been held in by all nations, barbarous, as well as civilized. But, as many people have a strange partiality for whatever is old, it may not be amiss to observe, that the science of gaming has very high pretensions to a respectable antiquity, and can plead the practice of many illustrious nations in its favour.

The classic reader will, with pleasure, recollect what Tacitus tells us of the Germans; an example, which I quote with the greatest pleasure, not only because it proves the antiquity of the science I am recommending, but, because it establishes, beyond controversy, that the present inhabitants of Great Britain have in their veins much of the blood of those brave and illustrious warriors, whom they resemble in so material a trait in their character. The respectable historian above-mentioned, informs us, that the Germans were exceedingly addicted to games of chance, that when every thing else was lost, they would often play for their household furniture and cloaths, and at last, even stake their wives and daughters; a very honourable testimony in their favour, especially, when we reflect, that they had never enjoyed the advantage of a modern fashionable education; and, that this eulogium comes from the pen of a Roman, and an enemy. In this,

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however,

however, I think, we have pretty exactly followed them, and have, even in many points, much improved on their notions. It is true, that our wives and daughters generally save us the trouble of staking them, either at *Newmarket*, or at *B——*'s, by disposing of their *persons*, in payment of their own debts; nor does the resemblance exactly hold good with regard to our furniture, which would be of small use to the winner, when there was an execution in the house. Yet in every other respect we certainly exceed them, since we certainly stake *all* that is our own, but a great deal which belongs to other people; and, instead of becoming slaves to our antagonists, as was the *rage* at that time, after a *bad run*, we settle the matter in a much shorter way, by clapping a pistol either to his head, or our own.

Having said thus much on the antiquity of gaming, let us consider in how many days it may be serviceable in amending our heads, or our hearts. In the first place, it may be fairly asserted, that nothing more effectually inures young people to a habit of attention than this science, which, though often called *play*, might with much greater propriety be denominated *work*; a name, of which, all must be struck with the propriety, who have ever been bystanders at a gaming table, and observed the extreme attention and anxiety marked in the countenances of those people, who are so foolishly called *players*. A very little penetration will, surely, enable them to discover, that far from being engaged in *amusement* or *play*, they are really occupied in calculations, compared to which, the problems of Euclid are easy, and the discovery of longitude a trifle. After this, it may be necessary to say, how much *gaming* strengthens the memory; a perfection which young people can never purchase too dear. Yet, I

must observe, that a man who can accurately remember all the different calculations of the chances at *hazard*, and the order in which every card was played in a game at *whist*, might be equally enabled to retain in his head, an equal number of *acts of parliament*, *cases*, and *precedents*, and with a very little reading, would make an excellent lawyer. Nor is this science less calculated to improve the qualities of the heart, than the powers of the head; and is, in a particular manner, adapted to soften men's tempers, and teach them patience and fortitude, under the sudden changes of life. But the point which alone I shall here insist on is, that command over all our passions, affections, and feelings, of every sort and kind, which Madame de Genlis, in her lectures on education, thinks so very desirable to young people, and which this science is so eminently proper to produce, that I am surprised, amidst all her various plans, the ingenious authoress never hit upon it; for nothing can be more efficacious in checking that unaccountable propensity in the young of both sexes, to form an attachment with the other, than a thorough love of *gaming*. Without this safeguard it is, as the old justly observe, exceedingly dangerous to let two young people of different sexes be much together; but from the moment this passion has taken firm root in the mind, the danger is at once over—beauty and youth, elegance and wit, good-nature, and good-sense, plead in vain against four by honours, and the odd trick. The modern young man of fashion regards not the *person* of the lady; it is her *pocket* only he has a design on, and would cheerfully quit a *tete-a-tete* with the prettiest girl in England, to join the whist-table of her grandmother and aunt: therefore, all these advantages, my reader will not,

Surely,

surely, think it extraordinary, that I should recommend this science to their particular attention; or, that I shall express my happiness in observing, that many of the nobility and gentry seem to be perfectly of my way of thinking, and, doubtless, for the reasons I have given, bestow much time in making themselves masters of the different games of chance, which are most fashionable in the great world. And, should their enemies, or my own, question the truth of my doctrine, and the propriety of their practice, I have one more observation to offer, which, I think, must carry conviction with it. The great Dr. Johnson asserts, in one of his prefaces to the poets, that, "where the public think long, they generally think right." Now, it appears to me, that the public have so long thought upon this subject, that by this time, they must have thought right; and, we may fairly infer, from their actions, that they find its advantages greatly superior to its evils; and, that there is really a charm in gaming, so exceedingly bewitching, as to make full amends for the loss of *fortune, reputation, and health!*

KINGS' PLACE IN AN UPROAR!

THOSE long notorious receptacles for vagabonds of every description, the two gaming-houses, Nos. 1 and 3, in King's Place, Pall Mall, were on Saturday afternoon, Nov. 9, attacked by the Bow-street troops (acting under authority of a search-warrant from Mr. Ford), who, in a very short time, carried the place by storm, and took ten prisoners, together with a great quantity of baggage, stores, &c. consisting of tables for *Rouge et Noir*, and *Hazard*; cards, dice, counters, strong doors, bars, and belts: a stratagem was at first put

in execution by General Rivett, (who had the command on the occasion,) to gain an entrance at the street-door of No. 1; but this failed; and all attempts to force it proving ineffectual, one of the light troops mounted the counterscarp of the area, and descended into the kitchen, while another scaled a ladder affixed to a first floor of No. 3; and having each made good their footing, no opposition being made by the besieged, who had betaken themselves to flight, they, unmolested, opened the gates, and let in the main body; a general search and pursuit then took place; several having retreated to the top of the houses adjoining, whither they were followed and taken prisoners: one poor devil, the supposed proprietor of No. 3, was *smoked in a chimney*, from whence he was dragged down, —a black example to all gamesters! Three French emigrants were among the captured, one of whom had his retreat cut off, just as he was issuing from a house in Pall Mall, through which he had descended unobserved, and by which way others are judged to have escaped, as many more were in both houses when the attack commenced. We are sorry to add, that Mother Windsor and her Nymphs were much alarmed by this operation, and the old Lady applauded to the skies the vigilance of the police in putting down *such* pests of society.

In the evening the prisoners were brought before Mr. Ford, at Bow-street, who took great pains to discover if any one of them could give a decent account of himself; but being disappointed, he ordered them to be searched, when a gold watch was found on one of them, which appeared, by the robbery-book, to have been stolen upwards of five years ago; it was therefore ordered to be detained. Very little money was found on any of them; two or three had not a single penny; and

and to prove their further ill luck, only two could produce sureties for their future good behaviour; the remainder were therefore committed to Tothill-fields bridewell, except the three French emigrants, who were sent to the house of correction, Cold-bath-fields, and will, in all probability, be sent out of the kingdom. The tables, &c. on a cart, were brought to the office, and produced in evidence. The bank, if there was one at either house, must have been conveyed away before the officers entered, a few silver pieces being all the money found.

COURT-MARTIAL.

[Concluded from page 44, Vol. XV.]

CAPTAIN WILSON then offered the following Reply to the Court, which was read: viz.

"GENTLEMEN,

"IN bringing forward this prosecution, I disclaim every motive of personal enmity towards Major Armstrong; and I trust, gentlemen, you must be sensible, that throughout the whole of the proceedings I have scrupulously avoided every mark of personal reflection, with the same caution that I have endeavoured to avoid the implication of any other person than Major Armstrong.

"The same principle, gentlemen, which actuated my conduct in the commencement, shall not forsake me at the conclusion; and, therefore it is, that I shall leave untouched the very unhandsome, and, I might add, not very liberal expressions, made use of by Major Armstrong, in his defence. So far as regards myself, I shall not notice them; but, gentlemen, as Major Armstrong's defence conveys insinuations against the conduct, character, and testimony, of a general officer, whom we all know to be a brave,

experienced, and gallant soldier, whose integrity as a man can be equalled only by his courage in the field, I must confess, I cannot, in justice to that officer, withhold a wish, that I had been the *only object* of Major Armstrong's insidious remarks.

"Gentlemen, I have indeed every reason, equally with Major Armstrong, to express my acknowledgments to this honourable Court, for the patient, attentive, and impartial hearing, which you have given to the whole investigation and defence of Major Armstrong's conduct.

"Sensible as I am of your great attention, to every the most minute circumstance, I have not deemed it necessary to go into any recapitulation of the evidence, or to compare the testimony, respectability, and relative situations of the different witnesses who have been called in support of this enquiry, or in defence of Major Armstrong; on all these I shall forbear to make any remark, having the fullest confidence in the discrimination, judgment, and justice of the honourable Court.

