

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 DECEMBER, 1799.

CONTAINING,

	Page		Page
Counsellor Lade	107	Robust Mode of Living in the Fifteenth Century	133
King's Stag Hounds	109	Modern Conveniencies in Diet	ibid
Berkeley Hounds	ibid	The Wise Man of the East, a new Comedy	134
Meynell's Hunt	ibid	Lord Bandon's Horses	136
Dunmow Hunt	ibid	A Horse Cause	138
Original Sketch of a Sporting Etonian	110	The Post-chaise Driver done over	139
Proposal for establishing a College of Cooks	111	Gaming-house	141
Treatise on Horses	113	Steel Traps and Engines	142
Longevity and Bottom of a Sportsman	117	A Ludicrous Instance of Partial Infamy	143
A Recent Hoax in Scotland	ibid	Changes in the Weather	ibid
Curious Male and Female Dwarfs	ibid	Longevity	146
Corrected Account of a Cricket Match	118	Tippo Saib's Seraglio, &c.	147
Character of A. Hare, Esq.	ibid	Awful Judgment upon a Monopolist	148
Productive Industry—the Chace	120	More Ventriloquism	149
Ingenious Description of Tuft-hunting	123	Duelling	ibid
Sympathy and Intelligence of Rooks	125	Incredible Instance of Fortitude in an Indian Warrior	150
Jealousy and Revenge of a Cock	ibid	Marvellous Shot	ibid
Pedigree and Performances of St. George	126	Sporting Intelligence	151
Pedigree and Performances of Herminone	127	Fest of Wit	155
Pedigree and Performances of Citizen	129	POETRY.	
Curious Character of a Recluse, at Calcutta	ibid	The Passage of the Mountain of St. Gothard	157
Acuteness of the Egyptian Camels and Dromedaries	131	Stanzas	160
Parisian Fashions	ibid	Hunting	ibid
Russian Funeral	132	Epitaph	ibid
A Curious Rencontre	ibid		

[Embellished with a beautiful Etching of an Ass RACE—and an elegant Engraving of KING FERGUS, a Son of Eclipse, and Sire of Hambletonian.]

LONDON:

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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; W. Booth, Duke-street, Portland-place; John Hilton, at Newmarket and by every Bookfeller and Stationer in Great Britain and Ireland.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

IN our next, will be given an Engraving of the Race at Oxford, where Belshima beat Diamond and Warter, from a Painting of Sartorius, by Scott; and in the month after, a Portrait of Don Quixote, a son of Eclipse, by the same Artists.

We should be glad to hear from Quibus, at Birmingham, upon any chearful subject. The Sporting Magazine is not a proper medium to lament licentious, or unsuccessful amours.

Tally Ho, is informed, that our predilection for accurate statements in every thing relative to Races, obliges us to defer the insertion of his last favour, till he re-writes the figures to the two lines under the head of Newmarket Spring Meeting, immediately following "Lord Grosvenor's brown colt"; the wafering of his letter having quite erased them.

The Letter of a Hertfordshire Farrier, shall certainly appear in our next:



*King Fergus,
A son of Eclipse, and Sire of Hambletonian.*

Published by J. Whoble, Warwick Square, Jan. 1. 1760.

THE

Sporting Magazine,

For DECEMBER, 1799.

KING FERGUS.

A Son of Eclipse, and Sire of Hambletonion.

A beautiful Engraving, from an Original Painting.

THIS Print represents King Fergus going over the Race Course at Newmarket, April 19, 1781, for the five years old Plate, when the horse would run against him.

COUNSELLOR LADE

HAS paid his *last* debt, and is now peacefully laid under that TURF, of which it was his highest ambition to be thought a distinguished member; but in this, as in the more contracted circle of private life, he did not seem destined to make a conspicuous figure, being by nature much better calculated for the groupe in the *back ground*, than to become more strikingly prominent upon the canvas. His origin, practice in the law, and pursuits in the juvenile path of life, not coming immediately within our province, we pass them over, and come to the only *hobby horse*, in which he has been publicly known to indulge for nearly the last twenty years of his existence: this (exclusive of his more *tender* attachments, of which we shall speak hereafter) was his RACING STUD, bred and trained at his seat of Cannon Park, between Kingsclere and Overton, in Hampshire, a dreary spot, so barren in itself, (and singularly so for the

purpose to which it became appropriate) that to those who know it, admiration ceased upon a survey of the poor, slight, weedy, spindle-shanked stock of brood mares, colts, and fillies, with which he was over-run; and having passed the ordeal of *the hammer* since his decease, sufficiently proved the transient and deceptive value of what *seemed* intrinsic only to the partial eye of the infatuated owner.

If we advert to "Weatherby's Racing Calendar," that unerring criterion of turf intelligence, for his success, we shall find his horses of celebrity, and his winnings, in *swEEPstakes* and *plates* have proved *very very* inadequate to the serious and indefatigable efforts he has made. During the last twelve years, he hardly ever brought less than *six, seven, or eight*, annually to the post for country plates, (never till the last two or three years presuming to sport his *name* at Newmarket); and if we except his old and well-known good horses *Pilot, Lætitia, Don Quixote*, (who, by the bye, was not of his breed); and lastly, *Oatlands, Young Pilot, and Truss*, we shall find very few, if any, that have contributed much to his expectation and credit, or ever paid *one third* of the individual expence in breeding, breaking, training, running, and sale. All which accumulated repetition of disappointments, originated in a single cause, strikingly palpable to *every eye* but his *own*—*Poverty! poverty! poverty!*—First, the mare in a wretched and deplorable state of *emaciation* during the whole time of bearing the foal;

O 2 systematic

systematic starvation of both dams and offspring when *foals*, and a miserable sustenance barely enough to support life when *weaned*. Here was the great rock of *penurious* indiscretion upon which his most anxious hope was so constantly wrecked, and totally prevented every chance of his making that *figure* upon the turf, which would have been the complete gratification of his utmost ambition on this side the grave.

In proof of this assertion, it was no uncommon thing to see his favourite brood mare *Lætitia*, and many others with their *foals*, in the fertile months of May and June, upon the side of a barren burnt up hill, with barely pasture sufficient to keep even the dam in existence, without even a possibility of affording half the nutriment necessary for the successful support of the *foal*. By this highly injudicious, and unfeeling (not to add *cruel*) mode of enlarging his stock, however he might be *equal* in *blood*, he was always inferior in bone and strength to his opponents; never having more than *one* in every *eight* or *ten* with constitutional stamina, to bear training sufficient to be brought to the post.

Singular in himself as in his opinions, he was little *solicited*, and of course seldom seen in company, upon the *race course* or elsewhere; cynically rigid and innately parsimonious, few sought shelter in what might be justly termed, (by every metaphor) a habitation without a *roof*. Hospitality in all her flights and fluctuations fixed no residence at Cannon Park; the building itself was one entire mass of *chilling frigidity* where the fumes of *roast beef*, the exhalating effluvia of genuine good old port, or the sparkling effervescence of Hampshire bottled beer were never known to rise, or the *heartily welcome* seen. No! on the contrary, from the deserted dining parlour, to the kitchen, pantry and cellar, was

not only all a *dreary waste*, but to the utmost extent of the stable department and its collaterals, was universally seen such a total want of every article tending to constitute a comfort of life to either man or *beast*, that it came directly under the emplatric but *concise* description of Dick in the "Miller of Mansfield," as

"A large house with small hospitality."

And so truly wretched did his numerous stud seem upon the road in their way to the hammer, that they excited *universal* pity from the humane in the towns and *villages* through which they passed; and had the poor animals possessed the power of speech, it is no unfair presumption to conceive they would have *feelingly* and *individually* exclaimed upon the fiat of Tatterell's hammer, "I gladly venture upon a world unknown, 'It cannot use me worse than this has done.'"
(To be concluded in our next.)

KING'S STAG HOUNDS.

THE Royal chace was resumed on Saturday the 14th instant, in the Heath country, and the deer turned out at Ascot starting post; but running indifferently, and being taken in little more than half an hour, a second was immediately cast, and, by order of his Majesty, turned out at Burrow Hill, near Old Bracknall. The intent of this second chace being a good and uninterrupted *burst*, the hounds were almost *instantly* laid on, and afforded excellent running through the enclosures to the seat of Hippeley Cox, at Warfield, skirted Binfield, Waltham Common, and Holyport, when the hounds bringing him *to view*, lay so close to his haunches, that it was a complete *course* for *three miles*, when the hounds ran up to him in capital file, and he was *well saved*, after such an hour's racing as we have seldom opportunity

tunity to report.—In this chace, scripture was verified, “the last became first, and the first last;” for, notwithstanding the amazing depth of country, strength was of no avail, when put in competition with blood.

BERKELEY HOUNDS.

THE sporting plans for the last week of the month, were wholly deranged, by a continuance of the severe weather. The Berkeley hounds, had the weather permitted, were to remove on the 2nd, from Gerrard's Cross, to the kennel at Marlow; to hunt at Beargrove, near Hare Hatch the next day; at Shotulphook, near Maidenhead Thicket, on the Thursday following; and Bisham Wood, near Marlow, on the Saturday.

MEYNELL'S HUNT.

MEYNELL's hunt is a species of sport at present so truly refined to a degree of perfection, by the speed of the hounds, the excellence of the horses, and the emulative and determined resolution of the riders, that the scene has certainly never before been equalled in the kingdom.

The fox, once unkenelled (if the scent lays well) has no chance whatever of standing more than twenty, or five and twenty minutes before the pack, who are drafted to such a critical exactness, that should the leading hound lose the scent for a mere transient moment, his nearest companion is instantly sure to catch the tainted breeze, and carry it along.

The chace is a continued struggle for superiority by some of the finest, boldest, and most liberal young fellows on earth, who, capped with their velvet dusters, stop at no diffi-

culties, baulk no leap—all which are taken in *stroke*; and as a specimen of the eager impetuosity of the candidates for fame, take the following fact: Mr. M. (of light weight), one of the boldest riders in the field, being asked in the evening concerning the sport of the day, and “whether he had taken the lead?” coolly replied, “No! he was only *second*; but he was a field and a half *before* the HOUNDS.”

Meynell's hunt remains under the direction of the gentleman of that name, with a subscription of twelve hundred guineas; each subscriber pays twenty-five guineas for the season.

DUNMOW HUNT.

Thursday, November 28.

THIS day, Mr. Hanbury's hounds threw off at Highwood adjoining to the Park of Lord Maynard, unaccompanied by his Lordship, (who has received a severe wound upon his knee, occasioned by his horse leaping too near a gatepost.) The wood not having been hunted before this season, several families of the subtle breed had enjoyed undisturbed repose, glutted with the game which this cover so richly abounds. The hounds had not entered the wood many minutes, before the hunters ravished ears were filled with those melodious notes so happily described by Somerville.

Not less than four or five brace of foxes were roused, and so long had they remained sovereigns of the cover, that it was not till after an hour and half had been spent in the wood, that one of them could be driven from it. Having however now secured Reynard from his den, he took for Sadd's wood, about two miles across the park, threading the herds of deer, through which the hounds ran him with unparalleled

unparalleled steadiness, and killed him just below Morrell's Green, about three miles from where they found him. The next fox was not of so domestic a turn, having found at Priors wood, in Takely, Reynard led them a circle of considerable extent, first to Takely turnpike, from thence to Canfield, cross Takely forest, then to the seat of Sir Peter Parker, where he took refuge in a drain: this caused a check of about a quarter of an hour, at the expiration of which, it was discovered that he had played them a slippery trick and gone out at the other end. The hounds were then put on again, and after an hour and half hard running, during which he led them the path which he had so often trod with safety; he was left at Sadd's wood in consequence of the lateness of the day and the multiplicity of foxes.

Saturday, November 30.

This day Lord Maynard (whom I am happy to announce very far-recovered) met Mr. Hanbury's hounds at High-wood, his Lordship's receptacle for foxes, but did not draw it, and proceeded to Canfield thrist, but not finding, threw off from thence to Rossy woods, where they found a fox, and run him through Hunts wood and Garnetts wood away for Old Park coppices, when he was headed back through Garnetts wood to Chasell wood, Rossy wood, and took across the country to Rumbled Hill wood, from thence to Homely spring, Farm wood, down to Stebbing Ears, through a number of small covers to Newpaster woods, across the plantations of Mr. Goodrich, to Old Hall wood, where he was again headed back through Saling Grove to Gronkers wood, and there lost, after a chase of three hours and forty minutes, during which there was the hardest running ever experienced in this country.

ORIGINAL SKETCH OF A SPORTING ETONIAN.

Windfor, December 5, 1799.

GENTLEMEN,

WHILST reading your entertaining Magazine for last month, I was much pleased by a very witty piece, entitled, "The Diary of a Sporting Oxonian," and hope that you will not think the following account of a Sporting Etonian, unworthy of a place in your pleasing miscellany.

ETONENSIS.

Sunday.—Not well—church a bore—head ache increased by bell—sent an excuse—up at ten—dressed by eleven—sipped tea in a back room—read half a page of Sporting Magazine—d—d good—much pleased with the Oxonian's diary—walked to Castle—prayers with Bluster—rowed the cut of Bluster's coat—bad taylor—smoked a Cockney, and his blue silks—kicked his wig in the kennel—teach the dog good manners—came down to dinner—no appetite—Dame's basin, like shoe-leather—drank wine at the Christopher—bad port—waiter, jawed—shoved him out—during evening church, finished Oxonian diary—tight cock—wish I knew him—drank tea at Coker's—bad company—Spanker and self adjourned to Cloisters—good fun—returned to Dame's—sat with Pink—bad supper—four beer—rowed the maids—picked teeth—went to bed.

Monday.—Waked at eight—flung chamber pot at maid's head—keep up pretence of head-ache—up at ten—dressed by eleven—Smith's burgamot, not so good as usual—breakfast—at one, walked to billiards—no one there—beat the marker.—Mem. Not go to Huddelstone's again—came down—dinner

ner better than usual—new cook—dull evening—went to bed early.

Tuesday.—Sham leave—hunted with King's hounds—Stevens's blood lame—d—d bore—forced to ride the grey—new boots—bad leather—cut Webb for the future, and employ Atkins—Alderman S—y, wretched quiz—his chestnut horse broke down—let him fall into a ditch—hat and wig, both lost—looked like a bumble bee in a tar pot—good hunt—hard riding—go along—keep moving.—Mem. Always row the Alderman, and not forget to cram Pink—came home tired—sandwiches and wine at the White Hart—merry evening—got drunk—Dame, jawed—spewed in her face—and went to bed.

Wednesday.—Whole school day—very dull—walked to Stevens's—Grey, looked up—pain in my side—evening, cards, &c.—much better—betting in my favour—beat DASHALL at cribbage—won nine shillings—lucky dog—went to bed in good spirits.

Thursday.—Little worth mentioning till twelve—went to Saunter's room—found him sapping at Greek—quized him—rowed him. Mem. Never speak to him again—sad fellow—three o'clock—Stevens, dunned me—would not do—no money—wont employ the thief again—drove Davis's Tandem to Staines—DASHALL's new leathers—ill made—too tight—never employ Larkins—Leader sported, restive—drove against taxed cart—overturned it—set old woman afloat in a horse-pond—but not certain whether she was drowned—old witch—wish she was for getting in the way—came back—no cards, or wine—ill humour—very sleepy—went to bed.

Friday.—Whole school day—no exercise—my tutor jawed—I whistled—curfed bores those tutors—do nothing genteely—sad uncivil dogs—bought DASHALL's terrier—ran him

at a badger—good for nothing—confoundedly hoaxed—had leave in the evening to my old aunt—all aunts damned pests—put jallop in her wine—laughed cursedly to see her wry faces—the jallop did its business, and I was soon sent off—very droll—went to bed laughing.

Saturday.—Breakfasted with my old aunt, who complained much of her last night's indisposition—I condoled with her very *sincerely*—saw her off at eleven, damned lounge—went out a shooting with DASHALL, who *was ill of a fever*—betted DASHALL I killed the first bird—the black bitch pointed, and DASHALL walked up with his gun cocked, thinking himself sure of his wager—in the mean time I killed a sparrow—famous hoax—DASHALL mean fellow—not up to trap—Mem. not to forget to tell that story to Bluster and Pink—vastly good—licked a game-keeper, who asked for license, and shot a partridge before his face—only killed a leash—poor sport—damned bad guns—returned—dined with Bluster—plenty of wine and good stories—went to my dame's—finished my diary, which I determined to send to the Sporting Magazine, and went to bed in good spirits.

PROPOSAL FOR ESTABLISHING A
COLLEGE OF COOKS.

To the EDITOR of the SPORTING
MAGAZINE.

SIR,

IF you think the following worth insertion, you may cook it up as you like best, without spilling the gravy; though perhaps, you may think that if it is cut a little, the gravy will be the better.

The late general subject of conversation being the investigation of domestic œconomy and improvement,

ment, more particularly from the ingenious and highly commendable exertions of Count Rumford, has induced me to throw out a Prospectus for a College of Cooks and Graduates in the Culinary Science, and to propose, that in future, none but such as are Graduates and have obtained a diploma, shall be admitted into families. I further propose, that there shall be a Master in the said College, and the regular Professors in each of the distinct arts of boiling, roasting, stewing, larding, &c. as such affairs would then be reduced to certain axioms, and every dish prepared for the table with the greatest nicety. I flatter myself, therefore, that in the next Court Calendars, we may meet with the names of such officers, as Master or annual Stewards, viz.

The Lord Mayors after passing through their mayoralty.

Professor of Turtle, Michael Greenfat, C. D. and F. R. S.

Ditto of Roasting.—Richard Haunchbrown, of Venison College.

Ditto of Boiling.—Timothy Bubble and Squeak, of Cayenne College.

Turbotian Professor.—Jof. Firm, of Stout Hall, F. R. S.

Lecturer on Basting and Larding.—Francis Bacon, of Brazen Noze.