"I have only to add, that as Major Armstrong expressed his intention (and, in some degree, pledged himself) to call upon *Pearce, Campbell, Wicks, and Sims*, of the Guards, or some of them, to controvert the testimony of *Graves*, I did not call those men myself, although *Pearce* can swear to the facts related by *Graves*, and to the person of Major Armstrong; as can also the others, that an officer with two epaulets desired them to lay down their arms, previous to any order for surrender; and that Major Armstrong must have been that officer, as no other field officer of the 11th regiment was in existence there at the time, Colonel Hely having been killed.

"I have further to observe, gentlemen, that I wished to avoid calling

ling any evidence for the prosecution, who could be in any manner suspected of personal attachment to me, and that on this account I did not call for the testimony of bombadiers Platt, Ennibal, and Cumming; gunners Brownhill, Bonfor, and others: although I am convinced they can prove, that at the time of dismantling my gun, Major Armstrong, of the 11th regiment, was neither in or near the redoubt of sand-bags; as can also Captain Godfrey. If, therefore, their evidence be thought necessary, not only the bombadiers and gunners, but also the guardsmen, attend the call of this honourable Court.

"Gentlemen, I will no longer trespass on your time, than to assure you I retain, and, whatever may be your decision, shall ever retain, a grateful sense of obligation for your patient attention during the whole course of this enquiry; trusting, that if any thing inconsistent with the etiquette of courts-martial, has appeared in my deportment, you will do me the justice to ascribe it to the particular circumstances of my situation, this being the first painful duty of the kind I have ever had occasion to discharge.

"WILTSHIRE WILSON,
Capt. Royal Artillery."

The Court having taken into consideration the observation made by Captain Wilson, in the course of his reply, respecting the adducing of further evidence, came to an opinion, that Captain Wilson had had a full opportunity of laying before the Court whatever evidence he thought proper, and that it was not now necessary for the Court to hear any further witnesses: which was communicated to the parties in open Court.

The court-martial having duly weighed the evidence given in support of the charges preferred against the prisoner, Major Andrew Armstrong, of the 11th regiment of foot,

with that which he had adduced in his defence, is of opinion, that he is NOT GUILTY of either of the charges preferred against him, and doth therefore acquit him.

G. HOTHAM, Lieut. Gen.
President.

J. A. OLDHAM,
Deputy Judge Advocate Gen.

(A true copy.)

J. A. OLDHAM,
Judge Advocate's office,
13th July, 1799.

Letter from the Judge Advocate's
Office.

Grafton street, past six o'clock,
Wednesday evening.

"SIR,

"Just returned from St. James's, I lose no time in acquainting you, that I have had the honour of laying before the King the proceedings of the general court-martial upon your trial, and have the satisfaction to add, that his Majesty has been pleased to approve the sentence of the court martial, whereby you are acquitted of the charges preferred against you.

"I have the honour to be, Sir,

"Your most obedient,

"And humble servant,

(Signed) CHARLES MORGAN.

Major ARMSTRONG,

Of the 11th regiment of Foot.

DIARY OF A SPORTING OXONIAN.

SUNDAY.—Waked at eight o'clock by the scout, to tell me the bell was going for prayers—wonder those scoundrels are suffered to make such a noise—tried to sleep again, but could not—sat up and read Hoyle in bed—ten got up and breakfasted—Charles Racket called to ask me to ride—agreed to ride—agreed to stay till the president was gone to church—half after eleven, rode out—going down the High-street, saw Will Sagely going to St. Mary's—can't think what people

ple go to church for—twelve to two, rode round Bullington Green, met Careless and a new fresh-man of Trinity—engaged them to dine with me—two to three, lounged at the stable—made the fresh-man ride over the bail—talked to him about horses—see he knows nothing about the matter—went home and dressed—three to eight, dinner and wine—remarkable pleasant evening—sold Racket's stone horse for him to Careless's friend for fifty guineas—certainly break his neck—eight to ten, coffee-house, and lounged in the High-street—stranger went home to study—afraid he's a bad one—engaged to hunt to-morrow, and dine with Racket—twelve supped and went to bed early, in order to get up to-morrow.

Monday.—Racket *rowed* me up at seven o'clock—sleepy and queer, but was forced to get up to make breakfast for him—eight to five in the afternoon, hunting—famous run, and killed near Bicester—number of tumbles—fresh-man out on Racket's stone-horse—got the devil of a fall in a ditch—horse upon him—but don't know whether he was killed or not—five, dressed and went to dine with Racket—Dean had crossed his name, and no dinner could be got—went to the Angel and dined—famous evening till eleven, when the proctors came and told us to go home to our colleges—went directly the contrary way—eleven to one, went down into St. Thomas's, and fought a raff—one, dragged home by some-body, the Lord knows whom, and put to bed.

Tuesday.—Very bruised and fore—did not get up till twelve—found an imposition on my table—mem. to give it the hair-dresser—drank six dishes of tea—did not know what to do with myself, so wrote to my father for money—half after one, put on my boots to ride for an hour—met Careless at the stable—rode together—asked me to dine

with him, and meet Jack Sedley, who is just returned from Italy—two to three, returned home and dressed—four to seven, dinner and wine—Jack very pleasant—told good stories—says the Italian women have thick legs—no hunting to be got, and very little wine—won't go there in a hurry—seven, went to the stable, and then looked into the coffee house—very few drunken men, and nothing going forwards—agreed to play Sedley at billiards—Walker's table engaged, and forced to go to the Blue Posts—lost ten guineas—thought I could have beat him, but the dog has been practising at Spa—ten, supper at Careless's—bought Sedley's mare for thirty guineas—think he knows nothing of a horse, and believe I have done him—Drank a little punch, and went to bed at twelve.

Wednesday.—Hunted with the Duke of B.—very long run—rode the new mare—found her sinking, so pulled up in time, and swore I had a shoe lost—to sell her directly—buy no more horses of Sedley—knows more than I thought he did—four, returned home, and as I was dressing to dine with Sedley, received a note from some country neighbours of my father's, to desire me to dine at the Cross—obliged to send an excuse to Sedley—wanted to put on my cap and gown—cap broke, and gown not to be found—forced to borrow—half after four to ten, at the Cross with my *Lions*—very *loving* indeed—ten, found it too bad, so got up and told them, it was against the rules of the university to be out later.

Thursday.—Breakfasted at the Cross, and walked all the morning about Oxford with my *Lions*—terrible *flat* work—*Lions* very troublesome—asked me an hundred and fifty silly questions about every thing they saw—wanted me to explain the Latin inscriptions on the monuments in Christ-church chapel!—Wanted

to know how we spent our time!—Forced to give them a dinner, and what was worse, to sit with them till six, when I told them I was engaged for the rest of the evening, and sent them about their business. —Seven, dropped in at Careless's rooms, found him, with a large party, all pretty much cut—thought it was a good time to sell him Sedley's mare, but he was not quite drunk enough—made a bet with him that I trotted my poney from Benson to Oxford, within the hour—sure of winning, for I did it the other day in fifty minutes.

Friday.—Got up early, and rode my poney a foot-pace, over to Benson to breakfast—old Shrub breaks fast—told him of the bet, and shewed him the poney—shook his head, and looked cunning, when he heard of it—good sign after breakfast—rode the race, and won easy, but could not get any money—forced to take Careless's draught—dare say it is not worth two-pence—great fool to bet with him.—Twelve to three, lounged at the stable and cut my black horse's tail—eat soup at Sadler's—walked down the high street—met Racket, who wanted me to dine with him, but could not, because I was engaged to Sagely's.—Three, dinner at Sagely's—very bad—dined in a cold hall, and could get nothing to eat—wine new—a bad fire—tea kettle put on at five o'clock—played at whist for sixpences, and no bets—thought I should have gone to sleep—terrible work dining with a studious man.—Eleven, went to bed out of spirits.

Saturday.—Ten, breakfast—took up the last Sporting Magazine—had not read two pages before a dun came—told him I should have some money soon—would not be gone—offered him brandy—was sulky, and would not have any—saw he was going to be *savage*, so kicked him down stairs to prevent his be-

ing impertinent—thought perhaps I might have more of them, so went to lounge at the stables—poney got a bad cough, and the black horse thrown out two splints—went back to my room in an ill humour—found a letter from my father—no money, and a great deal of advice—wants to know how my last quarter's allowance went—how the devil should I know?—he knows I keep no accounts—do think fathers are the greatest *bores* in nature—very low-spirited and flat all the morning—some thoughts of reforming, but luckily Careless came in to beg me to meet our party at his rooms, so altered my mind, dined with him, and by nine in the evening was very happy.

FRENCH ORIGIN OF BEARDS AND WIGS.

FRANCIS I having been wounded in the head on Twelfth Day, 1521, by a firebrand thrown inadvertently out of a window, was obliged to cut off his hair. Fearing that, with the hood which was worn at that time, and his beard being shaved, he should have the appearance of a Monk, he determined to wear a hat, and let his beard grow. From thence long beards again became the fashion, which continued through the four succeeding reigns.

In 1536, F. Oliver was told that he could not be admitted into Parliament as Master of Requests, if he proposed, with his long beard, to assist at the pleadings. Pierre Lescot, in 1556, being elected one of the canons at Notre Dame, the chapter protested for some time against his long beard, but at length agreed to admit him without cutting his beard, "notwithstanding it was derogatory to the statutes of the church!" These two instances prove that at that time every man in France wore a long beard, magistrates

gistrates and ecclesiastics only excepted.

In the reign of Henry IV. the beard was diminished. It was worn three or four inches long under the chin, rounded and spread like a fan, with two mustachios, long and stiff, diverging like the whiskers of a cat. In the next change of fashion they retained only those two whiskers, with a tuft of hair in the middle, and along the under lip. When Marshal Bassourpierre came out of prison, after twelve years confinement, he said, that all the change he observed in the world was, "that men had less beards, and the horses more tails!"

In the time of these *fan-beards*, they were kept in that state by wax prepared and scented, and by which they were made of any colour desired. The beard was dressed in the evening, and lest it should be deranged during the night, it was enclosed in a *bigotelle*, a sort of a purse, which was made for that purpose. In the reign of Louis XIV. *monstache royale* was adopted, and continued for several years.

I should have stated, that long hair was held so much in veneration by our ancestors, that when a debtor found himself unable to pay his debts, he went to the house of his creditor, to whom he presented a pair of scissars, and by cutting off his hair, or suffering it to be cut off, became actually the slave of the creditor.

In the middle of the 16th century, the bishops were not allowed to suffer their beards to grow, whilst, on the contrary, a beard was deemed an essential ornament to the person who was invested with the character of an Ambassador. Antoine Carracioli, son of the marshal of France of that name, was appointed bishop of Troyes. Henry II. intending him for an embassy, this prelate did not shave himself when he went to take possession of

his bishopric; and lest this should prove an obstacle to his being received, the king himself wrote an apology for him.

Guillaume Duprat being appointed to the bishopric of Clermont, left that city in great haste, because his chapter wished to deprive him, against his liking, of his long beard. The fashion, however, took another change, for we see the portraits of prelates, at the end of the 16th, and towards the beginning of the 17th century, decorated with very long and thick beards. Amongst these, the cardinal du Perron, the archbishop of Rouen, who was surnamed *Bella-barber*, or *Fair-beard*, and the archbishop of Burges.

MODERN DUELLING.

[Concluded from page 8, Vol. XV.]

The following Retort Prudent and Curious, is a well-attested fact, near Stroud, Gloucestershire.

AN officer's servant, who was used to attend his master with holsters, conceiving they conferred on himself all the privileges of his master, as the possession of Arundel-castle invests any owner with all seignorial rights and personal dignity, challenged a poor parish-clerk to single combat, to which he received the following answer—

"Abraham Amen, conceiving that duelling with fire-arms to be the exclusive privilege of officers and real gentlemen, refuses to fight the upstart Bob Bouncer; but as the person challenged has a right to choose his weapons, Abraham Amen will meet the said Bouncer, even on a Sunday, and on consecrated ground,

"To the praise and glory of God, with Two Staves."

ENSIGN FUN,
Stroud Volunteers.

DEBUT

DEBUT OF A YOUNG SPORTSMAN,

In his Letter addressed to J. T.

DEAR JACK,

ACCORDING to your advice I, on Friday last, for the first time, mounted a gun on my shoulder, and having stored my pockets with ham and chicken, I proceeded to the field of action, accompanied by three staunch terriers, and my mother's pug; I had furnished myself with a gun, which though none of the best, was yet reckoned to make a very good *resort*. I had not proceeded far before the want of a game-bag obliged me to return; and I again sallied forth, furnished with a capacious work-bag, which was ornamented with gold fringe and tassels. The dogs tormented me extremely by keeping close at my heels, and diverting themselves with snapping at the tassels of my bag, which was hung behind me, and which they nearly demolished. But pug running among some high grass, I unfortunately mistook him for a hare, and letting fly, killed him on the spot. This sad catastrophe put an end to my shooting expedition. But, on returning home, I was agreeably surprized at the sight of a large bird in a tree close to me. I attempted immediately to fire; but, to my great disappointment, my gun snapped in the pan. My energy was so great at that instant, that I threw the gun at the bird, which flew away; and upon my looking for the gun, I found that it had fallen into a horse pond. With these losses, I reached home, heartily tired with my excursion; and thus I shall conclude my sporting campaign, unless you will have the goodness to send me a proper fowling-piece, and dogs of your own choosing; by which you will much oblige,

Your humble servant,

TIMOTHY TENDER.

VOL. XV. No. 86.

P. S. I forgot to mention the punishment I suffered for shooting the pug, who was buried yesterday with great solemnity.

DIVERTING PUFFS OF A VENTRILOQUIST.

A Short time since, a ventriloquist at Kew, collecting some old rags, which he formed into the shape of a child, went to a baker's, when the oven being heating for rolls, and the child still crying, the baker observed, "it was very unpleasant to have cross children;" the other, watching an opportunity, exclaimed, "you little devil, I'll be plagued with you no longer;" and immediately threw the supposed child into the flames. The cries increased for a moment, and then died away. The baker, frantic, exclaimed, "Oh! you d—d villain;" and as the ventriloquist got into the street, the baker followed him, crying, "stop him! stop him! he is a murderer! he has thrown his child into my oven."—The women also loaded him with execrations; but, being taken before a magistrate, whom he acquainted with the trick, and who requested the ventriloquist would use his power, and bring the child before him, the latter said it was in the baker's pocket; from whence, as the baker supposed he again heard it cry, he ran off, exclaiming, "it is the devil! it is the devil!"

When Le Sugg, the person above alluded to, was on his journey to March, in the Isle of Ely, he saw some countrymen loading of oats, in a field that had been inundated by the very heavy rains, which occasioned the harvest to be very backward, (it being the month of November, 1799): seeing an empty cart going to the field, he took this opportunity of entering into discourse with the driver of it, and

M (unobserved

(unobserved by the driver) throw his figure of a sailor (which L. S. carries with him, and into which he throws his voice) into the empty cart, at the same time, alighting from his carriage, said he should like to go and see the state in which the oats were; he accordingly proceeded to the field; the men began loading the cart; when about half loaded, I had the pleasure to arrive; being then in the mail-coach, and L. S.'s carriage rather stopping the way, we asked whose it was? we were answered, Lee Sugg's, and that he was gone to alarm the countrymen in the oat field—I prevailed on the coachman, with my fellow passengers, to stop, and see the effect ventriloquism would have on these people, they assented, and did not repent it.—Lee Sugg now threw his voice into the cart, crying, "Father! Father! oh take me out of the cart—I shall be suffocated!" L. S. affected a great deal of surprise; the countrymen stared at each other, seemingly greatly astonished, the voice still repeating the cry of "take me out, father! I shall be suffocated? I shall be smothered!" L. S. now asked them if they had any children with them? they answered, no. L. S. now asks, "where are you, my dear?" and "where did you come from?" The voice replies, "I'm in the bottom of the cart—I came for a ride, from school, from Doddington—oh! pray make haste, or I shall die!" The countrymen now became quite alarmed, and L. S. affecting great concern, and at the same time in a seeming passion, exclaims, "for G—d's sake make haste; unload; it's my young rascal of a boy that I have just left at school with Mr. Binfield, at Doddington—he is run away." The countrymen immediately unload, and when they had got near the bottom, the voice faintly utters, "oh! take care—oh! you have

run the fork into me—oh! I am killed." L. S. exclaims, "God forbid—oh! you d—d villain; if you have killed my dear boy, I'll have you both hanged;" and immediately leaping into the cart, snatches up the figure, (which is about three feet high, and well executed, particularly its face and eyes) exclaims, "oh! my poor child is dead!" I observed to L. S. (willing to assist in the joke) he had better get a little cold water to wash his temples; the countrymen got some immediately; the temples of the figure were washed; L. S. threw his voice into the figure, who uttered with a sigh, "where am I?" The countrymen, transported with joy at the returning life, exclaim, "Here, fur! here, fur! thank God!"—The figure then proceeds with, "sure I've passed the gulph of silent death, and now am landed on the Elysian shore." The countryman exclaims, "Ees, fur, ees, you bees safe on shore in the island of Ely; and, thank God, we bees safe too, for wees thought just now we should all ha been hang'd for your gentlemanship."