The funds for the support of this establishment would be the easiest part of this undertaking, for here would be a sensual motive for endowment, while the parties are alive. Who can doubt that every alderman, citizen, burghers, or that any of the whole tribe of epicures, would refuse their ten, twenty, or one hundred guineas, for its establishment; especially when the gift is likely to turn to their own benefit.

There is then no doubt, but that the plan will be finally arranged and

laid before the public by February next, and that persons willing to appear conspicuous as the founders of this Culinary College, will take the first opportunity to declare themselves. When the country corporations shall have had time to send their particular *bequests*, there can be no fear of its being generally embraced.

* FEMALE PUGILISM.

Copy of an Advertisement in a Diurnal Print, in the month of June, 1722.

CHALLENGE.

I, Elizabeth Wilkinfon, of Clerkenwell, having had some words with Hannah Hyfield, and requiring satisfaction, do invite her to meet me on the stage, and box me for *three guineas*; each woman holding *half a crown* in each hand, and the first woman that drops the money, to lose the battle.

ANSWER.

I Hannah Hyfield, of Newgate Market, hearing of the resoluteness of Elizabeth Wilkinfon, will not fail, *God willing*, to give her more blows than words—desiring home blows, and from her no favour; she may expect a good thumping.

RURAL SPORTS.

An Afs Race.

FACING this page, we give an humorous etching of an Afs Race. The subject needs no illustration.—Country *sweepers* are generally of the highest order engaged in these pedestrian contests.

The little publicans generally make a subscription for a prize to the winner; their motive being to draw together as many people as they can, to give a hoist to the guzzling trade.

Rural Sports.



Howell sculp.

The Ass Race.

Printed. 1841. 1000 by J. Whittle, Warwick Square.

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

BY JOHN LAWRENCE.

[Continued from page 65, Vol. XV.]

WE shall go on with the Author, without interruption, in that part of his amusing and instructive work, which relates to the art of riding.

“ Our general practice of breaking colts with large and mild bits, is highly rational; and if sharp bits, of all kinds, were entirely excluded from our equestrian system, the change, in my opinion, would be full as much in favour of our own convenience, as of the feelings of the animal. If the mouth of a horse be already too hard, such rigorous means will surely never contribute to soften it.

“ The martingale was invented two or three centuries past, by Evangelista, a celebrated Professor of Horsemanship, at Milan. Its utility, in colt-breaking, is unquestionable. The running martingale, only, is safe to ride with upon the road, and many people even hunt, and take their leaps with them. It is scarce possible to ride those horses without martingales (particularly in the summer season) which have acquired the troublesome habit of tossing up the head; nor do I know of any other means to reclaim them.

“ The English saddle (I speak of those made by capital artists) is highly improved within the last twenty or thirty years; not only in respect of symmetry, fitness, and beauty, but of ease, both to the rider and the horse. But nothing has contributed so much, in the modern saddle, to the ease and convenience of the rider, as the forward projection of the pads, where the knees rest, and the situation of the skirts, or flaps, above

Vol. XV. No. 87.

and below the knee. It is true, the knees are apt to be galled in a long journey, by the stirrup-leathers, which are now placed without the long flap; but they may be occasionally drawn beneath it. The saddle is secured by two girths only, and those placed exactly one over the other, appearing as if single. The circingle is out of fashionable use, except upon the turf, and saddle-cloths are, at present, laid aside. As for the crupper, nothing is deemed more unспортman-like and awkward; and whether from prejudice or not, I cannot help conceiving, it always detracts from the figure of the horse. Where a horse has a good shoulder, and the saddle fits him, a crupper is totally unnecessary; but I cannot commend the taste or prudence of those, who, to avoid the unfashionable appearance of a crupper, will submit to the risk of riding upon their horse's neck, or to the trouble of dismounting every four miles, to replace their saddle—if a martingale also subsist in this case, it is truly a pitiable one. When it is absolutely necessary to submit to be cruppered, observe that the flap be very broad and soft, that it may not chafe the horse's rump, and that a candle be sewed up within that part which goes beneath the tail. For horses that are in danger of slipping through the girths, it is necessary to provide a breast-plate, which is fastened to the saddle.

“ We have had several late inventions respecting saddles, for which patents have been obtained; such as Kelly's, whose saddles are constructed, I believe, of whalebone; and those of another person, living in Tottenham-court-road, which are contrived by means of a screw, to contract or dilate, so as to fit any horse; but of the merits of these inventions, I am unable to speak, from my own experience.

“ Let me here endeavour to pres

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it upon the recollection of all persons, how cruel it is, from carelessness or indifference, to suffer the furniture of an animal, which is cheerfully wearing out his life in their service, to wound or bruise his flesh, and so keep him in a constant state of torture. How often do we see silly or insensible people, who, from an idea of supposed convenience, or the still more contemptible one of inflicting punishment upon misfortune, with their horses curbed to such a degree as to fill their mouths with blood. The natives of Barbary, and even the Arabs there, totally degenerate from the mild virtue of humanity to beasts, practised in their parent country, are the most cruel to their horses of any people in the world. They ride with long and sharp spikes affixed to their stirrups by way of spurs, with which they are constantly goading and wounding the bellies of their horses, in a long line, as far as the flank; whilst their aukward, ponderous, and cutting bits, lacerate the mouth, till it streams with blood. Is it not almost enough to make an humane man curse the system of nature, which hath thus permitted one brute to insult the feelings, and riot in the misery of another?

“Previous to mounting, every gentleman will find his account in examining the state of both horse and furniture, with his own eyes and hands; for however good and careful his groom may generally be, it is a maxim, that too much ought not to be expected from the head of him who labours with his hands. Besides, all such sedulously avoid trouble, particularly in nice matters. For example, see that your curb is right, that your reins are not twisted, that your girths, one over the other, still bear exactly alike; that the pad be not rucked up; but above all, that your saddle stands exactly level upon the horse’s

back. I have known capital grooms, in the service of sporting gentlemen, so careless in placing a saddle, that it has absolutely worn awry, and would never stand even afterwards.

“In journey-riding, every person ought to know, that no great performances are to be expected from a hack, which is not in thorough condition. If he has been lately from grass, or straw-yard, or has been kept within, upon the saving plan of abridging his food in proportion to his work, (a favourite measure with some people) he will receive damage from a long journey, however good he may be in nature: in such case, from thirty to five-and-forty miles, is a sufficient day’s work. If his journies are to be continued, from twenty to thirty-five miles per day, will be found enough; and in such moderate work, with good keep, that is to say, at least a peck and a quarter of corn every day, the horse may improve in condition.

“With respect to the capital performances of our first-rate English hacknies, I have, I believe, known some few, capable of travelling one hundred and twenty miles in twelve hours; but such excessive trespasses upon the vital powers of the animal, are cruel and unjust; and never ought to be attempted but upon the impulse of uncontrollable necessity. These murderous feats should be ever excluded from the sporting system, which, in no sense, needs them. I have often observed, that our best horses, when in the highest condition, lose their cheerfulness, and their stomach, if ridden more than four-score miles in a day; but that distance they will travel, and even continue it for three or four successive days, if they are skillfully ridden, and well attended. Every body knows that a good nag will go fifty or sixty miles in a day, with pleasure,

pleasure; and even continue it awhile, if need be.

"There is a frequent deception in horses, which, for the sake of humanity, I must not omit to mention. Many of them, apparently well-shaped, with good action, and in perfect health and condition, are yet unable to endure any severe service. Thirty or forty miles, if they are obliged to travel it expeditiously, usually puts an end to their appetite and their ability. The defect lies in their loins, and is visible in their thinness, and faulty conformation. Such horses should never be travelled at a quicker rate, than about seven miles per hour, for a continuance; whereas, a good one, will perform eleven, the stage through, without inconvenience: but in such expeditious travelling, the stage ought never to exceed two or three and twenty miles.

"In a long day's journey, it is preferable to feed moderately during work, and more largely in the evening and morning.

"For common occasions, precise rules are superfluous; but if you wish to "go along" with your nag, through the piece; at no rate, get upon his back until a full hour after he has finished his bait, with which, in my opinion, water should be allowed him. Does any man doubt the utility of this observation? Let him eat a hearty English dinner, drink part of a bottle of port, rise immediately from table, and run two miles at his rate: at pulling up, he and I will argue the case, *seriatim*, previous to his proceeding two miles farther.

"Our elders have taught us not to give a horse cold water, whilst he is in a state of perspiration: and it is of almost equal consequence, that we remember, never to suffer one in that state, to remain any considerable time with his feet in cold water, either in winter or summer. Bare records a case of a

hunter, spoiled by this practice; and I have known several horses irrecoverably foundered by it; the last instance, within my observation, was of a bay gelding, the property of a gentleman in my neighbourhood. He was driven hard in a chaise, and, whilst very hot, suffered to stand some six or seven minutes in a brook, and has been foot-foundered, and incapable of quick draft ever since. Let the adventurous reader know, this practice may be often used with impunity, and yet once too often.

The beginning, and the end of the stage, should ever be performed as slowly, as convenience will admit; if possible, water within three miles of the end. Your horse being cool, no danger need be apprehended from his discretion; if moderately warm, apportion his drink accordingly, and ride him gently forward. In this favourable state, a horse will be ready for his corn in a quarter of an hour; and his legs may be washed, up to the knee (but no higher) in cold water, either in the stable, or out.

"The hostlers, at all considerable inns, are generally intelligent enough as to the proper stable treatment in common cases; but a horse with the effects of violent exertion upon him, demands extraordinary care. If cold or damp weather, lead instantly to the stable, choosing a situation therein free from any current of air. Litter up to the hocks with fresh dry straw. Loosen the girths, without moving the saddle, and throw a dry cloth over the loins. Let the face, ear-roots, throat and neck, be gently rubbed, and then proceed (whilst the horse is eating a mouthful of sweet, well-shaken hay) to wash his feet and legs up to the hock, with warm water. Nothing can be more beneficial than the warm water, in cooling and refreshing a horse, under these circumstances, and in abating the

excessive and painful tension about the muscles; but no person must expect that an hostler will have recourse thereto, unless it be positively ordered; it being a standing maxim with all labouring people, *to avoid trouble, and discountenance novelty*. After the above operation, and that the belly be pretty well cleaned, it will be probably time to strip the horse, and rub him gently down. Supposing the time to approach for the commencement of the next stage, the feed of oats, with which about one-third of dry beans has been mixed, should be offered, as soon as the horse is tolerable dry. Half a pail of blood-warm water should be allowed at twice. The inside of the saddle should be made dry and comfortable (a thing scarce ever thought of) but if that be impracticable, from the excessive quantity of sweat, a dry, fresh saddle-cloth, I have often found, to be a great refreshment to the horse. Every stage, the horse's back ought to be examined with the greatest attention, by way of guarding against any warble or chafe.

"If it be the summer season, the horse may be dried abroad, by being walked about in the shade, with his saddle on, a light cloth being thrown over his loins, or not, according to his condition and the temperature of the air. I say, the shade, because all hostlers are fond of hanging a horse, (already faint and oppressed with heat) in the blazing sun, to dry; for the same reason they would their shirt; and I believe horses are frequently rendered sick, and lose their appetite thereby. At night, feed as early as possible, that the horse may the sooner take his rest; the usual allowance, or double feed, at this period is, eight pints of oats, and two or three of beans. Suffer not the stable-doctors to exhibit any of their

nosttrums by way of stopping your horse's feet, but cause them to be washed with either cold water, or warm, according to circumstances, if hard and hot, of course warm water is indicated, and the feet should be soaked in it a considerable time.

"In very hot weather, and upon hard roads, it is exceedingly comfortable to the horse, to have his feet just cooled, in any water which may lie in the way; the friction upon the iron shoe, in a swift pace, must render it nearly burning hot.

"If a horse, which is known to be kind, stops short, in the manner of a restiff one, it is extreme cruelty to spur him on, or correct him for it; because it is merely a petition from him, to gain attention to some latent complaint. His curb may be a hole too tight, or his girths; or he may be suddenly seized with the cholic or strangury, or with some natural want. In case of the strangury, with which I have often known aged hacknies to be troubled on a journey, the rider ought to alight, and walk the horse gently, or stop with him, until he can void his urine. There is a cruel folly, of which some of your knowing blades are guilty; that of placing the saddle quite back upon the horse's loins, with the girths strained bursting-tight, immediately upon the paunch. I have seen horses, which chanced to have more wit than their jockies, rear up, and refuse to proceed in that painful state.

"It would be of considerable utility, upon a journey, or in the field, if gentlemen's grooms were taught enough of the smith's art, to fix a shoe, or drive a nail upon occasion."

(To be continued.)

LONGEVITY AND BOTTOM OF A
SPORTSMAN.To the EDITOR of the SPORTING
MAGAZINE.

SIR,

AS I do not find the name of the late Daniel Bull Macarthy, Esq. who died in February, 1797, at Ireagh, in the county of Kerry, in any of the lists of the old men lately published, a short sketch may not be disagreeable to your numerous readers.

"Daniel Bull Macarthy died in the 112th year of his age. He had been married to five wives; he married the fifth, who survives him, when he was eighty-four and she fourteen, by whom he had twenty children, she bearing a child every year. He was very healthy; no cold affected him; and he could not bear the warmth of a shirt in the night time, but put it under his pillow, for the last seventy years. In company he drank plentifully of rum and brandy, which he called *naked truth*, and when, out of complaisance to other gentlemen, he took claret or port, he always drank an equal glass of rum or brandy, to qualify those liquors; this he called a *wedge*.—He used to walk eight or ten miles in a winter's morning, with greyhounds and finders, and seldom failed to bring home a brace of hares."

A RECENT HOAX IN SCOTLAND.

AMONGST the sports during the race-week, at Dumfries, the following hand-bill was circulated about mid-day.

FIRE WORKS.

"Le Chevalier Chartelon, who has had the honour of displaying his wonderful abilities before their Majesties within these ten days, at

the particular desire and expence of several distinguished noblemen and gentlemen, has agreed to display upon the Dock this evening, at eight o'clock, his wonderful collection of fire-works, consisting of sky-rockets, on a new plan; also water-rockets, darting into the river Nith to a great depth, then ascending to a most astonishing height; likewise a vast variety of wheels, serpents, &c. &c. The whole to conclude with a grand transparent fire balloon, upwards of twenty feet diameter.

"N. B. Le Chevalier Chartelon will remain here one or two days; he will sell every composition for fire-working, upon the most reasonable terms."

Dumfries, Oct. 18, 1799.

Excited by curiosity, or tempted by having nothing to pay, an immense crowd of people of all ranks assembled on the Dock at the hour appointed. After waiting with patience a considerable time, (during which space there fell most fortunately an agreeable *Scotch mist*) the crowd dispersed, highly enraged at their own credulity, and pouring out the bitterest *invectives* against the *unknown wag*.

CURIOUS MALE AND FEMALE
DWARFS.

PENNANT says, in his Antiquities of Wales, as follows:

"During my stay at Penmorya, I was desired to observe Dick Bach, a diminutive person who usually called there. He was servant to a neighbouring gentleman, about the age of thirty, and only three feet eleven inches high. He was pointed out to me only for the sake of describing his sister, Mary Bach of Cwmmain, a well-proportioned fairy of the height of three feet four. Her virtues are superior to her size; she brews, bakes, pickles; in short, does every

every thing that the best house-keeper can do. Their parents live in these parts, have many children of the common stature of man; but nature chose to shorten the formation of this little pair."

CORRECTED ACCOUNT OF A
CRICKET MATCH.

Plymouth Dock, Nov. 11, 1799.

GENTLEMEN,

SEEING in your Magazine an account of the cricket match played at Plymouth Dock, September 20th, 1799, which is far from accurate, I should be obliged to you to insert this; upon the authenticity of which you may rely.

Your's,

ONE OF THE PLAYERS;

And a constant Reader.

The West Kent played the Garrison, choosing from the whole of their men. The garrison was to entirely consist of officers; but they were obliged to fill up with men, not having a sufficient number.

WEST KENT.

Captain Austin b. Morfe	8
Captain Austin b. Morfe	0
1 c. Captain Wyndham	4
2 b. Sly	7
3 c. Captain Wyndham	0
4 b. Morfe	21
5 not out	11
6 b. Sly	8
7 b. Morfe	0
8 c. Take	0
9 b. Morfe	10
Byes	3
	72

The numbers were all soldiers.

GARRISON SIDE.

Captain Scrope, 2d Wiltshire Militia, c. Hayler	7
Mr. Hunter, Commissary General, c. Woollett	0

Captain Wyndham, 1st Wiltshire b. ditto

Captain Methuen, 2d Wiltshire, c. Reid

Captain Rodd, Royal Cornwall Militia, b. Lucas

Captain Dunning, 3d Wiltshire, c. ditto

1 b. Woollett

2 b. Reid

3 c. Woollett

4 b. ditto

5 not out

Byes 8

63

The numbers were all soldiers.

P. S. The match was the best in two innings—the Kent side declined playing it out; and I think the Garrison would have beat them, as it was never determined.

Lucas and Woollett, two soldiers, bowled for the Kent—Morfe and Ely, two Wiltshire soldiers, for the Garrison.

CHARACTER OF A. HARE, ESQ.

A very extraordinary Country Gentleman.

By *Rigdum Funnidos*.

PERMIT this letter to inform you, that there is coming up to town by the Norwich coach, one who has lived most part of his time in our neighbourhood; if, indeed, he is not a native of this county; but of that I cannot be positive, neither is it very material, as I can, notwithstanding, give you a sufficient account of him for your conduct respecting the reception and treatment which it will be proper to give him, having furnished him (for he never was in town before) with a direction to your house. His conduct in time past has been, though not totally irreprehensible, as innocent, at least, as that of most others. Some few complaints I have heard of his depredations in the gardens, if not the orchards, of his

his neighbours, but yet they have been ready to acknowledge, at the same time, they believed he thought no harm. It is true, he was rather wild in his youth, but never extravagant or gay in dress. Living wholly in the country, he has no notion of the amusements of the town; but, being remarkably light of foot, has not been able entirely to absent himself from field diversions; nor yet has he indulged himself in them. Upon such occasions he has been much sought; and, when he has been only just seen, or (as it were) had in view, it is surprising how the rest of the company have exulted; and much has been, in the words of the poet, on other joyous occasions, "the clamour of men, of boys, and dogs." But, though every body else has appeared highly delighted, I have reason to believe he never enjoyed peace of mind at such riotous doings; for he has always endeavoured to leave them as soon as he could, and sometimes he has stolen away, and left them at a fault for want of his company. But how forcible is unprofitable company! At other times, a more select party have compelled him to take the lead, and go greater lengths than he approved; which has still been attended with uneasiness of mind, and frequently has he been turned: but lately, on an occasion of that sort, he received so severe a check in the midst of his career, that it entirely put a stop to his progress in that way; and, to tell you the truth, is the cause of his leaving the country at this time. Though much altered in that respect, I believe he is still what may be called hare-brained, which I suppose you will discover before he has been long in your company. Unaccustomed to being frequently in much company, as well as naturally timid and shy, even in the country, it is not to be expected he will ever be capable of entertaining a very large

company; but a few select friends, I believe, will be very well satisfied with what they can obtain from him, or pick out of him. And let me tell you, however unlikely it may seem, he will bear a roasting as well as most; only take this information along with you, as he is a mere rustic, and has indulged his appetite in the country without scruple, though with strict temperance, it may not be amiss to fill his belly with pudding, and perhaps a glass of wine may not be ill-bestowed, before you try that experiment upon him. Of the family of the Hares you have doubtless heard. I have some notion one of them attained to considerable dignity in the national church; but the subject of this letter, though of the same name, is not of that family, but of one more ancient; nor did ever one of these profess with them: not but that I lately read an account in the newspapers of one of this family, who went to a place of public worship in time of service, but I believe with no more devotion than some others whom I have heard called thorough churchmen, from their going, as it is most likely he did, in at one door and out at the other. Though this family cannot boast of places or pensions from the court, they have not been totally disregarded by the legislature. The nobility and gentry having put it out of the power, as far as acts of parliament, with united associations to enforce them, can do it, of the small vulgar, to exercise their merciless tempers upon them; as they were too apt to do, if they could only extort from them a meal's meat by it; and sometimes merely for the diversion of following them from place to place; and yet, I believe, if they were to speak all the truth, we should find them more frequently injured, and more wantonly persecuted by their professed protectors, than any other men.

PRODUCTIVE INDUSTRY—THE
CHACE.[From Mr. Tooke's *View of the Russian Empire.*](Continued from page 19 of the present
Volume of our Magazine for October,
1799.)

THE best musk is the Thibetan, probably from the warmth of the climate and the odoriferous plants on which these animals feed. In Siberia, the bag, in which the civet soon dries is immediately cleansed from all dirt and hairs; only a part is left to stand in the open air, in order to give it a resemblance to that of Thibet. The Siberian is of a much fainter perfume, and approaches more to the castoreum; it is consequently also much cheaper. The purest musk is that which the creature itself drops on stones or trunks of trees, against which it is fond of rubbing when the bag is too full and the matter thereby too irritating; the musk found in the bag is seldom good, as it is not yet come to its proper maturity. As this valuable commodity is only obtained from the males of these wild animals, and the consumption being so great, it is natural to imagine that a considerable contraband trade must be carried on in it. Good genuine musk must be of a deep brown, rather inclining to red, dry, and crumbly, but at the same time somewhat greasy, and of so strong an odour, as frequently to draw blood from the nose. Among naturalists it serves as a proof of the infinitely fine divisibility of matter, as even gold and silver vessels admit the scent of it; and in arsenals and armories are seen old damasked blades, which still always retain a moderate smell of musk. Besides its medicinal uses, it is the ground-work of all perfumeries, for which purpose it is rendered more soluble and

poignant by sugar. The Dutch, the English, and the Portuguese at present are the greatest European dealers in musk. The musk of Thibet, or Tonquin, in bladders, in 1788, cost at Amsterdam from ten to fifteen guildens the ounce. The Arabian physicians first made it known to Europe in the eleventh century; yet it is mentioned by authors so early as the fifth century. It seems to have been totally unknown to the Greeks and Romans.

Among the animals that are sought as well for their flesh as for their skin, the first to be named is the roe buck, which strays in herds about the Irtysh, the Yenissey and in Dauria; and is likewise found in the confines of the Samara, the Sok, and in regions of Caucasus. A tenant of nearly the same districts is the stag, whose degenerate race the deer is not unfrequently seen in Taurida. A third very considerable object of the chace is the elk, which roams over all Siberia, within the 65th degree of latitude, beyond which he is never seen: likewise in Russia proper even about the Ladoga-lake and in Livonia. Of these animals a very great number are killed every year. The ordinary hunting-season is towards March; about which time the sun has melted the surface of the snow to a consistence which allows the hunter easily to follow his trade in large wooden snow-shoes: whereas the beasts, with their claws, break through this crust, and are hindered in running. They are followed by the track, driven into vallies, where the snow is drifted frequently to the depth of several ells, where they are either shot, or kept at bay by the dogs till the pursuer can come up and kill them with his lance. The roe-buck particularly is so liable to wound himself in the feet by flight, that he is very soon incapable of running. The elks often stand on their defence against the

the dogs, killing several of them with their hoofs, which are the usual weapons of this animal. In many parts likewise the roe-buck and the elk are caught in strong-gins, and dispatched by spring-guns, which, where the country is woody, are fastened to the trees. The skin of the roe-buck sells cheap, and because they are very light and easily turn off the wet, are frequently used by the peasants as coverings to their huts, and sometimes made into winter garments: about Krasnoyarsk they are in such plenty, that, flesh and all, they scarcely fetch fifteen kopeeks a piece. Generally, therefore, it is only their skin that is brought to market, which may be had for about ten kopeeks. The Tartars pay a good part of their tribute in the skins of elks and large stags, which are accepted at the offices of the crown, for the use of the cavalry, at the rate of sixty to one hundred and twenty kopeeks for every one.

The rein-deer is extremely numerous through the whole of northern and eastern Siberia; less frequent about the Ural and in the European north. This exceedingly useful creature, which, with many nations of the northern climes, is a domestic animal, must be treated of in that respect in some future sections, we shall here consider him only as a beast of chase. In woody districts, where springes, fire arms, and spring-guns are applicable, they are the most usual means resorted to for taking or killing the rein-deer; but in the open downs adjacent to the sea, where these contrivances would fail, the Samoyedes, the Ostiaks, the Tunguses, and others, have invented different arts, of which, as an example, we shall take those of the Samoyedes. The rein-deer are wont to go in herds from ten to a hundred, and sometimes even two hundred are seen together. When the Samoyedes go out in parties, and

perceive one of these herds, they station their tame rein-deer on an elevated plain to the windward, then stick up, from this place to the savage herd as near as they can venture to come, without betraying themselves by the weather, long sticks, at small distances asunder, in the snow, to which goose-wings are tied, to be fluttered freely by the wind. This done, they plant the like pinions on the other side, under the wind; and, the rein-deer being busy with their pasture under the snow, and being chiefly guided by their scent, they generally observe nothing of all these preparations. When every thing is ready, the hunters separate; some hide themselves behind their snowy entrenchments, while others lie with bows and other weapons in the open air to leeward, and others again go to a distance and drive, by a circuitous route, the game between the terrific pinions. Scared by these, the wild rein-deer run directly to the tame ones which are standing with the sledges; but here they are alarmed at the concealed hunters, who drive them to their companions that are provided with arms, who immediately commit great slaughter among them. If it so happen, that a savage herd are feeding in the proximity of a mountain, then the hunters hang up all their clothes on stakes about the foot of the mountain, making also with the same frightful pinions a broad passage towards it, in which they drive the game together from a distance. As soon as they are come into this gangway, the women go with the sledges right across the farther end of it, shutting the rein-deer in, who immediately run round the mountain, and at every round are saluted by the shot of the hunters.

As on such occasions a number of people are requisite, the Samoyedes have recourse to other inventions to deceive the caution of these animals.

mals. The marksman goes, for example, clad entirely in rein-deer skins, stooping in the middle of five or six rein-deer trained to this purpose, which he leads by a rope fastened to his girdle, and thus is enabled to approach very near to the wild herd, without being betrayed. In autumn, when the rein-deer are in heat, the hunters choose out a vigorous buck from their droves, to whose antlers they tie nooses, and then turn him loose among the wild herd. The wild stag, on spying a strange rival capering among his females, rushes on to fight him. During the combat he so entangles his antlers in the loops, that when he desires the hunter and strives to escape, the tame buck strikes his head to the ground and there pins his antagonist fast till the marksman can kill him.

The shamois and the bezoar-goat are an object of chace to the Caucasian nations, in whose mountains they abound. The evack is likewise a native of these as well as the mountains of Siberia. Antelopes traverse in droves the steppes about the Don, in the districts about the Volga, the Ural, the Irtysh, and in the territory of Nertschinsk; another species of wild-goat, the zobkozel, or craw-goat, lives in Dauria and in the confines of Mongolia. The first is found in greatest plenty, yet never transgresses the bounds to the north of the 55th degree of latitude. The horns of this animal are sometimes eleven inches long; his face is imperfect, as the eye-ball is obscured by a spongy excrescence on the brow. Perhaps nature intended by this to temper the glare of the steppes which gave birth to the antelopes. In return she has endowed him with acuter olfactory organs, by which he has the faculty of scenting both men and wild beasts, when the wind is favourable at a distance of several verds. It is surprising that this animal, which

seems as it were framed for running, as it is apparently for that purpose that he is provided with a wind-pipe of nearly two inches in diameter, large lungs and wide nostrils, should be more easily put out of breath, when hunted or vexed, than any other animal. The chace, on their running nags, of the antelopes, is a favourite diversion of the Mongoles and the Daurian Tunguses of the steppes. For this purpose they unite in companies of fifty, a hundred, or two hundred persons, all well mounted and provided with led horses, all likewise armed with bows and hunting-spears, and every one having with him a trained dog. They choose one of the company for their leader, who directs the chace, and has the command while it lasts. When the hunt is to proceed, early in the morning three or four men, who have a keen eye sight, are sent forwards, who from certain elevations are to look round for game; and where they perceive them in troops to stand still till the whole party is come up to them, to whom they point out, by signs agreed on, on which side the beasts are feeding, and what course they ought to take. In pursuance of these signals the company disperse, and gradually form a spacious arch, in which each man is not above sixty or eighty fathom distant from the other, and by which the herd is cautiously surrounded. As soon as these latter are aware of the hunters, and are betaking themselves to flight, they rush in on all sides, at full gallop, upon them; who, panic struck at the shouts of the sportsmen and the whizzing of their javelins, start different ways, but are slain in great numbers from the dexterity acquired by all the nations of the Daurian steppes, who make it one of their constant exercises to shoot and throw their weapons at a mark. The chace is still more productive when

when the scene of it happens to lie near a river or a mountainous forest; for the goats of the steppes have this singular property, that they never take to the water, though long and furiously harrassed, but rather strive to escape by sudden and vast leaps through the troop of their pursuers. They are almost equally shy of forests. No sooner are they hunted into a wood than they are so bewildered among the trees as not to be able to flee a hundred paces, but run their heads against every tree, and soon fall breathless.

The wild sheep, called by the Mongoles argali, and the rock-ram, *kamennoi-baran*, are met with in the *Nayane*, the *Nertschinskian* and *Altayan* mountains, also in *Dauria*, on *Caucasus* and *Kamtshatka*. The argali is larger and more powerful than the dam stag; but the ram is larger still, whoseuberant horns alone weigh full forty pounds. The winter coat of this animal is long and shaggy, much mixed with wool; whereas the summer hair is short and sleek. They live on solitary, dry and woody mountains and rocks, where they can feed on the various bitter and acrid mountain-herbs. The stag is not so shy as the argali, with which it is almost impossible to come up. They are of uncommon speed in running, and when pursued make tortuous circuits, and often double upon the hunters. Though this animal be so wild when full grown, nothing is so easy to tame as the lambs that are taken, and to habituate them to milk and fodder. The *kamennoi-baran* keeps entirely to the high inaccessible rocks, and never approaches inhabited districts. The wild boar is found in the steppes of the *Samara* and the *Volga*, in the confines of the river *Ural*, in *Dauria*, and even about the *Irtysh*. Between the *Ural* and the *Yemba* they are extremely numerous; where they are hunted in winter by the *Kozaks*, not

without danger, with dogs, and killed sometimes with carbines, and sometimes with lances. These animals, who feed solely on the roots of sea-weed and sedge, grow to such an extraordinary size, that tusks are frequently found weighing upwards of six hundred pounds; their bacon is near four inches thick in fat, though their flesh in general is dry and firm, and well flavoured.

Of the several generally known species of eatable wild animals, *Russia* is in possession of no small store; but we shall here break off from any farther account of them, lest we begin to burden the reader's patience with zoological descriptions, which he may find in books already in his possession. In the more cultivated and thickly-inhabited districts of the empire, this valuable provision has been long becoming scarcer from day to day; but there are still large tracts enough in which these species of animal may multiply unmo-
lest, and where mankind have not yet contended with them for the dominion over the earth and its productions.

(To be continued.)

INGENIOUS DESCRIPTION OF
TUFT-HUNTING.

THE English nation has been long celebrated among foreigners for their remarkable eagerness in the chase, and the extraordinary pitch of perfection to which they have brought that amusement. Nor is this pre-eminence, however meritorious, in the least wonderful, since the whole arcana of sporting are now so completely laid open, in the poetry of *Somerville*, and the prose of *Beckford*, that our country squires no longer wander about in the errors of uncertain practice, but can make their casts with regular exactness, and kill their foxes in the most systematic manner.

But, there is a species of hunting, which, though little known out of the precincts of the University, is yet very much practised in it; and which, if it yields in point of health and exercise to fox, and even to hare-hunting, has in some respects the advantage over both, as it is in season all the year round, is interrupted neither by the frosts of December, nor the winds in March; and far from being an expensive amusement, is found to be extremely profitable to its pursuers. I doubt not, but the greater part of my readers, are by this time convinced that I allude to the diversion of Tuft-hunting, which has been so long, and so successfully practised in this place, that I am rather surpris'd never to have met with any treatise on the subject, laying down a number of competent rules to direct and assist the young and unexperienced, in attaining a proper proficiency in this art.

But as this species of hunting seems to have escaped the observation of the above-mentioned authors, I have for some time projected a long and elaborate work on this subject, at once so copious, and so close, and so replete with general remarks, enforced by particular examples, that my readers must be very inattentive, or exceeding dull, if they are not in a little time as clever as myself.

But as the above book, from the nature of its subject, must take up a great deal of time, I have been induced, in the interim, to draw up the following short, but excellent rules, suited to the comprehension of all readers, and applicable to the demands of every emergency, and which, I flatter myself, will be as useful, and as much read, as ten minutes advice to horsemen, or Bob Short's rules for whist.—Reserving, therefore, a fuller investigation of the subject alluded to, I shall here content myself with

making a few general remarks, on the nature of the game pursued, the likeliest places for finding it, and the best method of pursuing it, when found. And it is here proper to be remembered, that, though there are some points, in which the hunting I am speaking of, resembles both fox and hare-hunting; yet, in others, it is totally unlike either. To exemplify, in a very principal point, an early hour is recommended by Mr. Beckford, and allowed by all fox-hunters, to be most favourable to *their* amusement: and yet I have been assured by very experienced hunters of tufts, that they never threw off earlier than twelve, and had often very great sport at a much later hour. With regard to the likeliest places to find in, much depends on the time of year, and the time of day; but, in general, it may be observed, that livery-stables and billiard-rooms in the forenoon, and Port Meadow and High-street, of an evening, are usually esteemed the likeliest places (or in the language of sportsmen, the best lodging) for game of this kind; and, if you draw all these places well, I will venture to insure you from having many *blank days*. If, however, the above-mentioned places should fail, it may be sometimes necessary, as a *dernier ressource*, to try their own rooms; but, it has been observed, that those tufts, who take much to laying in such places, are of a cowardly nature, and seldom shew good sport.

The method of hunting then comes next to be considered; which requires, indeed, as much action and caution, as large a quantity of resolution and perseverance, as any fox-chace whatever. You are not only to press them hard at first, and keep as close as possible to them afterwards, but must also be careful never to head or turn them back, for though a tuft be a simple

simple animal, he is at times a very obstinate one too, and any endeavour to make him go the way he does not choose to go, might be fatal to your sport, it being well known, that a tuft, when once suffered to get away, is scarcely ever recovered again.

There is one circumstance which will require much credit with my readers; for though they may know that the beaver, (when closely pressed, and all escape seems impossible) will, sometimes, leave that part of his body behind him for which he is pursued. They ought not to be surprized, that the creature I have been describing, imitates the beaver; and are often obliged to make very valuable deposits in favour of their pursuers, particularly when driven into taverns, or coffee-houses. Hence, strange to tell, commissions in the army, and even presentations to livings, have been dropped from tufts, when properly hunted; which never fails to free them at once from any further persecutions.

This metaphorical description I have chosen for the amusement of my classical, and best-informed readers; but, if I thought any were so dull, as not yet rightly to comprehend what a tuft is, I should tell them it is a noble, or wealthy student, at the University, so called, from part of his head dress; and that, in plain English, a tuft-hunter, is a flatterer, toad-eater, or abject dependant.

SYMPATHY AND INTELLIGENCE OF ROOKS.

THE polity of rooks is almost constituted with as much order and wisdom, as that of ants, bees, and beavers; and their attachment to places contiguous to the dwellings of men, not only affords us frequent opportunities of observing them,

but interests us, at the same time, in their well-being and preservation.