We now returned to our coach, and Lee Sugg, with his son, as he called him, to his carriage, after being kept in a continued roar of laughter for five minutes.

This scene would have been an admirable subject for an Hogarthian pencil.

PAINTING AND EGYPTIAN SAVAGES.

A Painter, who accompanied Buonaparte to Egypt, undertook a course of studies upon the nature and the people of that country. The caravan from Nubia, which was at Cairo some months ago, afforded him a favourable opportunity; the individuals belonging to the caravan inhabit a country far



(Sword Exercise) Cut. 6.

far in the interior of Africa. The conductor of the caravan, Abd-el-Kerim, was remarkable for the Nubian character, strongly depicted in his countenance. The painter resolved to draw his picture, and, after spending a good deal of money, succeeded in inducing him to come to his house. After a long negociation, Abd-el-Kerim came, escorted by ten or twelve of his companions; and with all the precautions of a man who is persuaded that he is drawn into a snare; however, he grew more easy by degrees, and ordered his comrades to retire: the painter then began to draw him. The Nubian appeared satisfied with the crayon sketch; and pointed with his fingers to the parts of the picture which corresponded with his hands, his face, &c. saying, *taibe* (well); but when the artist coloured the picture, the effect was very different; Abd-el-Kerim had no sooner cast his eyes upon it, than he started back and screamed with horror. It was impossible to quiet him; the gate of the house being open, he fled as fast as his legs could carry him, and told his companions that he had just come from a house where they had taken his head and half his body.

Some days after, the painter got into his house another Nubian. He was not less alarmed at the sight of the paintings than Abd-el-Kerim. He ran to every part of the city, saying, that he had seen at a Frenchman's house, a great number of heads and limbs cut off. His acquaintance laughed at him, and went to the number of six to verify the fact. There was not one of them who was not frightened, and who did not refuse to remain in the room where the paintings were.

This is a striking proof of the advantages that must arise to any European power which may effect the cultivation of Egypt.

MILITARY SWORD EXERCISE—
OUT 6.

A beautiful Engraving.

WE here present the sixth and last Plate on this subject. So highly esteemed are these Engravings, that they have been copied by our permission for a separate publication, which has had a very rapid sale: it is entitled, *Six Engravings, representing the Six Cuts of the Sword Exercise of the Cavalry*, price 2s. 6d. plain, and 3s. 6d. coloured.

NRW FARCE.

AFTER the play of the *Fair Penitent*, at Covent Garden Theatre, on Thursday night, the 14th of November, a new comic opera, in two acts, called *The Turnpike Gate*, written by Mr. Knight, the actor, was performed for the first time, of which the following are the Dramatis Personæ—

Henry,	-	Mr. INCLEDON.
Crack,	-	Mr. MUNDEN.
Robert Maythorn,	-	Mr. KNIGHT.
Joe Standfast,	-	Mr. FAWCETT.
Sir Edward,	-	Mr. HILL.
Old Maythorn,	-	Mr. GARDNER.
Steward,	-	Mr. DAVENPORT.
Smart,	-	Mr. FARLEY.
Landlady,	-	Mrs. WHITMORE.
Peggy,	-	Miss SIMS.
Mary Maythorn,	-	Miss WATERS.

The fable, which is simple and pretty, runs thus:

Old *Maythorn*, his son *Robert*, and daughter *Mary*, keep the turnpike gate, with a small farm and dairy. This they held rent free of an Admiral, who lately lost his life in the West Indies; but, dying intestate, *Sir Edward Dashaway* succeeds to his fortune. He demands arrears, the easier to seduce the old man's daughter; intrigue seems to be his chief pursuit; but his designs are frustrated by his lately hired gamekeeper, who turns out to be

M 2

Mary's

Mary's lover, Lieutenant *Travers*, supposed to have fallen in action, on his return from the West Indies. *Travers* having, in this disguise, been an eye-witness of *Mary's* truth and affection, produces a will of the late Admiral, which enriches old *Maythorn* and son, and declares *Mary* to be his natural daughter and heiress; Sir *Edward* is dispossessed, and union of the lovers is the consequence.

The texture of this piece is rather slight, but its effect is highly pleasant. The music, which is the composition of Mazzinghi and Reeve, is very pretty, and the most ample justice is done to some sweet airs, by Incedon, Hill, and Miss Waters. Miss Sims also acquits herself in the vocal department, in a respectable style. The comic parts are admirably sustained by Fawcett and Munden, and Knight, author of the piece, in the part of a country boy, was perfectly at home. The applause was universal, and the success of the piece complete. The following is a specimen of the poetry:

SONG, MARY, MISS WATERS.

ERE sorrow taught my tears to flow,
They call'd me, "Happy MARY;"
In rural cot, my humble lot,
I play'd like any fairy.

And when the sun with golden ray
Sunk down the western sky,
Upon the green to dance or play,
The first was happy I:

Fond as the dove, was my true love,
Oh! he was kind to me!
And what was still my greater pride,
I thought I should be WILLIAM's bride,
When he return'd from sea.

Ah! what avails remembrance now?
It lends a dart to sorrow,
My once lov'd cot, and happy lot,
But load with grief to-morrow.

My WILLIAM's buried in the deep,
And I am sore oppress'd!
Now all the day I sit and weep;
All night I know no rest.

I dream of waves, and sailors' grave;
In horrid wrecks I see!
And when I hear the midnight wind,
All comfort flies my troubled mind,
For WILLIAM's lost at sea.

SONG.—HENRY, MR. INCLEDON.
TOM STARBOARD was a lover true,
As brave a tar as ever sail'd;
The duties ablest seamen do,
Tom did, and never yet had fail'd:
But wreck'd as he was homeward bound,
Within a league of England's coast;
Love sav'd him sure from being drown'd,
For all the crew but Tom was lost.
His strength restor'd, Tom hied with speed,
True to his love as e'er was man;
Nought had he sav'd, nought did he need,
Rich he in thoughts of lovely Nan:
But scarce five miles poor Tom had got,
When he was press'd: he heav'd a sigh,
And said, "though cruel was his lot,
E'er flinch from duty he would die."

In fight Tom Starboard knew no fear,
Nay, when he'd lost an arm, resign'd.
Said, "Love for Nan, his only dear,
Had sav'd his life, and fate was kind:"
The war being ended, Tom return'd,
His lost limb serv'd him for a joke;
For still his manly bosom burn'd,
With love—his heart, was heart of oak.

Ashore in haste Tom nimbly ran,
To cheer his love, his destin'd bride;
But false report had brought to Nan,
Six months before, that Tom had died,
With grief she daily pin'd away,
No remedy her life could save;
And Tom arriv'd the very day,
They laid his Nancy in the grave!

NEWT RAIT OF FORTUNE TELLING.

LAST week two young Ladies, near Newmarket, were accosted by a gipsy woman, who said she would shew them their husbands faces in a pail of water; which being brought, they exclaimed, "Lord! we see only our own face!" "Well," says the old woman, "those faces will be your husbands' when you are married."—The ladies moved quickly away, greatly chagrined at their disappointment.

SPORTING

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

Note by the Editor.

COPY OF A CHALLENGE.

Sent by the Members of a Tippling Society, called the **HELL FIRE CLUB**, at the Cock, Double Butcher-row, Shrewsbury, to the **LADS of the PARK**, (Abby-Foregate.)

Tuesday, Oct. 24, 1798.

"Gentlemen of the *Abey-foregate*,

WE gentlemen belonging to the clob do desier to know the reason of your abusing our clob in the scandalous manner that you have done, not behaving your selves as men we do therefore as men resent the same and bouldley challeng you as men.

↓ Thomas Needham challeng Richard Painter*

↓ Joseph Price challeng Price Red*

↓ Henry Birch challeng William Weston*

↓ Samewell Harrison challeng John Howell*

↓ Thomas Kinnerston the next

↓ Robert Roaden or Toper the next

↓ Samewell Giles the next

↓ ——— Kinnerley the next

↓ Thomas Wo all the next

↓ John Lloyd challeng Thomas Capsey

↓ John Hinks challeng William Venables*

↓ Henry Harrison the next

All single men.

Gentlemen, we would not have you think that we sent you this challeng in any way of a bravado but as we stile our selves men and shall behave our selves as such, hoping that you gentlemen will do the same either in one way or another not to afront us any more or fight us like men. Gentlemen your answer.

Gentlemen we desier you would meet us in the St. Marcs Freiers to-morrow att twelf a clock.

Mr. John Roberts the barer.

Those persons whose names are marked thus: it appears, were champions in the above-mentioned contest; and Richard Painter is said to be now the only surviving member of them.

This is certainly a fightable club; but we remember the circumstance of a fightable town, divided against itself, viz Bilston, in Staffordshire; the whole of the male inhabitants being pitted against each other, it so happened, that for one little deformed fellow no proper match could be found: so that it was agreed upon that he should be employed merely to carry the challenges.

HACKNEY COACHES.

According to Mr. Rushworth, there were only twenty hackney coaches in London about 140 years ago. In his collections he prints a proclamation, which the King and Council published against them, alledging that they raised the price of provender against the nobility and gentry; and then he proceeds to inform us, that they did not ply in the street, but remained at their inns till called for.

A small bird, greatly prized by the inhabitants of St. Salvador, has lately been brought from the Brasils, called Colibri; its body is not much larger than that of a Maybug, and it sings as harmoniously as a nightingale; it is a perfect beauty, and the neck is of such a lively red that it might be mistaken for a ruby—the breast and the upper part of the wings are of the colour of gold, and the thighs are as green as an emerald; the legs and bill are as black as polished ebony; and the eyes resemble two oval diamonds, being of the colour of burnished steel; the head is green, with a mixture of gold, and of a surprising lustre—that of the cock is adorned with a small tuft. It is almost impossible to conceive how so very small a bird can have so loud and pleasing a note.

The

The tigers on the coast of Sumatra have lately depopulated several villages. These creatures prove to the inhabitants, both in their journeys, and even their domestic occupations, most destructive enemies. The number of people annually slain by these rapacious tyrants of the woods is almost incredible; yet, from a very superstitious prejudice, it is with extreme difficulty the inhabitants are prevailed upon by a considerable reward which the East India Company offers, to use methods of destroying them, till they have sustained some particular injury in their own family or kindred. The tigers on this coast are said to break, with a stroke of their fore paw, the leg of a horse or buffalo, and the largest prey they kill is without difficulty dragged by them into the woods.

A turnip, grown at Eggesford, Devon, was lately sent as a present to a gentleman in that neighbourhood, containing a hare, rabbit, six wood-cocks, two partridges, and a duck.—*Flying Exeter Post*.

Two hundred small whales, in one shoal, lately ran on shore on Tressa Sand, in the island of Fetlar, (Shetland); all were killed except four that made their escape. None of them above 20 feet long, and from that to eight feet.

Owing to the extreme high price of horse provender, the inn-keepers in different towns, have raised the price of posting to 15d. 18d. and in some instances, to 21d. per mile, for a pair of horses.

On account of the very high price of grain, several gentlemen have resolved not to keep any horses in town during the winter, which no doubt will tend to reduce the price of oats, and of course alleviate the distresses of the poor.—*Caledonian Merc.*

On the 22d of October was killed by Mr. W. William's grey hounds, of Corcombe, a light fallow doe hare, with red eyes, white under the belly and between the hinder legs; Mr W. intends to have her skin stuffed as a curiosity.

A few days ago an eel, of the astonishing weight of 35lb. was caught by Mr. Graham, in a stone-yard made in the sea, for the purpose of catching salmon, in the Moss Bay, near Workington; in the belly of which were found a haddock of 4lb. weight, and a cod fish 2lb. both perfect. There being at the time about two feet and a half water in the yard, must have rendered it impossible for Mr. Graham to rake it, had it not been for a large water-dog, which engaged the eel for about an hour (in and out of the water) before it was conquered.

Lately a man undertook for a wager of ten guineas, to run from the 11th to the 20th mile stone, on the Uxbridge road, being a distance of nine miles, in an hour: which, notwithstanding the extreme heaviness of the road, he lost only by one minute and half a second.

Monday the 18th of November, in the afternoon, some of the young gentlemen belonging to Eton, amused themselves with firing at a pigeon fastened by the leg on a dung-hill, the contents of one of their pistols forced through a stable door, and killed a favourite horse, belonging to Mr. Hatch, wheelwright.

We learn that two gentlemen have lately been bound over to the peace, who threatened to fight each other. If all those puppies who bark and snarl in the lobbies of the play-houses were well whipped, it would be better than binding them over to the peace, which they never break any where else.

A hu

A humorous correspondent fond of comparing the songs sung in London streets, with the condition of the fingers, says, when I hear blind Molly sing,

"From morn till night I *take* my glass,"

she speaks quite in character; but when a figure of misery, and squalor, like Otway's old woman, endeavours to open our purses, with

"Come live with me and be my love,"

I confess I am tempted to take to my heels. The oddest instance of this want of character in songs, occurred to me, a few nights ago, in St. Paul's Church-yard. I met a strange figure (I believe that of a woman, but I can't be certain) whose appearance "bespoke a variety of wretchedness." She, or he, was lame, nearly blind and palsied. With these accompaniments, and in a voice so feeble and tremulous as scarcely to be heard, this person was singing,

"Be gone dull care,

"I prithee be gone from me."

Those who recollect the remaining verses of that air, will agree with me, that a more striking contrast could not be presented, than between the miseries of the object, and the gay levity of the Bacchanalian song.

A FACT.

The good folks in Devonshire have long been celebrated for their *dumplings* and *squab pies*, a new species of which has lately been discovered in the Plymouth dock-yard. On an intimation given to the Commissioner, he caused some *dumplings* and *pies* to be examined as they were carrying out of the dock gates, when lo! they were found to be stuffed with *copper bolts*, *copper nails*, and other valuable articles; and upon an investigation taking place, it appears that this novel species of fraud has been practiced many years.

A Parisian actress, whose beauty is the subject of universal admiration, and who is adored as an angel, lately agreed for her portrait at the rate of fifty louis; but when the work was finished she would only give twenty five. The painter, enraged at this breach of faith, destroyed the picture. He then painted her in the character of Danae, with some defects which he had an opportunity of remarking in the midst of a flock of Turkey cocks, to represent her dupes; her husband in the character of Jupiter wooing her with a piece of gold in his hand, and a looking glass representing fidelity broken in pieces at her side. This caricature has attracted such crowds that his revenge is complete.

A Frenchman who was on board the *Hoche*, and lately sent out of the kingdom, when confined in Liverpool prison, actually devoured the following articles in one day:— At ten o'clock in the morning he was supplied with four pounds of raw cow udder; at about twelve he destroyed five pounds of beef-steaks raw, and one pound of candles; at four these articles in the same quantities were delivered to him, after which he drank seven bottles of porter. He was invited from curiosity, to sup at a merchant's house the same evening, where he demolished two geese and several rabbits in a short time.

A man, in the neighbourhood of Lincoln, has put a notice over his door, signifying, "that he teaches the *useful* parts of the *mathematics*, the *militia laws*, and *such like*." It is not easy to guess what this person's ideas of the mathematics may be; but it is probable he imagines, they comprehend every thing *difficult* to be understood.

A very fine new East Indiaman, is called the *Lady Smith* Burgess, after the Lady of one of the Directors.

The

The *Federalist*, (a newspaper, printed at Richmond in Virginia) on the 6th of July last, had an advertisement, of which the following is an exact copy:

“For sale, two valuable JACKASSES, the *King of Sardinia* and the *King of Naples*; imported in the ship *Industry*, from London. For terms, (which will be made advantageous) enquire of the printer.—(June 12.)”

We have often had occasion to remark the *happy* coincidence of terms which occurs in American advertisements: the paper quoted above contains a notice from a gentleman, in *general business*, who “has removed his office to the *Back street*, very near the *Old City-Tavern*, and the next door to the *New Methodist Meeting-House*; where he is prepared”—to do any thing that his *situation* can afford!

In the same paper are the two following; “For sale, a very handsome new *Light Infantry Coat*, and a stout healthy *Negro Man*.—Enquire of the printer!!!”

A curious robbery was committed on Thursday night at seven o'clock:—A person had left his horse, with a new saddle and bridle on it, at the door of a public-house in Hungerford Market, whilst he was drinking a glass of brandy and water; when coming to remount, the saddle was gone, and the bridle cut off close to the bit.

An iron-worker, at Birmingham, is making a *man trap*, by way of specimen on pattern, after a drawing received by a tradesman in the city, from his correspondent at Philadelphia. It is to be so contrived, as to secure the offender without disabling him, and thereby rendering him not only amenable, but a burthensome member of society. Men traps constructed upon the above principle, have for near a twelvemonth past, been made at

the great iron-manufactory at Springfield, about twelve miles from Philadelphia.