These birds, therefore, furnish the poet with various topics, for the display of his art; and the following incident, by a little coloring, might be wrought into a pathetic picture. A large colony of rooks had subsisted, many years, in a grove, on the banks of the river Irwell, near Manchester. "One serene evening," says Mr. Percival Stockdale, "I placed myself within the view of it, and marked, with attention, the various labours, pastimes, and evolutions of this crowned society. The idle members amused themselves with chasing each other, through endless mazes; and, in their flight, they made the air resound with an infinitude of discordant noises. In the midst of these playful exertions, it unfortunately happened, that one rook, by a sudden turn, struck his beak against the wing of another. The sufferer instantly fell into the river. A general cry of distress ensued. The birds hovered, with every expression of anxiety, over their distressed companion. Animated by their sympathy, and perhaps by the language of counsel, known to themselves, he sprung into the air, and by one strong effort, reached the point of a rock, which projected into the water. The exultation became loud and universal; but, alas! it was soon changed into notes of lamentation. For the poor wounded bird, in attempting to fly towards his nest, dropped again into the river, and was drowned, amidst the moans of his whole fraternity."

JEALOUSY AND REVENGE OF A COCK.

THE habitudes of the domestic breed of poultry cannot, possibly, escape observation; and every one must have noticed the fierce

fierce jealousy of the cock. It should seem that this jealousy is not confined to his rivals, but may sometimes extend to his beloved female: and that he is capable of being actuated by revenge, founded on some degree of reasoning, concerning her conjugal infidelity. An incident, which lately happened, at the feat of Mr. B*****, near Berwick, justifies this remark. "My mowers," says he, "cut a partridge on her nest, and immediately brought the eggs (fourteen) to the house. I ordered them to be put under a very large beautiful hen, and her own to be taken away. They were hatched in two days, and the hen brought them up perfectly well till they were five or six weeks old. During that time they were constantly kept confined in an out-house, without having been seen by any of the other poultry. The door happened to be left open, and the cock got in. My housekeeper, hearing her hen in distress, ran to her assistance, but did not arrive in time to save her life. The cock, finding her with the brood of partridges, fell upon her with the utmost fury, and put her to death. The housekeeper found him tearing her both with his beak and spurs, although she was then fluttering in the last agony, and incapable of any resistance. The hen had been, formerly, the cock's greatest favourite."

PEDIGREE AND PERFORMANCES
OF ST. GEORGE.

HE was bred by W. Herrick, Esq. of Beau Manor, Leicester, and foaled 1789.—Got by Highflyer, dam (sister to Soldier) by Eclipse, out of Miss Spindle-shanks, (Gunpowder's dam) by Omar, Bolton Starling, Godolphin Arabian, St. George's own brother to Brown Charlotte and Adeline,

and his dam is the dam also of Commodore, George, &c.

In 1792—At Newmarket First Spring Meeting, Mr. Wyndham's St. George, beat Sir F. Standish's St. John, 8ft. 7lb. each, Ab. M. 200gs—5 to 2 on St. George. He was then sold to Captain Tayler.

In 1793—St. George won a stakes of 100gs each, 8ft. 7lb. B. C. (15 subscribers) beating Speculator, Cayenne, Lucifer, John Bull and Cœur de Lion—6 to 4 against Speculator, 3 to 1 against Cayenne, and 20 to 1 against St. George.

In 1794—St. George won a stakes of 200gs, h. ft. D. C. carrying 7ft. 13lb. beating Kitt Carr, 7ft. 13lb. and Cennabar, 8ft. 7lb.—Lurcher 7ft. 13lb. pd ft.—7 to 4 against Cennabar, 5 to 2 against St. George and Kitt Carr.

In First Spring Meeting, St. George, 7ft. 12lb. recd. ft. 50gs, from Mr. Wilson's Creeper, 9ft. D. C. 200gs, h. ft. Captain Taylor then sold him to Ld Darlington.

In 1795—On Monday, Newmarket Second Spring Meeting, Ld Darlington's St. George, 8ft. 7lb. beat Mr. Cookson's Hubby, 8ft. 5lb. and an half, B. C. 300gs—3 to 1 on St. George.

The *whip* was challenged in this Meeting by Ld Darlington, who named St. George—the challenge was not accepted.

At York August Meeting, St. George won the King's Plate of 100gs, for 6 yr olds, 12ft. 4 miles, beating Chariot, Sauntering Jack, (late Meanwell) Mr. Mangle's bay horse by Phlegon, and Luckless—7 to 4 against Chariot, and 2 to 1 against St. George.

At Dumfries, St. George won 50l. (at 3 four mile heats) beating Sir H. Williamson's Hambleton, 4 yrs old, who was drawn after the second heat.

At Kelfoe, St. George won 50gs, at one heat—4 miles, beating Mr. T. Hutchinson's Constitution Era.

At

At the same place, St. George won the King's Plate of 100gs, given to the Caledonian Hunt for horses of all ages, 12ft. 4 mile heats, beating at two heats, Mr. Peacock's ch. g. Farmer.

In 1796—St. George won 50l. at two four-mile heats, at Stockton, carrying 8ft. 12lb. beating Chariot 8ft. 12lb. and Hambleton (who ran only the first heat) carrying 8ft. 5lb.—6 to 4 on St. George.

At Dumfries, he won 50l. at two four-mile heats, carrying 9ft. 3lb. beating Ld A. Hamilton's gr. c. by Volunteer, 4 yrs old, 7ft. 7lb.

In 1797, at Newmarket First Spring Meeting, St. George, 8ft. 2lb. recd. 150gs comprise from Ld Grosvenor's Druid, 8ft. R. C. 500gs h. ft.

In Second Spring Meeting, St. George won the Jockey Club Plate of 50gs for four yr olds, 7ft. 2lb. five yr olds 8ft. 3lb. six yr olds 8ft. 9lb. and aged 8ft. 11lb. B. C. beating Sober Robin, 5 yrs old, 2, Stickler, 4 yrs old, 3, Aimator and Patriot, aged—both also started, but were so near, the judge could not place them—6 to 4 against Sober Robin, 3 to 1 against Stickler, 4 to 1 against Patriot, 6 to 1 against St. George and Aimator. An exceeding fine race amongst all of them, and won by nearly half a length.

At Stamford, St. George, 9ft. 3lb. won 50l. at two heats, beating Mr. Dolphin's Rowland, 5 yrs old, 8ft. 3lb.—even betting.

In Newmarket Houghton Meeting, 50l. for two yrs old, a feather; three yr olds 7ft. 5lb; four yr olds 8ft. 9lb.; five yr olds 9ft. 3lb.; six yr olds 7ft. 7lb; and aged 9ft. 10lb. last three miles of B. C. The winner, with his engagements, to be sold for 300gs, if demanded, &c. was won by Ld Darlington's St. George, aged, 1; Mr. Watson's Yeoman, 3 yrs old, 2; Ld Grosvenor, aged, 3; D. of Queensberry's

William, 6 yrs old, 4; Mr. Wyndham's br. h. Rowland, 5 yrs old, 5; Mr. Goding's Bragger, 2 yrs old; 6, Mr. Concannon's Lady Jane, 2 yrs old, 7; Mr. Hammond's Emigrant, 3 yrs old, 8; Ld Clermont's Young Pig, 3 yrs old, 9—3 to 1 against St. George, 3 to 1 against Druid, and 4 to 1 against Yeoman. St. George was demanded by Mr. Watson, according to the articles.

In 1798—In Newmarket Second October Meeting, Mr. Watson's St. George, 8ft. 9lb. recd. ft. from Mr. Howorth's Lop, 8ft.—last three miles of B. C. 100gs, 25 ft.

In the Houghton Meeting, St. George won 50l. for all ages, last three miles of B. C. The winner to be sold for 300gs, carrying 9ft. 10lb. beating Mr. Concannon's Sparrowhawk, 3 yrs old, 7ft. 5lb. 2; and Sir F. Standish's Parifot, 5 yrs old, 9ft. 3lb. St. George was claimed by Mr. Concannon, who sold him to Sir H. T. Vane, who afterwards re-fold him to Ld Darlington.

In 1799, Mr. Cookson bought him of Ld Darlington, till the end of the Houghton Meeting; and in his possession recd. 150gs ft. from Mr. Cuslan's Young Spear, last three miles of B. C. 300gs, h. ft.

He is now in Ld Darlington's possession at Raby Castle, and will cover there next season: and little doubt is entertained but he will become, from his pedigree, racing, size, and shape, a valuable stallion both for racers and hunters.

TALLY HO!

PEDIGREE AND PERFORMANCES
OF HERMIONE.

SHE was bred by the Right Hon. the Earl of Derby, at Knowsley, in Lancashire: was got by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Paulina, (dam of Paul, Director, Kidney, Brass, Lady

Lady Jane, &c. by Florizel, grand dam Captive, by Matchem, oft of Caliope, the dam of Orpheus and Dutchess.

In 1793—When 3 yrs old, at Newmarket, reed. 8ogs forfeit from his Royal Highness the Duke of York's Miss George—across the flat 20ogs.

At Epsom, she won the Oaks stakes of 5ogs each, 31 subscribers, h. ft. beating Mr. Wilson's Eliza, D. of Bedford's Jessima, Ld Grosvenor's Jenny Bull, and several others. She was then sold by his Lordship to A. Durand, Esq. for 100ogs.

At Lewes, she walked over for a Sweepstakes of 5ogs each, 4 subscribers.

At Reading, she won 5l. beating Fancy and 2 others.

In 1795—When 4 yrs old, Hermione 8ft. 7lb. reed. ft. from Mr. Dowson's Lady Hughes, 20ogs each, at Epsom.

August 18, she won the Gold Cup, value 14ogs in specie at Oxford, beating Waxy, Pandolpho, and Play or Pay—2 to 1 Hermione or Play or Pay won.

On the 20th of August, she won a Sweepstakes of 1ogs each, 10 subscribers, all ages, carrying 7lb. extra, beating Pandolpho, Master of Arts, and Old Jat.

On the 4th of September, she won a Sweepstakes of 15gs each, p. p. 4 subscribers, carrying 8ft. 6lb. beating Mr. O'Kelly's Viret, 7ft. 7lb. (afterwards Lord Litchfield's).

On the 22d of September, she won her Majesty's Purse of 10ogs, for 4 yrs old, fillies 8ft. 7lb. two mile heats, beating D. of Grafton's Drab.

In 1796—On the 15th of April, when 5 yrs old, she won his Majesty's Plate of 10ogs for 5 yrs old; mares 10ft. R. C. beating Garland—2 to 1 on Hermione.

On the 20th of May, Hermione won 5ol. at Guildford, beating Kerenhappuck and another.

On the 7th of June, she won a Sweepstakes of 15gs each, 4 miles, 5 subscribers, at Ascot Heath, beating Hubby, Jannette, and Gatton.

The day following, she won 5ol. at the same place, beating Polyanthus, and another.

On the Thursday in the First October Meeting, at A. M. she won his Majesty's Plate of 10ogs, for 6 yrs old, 12ft. giving a year, and beat Gabriel—7 to 4 on Gabriel.

In the Craven Meeting at Newmarket, in 1797, when rising 6 yrs old, she won the Third Class of the Oatlands stakes of 5ogs each, h. ft. D. I. 12 subscribers, carrying 9ft. beating Patriot, 6 yrs old, 8ft. 13lb. Queen Charlotte, 4 yrs old, 7ft. 6lb. Drab 5 yrs old, 8ft. 7lb. Nightshade, 4 yrs old, 7ft. 12lb. and Gohanna, 6 yrs old, 9ft. 4lb.—3 to 1 against Hermione, and 3 to 4 against Patriot.

In the First Spring Meeting, she won the King's Plate of 10ogs, for 5 yrs old, mares 10ft. R. C. beating Minion—6 to 4 on Hermione.

On the 1st of June, she won 5ol. at Epsom, beating St. George and Frederick.

On the 1st of August, she won the King's Plate of 10ogs, at Lewes, 6 yrs old, 12ft. 4 mile heats, beating at one heat Totteridge.

On the 3d of August, she won the Ladies Plate of 6ogs, carrying 8ft. 6lb. and beat Mr. Wyndham's Musti gelding, 3 yrs old, carrying 5ft. 9lb. 4 miles.

On the 16th of August, she won the King's Plate at Canterbury, carrying 12ft. 3lb. beating Yeoman, 5 yrs old, 11ft. 6lb.

On the 5th of September, she won the King's Plate of 10ogs, at Warwick, when very much amiss, notwithstanding she beat Confederacy at 4 mile heats, 12ft. each which

which was the last time but one she started, being second to Diamond, at Newmarket, the October following.

She is now a brood mare in the stud of J. Durand, Esq. near Epsom, Surrey.—When training, she was allowed to be the best mare that had started these fifty years.

EXPECTATION.

PEDIGREE AND PERFORMANCES OF CITIZEN.

HE was bred by Mr. Gorwood, of York; and was got by Pa-colet, out of Princess, by Turk, grand dam, Fairy Queen, by Ycade, Roath's Black Eyes by Crab; Warlock galloway by Snake, out of a sister to the Carlisle gelding by the Bald galloway.—Princess is the dam of Regulus.

At Beverley, on the 3d of June, 1789, when 4 yrs old, he won the Ladies Plate at 50l.

On the 3d of September, he won 50l. at Chesterfield, beating five others, at 3 heats.

On the 16th of September, he won 50l. at Leicester; and on the 17th, he won another 50l. Plate at the same place.

In 1790, when 5 yrs old, on the 28th of May, he won 50l. at Manchester, beating Abbé Thulé, &c.

On the 30th of June, he won 50l. at Newcastle-under-Lyme, beating Amadis.

On the 22d of July, he won 50l. at Bromsgrove.

On the 16th of September, he won 50l. at Litchfield, beating Mr. Leg's Harlot, and 2 others—4 to 1 against Citizen.

On the 21st of September, he won 50l. at Shrewsbury, beating 5 others—high odds against Citizen.

On the 29th of September, he won 50l. at Ludlow.

In 1791, when 6 yrs old, on the 23d of August, he won the Prince

of Wales's Purse of 100gs, at Conway, beating Dutchess—2 to 1 on Citizen.

In 1792, when aged, on the 1st of June, he won 50l. at Manchester.

On the 5th of July, he won 50l. at Newcastle-under-Lyme.

On the 2d of August, he won 50l. at Knutsford, beating 4 others—3 to 1 against Citizen.

On the 30th, he won 50l. at Chesterfield, beating Magnolia, who run off the course.

At Doncaster, on the 25th of September, aged 9st. 3lb. beat Lord Belfast's Magnolia, 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. 4 miles, 500gs each.

In 1793, on the 20th of May, Citizen won a Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for all ages, 4 mile heats, at Manchester, beating Rosalind, and 6 others.

On the 22d of August, he won 50l. at Oxford.

In 1794, Citizen won a Sweepstakes at Manchester, beating Lord Stamford's Rubrough, (who was thrown down by a dog) 5 to 1 on Rubrough, being the last time but one he started.

He is now a stallion in the stud of Charles Smith, Esq. of Rochdale. One of his yet only has started, which was a grey colt, belonging to C. Smith, Esq. that run in a match, when very much amiss at Preston; but was only beat by half a neck—10 to 1 against him.

CURIOUS CHARACTER OF A RECLUSE, AT CALCUTTA.

MR. Lacam, the person alluded to, having, in his youth, acquired strong habits of field religion, was about this time sees much with Padra Kiernander, an old Danish missionary, who was building a chapel in Calcutta; and had the old man died, Mr. Lacam most certainly would have succeeded him,

R

in

in the duty, of making converts of vagrant Hindoos. So pious were his habits, that he was never seen without a bible under his arm. A smile on his countenance, had it been discovered, would have alarmed the settlement as something ominous. Continence, sobriety, and sanctity, he recommended to all men; and poverty was his constant complaint; for his monthly allowances did but barely support his expences.

About this period, 1766, a very unlucky accident happened to the good man. There was in the settlement an old religious widow lady, about sixty-five years of age, aunt-in-law to General Richard Smith. She possessed a neat, snug, little new cottage, on the banks of Hughly river, opposite to Calcutta, where our *Saint* sometimes conducted her in a safe boat of his own, to chaunt hymns and eat custards of a Sunday evening. The old lady had been a cheerful dame in her younger days, could yet simmer at a decent *double entendre*, which the young officers of the General's staff (who were much at her villa) were constantly snapping off in order to divert her from too much attention to the sighs of Lacam.

This the gravity of our hero did not relish, he having some serious thoughts and *private hopes*, of (as we sailors say) *putting his boat up there*, so ventured to admonish first, and then expostulate. Here he was wrong; for old widows, long unused to the bit, are as skittish as colts never backed, and vindictive as old Nick. A coolness ensued; and a wicked young baggage, a tawney Abigail, to whose good graces one of the General's vidu camps paid court, in an unlucky moment, whispered him, that her mistress had received some love letters from Padra Lacam, as she not only called, but

thought him. The young wag of an officer took advantage of the intelligence, and before the Padra could recover his ground, obtained a very long love-sick epistle of the Padra to the old lady, which he never would return.

In consequence of this discovery, a hog in a synagogue, a male Christian caught in a Turkish seraglio, a flying fish in a shoal of dolphins, or a cat in hell, would have had better quarter; but Mr. Lacam made a good retreat, and prudently gave way to the storm, and from that fatal period, made use of a trumpet at his ear! Nothing blunts a joke like—Sir, what do you say?—Speak louder, Sir; I am thick of hearing, &c. But time does every thing. The bible was left at home; a coolness succeeded with the old Danish parson; black and grey cloaths wore out. European inhabitants change, and oftener at Calcutta, than at any other place in India. Fixed as Mr. Lacam was to Calcutta, the old laughter disappeared by degrees; and as he was now seldom seen but at his duty of coolly driving, or by himself in his boat, sailing up and down the river, a total change took place by imperceptible degrees, inasmuch, that in the year 1770, Mr. Lacam was elected a member of the Amicable Society; and his face, which, when clothed with affected sanctity, seemed to have been proportioned like a well-built ship, three feet long and one broad, was metamorphosed into as droll a cast as ever I saw; and those who a few years before, could not command their features, whilst he said grace, now burst their sides at hearing a catch from the same melodious voice, that formerly piped the composition of Sternhold and Hopkins. Pray, Sir Philip, when Mr. Lacam next dines with you, call upon him for Black-eyed Susan. Wicked man, he sings it like an angel!