There is at this time a little boy, at Wilbech, who, though no more than two years and nine months old, can beat and drum to upwards of a hundred tunes, to the astonishment of many who have heard him. So exact is his ear, that he will follow almost any tune played on the fife, in true time, on the second or third time of hearing it.

In the Court of King's Bench, on Friday the 15th of November, *the King v. Girdlestone*, Mr. Mingay shewed cause why an information should not issue against the defendant Zurishaddai Girdlestone, Esq. a magistrate of Norfolk, for a conviction of John Swallow, under the game laws. Swallow was convicted of setting steel springs for destroying game. His counsel, Mr. Law maintained, upon the affidavits produced, that Mr. Girdlestone had been guilty of conduct improper in him as a magistrate; that the snares laid were for the purpose of Swallow's destroying on a common, which he rented, rabbits which came nightly from a warren belonging to Mr. Girdlestone, to injure Swallow's corn. The Court were of opinion, that there was no ground of legal complaint against the magistrate, after hearing evidence, and regularly considering the matter; and that there appeared no ground for alledging corruption.—Rule for the information discharged.

GAMING-HOUSES.

In the course of a discussion which took place in the Court of King's Bench, on Wednesday the 13th of November, the name of Martindale happening to be mentioned, Lord Kenyon asked if that was Mr. Martindale who some time ago kept a gaming-house?—Being answered in the affirmative, his Lordship said he could not help uttering

uttering a few words relative to that person, although it was not strictly regular for him to do so at that moment. He remembered, that in a cause tried before him at Guildhall, Mr. Martindale's certificate, as a bankrupt, was proved to be of no legal effect, because he had lost such sums of money by gaming as rendered such certificate void. He had heard it rumoured, and he had received information by letters from persons whom he perceived to be actuated by virtuous motives, that spacious premises were preparing, in which it was intended that this person should keep a subscription gaming-house, under very high patronage. That, he presumed, could not be done without a licence; he trusted, therefore, the magistrates who had the power of granting such licence, would consider attentively what their duty to the public was, before they would do any thing so contrary to their duty as the granting such licence would be. His Lordship added, he was of opinion, that of gaming-houses there were enough already.

Remarks of a Daily Newspaper on the foregoing Article.—We understand that no part of Lord Kenyon's observations to the Court, in the cause between the Duke of Queensberry, and the assignees of Martindale, could warrant the statement, which appeared in a morning paper of Thursday. That this new undertaking of Martindale is abetted by too many persons for the purposes of play, is probably true, amongst whom "an illustrious personage" has, by accident, or artifice, been very indecorously implicated, *who never plays at all.*—We are too sensible of the private injuries which arise from a deception of the public mind on these subjects, not to hope that the press will carefully guard in future against the dissemination of such groundless reports.

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"*Who never plays at all,*" says the preceding paragraph—*betting on the play of others,* means nothing we suppose.

We are informed, that on Tuesday morning last, between the hours of five and six, the heavens exhibited an awfully grand appearance.—The setting moon became partially obscured by dark cloudy spots, or streaks—in opposition to her was seen a lunar rainbow of the most beautifully varied colours—after which, the middle region of the air was illuminated by meteors, crossing each other in different directions, and leaving behind them long sparkling trains, which were visible for two or three minutes, after these luminous bodies had disappeared—one of these meteors, more brilliant than the rest, illuminated the whole firmament; and, by its apparent approximation to the earth, created some alarm in the minds of the beholders, who all declared that they never witnessed so sublime a scene. The thermometer, we understand, was that morning at 50 deg. The air, which the preceding night was cold and frosty, became remarkably close and warm, and produced on the walls and furniture in houses an unusual dampness and humidity.

These meteorous appearances, so frequent of late, may be accounted for from the great moisture of the earth, which being exhaled by the heat of the sun, produces these inflammable vapours exhibiting themselves in various forms.—*Norwich Mercury.*

A gentleman at Canton, who visited Kahua, the capital of Cochinchina, where the King commonly resides, writes thus:—"I found the inhabitants sincere, good-natured, and civil to strangers. They all *blacken* their teeth, thinking it a shame to have them *white*, like dogs."

N

FEAST

FEAST OF WIT;
OR,
SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

I See, said an ignorant country fellow, as the discourse at an inn was about the commission of a rape, "that there has been five or six committed in this county a late." "Where! where!" exclaimed the company.—"At Chichester, Bramber, Lewes, Hastings, Arundel, Pevensey, and thereabout," said the fellow; "and who by," said the company—"why, by some of the justices, to be sure," quoth the clown.

The celibacy of the Premier has long been the object of satire among the wits; but in a recent observation seems to have reached its ultimatum. In allusion to a recent misfortune, it is remarked, that having failed in obtaining the *Holland Shift*, it is not probable, he will ever muster up sufficient courage to venture at a *petticoat*.

Such is the power of public prejudice, in consequence of the general indignation expressed against Jane Gibbs, of print-shop celebrity, that an honest milliner, near the city, whose real name is Jane Gibbs, has lately had it erased from over her window, in consequence of its recent attraction of the notice of a number of passengers.

A farrier, in the eastern part of this metropolis, who seems to have some idea of the effects of alfalfa, has a notice in his window, expressing that he prepares horse-medicines, cow drinks, and calves cordials.

The last *Sham fight* of the St. George's volunteers had nearly led to serious consequences. The *French party* would not surrender, as it had been agreed, and some of the English actually capitulated from a fear of being driven into the *Serpentine River*.

A mendicant, in the city, wishing to assist his oratory, by a striking appeal to the passengers, has procured a painting, representing a man struggling through the globe, with the label—"Help a poor man through." Formerly beggars were allowed to strike frying pans, bells, &c. to apprise the charitable of their approach; but these *sounds* being no longer allowed, they may probably appeal to the *sight*.

A country paper, copying probably from a London, asserts that Mr. Grenville is not yet going to Berlin with any *capacity* whatever!

A soldier who lately came over with General Moore, was asked if he met with much *hospitality* in Holland, "Oh yes, d—n me," replied he, "a great deal too much of it; I have been in the *hospital* almost all the time I was there."

During the retreat of the armies in Holland, while the men were flouncing through the mud in a road uncommonly bad, a corps of the guards was much scattered, when the commanding officer called out to the men to form "*two deep*;" D—e! (shouts a grenadier, from between mountains of mud) I am "*too deep*" already; I am *up to the neck*."

In one of the late engagements in Holland, Colonel Van Grotten asked one of his Lieutenants for a *quid* of tobacco. It was in the very heat of the contest, and a cannon ball carried off the Lieutenant in the act of presenting it. "I must be obliged to you, then," said the Colonel, *coolly*, turning to another officer, "for you see our friend is gone away with his *tobacco box*."

A sheriff's officer in Norwich, has written a treatise on *electricity*.—These gentlemen may themselves be classed among the *natural phenomena*, by possessing the singular property of *shocking* every body they touch.

Lengthened

Lengthened slopes, and tight lacing,
are restoring at a propitious mo-
ment, when the necessaries of life
are growing scarce; for nothing
has provoked so much, to the extra
consumption of *beef* and *pudding*,
as the gross and shapeless forms
which our fair countrywomen have
long adopted.

As the procession with the Span-
ish treasure was passing through
Market-place, Plymouth, some in-
terruption occasioning a stoppage
of the headmost waggon of the
second division, it naturally drew a
crowd about the waggon; a gentle-
man pushed forward to see how the
dollars were packed, when the ho-
nest tar, who carried the British en-
sign over the Spanish, asked him,
in a good-humoured way, "if his
honour wished to smell at the trea-
sure?" The gentleman said, laugh-
ingly, "he would much rather taste
it." The sailor directly putting his
unemployed fingers into his mouth,
pulled out a small Spanish gold coin,
and a quid, and putting both into
the gentleman's hand, emphatically
said, "by Jafus, in my country we
find tasting better than smelling,
and feeling is the naked truth, so
your honour's welcome." The gen-
tleman offered him more than the
value, but honest Patrick refused,
and said, "he had enough and to
spare." The waggon then driving
on, prevented any other applica-
tion on the subject.

It is a curious circumstance, but
an absolute fact, that in a bill of small
expenses delivered to the late Lord
Mayor, at the conclusion of his
Mayoralty, by the Common Crier,
the first article was a charge for pro-
claiming a *general fast*.

The phrases adopted by the coun-
try papers in describing their build-
ings, are singularly characteristic of
the present times. We hear every
day of "*beautiful and extensive*
barracks"—"a *grand hospital*," and
"*magnificent county jail*!"

A man of the name of *Long* was
executed a few days ago in the South
of Ireland—on being asked by the
priest what he had to say for himself,
he replied, "nothing farther, and
please you, but that your poor
friend *Long* has a very *short* time to
live!"

We are making wonderful pro-
gress in the most beneficial dis-
coveries imaginable; besides *trees* of
bread and *butter*, we have now a
plant in Surinam, which produces
silk stockings!

A farmer near L—, one day
dining with his landlady, as fast as he
picked his bones, kept throwing
them over his head into the middle
of the room, thinking it would be
improper to keep them on his plate.
Lady F— observing it, desired him
not to give himself the trouble; but
the farmer still persisted, declaring,
that it was not at all inconvenient
to him, without considering that
there were no hungry grey hounds
in the room, to devour the bones as
fast as they fell.

As I was passing by the earthen-
house, between Brighton and Lewes,
I observed, on a scrap of paper, the
following lines; in allusion, I un-
derstand, to the misfortunes that
happened to it from the heavy rains.

OFT as poor as a mouse,
A man runs from his house;
To avoid a more pressing disaster;
But of late we have learn'd,
That the tables are turn'd,
Since the house runs away from its master.

A tradition is current in the Ro-
man Catholic countries, that fair
weather may be expected for sever-
al days, on or about the 11th of
November. They call it *P'Eté de*
St. Martin, and ascribe it to the ef-
fect of a peculiar blessing granted to
that saint, in consequence of his
having divided his cloak with a
supposed beggar in a storm; but in
reality an angel in that assumed
character. We trust that the good
saint's influence will be felt in this
country.

The following ludicrous bill was posted at Baddesley, Hampshire, by a husband whose wife had ran away from him: "On Tuesday, October 22, enloped from Bull-hill, a dork brown woman, pitted with the small pox, a thick heel, and a shoul-der of mutton on the heel of hir hand. Whoever will bring her to Bull-hill, shall have one bushel of turf ashes for their trouble. God save the King."

A gentleman who lately attended the service of a chapel in Bath, (not a *Protestant* one) was extremely surprised to behold the officiating minister at the altar take off his wig, deposit it in that sacred place, and stand bare-headed, while he un-robed himself: an act of indecency which would not be tolerated in a church of the English establishment, and which very much scandalizes all spectators. Such was the astonishment and honest indignation of a party of British sailors at Swansea not long ago, at a similar indecorum, that they actually interrupted the service, insulted the minister, and would have proceeded to farther violence, if their wrath had not been assiduously deprecated, by assuring them that no disrespect was intended to religion.

The custom of hearing a *sermon* on Lord Mayor's day has been given up for many years. Had it been yet preserved, how Sir Richard must have stared at an unlucky coincidence in one of the lessons appointed for that day:—

"Whofo is liberal of his meat, men shall speak well of him, and the report of his good house-keeping will be believed. But against him that is a niggard of his meat, the whole city shall murmur, and the testimonies of his niggardness shall not be doubted of!"—ECCLES. ch. xxxi. First Lesson appointed for November the ninth !!!

If it be true that Suwarroff never looked at the *glass*, it may fairly be inferred, that he is not much attached to the *bottle*.

MATRIMONY.

The following is a specimen of the marriage invitations frequently given in several parts of Wales. The custom is very ancient; and, we are told, that books are kept, in which regular entries are made of the *gifts*; and that the parties receiving them, hold themselves bound to make a similar return, when called upon, if in a situation to discharge what they consider as a *debt of honour*.

"Carmarthen, Nov. 1, 1798.

"As we intend to enter the matrimonial state, we purpose having a *bidding* on the occasion, on Tuesday the 20th of November instant, at the Blue Boar, in Water-street, where the favour of your company is humbly solicited; and whatever donation you may then be disposed to confer on us, will be gratefully received, and chearfully repaid, whenever demanded on the like occasion, by your very humble, &c.

"The young man's father and mother, and the young woman's sister Mary, desire that all gifts of the above nature due to them, may be returned to the young couple on the above day, and will be thankful for all favours conferred on them."

An old clergyman in the county of Surrey, being accustomed to preach his sermons in the same order as they were laid on his desk, (which collection lasted him just a year,) two young ladies, for the purpose of playing him a trick, on the top of the heap placed a book of an entertainment which had lately made its appearance on the stage. The clergyman, according to custom, carried his uppermost sermon to church, and to the great amusement of the whole congregation, began as follows:—"Act the first—*icuee* the first—enter two trumpets and hautboy!"

Orange ribbons have now been sent back to the place from whence they came—*Coventry*.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

SONG IN THE NAVAL PILLAR.

MY name is Habakuk, a Quaker I am,
In figure a lion, in spirit a lamb;
'Tis true, I can't sing like the smarters of the town,
But I now and then chaunt out a stave of my own.
The belles and beaux, in flashy cloaths,
All laugh at my proverbs, as by they are scudding,
Your hungry dogs will attack dirty pudding.

II.

I can't boast of wit, nor shoot satire's keen dart,
But an ill phrase may come from a very good heart.
My talk is to give a short sketch of the times,
And put my old sayings in doggerel rhimes.
In Britain's praise my voice I'll raise,
May foreign follies her brave sons bewitch,
If the blind lead the blind, both will fall in the ditch.

III.

The Frenchmen declare that they'll make us all rue,
But it's one thing to say, and another to do.
They bluster and swagger, and swear in loud tones,
But high words, I've heard, never break any bones.
They vow they'll fight by day and night,
In ships, on large rafts, in balloons, and all that,
But a lion was never afraid of a cat.

IV.

They threaten to cut the poor English to shivers,
But you guess very well 'tis not all gold that glitters.

Let them meet our brave tars, and they' quickly retire,
For burnt children, you know, dread solely the fire.
They vaunting roar, they'll soon come o'er,
And then they can conquer us all in a trice,
But, you know, noisy cats very seldom catch mice.

V.

I own they've been lucky in fighting and burning,
'Tis a long lane indeed that has never a turning.
They rail at our laws and religion, alas!
Those should never throw stones who have windows of glass.
They proudly boast their conqu'ring host,
To humble Old England will soon be dispatched;
But some reckon their chickens before they are hatched.

VI.

Now, tho' I'm a Quaker, I don't quake for fear,
For a thousand hot words will not sour good beer.
Let us firmly unite, we may laugh at their tricks,
Let us mind the old tale of the bundle of sticks.
The nations all they would enthral;
One question occurs, and I'll make bold to ask it,
Don't you think they've too many eggs in one basket?

VII.

In numbers they greatly exceed us, 'tis clear,
But two preps'd men, are not equal to one volunteer.

In vain are their efforts, mind not their
alarms,
We are not all babes, tho' we'll all be in
arms.

In friendship's bands join hearts in hands,
And let us for England stand up one and all,
For a kingdom divided must certainly fall.

VIII.

To equal our greatness they puzzle their
blocks,
Which puts us in mind of the frog and the
ox.
Let 'em try, but at last they quickly will
find,
That when two ride on horseback one must
ride behind.
They say we're poor, and grieved sore,
But still we're happy and rich, be it known,
While Old England is free, and a King on
his throne.

ZURIC-LAKE,

ANODE FROM KLOPSTOCK.

FAIR is the majesty of all thy works
On the green earth, O mother Nature
—fair!

But fairer the glad face
Enraptur'd with their view.

Come from the vine-banks of the glittering
lake—

Or—hast thou climb'd the smiling skies
anew—

Come on the roseate tip
Of evening's breezy wing.

And teach my song with glee of youth to
glow!

Sweet joy, like thee—with glee of shout-
ing youths,

Or feeling Fanny's laugh.

Behind us far—already Uto lay,
At whose foot Zurich, in the quiet vale,

Feeds her free sons: behind—

Receding vine-clad hills.

Uncoloured beam'd the top of silver Alps;
And warmer beat the heart of gazing

youths,

And warmer to their fair

Companions spoke its glow.

And Haller's Doris sang—the pride of song,

And Hirzel's Daphne, dear to Kleist and
Gleim,

And we youths sang, and felt,

As were each—Hagedorn.

Soon the green meadow took us to the cool
And shadowy forest, which becloys the
sile;

Then can'st thou, Joy, thou can'st
Down in full tide to us;

Yes, goddess! Joy! thyself; we felt, we
clasp'd thee,

Best sister of Humanity, thyself;
With thy dear Innocence
Accompanied, thyself.