ACUTENESS OF THE EGYPTIAN
CAMELS AND DROMEDARIES.

WITH qualities of high general utility, these valuable animals possess a great degree of instinct and intelligence: They are said, indeed, to be extremely sensible of injustice and ill-treatment. The Arabs assert, that if a person strike them without cause, he will not find it easy to escape their vengeance; and that they will retain the remembrance of it, till an opportunity offer for gratifying their revenge; having in this point a striking similarity of character with their masters. It is said, that in their fits of rage they sometimes take up a man in their teeth, throw him on the ground, and trample him under their feet. Eager to revenge themselves, they no longer retain any rancour, when once they are satisfied; and it is even sufficient, if they believe they have satisfied their vengeance. Accordingly, when an Arab has excited the rage of a camel, he lays down his garments in some place near which the animal will pass, and disposes them in such a manner, that they appear to cover a man sleeping under them. The camel knows the garments of him, by whom he has been treated with injustice; seizes them in his teeth; shakes them with violence; and tramples on them in a rage. When his anger is appeased, he leaves them, and then the owner of the dress may make his appearance without fear, and load and guide the animal, who submits with astonishing docility to the will of a man, whom before it was his wish to destroy.

I have sometimes seen badjins, or dromedaries, weary of the impatience of their riders, stop short, turn round their long neck to bite them, and utter cries of rage. In these circumstances, the rider must

be careful not to alight, as he would infallibly be torn to pieces: he must also refrain from striking his beast, which would only increase his fury. Nothing can be done but to have patience, and appease the animal by patting him with the hand, which frequently requires some time, when he will resume his way and his pace of himself. The pace of these dromedaries is a very long trot, during which they carry the head high, and the tail stretched out stiff in an horizontal position. The saddle, or rather pack-saddle, on which the rider sits, is hollowed in the middle, and has at each saddle-bow a round piece of wood, placed vertically, which he grasps firmly with each hand, to keep himself in his seat. Some of these saddles are more simple, not so well stuffed, and less convenient, than those of the Arabs; and the handles at the saddle-bow are horizontal. These are brought from Sennaar, the capital of Nubia. A long pocket on each side to hold provision for the rider and his beast; a skin of water for the rider alone, as the dromedary can travel a week without drinking; with a leather thong in the hand, to serve as a whip; are the whole of the traveller's equipage; and thus equipped he may cross the deserts, travelling fifty, nay fourscore leagues a day. This mode of travelling is fatiguing to excess: the loins are broken [bruised] by the rough and quick shaking of the dromedary's pace; the hands are soon galled, and very painful; and the burning air, which you divide with rapidity, impedes the breath, so as almost to induce suffocation.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

SHOULD the trains of the ladies robes continue to lengthen, the public gardens must be enlarged, or

must renounce the pleasure of walking there. An *élegante* of the present day occupies at least six feet in superficial length; and hence the painful necessity of remaining at such an awful distance behind, or running the danger of treading on her train.

Imagine to yourself a fine woman, who feels somebody is treading on her train. She makes a sudden stop, gracefully bends back the upper part of her fine person. This motion expands her luxuriant bosom, and the lower part of her beauteous waist is thrown most invitingly forward; her head inclines to her shoulder, and she casts upon the mal-adroit offender a look always expressive of less resentment than kindness.—But of how many other shades besides is not this *coup d'œil* susceptible? There is a *tañis*, or table, we are assured, by which the fashionable world can calculate with precision the quality of the offender, and the sensation excited by his offence. Do you perceive it qualified by a spark of coquetry, and a little air of protection? The offender is some unknown youth, whom she has noticed once or twice before. Does it announce a cold and reserved politeness? He is some man of merit, without nankeen pantaloons, or a cambric shirt. When the lady, describing full forty-five degrees of a circle, exclaims "*Prenez donc garde, citoyen*;" Oh! then you may be assured he is an annuitant, or a poor author. But when a soft sigh tempers the dignity of a long-fixed look, he is unquestionably a contractor.—"Ah!" exclaims the fair one, lost in sweet motion! "what's the matter, my dear?" says the husband, whom she holds by the arm—"Dieu merci, nothing, I only fancied that something tore my gown, and it has put me all in a tremble." You may guess who this is—this is the secret lover of Madame.

RUSSIAN FUNERAL.

SATURDAY the 23d ult. exhibited a novelty in Edinburgh, on occasion of the funeral of a Russian officer, who died in the Royal Infirmary; the solemnity was striking and impressive. The body was carried to the guard-house of the hospital, and the service (which consisted of prayers and chaunting the requiem, sprinkling of frankincense, and other ceremonies) was performed there by a priest of their highest order, dressed in a superb stole, with vestments of muslin and rich gold embroidery, a remarkable good-looking, jolly man, with a thick flowing beard. The procession then moved to Lady Yester's burying-ground, a Russian carrying the lid of the coffin, on which were laid the officer's hat and sword; next a band of chorists, singing an anthem, in a sweet, low, and solemn strain; then the priest carrying the censer, and (under his vestments) the cross; the body followed, carried by six of the North York militia, the coffin open, a fine gauze white veil covering the body dressed in full uniform, boots, gloves, &c. the head carried foremost; next, a band of Russian musicians playing the dead march, alternately with the fingers; the procession closed with a party of Russian soldiers under arms, who, after some little solemnities on screwing on the cover of the coffin, fired three volleys.

Colonel Lord Dundas, and several of his officers in garrison in the castle, joined the procession. All the Russians, except the firing party, were uncovered.

A CURIOUS RENCONTRE

TOOK place last month at an hotel in Woodstock-street. Two gentlemen, who are both officers

officers in the same militia regiment, were accidentally ushered into the same room, each attended by a lady; in an instant it was discovered that the companion of the Lieutenant was the Captain's wife, who also was accompanied by the lady of the Lieutenant. The surprise, of course, was equal on all sides, and followed by a scene of general recrimination. At length the storm having subsided, they came to an agreement that the couples should remain in future such as they were paired that moment, and in all probability one of them had no better bargain than the other.

ROBUST MODE OF LIVING IN THE
FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

AS our ancestors at that period were still early risers, they breakfasted at seven, and dined at ten o'clock in the forenoon, supped at four in the afternoon, and had their liveries between eight and nine; soon after which they went to bed. But though they breakfasted thus early, their appetites seem to have been sufficiently keen. The breakfast of an Earl and his Countess, on Sundays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, in the holy fast of Lent, was a loaf of bread in trenchers, two manchetts, a quart of beer, a quart of wine, two pieces of salt fish, six baconed herrings, four white herrings, or a dish of sprouts. This for two persons, at seven o'clock in the morning, was a tolerable allowance for a day of fasting. Their suppers on these days were generally plentiful. Their breakfast on flesh-days was, a loaf of bread in trenchers, two manchetts, a quart of beer, a quart of wine, and a half a chine of mutton, or a chine of beef boiled. The li-

veries, or evening collations, for the lord and lady were, two manchetts, a loaf of household bread, a gallon of beer, and a quart of wine. The wine was warmed and mixed with spices. No rule was fixed for dinners, as these were the principal meals, at which they entertained their company. It is remarkable, that shop keepers, mechanics, and labourers, breakfasted at eight in the morning, dined at noon, and supped at six in the evening; which were later hours than those of the nobility. So different are the customs from one age from those of another.

For the Sporting Magazine.

MODERN CONVENIENCIES IN
DIET.

MR. EDITOR,

WHILE the ingenuity of man is every day producing the most extraordinary effects in the works of art, it is extremely pleasing to observe that nature, too, bursting from the trammels in which she has hitherto been confined, departs from her usual humdrum routine, and favours us with productions that will greatly facilitate the labours of man, and *cheapen* those valuable articles without which he cannot exist.

Some years are now past since the discovery of a tree which produced bread, and which, as soon as introduced into this country, was to render harvests unnecessary, and to annihilate the whole tribe of buyers, corn merchants, corn factors, farmers, millers, and bakers. No sooner had this pleasing prospect danced its round than another tree was found which produced butter, and threatened destruction to our dairies and our pretty dairy maids.

And

And this day I read in the papers, of a third tree that flourishes with a cabbage at the top—an improvement certainly not of such consequence as the former, because it cannot answer any purpose either of cheapness or goodness, to put cabbages farther out of our reach than they were before. It shews, however, as well as other instances mentioned, that a complete revolution has taken place in the vegetable world, and that we may soon expect to cover our tables with the richest and most favourite dishes, without the circuitous and expensive mode of visiting the butcher and the poulterer. Every thing has a *beginning*—bread and butter, being used chiefly at breakfast, may be accounted the *first principles* of the day's pleasure. Why should we despair to find a leg of mutton *vegetating* near our turnips, or a delicious haunch *blooming* amidst our French beans! Why should it be more wonderful in a tree to produce slices of bread and butter than the more substantial *fruits* of the *firloin*, the *chine*, and the *saddle*? I trust, Sir, the time is not far off when our parsnip beds will be intersected by *salt fish*, and that no kitchen garden will produce *spinage* without the agreeable accompaniment of *house lamb*. Nay, as *improvement* once begun is *infinite*, there is no reason why we might not expect all the labours of *animal* life to merge into that of the *vegetable*. No one would be greatly surprised if the banks of the Rhine were to grow *men*; and the same expectation may be reasonably formed of many parts of Italy and Switzerland. What a man sows he may hope to reap; I trust that even at home our *oaks* may be made to produce *sailors*, and that, if matters go on in their present train, we may hope one day or other to see a *statesman* upon a *tree*.

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

THE WISE MAN OF THE EAST.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

ON Saturday night, November 30, a new Comedy, intitled "*The Wise Man of the East*," was performed for the first time at this Theatre. The principal characters were thus represented.

MEN.

Clarensforth	Mr. Munden
Edward, his son	Mr. Lewis
Metland	Mr. Murray
Charles, his son	Mr. H. Johnston
Timothy Starch, a Quaker	Mr. Knight
Bankswell	Mr. Davenport
Attorney	Mr. Waddy

WOMEN.

Lady Mary Diamond	Mrs. Davenport
Mrs. Metland	Mrs. Johnston
Rachael Starch	Mrs. Mattocks
Ruth	Mrs. H. Johnston
Ellen Metland	Miss Murray.

The scene is laid in London, where Clarensforth, a rich merchant, avails himself of a report of his death to assume the dress and character of an Indian Magus, or "*Wise Man of the East*," and in that disguise to watch over the conduct of Edward, a libertine son, now in the possession of his fortune. In the course of this arduous duty, he meets with a variety of characters, of whom the principal are Lady Mary Diamond, who keeps a faro table, and forms a plan to cheat Edward of his fortune at play. Mr. and Mrs. Metland, his particular friends, who are reduced to poverty by their losses, sustained, in consequence of his supposed death, and Ellen, their daughter, designed by Clarensforth for his son's wife, but who, in her reduced state, becomes the servant of Lady Mary Diamond, and as such is carried off by Edward, who, ignorant of her family, attempts to seduce her. These scenes produce several interviews between Clarensforth and his son, which

which naturally abound with moral instruction; the dialogue is very well written, and the sentiment just and appropriate to the character, except so far as respects old *Metland*, who is drawn scrupulously conscientious, to an excess of delicacy bordering upon the ridiculous. *Ellen* is a generous, candid, and amiable girl; the principal part of the interest is excited by her unmerited sufferings, and though not forceful any where, it is always sufficient to command attention. The denouement consists in her restoration to her family, by the kind offices of *The Wise Man of the East*, who throws off his disguise, avows himself to his friends, and effects a reconciliation with *Edward*. There is a counterplot, in which a quaker family is introduced, whose daughter, *Ruth*, is courted by *Edward*, who resigns her to *Charles*, her lover, an amiable young officer, brother to *Ellen*. To this part there are many objections. It is in no respect necessary to the progress or interest of the principal. The scenes are much too long; the grave, solemn deportment of that sect is caricatured into downright buffoonery; the quaker is made an unfeeling Jew, his wife a vile hypocrite, and the daughter a wanton—characters so repugnant to the feelings of those acquainted with the class, that it was without surprise we found them condemned by the audience. Perhaps the fair authoress, did not design to censure the whole class of quakers; we believe she did not. Speaking of the quakers in general, in the second act she says:

“Who but reverences the modes of your sect; the sober decency of your habit and manners; the steady sobriety of your men; the modest demeanour of your women; that timid, retiring disposition; that simple cloathing, tending to form the humble handmaid, the

obedient wife, the meritorious mother.”

This passage must be admitted as a proof of the authoress's intention; but still the impression on the public mind, made by the three characters, is very prejudicial to that of a quaker, and very contrary to truth, generally acknowledged. As quakers do not frequent theatres, it is the more our duty to stand forward in their vindication.

We feel no hesitation to speak thus freely on the merits of the piece, as the prologue candidly prepares us for improbability in incident and character, and avows it a translation from Kotzebue, who is made responsible for all its constitutional defects, while the adapter, we understand Mrs. Inchbald, claims only the merit of its English dress and fashion.

So far it is pleasant to be released from the painful duty of censoring the work of a lady to whom the public are so much indebted for the support which the legitimate drama has received from her exertions, and who, even in the instance before us, has disclaimed the pantomime and spectacle to which the German muse so often stoops. But is it a practice well understood here, that an adapter may cut and carve for himself out of the piece which he brings before the public, lay claim to its beauties, and place its faults to the account of the author?—Surely he is as responsible for what he adopts, as if it were his own original work. Or is it usual for an author to consider himself as paying a grateful respect to a liberal public, by presenting them with a piece avowedly defective, not in trifles, but in the great leading features, and to claim for another that indulgence which would be refused even to a production of his own? These are questions addressed to the person who has adapted this radically

cally defective piece to the English stage.

We trust, that no author, however popular, will ever be suffered to fortify himself behind such distinction: but that the public, to whom it must be a matter of indifference who the author may be, should hold him equally responsible for what he adopts as for his own.

The benefit of such a rule would be felt even in the present instance; for then Mrs. Inchbald, who was so well aware of its defects, would have given us a genuine piece of her own, in which we should not have to lament them.

It would be injustice to close our observations, without acknowledging the merit of several performers, particularly of Miss Murray in *Ellen*, who, natural and unaffected, supported the character with delicacy and feeling. Mr. Lewis, in *Edward*, shewed great spirit and discrimination in the varying passions of a libertine, of a naturally good disposition.

This piece had a narrow escape in one scene, and its rescue was in a great degree effected by Mrs. Mattocks, who dexterously cut from some passages degrading the character of the quaker, to one which extols that of an English merchant. The latter received loud applause, and the discontent abated.

This piece is languid in several parts, but in others it possesses merit; and, judiciously altered, it may become a favourite. While the pruning knife is employed, several allusions made by the young quaker, *Ruth*, should be omitted, particularly some of an indelicate, though equivocal meaning. That in the epilogue, about raising recruits at home, will not, we are persuaded, pass without notice. In the beginning, and towards the conclusion, the piece was well received, and it was given out for a

second representation, amidst very loud applause.

Thus much on the first night's representation.

His Majesty saw it on the 18th of December.

This piece, however, continues to be a favourite, notwithstanding it is not yet divested of its satire against the Quakers.

LORD BANDON'S HORSES.

A LAW CASE,

As tried in the Court of King's Bench, December 3, 1799.

Sittings before Lord Kenyon.

Lord Viscount Bandon v. Davies.

MR. Erskine, on the part of the plaintiff, observed, that though the object of this action was only to recover the value of three favourite horses, yet he could not help considering it as an action deserving the very serious consideration of the jury; for a case of greater negligence, and of greater brutality, it was scarcely possible to state in a Court of Justice.

Lord Bandon, a nobleman of the kingdom of Ireland, had three favourite horses, which he was desirous to send over to this country, and the defendant undertook to convey them safe in his vessel from Cork to Bristol. The defendant, according to his contract with Mr. Kenesect, a friend of the plaintiff, was to receive five guineas for the carrying of these horses, and his Lordship was to find them in hay, oats, and every other necessary, except water, which was to be supplied by the Captain. There were on board only two small casks and an half of water, but the Captain said he would take in plenty of water when he arrived at the Cove. When the ship arrived there, though he was told it was absolutely necessary to take

take more water on board, he pertinaciously refused, and though the water he had then on board was not nearly sufficient for his crew and these horses, he would not permit one drop more to be brought on board, and the vessel went out to sea with near one hundred people. Amongst these were fifty or sixty recruits, but their Captain found them in water. Before they had got well out of the harbour, the wind became very foul, and the horses, for want of water, would not eat their food; and in consequence of that, having become delirious and frantic, they did a great deal of mischief, and therefore they were obliged to slaughter them; and, if the ship had remained thirty hours longer at sea, not the horses only, but every man on board must have perished. The ship sailed on Sunday from Cork, and the water became so scarce, that each of the crew was put on short allowance on Monday night; and after that, every person on board was confined to an allowance of less than a pint of water a day till Saturday, when they got back safe into Crookhaven. On Wednesday, in consequence of the want of water, the horses became delirious, and in the evening of that day their throats were cut by the orders of the Captain. The learned counsel admitted, it was the work of necessity, when the safety of human life and of common animal life came into competition. But the question was, who was the parent of that necessity, and what this Captain had to answer to God and man for such brutal and abominable conduct. One poor fellow, at the point of expiring, crawled from the hold, and got upon the quarter-deck, where the Captain was enjoying himself with a tumbler of rum and water. He begged of him for God's sake to give him one single drop of water to moisten his

mouth. The Captain ordered him down again. This man said it was better to die on the quarter-deck, when the Captain took a mouthful of his grog, and spurted it in his face; on which he fell down senseless, and to all appearance, dead on the deck.

The learned counsel here adverted to the sufferings and cruel death of some of our countrymen at Calcutta, in consequence of close confinement. But there, he said, the tyrant was asleep, and the slaves belonging to him had no authority to make him awake. It was probable, that the Suba of Bengal, had he witnessed their sufferings, would have shewn more humanity than this defendant.