8 Sweet is, O cheerful Spring! thy inspiring
breath,

When the meads cradle thee, and thy soft
airs

Into the hearts of youths

And hearts of virgins glide.

Thou makest Feeling conqueror. Ah!
tho' thee

Fairer, more tremulous, heaves each bloom-
ing breast;

With lips spell-freed by thee

Young Love unfaltering pleads.

Fair gleams the wine, when to the social
change

Of thought or heart-felt pleasure it invites;
And the Socratic cup,

With dewy roses bound,

Sheds through the bosom bliss, and wakes
resolves,

Such as the drunkard knows not, proud re-
solves

Emboldening to despise

Whate'er the sage disowns.

Delightful thrills against the panting heart
Fame's silver voice,—and immortality

Is a great thought, well worth

The toil of noble men.

By dint of song to live through after-times—
Often to be with rapture's thanking tone

By name invok'd aloud,

From the mute grave invok'd—

To form the pliant heart of sons unborn—
To plant thee, Love! thee, holy Virtue!

there,

Gold-heaper, is well worth

The toil of noble men.

But sweeter, fairer, more delightful 'tis
On a friend's arm to know one's-self a

friend!

Nor is the hour so blest

Unworthy heaven itself.

Full of affection, in the airy shades
Of the dim forest, and with down-cast
look

Fix'd on the silver wave,

I breath'd this pious wish:

“O were ye here! who love me, tho' afar,
“Whom singly scatter'd in our country's

“lap,

“In lucky hallow'd hour

“My seeking bosom found,

“Here would we build us huts of friend-
“ship, here

“Together dwell for ever!” The dim
wood

A shadowy temple seem'd;

The vale, Elysium.

THE

THE MINSTREL.

KEEN blows the wind o'er Donocht head,

The snaw drives helly thro' the dale,
The Gaberlunzie tirls my neck;
And shivering tell his waefu' tale;
Cauld is the night, O let me in,
And dinna let your Minstrel fa',
And dinna let his winding sheet,
Be naething but a wreath o' snaw.

Full ninety winters hae I seen,
And pip'd where gor cocks whining
flew,

And mony a day ye've danc'd, I ween,
To liltis which frae my drone I blew.
My Eppie wak'd, and soon she cry'd,
Get up Guidman, and let him in;
For weel ye ken the winter night
Was short when he began his din.

My Eppie's voice, O wow it's sweet!
E'en tho' she hands and scalds a wee;
But when it's tun'd to sorrow's tale,
O haith, it's doubly dear to me.
Come in, auld carl! I'll steer my fire,
I'll make it bleeze a bonie flame;
Your blude is thin, ye've tint the gate,
Ye should na stray far frae hame!

Nae hame hae' I, the Minstrel said,
Sad party strife o'erturn'd my ha';
And weeping at the eve o' life,
I wander thro' a wreath o' snaw!

* * * *

TO THOMAS PENNANT, Esq.

THE NATURALIST'S SUMMER-EVENING WALK.

*equidem credo, quia fit divinitus illis
ingenium.*

Virg. Georg.

WHEN day declining sheds a milder gleam,
What time the may-fly * haunts the pool or stream;

* The angler's may-fly, the *ephemera vulgata* Linn. comes forth from its aurelia state, and emerges out of the water about six in the evening, and dies about eleven at night, determining the date of its fly state in about five or six hours. They usually begin to appear about the 4th of June, and continue in succession for near a fortnight. See Swammerdam, Derham, Scopoli, &c.

When the still owl skims round the grassy mead,
What time the timorous hare limps forth to feed

Then be the hour to steal adown the vale,
And listen to the vagrant * cuckoo's tale;
To hear the clamorous † cullew call his mate,
Or the soft quail his tender pain relate;
To see the swallow sweep the dark'ning plain

Belated, to support her infant train;
To mark the swift in rapid giddy ring
Dash round the steeple, unsubdu'd of wing;
Amusive birds!—say where your hid re-
treat

When the frost rages and the tempests beat;
Whence your return, by such nice instinct
led,

When Spring, soft season, lifts her bloomy head?

Such baffled searches mock man's prying
pride,

The God of Nature is your secret guide!
While deep'ning shades obscure the face of
day

To yonder bench leaf-shelter'd let us stray,
'Till blendid objects fail the swimming
sight,

And all the fading landscape sinks in night;
To hear the drowsy dor come brushing by
With buzzing wing, or the shrill ‡ cricket
cry;

To see the feeding bat glance through the
wood;

To catch the distant falling of the flood;
While o'er the cliff th' awaken'd churn-
owl hung

Through the still gloom protracts his chat-
tering song;

While high in air, and pois'd upon his
wings,

Unseen, the soft enamour'd § woodlark
sings:

These, Nature's works, the curious mind
employ,

Inspire a soothing melancholy joy:

As fancy warms, a pleasing kind of pain
Steals o'er the cheek, and thrills the creep-
ing vein!

Each rural sight, each sound, each smell
combine;

The tinkling sheep-bell, or the breath of
kine;

* Vagrant cuckoo; so called because, being tied down by no incubation or attend-
ance about the nutrition of its young, it
wanders without controul.

† Chatradrius ædicnemus.

‡ Gryllus campestris.

§ In hot summer nights woodlarks soar
to a prodigious height, and hang singing in
the air.

The

The new-mown hay that scents the swelling
breeze,
Or cottage-chimney smoaking through the
trees.
The chilling night-dews fall:—away, re-
tire;
For see, the glow-worm lights her amorous
fire*!
Thus, ere night's veil had half obscur'd the
sky,
Th' impatient damsel hung her lamp on
high:
True to the signal, by love's meteor led,
Leander hasten'd to his Hero's bed.

N.

EPITAPH

On EVAN RICE, Huntsman to Sir Thomas
Mansel.

BY THE REV. MR. GOSTLING, OF CAN-
TERBURY.

YE votaries of Hubert come,
(Saint Hubert he is call'd at Rome)
Ye who delight the horn to wind
Which he to leave you was so kind;
Change your jolly hunting cries,
To lamentations, sobs, and sighs.
For who the loss will not bemoan,
Of a keen sportsman dead and gone:
Or who the tribute of our eyes
May better claim than Evan Rice?
Over the hills, and through the plain,
With feet not slow, and hopes not vain,
All sorts of game that fly or run,
He would pursue with dog and gun.
At break of day, ere Phoebus shin'd,
Swifter than deer, swifter than wind;
Intent on sport, he would be gone,
Nor did he mind the heats of noon.
Unwearied, till the want of light
Would force him home to rest at night.
But all must now his death deplore,
He'll call you out to sport no more.
The more unwearied hunter, Death,
Who runs down all things that have breath;
Who spares no creature under heaven,
Alas! hath overtaken Evan.
No more shall you at noon or morn,
Behold his face, or hear his horn:
He's gone to his perpetual sleep,
While for him ye that knew him weep.

* The light of the female glow-worm
(as she often crawls up the stalk of a grass,
to make herself more conspicuous) is a sig-
nal to the male, which is a slender dusky
scarabeus.—We add, the light exhibited by
the fire-fly, serves, perhaps, the same pur-
pose: it seems to be altogether voluntary,
and is accompanied by a pulsatory throb.

He finished decently his course,
Left hound and horn, left dog and horse;
Of characters he bore the best,
Long may his bones in quiet rest.

HARD WORK FOR A FAT COUPLE.

SIR Tunbely marries Miss Midriff for
pelf,
And my lady soon gets full as fat as him-
self;
Captain Midriff, her brother, meets both in
his rounds,
And, observing the bulk of the pair, he
cries, "Zounds!
"What a couple of woolfacks together are
"yok'd!
"More exercise take, or with fat you'll be
"choak'd!"
Says my lady, "More exercise! none of
"your airs,
"Every morn, noon and night, I walk up
"and down stairs.
"Now don't I, Sir Tun?" says Sir
Tunbely, "Aye,
"And, my dear, that I'm lazy, let nobo-
"dy say,
"For I walk round your ladyship three
"times a day!"

B***

THE WORM DOCTOR.

VAGUS, advanced on high, proclaims
his skill,
By cakes of wond'rous force, the worms to
kill,
A scornful ear the wiser sort impart,
And laugh at Vagus's pretended art:
But well can Vagus what he boasts perform,
For man (as Job has told us) is a worm.

Q.

EPITAPH.

UNDER this plank, lies Will o' the
Blonk,
Whot! Young Willie? Nay, Silly; 'tis Oud
Willie.

EPIGRAM.

GRUDGE leaves the poor his whole
possessions ready:
He means the next of kin shall weep sin-
cerely.