This action was certainly not brought to punish this man for his brutal conduct, but only to recover the value of three horses, which was one hundred and fifty pounds, and therefore that sum unquestionably would be the measure of their damages.

Four witnesses spoke in confirmation of this opening.

Mr. Gibbs, on the part of the defendant, said, he did not stand up in that case as an advocate for inhumanity, and he should be extremely sorry if the jury thought he was capable, in a moral point of view, to defend such conduct. All he had to regret was, that he did not know he had to meet such evidence, and therefore could not be prepared to answer it.

The learned counsel's defence seemed to present a new case. He endeavoured to shew that these horses had not been destroyed in consequence of want of water, but that from the very stormy and tempestuous weather they got loose, did a great deal of mischief, and more was expected, and therefore, to prevent more mischief being done, they were killed. No witness dared to swear that the horses were killed for

want of water. It was an act of humanity to the crew to destroy them. The weather was so stormy and tempestuous that sailors who had been acquainted with that navigation for thirty years had scarcely ever seen such a sea. If the Captain had done all that any man under such circumstances could do, he ought not certainly to bear the loss.

The chief mate and steward of the ship were examined, and the tendency of their evidence was to confirm this statement. They roundly asserted that the Captain and they had done every thing in their power for the safety of the crew and of the horses.

Lord Kenyon, in his address to the jury, among other things observed, that in this action the plaintiff demanded a satisfaction for the loss he had sustained, imputing to the defendant that he undertook to take care of his horses, and that for want of due care they had been lost. There was no doubt that the horses were lost. But the defendant said he was not liable for that fact, because he had taken all due care of them, and whether he had or not was the question for the jury to decide. The declaration stated the complaint in different ways. It stated, that the defendant had not taken on board a sufficient quantity of water; and also that he had not, in general, taken due care of these horses. And if either the one or the other of these turned out to be true, the plaintiff was entitled to a verdict.—If what several of the witnesses had sworn was true, it went to decide the question as to the water. The Captain said he would take in plenty of water at the Cove. No water however was taken on board.

His Lordship here stated the material parts of the evidence, and observed, that although the witnesses for the defendant had repre-

sented that Colonel Munro, Captain Harding, and several other gentlemen were on board, yet the defendant had not thought fit to call any of these persons, but had satisfied himself with the evidence of two persons, who stood in the immediate relation to him, the one of chief mate, and the other of steward. His Lordship said, that was not the way in which his mind expected satisfaction on a disputed fact. He might have brought these witnesses and given evidence from unsuspected quarters. The Captain had devolved a good deal of the care of these horses on the mate, who was the witness, and as there might be a reckoning to settle between him and the Captain, with regard to this business, the mate in fact came to speak in his own cause; and therefore the jury would receive his evidence with a degree of caution and reserve. His Lordship said, he did not affect to be acquainted with navigation, but he should have thought it prudent to have slung them. The plaintiff's friend proposed that to the Captain, and offered to do it at his own expence. But the Captain said it was unnecessary, and it was not done. It was for the jury to weigh the evidence, and observe the preponderance. His Lordship said, he could not help thinking that the balance of the evidence was abundantly in favour of the plaintiff. The jury would consider the whole of the case, and do justice between these parties.—Verdict for plaintiff—damages 150*l*.

A HORSE CAUSE.

Court of King's Bench, December 4.

Kilmer v. Aldridge.

MR. Garrow said, that this was a case to recover the price of a horse which the plaintiff had bought

bought at Mr. Aldridge's Repository, for which he paid twenty-nine guineas, and which was warranted sound. He was, however, very soon after he had bought him, found to be quite lame in the fore legs. Mr. Aldridge was a man well known in the world, and a man of acknowledged respectability; but he was only the ostensible, not the real party in this cause. The true defendant was a man whose name could no sooner be mentioned in a cause in which horses were concerned, than ground would be given to infer some trick or villainy. Mr. Aldridge had merely sold a horse which was sent into his repository to be sold, and he had warranted the horse sound, because Mr. Dixon, the real proprietor, had authorized him to do so. The plaintiff, who is a country farmer, and not at all able to cope with the art and finesse of Mr. Dixon, went some time ago to Mr. Aldridge's Repository to buy a horse—one was produced, warranted sound, with the appearance of which he was pleased; he bid stoutly for him; Mr. Dixon seeing that the plaintiff was rather keen for getting the horse, bid against him, and raised the price to twenty-nine guineas, at which he was knocked down to the plaintiff. A Mr. Staples, a horse-dealer, who was present, seeing Dixon bid so high, suspected some trick, and upon enquiry he found that the horse in fact belonged to Dixon. The horse was led carefully from the Repository to the Angel Inn, at Islington, where Mr. Staples said to the plaintiff, he wished the horse might be sound, for he knew Dixon's tricks; the plaintiff answered, he would need to be sound, I have paid a sound price for him. Staples and the hostlers of the Angel Inn, and a farrier at Islington, then examined the horse, and found him quite lame in his fore legs. He was immediately sent

back to the Repository, and this action was commenced for the price.

Staples, a horse-dealer, two hostlers of the Angel Inn at Islington, and a farrier at the same place, confirmed Mr. Garrow's representation.

Mr. Mingay for the defendant stated, that he had witnesses to prove the soundness of the horse, and insisted upon the injustice of Mr. Garrow's representation of Mr. Dixon's character, but the only witness whom he produced was a farrier, who said he had examined the horse two days ago, and found him quite sound.

Verdict for the plaintiff twenty-nine guineas.

THE POST CHAISE DRIVER DONE OVER.

King's Bench, December 2.

Affault.—Reid v. Newman.

MR. ERSKINE opened this cause, by observing, that so highly improper had been the conduct of the defendant, it was necessary his name and place of abode should be publicly stated, in order that every one, by knowing what sort of a character he was, might be enabled to guard against him; he was a Mr. Thomas Newman, of Blackfriar's-road, stable-keeper. The plaintiff was an old soldier, who had in his younger days borne a commission in the army, and served his Majesty at the Havannah, &c. where he had bled in the service of his King and country; but his regiment having been reduced, he had been left without the means of subsistence, and finally, had been compelled to assume the situation of a private in the East Middlesex militia. On the day the assault, the subject of the present action, was committed, namely, some time in June last, the

plaintiff was quartered with his regiment at Uxbridge, and was dispatched by his commanding officer to London, with a letter on business relating to the regiment; and on the letter, of which he was the bearer, were written the words "On his Majesty's service;" it was, of course, his object to get to town with all possible speed; and there being no public conveyance at the moment, he availed himself of a return post-chaise which was then leaving Uxbridge. The chaise belonged to the defendant, who, it so happened, was the driver of it. He agreed to give him two shillings, one of which he paid down immediately, and the other was to have been given when he got to the end of the journey. The chaise had not proceeded far, ere three ladies, who were walking towards London, asked the defendant, if he could accommodate them with seats. The defendant, contemplating the prospect of a better bargain than he had made with the old soldier, desired the latter to turn out, which he positively refused to do, observing, that he would accommodate the ladies as well as he could; but as he was on his Majesty's service, he did not think he should be doing his duty if he lost the opportunity of making all the haste in his power. Upon this refusal, the defendant drew up his chaise, and endeavoured to force the plaintiff out; the plaintiff, who had more spirit than strength, though he could not repel the attack upon his person, yet made such a resistance that the defendant was unable to dislodge him; upon which the defendant called to some persons who were playing at cricket opposite where this scene was taking place, and desired their assistance; they rashly and imprudently obeyed the summons, and joined in turning out "the King's man," as they called the plaintiff; they seized his legs,

while the defendant pushed him by the shoulders, and he fell with his back on the highway, was much bruised, one of his teeth knocked out, and his face covered with blood. Luckily for the plaintiff, a gentleman who resided on the spot observed the transaction, and recommended the plaintiff to seek redress at Bow-street, as soon as he should get to town. The plaintiff got on the outside of a coach, which passed by at the time, and proceeded a few miles, when the coach stopped to wait for the chaise, in order that the name of the owner might be taken. When the chaise came up, the plaintiff seized the horses reins; the defendant struck him with his whip, and attempted to prevent the name on the chaise from being read; but in the end he was forced to submit. The plaintiff afterwards applied at Bow-street, and commenced an indictment; but by the advice of the magistrate and his own friends, had substituted it for a private prosecution, which the Secretary of the War-Office had, in consideration of the injury he had received, enabled him to carry on. Mr. Erskine trusted the Jury would consider this a case which called for ample damages.

The gentleman alluded to by Mr. Erskine, as well as several other witnesses, proved the above facts, without the least variation.

Mr. Marryatt addressed the Jury for the defendant. He thought a great deal of prejudice had been unnecessarily enlisted in this cause. There was no occasion to have mentioned that this prosecution had been recommended by a Magistrate, or supported by the Secretary of the War Office. Each of them had acted upon the representations of the plaintiff. The plain fact, without any ornament, was nothing more than this;—that the defendant had agreed for the trifling and inadequate sum of one shilling to let the

the plaintiff ride in his chaise to town, provided he did not meet with a better fare; if he did, the plaintiff was to have got out and rode on the cross-bar. When requested to do so, in pursuance of his agreement, he had refused, and had fixed his dirty feet against the side of the chaise; and the defendant, as he was unable to force him out by his own strength, had, as he thought himself justified, called in the assistance of a few lads who were playing at cricket. It was plain the plaintiff could not have been hurt, as he, but a short time after, had stopped the chaise, seized the horses reins, and by his violent conduct terrified the ladies, and compelled them to get out.

Here Lord Kenyon said the plaintiff had done nothing but what was right in seizing the horses reins, as the defendant had refused to stop.

Mrs. Willett and her two daughters, the three ladies who had excluded the old soldier, gave evidence as to the latter's violent conduct when he stopped the chaise, but their testimony was somewhat irrelevant. Another witness was called, who was present at the first dispute; but upon his cross-examination, he stated that the defendant told the plaintiff he would carry him for sixpence less, if he would ride upon the cross-bar.

Mr. Erskine replied; and Lord Kenyon thought the prosecutor entitled to heavy damages.—Damages 20*l*.

GAMING HOUSE.

Court of King's Bench, December 5.
Sittings before Lord Kenyon and a Special Jury.

The King v. Moore.

THIS was a prosecution for keeping a gambling house.

Mr. Garrow opened the indict-

ment, by enlarging upon the pernicious effects of the dreadful vice of gaming; regretting that the efforts of this Court, and the punishment that had awaited former offenders, had been insufficient to repress it; he therefore trusted the defendant should be found guilty, would be punished with an additional degree of severity, in order to deter others from following his baneful example.

The offence imputed to him was, that of keeping a common gaming-house, at No. 6, in Oxendon-street. The former proprietor of this house was a foreigner, who had been ordered out of the kingdom under the Alien Act by the Secretary of State; it might have naturally been expected that no person would have had the audacity to have continued the house open for the same purpose; but the defendant, who had become intimate with this foreigner's wife, and had had several children by her, had carried on the business in the usual manner.

If all the Police officers acted with the same attention as those of Marlborough-street, there would soon be an end to gaming in the metropolis. As an instance of its pernicious tendency, he would observe, that on the night the house in question was searched, a young man (whose name out of delicacy he would forbear to mention), a man of good fortune and respectable family, attempting to make his escape over the roof of the house, fell down, and was considerably bruised; yet so great was his attachment to gaming, that he was afterwards discovered in a house of a similar description, and endeavouring to make his escape in the same manner, he fell, and was killed on the spot. Unfortunately, the defendant was not in custody, nor was it certain whether he would be taken, so as to be brought up for judgment.

One of the officers of Marlborough-

rough-street stated, that when he went to search the house, he found on entering it a swing gate, which he pushed open, and then perceived a large wooden folding door with a grating of strong iron bars; he observed a man on the other side, who asked him his name; the witness thrust his arm between the bars, seized him by the collar, and contrived to pull back a bolt; he then pushed the door open, and rushed into the house; he found another door painted, so as to resemble brick work, which he forced; it was faced with iron plates; within this there was another strong door, the pannel of which he broke, and a small man who accompanied him, got in and unbolted it; he heard people going backwards and forwards up stairs. He went up to the dining-room, which was lighted, and spread with card-tables, for playing at Rouge et Noir; there were three persons in the room, and upwards of twenty were hid under beds, in closets, on the roof of the house, and in the cellar; they were secured. In one of the drawers there was a parcel of Rouge et Noire cards, dice, &c. these he produced.

Kennedy, the officer, corroborated this testimony.

A Frenchman who had been found in the house, said he had seen Moore there, and he was considered as the master.

There was no defence, and the defendant was found—Guilty.

Lord Kenyon said the public were much indebted to the Magistrates and Officers of Marlborough street.

STEEL TRAPS AND ENGINES.

ON Saturday, November 30, John Swallow, of Weybourn, a notorious poacher, paid the sum of 15*l.* being the amount of three separate penalties, in which he had

been convicted in the month of October, 1798, before Z. Girdlestone, Esq. for keeping and using steel traps and engines, to kill and destroy the game.

This is the second conviction of the kind that has within a twelve-month been removed into the Court of King's Bench; and it is now fully and finally decided, that where the engine is in its nature appropriated to the destruction of game as well as conies, it cannot be kept and used for the purpose of destroying the latter by unqualified persons, without incurring the penalties of the game laws; such engine when set, being equally liable to take a hare or pheasant as a rabbit.

In the neighbourhood of Weybourn, it has long been a practice amongst the farmers, to breed and nurse rabbits upon the waste lands and borders of their farms, during the summer months, in order to let and rent the same of the poachers in the winter, who have had recourse to such means of taking them, as to render the hare and pheasant, in a country once abounding with both, almost extinct.

Under this specious shelter and protection, poaching had been carried on to an excess that called for exemplary punishment. The conviction of Swallow had not only been attempted to be set aside in the Court of King's Bench, but a rule for an information against the convicting Magistrate had been obtained upon affidavits, which, on shewing cause against the rule, appeared to have been fabricated at the expence of truth and decency, for the mere purpose of obtaining it, inasmuch that the cause was abandoned in Court, by the prosecutor's own counsel, Mr. Law, who being called upon to say if he seriously meant to support the rule, only attempted to get rid of the costs, though without effect—which for the length of time and unnecessary trouble given, are

are likely to prove more satisfactory to the attorney who conducted the cause, than to his client.

A LUDICROUS INSTANCE OF
PARTIAL INSANITY.

SOME years ago a respectable clergyman, an inhabitant of London, took country lodgings at a small distance from the capital. While at these lodgings, he usually rose early, walked into the fields, and drank warm milk. In one of his morning walks, it struck him that he would try if he could milk a cow; he immediately squatted down, in imitation of the dairy-maids, and began to exercise his fingers after their manner. In the midst of his operations, two of the damsels arrived in the field, and perceiving a grave clergyman in so ludicrous a posture, burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, accompanied with some jocular reproaches. Struck with the ridicule of his situation, the clergyman hurried to his lodgings in the utmost confusion; and so strong is the impression which this inconsiderable incident has made upon his mind, that, ever since, he fancies these women, or some of their companions, are constantly following him wherever he goes, singing ballads relative to the event which has so much affected him, and exposing him in a variety of ways to the laughter of his neighbours. In every other respect, he possesses the most perfect clearness and solidity of understanding, discharges the duties of his office as formerly, and, as he is a man of wit and learning, is considered by his acquaintance as a valuable and agreeable companion.

Perhaps this unfortunate clergyman was suddenly seized with the hypochondriac disease. Having brought nothing to carry the milk away, none such lasting shame ought to have followed a more experiment.

CHANGES IN THE WEATHER,

From M. Toledo, a Spanish Author.

1. **W**HEN the bats remain longer than usual abroad from their holes, fly about in great numbers, and to a greater distance than common, it announces that the following day will be warm and serene; but, if they enter the houses, and send forth loud and repeated cries, it indicates bad weather.

2. If the owl is heard to scream during bad weather, it announces that it will become fine.

3. The croaking of crows in the morning, indicates fine weather.

4. When the raven croaks three or four times, extending his wings, and shaking the leaves, it is a sign of serene weather.

5. It is an indication of rain and stormy weather when the ducks and geese fly backwards and forwards, when they plunge frequently into the water, or begin to send forth cries, and to fly about.

6. If the bees do not remove to a great distance from their hives, it announces rain; if they return to their hives before the usual time, it may be concluded that it will soon fall.

7. If pigeons return slowly to the pigeon-house, it indicates that the succeeding days will be rainy.

8. It is a sign of rain or wind when the sparrows chirp a great deal, and make a noise to each other to assemble.

9. When fowls and chickens roll in the sand more than usual, it announces rain; the case is the same when the cocks crow in the evening, or at uncommon hours.

10. Peacocks which cry during the night, have a presentation of rain.

11. It is believed to be a sign of bad weather when the swallows fly in such a manner as to brush the surface of the water, and to touch

it frequently with their wings and breast.

12. The weather is about to become cloudy, and to change for the worse, when the flies sing, and become more troublesome than usual.

13. When the gnats collect themselves before the setting of the sun, and form a sort of vortex in the shape of a column, it announces fine weather.

14. When sea fowl and other aquatic birds retire to the sea shore or marshes, it indicates a change of weather, and a sudden storm.

15. If the cranes fly exceedingly high, in silence, and ranged in order, it is a sign of approaching fine weather; but if they fly in disorder, or immediately return with cries, it announces wind.

16. When the dolphins sport, and make frequent leaps, the sea being tranquil and calm, it denotes that the wind will blow from that quarter from which they proceed.

17. If the frogs croak more than usual; if the toads issue from their holes in the evening in great numbers; if the earth worms come forth from the earth, and scorpions appear on the walls; if the ants remove their eggs from their small hills; if the moles throw up the earth more than usual; if the asses shake and agitate their ears; if the hogs shake and spoil the stalks of corn; if the bats send forth their cries, and fly into the houses; if the dogs roll on the ground, and scratch up the earth with their fore feet; if the cows look towards the heavens, and turn up their nostrils as if catching some smell; if the oxen lick their fore feet, and if oxen and dogs lie on their right side; all these are signs which announce rain.

18. The case is the same when animals crowd together.

19. When goats and sheep are more obstinate, and more desirous to crop their pastures, and seem to

quit them with reluctance; and when the birds return slowly to their nests, rain may soon be expected.

There are other signs which announce changes of the weather, among which are the following.

1. If the flame of a lamp crackles or flares, it indicates rainy weather.

2. The case is the same when the soot detaches itself from the chimney and falls down.

3. It is a sign of rain, also, when the soot collected around pots or kettles takes fire in the form of small points like grain of millet; because this phenomenon denotes that the air is cold and moist.

4. If the coals seem hotter than usual, or if the flame is more agitated, though the weather be calm at the time, it indicates wind.

5. When the flame burns steady, and proceeds straight upwards, it is a sign of fine weather.

6. If the sound of bells is heard at a great distance, it is a sign of wind, or of a change of weather.

7. The hollow sounds of forests; the murmuring noise of the waves of the sea; their foaming, and green and black colour, announce a storm.

8. Good or bad smells, seeming as if it were condensed, are a sign of a change of weather; either because exhalations arise and are dispersed in more abundance, which is a sign of an increase of electricity; or because the air does not dispel or raise these exhalations, which indicates that the constitution of the atmosphere is motionless, light, and void of elasticity.

9. When the spiders webs and leaves of the trees are agitated without any sensible wind, it is a sign of wind, and perhaps, rain; because it denotes that strong and penetrating exhalations arise from the earth.

10. These signs are less equivocal when the dry leaves and chaff are

are agitated in a vortex, and raised into the air.

11. A frequent change of wind, accompanied with an agitation of the clouds, denotes a sudden storm.

12. A want of too great a quantity of dew being a mark of a strong evaporation, announces rain; the case is the same with thick, white hoar frost, which is only dew congealed.

13. If salt, marble, and glass, become moist some days before rain; if articles of wood, doors, and chests of drawers swell: if the corns on the feet and the scars of old wounds become painful; all these signs indicate that aqueous vapours are exhaled from the earth, and are no doubt directed by the electric matter, which diffuses itself then in greater abundance, and penetrates every body. Hence it happens that stones become moist, that wood swells, and salt becomes deliquescent by the moisture. When the stones after being moist become dry, it is a sign of fine weather.

14. On the other hand, when the weather inclines to rain, the water is seen to diminish in vases and fountains, because the humidity is then carried away by the evaporation of the electric matter.

15. It is certainly a surprising phenomenon to see the earth, after very long and very abundant rains, to be sometimes almost dry, the roads quite free from dirt, and the lands to become arid and parched. This is a sign that the rain has not altogether ceased, and denotes a continual efflux of electric matter, which being renewed carries with it, in the form of vapours, all the moisture that falls on the earth.

16. There is sometimes, however, a great deal of dirt, even after a very moderate rain, which in that case is a sign of fine weather, because it indicates that evaporation

has ceased. Dry earth and moist stones announce rain.

17. The winds which begin to blow in the day-time, are much stronger, and endure longer, than those which begin to blow only in the night.

18. Weather, whether good or bad, which takes place in the night-time, is not, in general, of long duration; and, for the most part, wind is more uncommon in the night than in the day-time. Fine weather in the night, with scattered clouds, does not last.

19. A Venetian proverb says, that a sudden storm from the north does not last three days.

20. The hoar-frost, which is first occasioned by the east wind, indicates that the cold will continue a long time, as was the case in 1770.

21. If it thunders in the month of December, moderate and fine weather may be expected.

22. If it thunders at intervals in the spring time, before the trees have acquired leaves, cold weather is still to be expected.

23. If the wind does not change, the weather will remain the same.

In regard to the *general qualities of the seasons*, and their influence, attention may be paid to the following signs:—if the earth and air abound with insects, worms, frogs, locusts, &c.; if the walnut-tree has more leaves than fruit, if there are large quantities of beans, fruit, and fish; if the spring and summer are too damp; if hoar-frost, fogs, and dew come on at times when they are not generally seen, the year will be barren; the opposite signs announce fertility and abundance. Animals seem also to foresee and prognosticate fertility or barrenness: it is said that when the birds flock together, quit the woods and islands, and retire to the fields, villages and towns, it is a sign that the year will be barren.

T. A great

A great quantity of snow in winter promises a fertile year, but abundant rains give reason to apprehend that it will be barren. A winter, during which a great deal of snow and rain falls, announces a very warm summer. It is generally believed, that thunder and storms in winter prognosticate abundance, because they fertilize the earth. When the spring is rainy, it produces an abundant crop of hay and of useful herbs; but, at the same time a scarcity and dearth of grain. If it is warm, there will be plenty of fruit, but they will be almost all spoiled. If it is cold and dry, there will be few fruit or grapes, and silk worms will not thrive. If it is only dry, there will be few fruit, but they will be good. In the last place, if it is cold, the fruit will be late in coming to maturity.

If the spring and summer are both damp, or even both dry, scarcity and dearth of provisions is to be apprehended. If the summer is dry, there will be little corn; diseases will also prevail; but they will be more numerous if it is warm. If it is moderately cold, the corn will be late; but there will be a great deal of it; and the season will occasion few diseases.

A fine autumn announces a winter, during which winds will prevail; if it is damp and rainy, it spoils the grapes, injures the sown fields, and threatens a scarcity. If it be too cold, or too warm, it produces many maladies. A long severity of the seasons, either by winds, drought, dampness, heat or cold, becomes exceedingly destructive to plants and animals. In general, there is a compensation for rain or drought between one season and another. A damp spring or summer, is commonly followed by a fine autumn. If the winter is rainy, the spring will be dry; and if the former is dry, the autumn

will be damp. When the autumn is fine, the spring will be rainy. That this alteration in general verified, may be seen in a Journal carried on for forty years, and formerly edited by M. de Poleni.

LONGEVITY.

THERE is now living at a place called Kirklee, about two miles and a half from the town of Hamilton, a woman of the name of Agnes M'Millan, aged one hundred and fourteen years! Her sight is a little impaired, but she is still able to walk about, and spins upon the old Scottish distaff, with the spindle by her side. She lived in the reign of King James II. who abdicated the throne—remembers King William the Third, and Queen Mary the Second—recollects the battle of Killieranky, in Perthshire, and the Union of England and Scotland in the reign of Queen Anne. All these great events seem fresher in her memory than matters of a later date. If she exists but a short time longer, she will have lived in three centuries.

Died lately, at Cawdor Castle, in Nairnshire, Scotland, a woman of the name of Elizabeth Rose, who had reached the uncommon age of one hundred and twelve years. For many years she had lived a most faithful servant in that old castle, and Lord and Lady Cawdor ordered every care to be taken of her which her situation required: her eye-sight having failed some years ago, her daughter was brought into the castle to take care of her, and as she enjoyed good health to the last, there is reason to suppose the period of her existence might have rivalled the antediluvian, had not an accident of a dreadful nature put an end to it; for, having been left alone in her room, her cloaths somehow

somehow or other caught fire, and she was burnt in so terrible a manner, that she died in a few hours.

TIPPO SAIB'S SERAGLIO, THRONE, STUD, &c.

THE whole of the seraglio consists of about eighteen square courts, communicating with each other by narrow passages, which afford a free access from one part to another, of which all the women are allowed to avail themselves.

The several apartments which are on the ground floor, are square, very lofty, and four of them inclose a spacious square court, into which they open by means of large cedar folding doors. In the centre of each court, which is floored with white tiling, there is a fountain supplied by pipes from an extensive reservoir on the outside of the palace. All the apartments are ornamented externally with beautiful carved wood, celebrated for the difficulty of the workmanship, as well as for the taste in which it is finished. In the inside, most of the rooms are hung with silks of different colours; the floors are covered with beautiful carpets; and there are sofas disposed at different distances, for the purposes of sitting and sleeping. The ceilings of all the apartments are beautifully painted, and the other principal decorations consist of solid gold and silver mouldings all round the room, and very large and valuable looking glasses hung on different parts of the walls, with clocks of exquisite make.

The dress of the ladies consists of a shirt, with remarkable full and loose sleeves, hanging almost to the ground, the neck and breast of which are left open, and their edges are neatly embroidered with gold. They wear fine muslin drawers, and over the shirt a *castan*, which is a

dress something similar in form to a loose great coat, without sleeves, hanging nearly to the feet, and is made either of silk and muslin, or of gold tissue. A sash of fine linen or cotton, folded, is tied gracefully round the waist, and its extremities fall below the knees. To this sash two broad straps are annexed, and passing under each arm over the shoulders, form a cross on the breast; and to that part of it which passes between the breast and shoulder of each arm, is fixed a gold tortoise, carelessly suspending in front a gold chain. Over the whole dress is extended a broad silk band, which surrounds the waist, and completes the dress. The hair is plaited from the front of the head backwards, in different folds, which hang loose behind, and at the bottom are all fixed together with twisted silk. Over their heads they wear a long piece of silk, about half a yard wide, which they tie close to the head, and suffer the long ends, which are edged with twisted silk, to hang behind in an easy manner, nearly to the ground. At the upper part of each ear hangs a small gold ring, set with brilliants, half open, which has at one end a cluster of precious stones, sufficient nearly to fill up the vacancy occasioned by the opening of the ring. At the tip, or lower part of the ear, is likewise suspended a broad and solid gold ring, which is so large that it reaches so low as the neck, and which, as well as the other, has a cluster of precious stones; and on their wrists, broad and solid gold bracelets, sometimes also set with precious stones. Their necks are ornamented with bead and pearl necklaces; below these a gold chain surrounds the neck, and suspends in front a profusion of brilliants.

The Sultaun's throne being too unwieldy to be moved, had been broken up; it was a howdah and a tiger, covered with sheet gold; the

ascent to it was by silver steps, gilt, having silver nails, and all the other fastenings of the same metal. The canopy was alike superb, and decorated with a costly fringe of fine pearls all round it: the eyes and teeth of the tiger were of glass. It was valued at 60,000 pagodas.

Other advices from Seringapatam, dated the 27th of May, mention, that in breaking up the throne, which its bulk and weight rendered necessary, the sheet of gold with which it was covered was found to weigh 40,000 pagodas; the silver work about it, the supporters of the canopy, and the fringe of pearls which went round it, were valued at 10,000 pagodas more. Every inch of the howdar contained an Arabic sentence, chiefly from the Koran, superbly stamped, being raised and polished in the most beautiful manner. A gold figure of a bird, covered over with the most precious stones, was screwed to the roof of the canopy; its beak is a large emerald, its eyes carbuncles, the breast covered with diamonds, and the wings which are expanded, as if hovering, completely lined with diamonds; on the back are many large jewels, well and fancifully disposed; the tail, which resembles a peacock's, is also studded in the same manner—the whole so arranged as to imitate the plumage, and so closely set that the gold is scarcely visible.

The Sultan's private stud consisted of 3120 horses, 99 elephants, and 175 camels. There were 650 women, including his wives, &c. in the Palace, which is said to have been miserably furnished. Several tigers, which had been kept in a yard, were ordered to be shot, to prevent accidents.

Another account says, "The state elephants found in the Royal stables in Seringapatam, and which, it appears, were the favourites of the late King of Mysore, amount-

ed to fifty-three, and are of the most beautiful form, and very docile in their nature. These creatures were never suffered to appear publicly but upon very extraordinary occasions, and then richly caparisoned with superb howdars, consisting of a light green cloth, deeply fringed with gold. The Sultan's own elephant, on which he used to ride, is a fine gentle animal, and esteemed the most beautiful in Asia."

AWFUL JUDGMENT UPON A MONOPOLIST.

A Few days since, an opulent farmer, from the neighbourhood of Twickenham (who had a large quantity of corn by him) being in company with some of his friends at the west end of the town, they admonished him to bring his corn to market; but his reply was, "That every man had a right to do as he pleased with his own, and he should do so as well as others—that corn would still be higher, and he hoped to see it fifty pounds a load."—He returned home, and judgment followed him. He went to church the following Sunday, was struck with a paralytic stroke, and carried home, when a second stroke deprived him of the use of one side, and on the next day he expired.

NOTE.

It is to be hoped that many of our forefathers and monopolizers will take a serious warning from this awful admonition, and no longer continue to

“Wring
from the hard hands of peasants their
vile trash by any indirection.”

In fact these devouring harpies should beware, lest while they are opening their *coffers* to receive the scanty earnings of the indigent and industrious, retributive death may not be opening *coffins* to receive themselves. That grim tyrant they must remember is sometimes a *far-faller*, but never ceases to be an arch *monopoliser*.

N. B. L.

N. B. It was erroneously stated in a country paper, that this practically atheistical being was a *quaker*, an assertion which could not be true of *this individual*, because we find he went to church and not to a meeting of friends.

MORE VENTRILOQUISM.

To the EDITOR of the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

HAVING of late heard a vast deal of Mr. Lee Sugg, the Ventriloquist, I confess that like most of my neighbours, I wished much to see him. On hearing that L. S. was arrived at Yarmouth, I made it my business to enquire at what Inn he was at, and soon found him at my old friend Beckham's, in the Market-place. L. S. was taking a glass of grog with an officer, late of the Buff—I joined their company, as I knew the above officer. We were conversing on different subjects, when we were suddenly alarmed by a voice, which seemed to come from the stove, and which said, "Let me out now father; come, pray let me out, for the kitten scratches me." Our ears were now assailed with the cries of a young kitten, which was immediately succeeded by that of a young puppy. The voice now cries, "Father pray do let me out now—the cat and dog will fight—and I shall be bit—pray let me out." Lee Sugg affected to be surprized, and by significant gestures seemed to wish to deter the supposed child from speaking. I declare I did not know what to think of it, and my friend, the officer, seemed quite alarmed; he immediately rises from his seat and calls me out, to ask me what I thought of the gentleman who sat there (meaning Lee Sugg). I told him I did not know what to think.

"By G-d," says he, "I'll tell you what I think: it's my opinion that he wants to get rid of the child, and wishes to ship it upon poor Beckham; let us go in and tell him so." We returned to the Inn, but L. S. was gone. My friend immediately calls the landlord—"Beckham? by G-d you have an addition to your family." "I don't understand you, Sir," says Beckham. "Did you observe that gentleman that I was drinking with just now?" "Yes, Sir," says B. "By G-d, he's gone (says my friend) and left you a young one to keep for him." "Gone, Sir! that's impossible—Mr. Lee Sugg is not gone I know, for his carriage is here." "Has he a child?" says my friend. "Yes Sir," says Beckham. "I'll be d—d but he's a queer fish of a father," replies this son of Neptune. "Why so, Sir," says Boniface. "Why so! why, he has shut her up there, (pointing to the stove) with a cat and dog." "That's impossible, Sir," says Beckham. "Why, damme, d'y'e think I won't believe my own ears. By G-d, I'll bet you a dozen of wine that there they are now," Beckham, who now saw through the business, told us who and what Lee Sugg was: we had a hearty laugh at the trick which at first deceived us all, but more particularly at my friend, whom we can now hardly convince but that there was a child, a cat, and a dog, confined in the stove.

I am, Gentlemen, your's,
A CONSTANT READER.

DUELLING.

A Whimsical meeting lately took place in Jamaica, between a ruddy son of Neptune, and a pragmatic coxcomb, occasioned by a trifling dispute, fought by the latter, for

for the purpose of becoming the *man of honour*, among the circle of bucks, and insisting it should be settled in an honourable manner, (making use of the expression, powder and ball.) The Captain humbly accepted the challenge, and the time and place being fixed on, our dashing blade attended by his second appeared on the ground at the appointed hour, and waiting some short time expressed his surprise at the absence of his adversary; the Captain, however, at last hove in sight, riding postillion to a carriage, on which was mounted an eight and forty pounder, exclaiming on his arrival, "now d—n your e—s give the signal for a broadside, and if I don't batter thy hulk, d—e." Our buck conceiving he carried an inferior force, was obliged to strike. The Captain then deemed it prudent to send both him and his second adrift, with fore backs, to lament the disappointment of a cork duel.

INCREDIBLE INSTANCE OF FORTITUDE IN AN INDIAN WARRIOR.

Communicated in a letter from St. Lawrence, of the 4th July.

THE Shawano Indians being obliged to remove from their habitations, in their way took a Muskoligo warrior prisoner. They bastinadoed him severely, and condemned him to the fiery torture; he underwent a great deal without shewing any concern; his countenance and behaviour were as if he suffered not the least pain. He told his persecutors, with a bold voice, that he was a warrior; that he had gained most of his martial reputation at the expence of their nation, and was desirous of shewing them, in the act of dying, that he was still as much their superior as when he headed his gallant countrymen

against them; that although he had fallen into their hands, and forfeited the Divine favour, by some impiety or other, when carrying the holy ark of war against his devoted enemies, yet he had so much remaining virtue, as would enable him to punish himself more exquisitely than all their ignorant crowd could do, if they would give him liberty, by untying him, and handing him one of the red-hot gun barrels out of the fire. The proposal, and his method of address, appeared so exceedingly bold and uncommon, that his request was granted; then suddenly seizing one end of the red-hot barrel, and brandishing it from side to side, he forced his way through the armed and surprised multitude, leaped down a prodigious steep and high bank into a branch of the river, dived through it, ran over a small island, and passed the other branch amidst a shower of bullets; and though numbers of his enemies were in close pursuit of him, he got into a bramble swamp, through which, though naked, and in a mangled condition, he reached his own country. The above cunning warrior, we suppose, had prepared his hands for handling hot iron, after the manner of our fire-eaters.

A MARVELLOUS SHOT.

From a Correspondent.

A Letter signed W. S. C. College, Oxford, mentions (as far as it appears legible to us) that about the 27th ult. a bet was made between the Rev. Mr. Lefingby and Mr. Swan; that the latter would hit eleven farthings out of twelve thrown up into the air at a small distance from his gun, which being accepted, Mr. Swan actually hit eleven out of twelve! and of course won the wager.

SPORTING

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

THE Bradwell Courting Club had their first meeting, for this season, on Wednesday the 11th of December, which was numerously attended, and afforded, as usual, excellent sport. The following is a return of the regular matches; besides which, there were several post matches sharply contended:

1. Mr. C. Parker's b. Marth, beat Mr. P. Wright's b. Lady.
2. Mr. B. Dudley's b. Trull, beat Mr. Evans's b. Fry.
3. Mr. Evan's d. Rodney, beat Mr. Dudley's d. Terling.
4. Mr. Tweed's b. Slutt, beat Mr. Tuffnell's b. Lady.
5. Mr. Pigott's d. Driver, beat Mr. Tuffnell's d. Swift.
6. Mr. Tuffnell's Tinker, beat Mr. Wright's b. Ruby.
7. Mr. B. Dudley's d. Snap, beat Mr. P. Wright's b. Nettle.
8. Mr. P. Wright's d. Swift, beat Mr. Cawston's b. Slutt.
9. Mr. Cawston's d. Sampson, beat Mr. P. Wright's b. Fly-cap.
10. Mr. Tuffnell's b. Lady, beat Mr. G. Wright's d. Teazer.
11. Mr. Tuffnell's d. Spring, beat Mr. Cawston's d. Hazard.

On Thursday the 12th a match, for one hundred guineas a side, one four-mile heat, was run for over Galleywood Common race course, near Chelmsford, between Captain Luken's grey mare Indiana, and Mr. Wakefield's chestnut horse Tandem, rode by their respective owners. The race was won easily by the former: the knowing ones were taken in, as the odds at starting were two to one, and during the first mile three to one, in favour of the horse.

The Berkeley fox-hounds have had some good running in Hertfordshire, as well as in the Beechen

Woods of Bucks; the latter, however, is only fit for cool heads and slow horses (with philosophic riders), who, making a deliberate zig zag between the beech trees and blackberry bushes, are content with what is technically termed "a good run," because once in half an hour they may happen to view the stern of a tail-hound, who has not been with the pack since the first rapturous exclamation of "Tally O!"

A match was lately run over Galleywood race course, near Chelmsford, for five hundred guineas, between Mr. Wakefield's grey horse Pretty Dick, and Captain Luken's bay horse Jemmy Jumps, one four-mile heat, rode by the owners. The race was won in a canter by the former, though the bets were three to one on Jemmy Jumps. The knowing ones were paid with interest.

The short running deer lately turned out before his Majesty, and said by other prints to have been "tried by the Duke of Bedford," were not so. They came from Ockham, the seat of Lord King, near Ripley, in Surrey.

Lord Seston, after very judicious and indefatigable exertions in breaking *strange hounds* and *strange men* to a new country (near Banbury, in Oxfordshire), has at length brought them to a state of promised perfection. They have had some excellent sport—*run well* and *kill handsome*.—His Lordship may not only be considered one of the boldest and fairest riders; but his *hospitality* lays claim to the fairest representation.

Within these few days several flights of wild geese have been observed in the eastern counties, at no very great height—a certain indication of a severe winter in the more northern countries.

A prize

A prize ox was purchased on Saturday the 14th of December by Mr. Chapman, for 100 guineas, and exhibited to public inspection in Fleet-market on Wednesday. This fine animal was the prize bullock of Mr. Westead, of Buckinghamshire, and weighed nearly three hundred stone, was eight feet eleven inches long, six feet seven inches high, and ten feet four inches round the girth. It carried the prize of 100 guineas at the Smithfield shew of cattle, thus producing Mr. Westead 200 guineas. The society afterwards dined together at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, the Duke of Bedford in the chair.

Particulars of a Leicestershire Ewe, exhibited at the above shew on Monday last,

Bred by John Bennet, Esq. of Watford Hall, Northamptonshire, and fed by his Grace the Duke of Bedford.

SIX YEARS OLD.

	stone	lb.	stone	lb.
Live weight	22	6	Paunch	0 10
Dead weight	16	2	Fat	0 9½
			Skin	2 0
	6	4	Head and	
			Pluck	0 10
			Blood	0 6
				6 3¼

It is with pleasure we inform the public of a resolution made by Mr. Starling, of Helleston, and Mr. Thorne, of Hackford, two respectable Norfolk farmers, that they will, from the present time until next harvest, supply all their workmen employed in their respective farms with good wheat at the rate of 6s. 3d per bushel.—This is a most laudable example, and we hope to see it followed by the farmers in general.

Monday as the two sons of J. Lucas, Esq. of Saunthall, near Swansea, were preparing for a shooting party, the elder returning into his bed-room with a gun in his hand, by some accident it went off, and killed him on the spot.

To the EDITOR of the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

SIR,

This morning a very great curiosity was shewn me; I have taken the measure and weight myself; and hereunder is an account of it, if you think it worth while to insert it in your next Magazine.

I am, &c.

Hitchin, Nov. 16, 1799.

Yesterday morning a draft horse, belonging to Mr. Ransom, of Hitchin, died, having been ill and unable to work about ten days. The cause of his death was owing to a substance found in his stomach, of a brown colour, exactly resembling a large pebble stone, very smooth, and hard on the surface, and weighing 11lb. 14oz. averdupoise: it is nearly spherical, and measures just two feet in circumference, being about the size of a man's head. It is supposed that the substance was occasioned by the horse eating bran, which was his usual food.

Wednesday se'nnight, as Samuel Howell, about ten years old, was riding a horse on full speed in the parish of Pitcombe, and flogging the animal every step he went, the horse turning a corner rather quick, he was thrown off and killed.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has made a present of a Scotch horn, very beautifully mounted in gold, with a Scotch pebble at the top, to the Marquis of Huntley, as a proof of his esteem for the gallant conduct of that young nobleman in Holland. There is an inscription on the lid in erse to the following purport:—The son of the King to his friend the son of the Duke of Gordon.

KNIGHT ERRANTRY.

Friday, December 20, as several young ladies, coming to town from a boarding school, were alighting from a post-chaise, near the Basing-house, Kingland-road, some of them

them were grossly insulted by a hog-driver, whose filthy appearance seemed to deter any person from interfering, till a soldier happened to pass by, who, pulling off his knapsack, not only gave the fellow a severe drubbing, but compelled him to ask pardon upon his knees for the offence he had committed. A gentleman present gave the soldier (who was going home with a furlough) half a guinea.

There were several matches upon Moswold Heath, Norfolk, in the beginning of this month, some of which afforded most excellent sport.—Mr. Orchard's Milk Maid beat Mr. Jagger's Squirrel—Mr. Newnham's c. h. Old Towler, by Woodpecker, beat Captain Nugent's Bay Robin—Mr. Young's Saltram beat Mr. Brett's Brown George—Saltram also beat Capt. Pierce's bay h.—Mr. Newnham's Old Towler beat Capt. Robins's Eclipse—Mr. Pierce's Brown George beat Mr. Orchard's Milk Maid—Mr. Orchard's Milk Maid beat Capt. Pierce's c. stallion—*half a neck*—Capt. Robson's Eclipse against Mr. Newnham's Woodpecker—*a dead heat*.—Badger-baiting between the heats, &c.

A certain *sporting Baronet* constantly follows the hounds—his lady goes with them.

Lady S——, one of the boldest female riders in the kingdom, relaxes a little with her own fox-hounds; some few years since she almost invariably went over the gate; she now waits with more prudence and patience till the gate is opened.

Volunteering having introduced a habit of firing only powder, the city sportsmen from the ranks now fortunately have a day's shooting in the suburbs, without either killing themselves or their neighbour's pigs, as they used to do.

His Sicilian Majesty does not make his usual shooting excursions into the country. He probably finds that there is plenty of game about Court.

The fashionable furor of the chase has not only received a temporary check in every part of the country by the severity of the frost, but Lord S—— also, in his *diurnal dispatch* riding through Knightbridge, Sloane-street, Grosvenor-place, Piccadilly, Portland-street, New-road, Park-lane, to the great admiration of the lower classes, sometimes additionally amused by the *impudent attempt* of a penny post boy, to keep company with his Lordship, who escapes the degradation only by a superiority in blood.

The marshes about London exhibit strong symptoms of a hard winter: those by the river Lee in particular abound with plovers, ducks, and snipes. Fieldfares also are in great abundance, but remarkably wild.

The very elements seem to have combined their force against both principle and effect of the imaginary improvement made by Mr. Le Fèvre, (in the time limited by Parliament for killing game) in opposition to the unsuccessful efforts of Mr. Coke. Certain it is, never did less game fall from the "level of the deadly tube," or more by the destructive net and wire of the poacher, than in the present season; hares, partridges, and pheasants, are as "public as the noon-day sun," at taverns, inns, and eating-houses; indeed, so very much so, that even Jews, Turks, Infidels, and Clerks of every description, from the desk of a banker to the amanuensis of a fashionable auctioneer, seldom dine without articles so much enhanced by the laws, and so easily obtained with impunity.

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The Dutch farmers at the Cape of Good Hope cut the horns of their cattle in such away as to be able to turn them into any shape they please, and teach them to answer a whistle. Some of them use an instrument for this purpose, similar to a boatwain's pipe. When they wish their cattle to return, they go a little way from the house and blow this instrument, which is made of ivory or bone, and so constructed as to be heard at a great distance, and in this manner bring them home, without any difficulty.

Lately, an over-drove ox ran into the parlour of Mr. Parker, shoemaker, in Dalton-court, Bristol, where Mrs. Parker was sitting with her three children, and an infant in her lap. The furious animal attacked an empty cradle, and broke most of the furniture, but Mrs. Parker and her children, by retiring to the fire-place, fortunately escaped its notice. Her husband, alarmed by her screams, came to her assistance; he was immediately pursued into the street by the ox, but escaped unhurt.

The Serpentine river was on Sunday the 22d frozen over, and capable of bearing the skaters on all parts. There was about five hundred on the ice; but the sharp easterly wind prevented the number increasing so much as on former occasions. The ice was very good, with little or no snow upon it, and the skaters were some of them tolerably expert; but the journey back, in the teeth of the wind, extinguished all the pleasures of a run westward, which required only the extending of the great coat, to be carried by the gale like a ship at sea. Should the weather continue, we shall have booths on the ice, with roast and boiled, and all the *spits* of St. Giles's. A number of pretty women, and their beaux,

made a promenade on the banks of the river, and the frosty wind painted the *cheeks*, *ears*, and *elbows* of the fair, with a colour more ruddy than could be found in any perfumer's shop. They were generally well equipped for the excursion; boots, high-shoes, and great coats, being the only visible habiliments, excepting a few, who *still*, in spite of "seasons and their change," appeared in all the simplicity of a recent undress.

Lately as a company were drinking in a public-house at Henfield, a coal flew from the fire round which they were sitting, struck a wine glass on the table about the middle of the shank, and to their great astonishment, carried the top to the other end of the room, *leaving the foot exactly as it stood before*.

A few nights ago a man apparently in great distress, went to a farmer named Warren in the neighbourhood of Petworth, and got leave to sleep in his barn. The next morning one of his servants, on going to work, was surprised at seeing a sow and seven pigs *without a tail among them*, every one having been docked close to the rump! Suspicion immediately alighted on the mendicant, and to the barn they went, and found him busied in threshing corn; on asking him what he was about, and what he had been doing? he answered that "he had had, during the night, a severe engagement with the sow and her family; that he had conquered and brought off spoils, (exhibiting the tails) and was then knocking out a little corn for the discomfited enemy!" Mr. Warren took the man before Lord Egremont, to whom it clearly appeared, his senses were greatly deranged. His Lordship, however, to prevent further mischief, committed him to Petworth House of Correction.

FEAST

FEAST OF WIT;
OR,
SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

OUR friends will most of them recollect the sentence of the Court of King's Bench on Henry Redhead York, Esq. for the too free use of his political opinions, and which doomed him to a long confinement in Dorchester Castle.—In what way he was treated *generally*, in that prison, we know not; but in one particular, though the law contemplated only bolts, bars, and high walls, to secure his person, it is a fact, and it will be proved, that he was *fettered*.—*Fettered* he was, yet he never complained: on the contrary, York, though he changed his political sentiments for others more congenial to his nature, hugged his *chains* with inward satisfaction. Gay, in the Beggar's Opera, makes his keeper of a prison tell Mack-heath that he has fetters of all sizes for his customers; and, without comparing Mr. Andrews, the humane keeper of Dorchester Castle, to the Poet's mercenary keeper of Newgate, he also (Mr. Andrews) had *fetters* so ingeniously constructed, and of his own making, as exactly to fit Mr. York; and York, like the farmer in the same Castle, who would not leave the prison though his debt was paid, had neither courage nor inclination to part with his *chains*.—Forgive us, gentle reader, for thus intruding on your patience:—York's were the *fetters of love*; his heart was *enchained* by a fair lady; and, that the *rivets* might be indissoluble, “lately, (according to the language of newspapers) was married, at St. Martin's church, London, Henry Redhead York, Esq. to Miss Andrews, daughter of Mr. Andrews, keeper of Dorchester Castle.”

Two village sportsmen lately discoursing about a horse that had lost a race, one of them, as an apology

for it, observed, that the cause of it was an accident in his running against a waggon:—to which the other, who affected not to understand him, dryly replied, “why, what else was he fit to run against?”

A gentleman being at a country ball, and seeing in the room a young lady, very genteelly dressed, went up, and begged the favour of her hand to dance; when she answered plain, “*I can't*.” Astonished at the bluntness of the reply, he very civilly asked the reason; to which she replied, “Cause when I dances, I *sweats*; and when I *sweats*, I *st—s*.”

A late dashing multum in parvo writer, has thus contrived to sum up the character of the French nation in two lines:

Unhappy land! where truth's kick'd out of
doors,
Where all the men are ROGUES, the wo-
men WHORES.

A counsel at Guildhall, lately brow-beating a witness about the profession of another person, concluded by saying, “You are sure then that your friend does not impose upon the world, by pretending to keep a public house?” “No,” replied the witness; “he has got a better way than that of cheating them.”—“What's that?” “Oh!” replied the fellow, “*he follows the law*.”

Serjeant Vaughan having, in the course of the examination of a witness, in the Court of Common Pleas, asked a question rather of *law* than of *fact*, Lord Chief Justice Eldon very good humouredly observed, “Brother Vaughan, this is not quite fair; you with the witness to give you *for nothing*, what you would not give him under *two guineas*.”

The squad of six hundred and fifty ladies found in Tippon's palace is a proof that a little of the wisdom of Solomon still remained in the East.

The

The account of the arrival of a fair Circassian in Portman-square, is premature. The Grand Seignior knows enough, by report, of England, to be satisfied that his Ambassador, during his residence here, need never sigh for the beauties of Circassia, since there are so many equally fascinating, around him!

The Duke of Queensberry has received a threatening letter, signed "*Revenge*." Perhaps it is some slighted female, for his Grace must have heard that—

"Hell has no fury like a woman scorn'd."

In Mr. Horne Tooke's late examination before the Commissioners of Income Tax, the following interrogatory and reply is said to have passed:—

Com.—"Pray, Sir, inform us by what means a Gentleman, who has no property of his own, is enabled to live in the manner which you do?"

Answer.—By three: *begging, borrowing, and stealing*. Now, which of these may be applicable to my case, is for you to determine!"

At a grand dinner lately given to some Emigrants of high rank, among whom was the Archbishop of Narbonne, the conversation had taken rather too free a turn, after dinner, upon the subject of gallantry. The nice and quick discernment of the distinguished Gentleman who gave the entertainment, perceiving some embarrassment in the countenance of his reverend guest, relieved him presently, with his usual elegance and adroitness, "Brether," said he, to an illustrious Admiral, "*Vous comptez un peu trop sur la soudité de Monsieur l'Archeveque*." You rely a little too much on the deafness of the Archbishop.

A COURTIER'S REQUEST.

A courtier being very ill, and overcharged with debts, said to his confessor, that the only mercy he had to ask of God was, to prolong his life till he had paid his creditors. The confessor answered, that the motive was so good, there was great room to hope God would hear his prayer. "If God would grant me this mercy," said the sick man, turning to a friend, "I should never die."

A Clergyman, some time since rather hurried while reading the Funeral Service over a corpse, when he came to the words, "this our brother, &c." forgot whether the deceased had been man or woman. Turning, therefore, to one of the mourners, who happened to be an *Huberman*, he asked him, "Is this a brother or a sister?" By J—s, neither one or the other," replied Pat, "it was only an acquaintance."

A short time ago the Stadtholder went to a great sale by Christie, and seating himself at the table, fell fast asleep. The bidding began, and every ardent interjection of the accomplished auctioneer disturbing his Highness's repose, he in a few seconds gave a nod: "Thank you, Sir," said Mr. Christie, and on he went, every now and then speaking rather loudly, and his Highness nodding, till, to his utter astonishment, he was called upon for deposits to a large amount!

Mademoiselle Arnoult, a celebrated actress belonging to the Opera, having paid Voltaire a visit, in the course of conversation he exclaimed, "Ah! I am eighty-four years old, and have committed eighty-four follies in the course of my life." "A pretty story truly," answered the actress, "I am not forty, and yet I am sure I have committed not fewer than four thousand."

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

THE PASSAGE OF THE MOUNTAIN OF ST. GOTHARD.

By *Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire.*

TO MY CHILDREN.

(1) **Y**E plains, where three-fold harvests
press the ground,
Ye climes, where genial gales incessant
swell,
Where art and nature shed profusely round
Their rival wonders—Italy, farewell!

Still may thy year in fullest splendor shine!
Its icy darts in vain may winter throw!

(2) To thee, a parent, sister, I consign,
And wing'd with health, I woo thy gales
to blow.

(3) Yet pleas'd, Helvetia's rugged brows
I see,
And thro' their craggy steeps delighted
roam;
Pleas'd with a people, honest, brave, and
free,
Whilst every step conducts me nearer
home.

(1) We quitted Italy in August, 1793,
and passed into Switzerland over the Moun-
tain of St. Gothard. The third crop of corn
was already standing in Lombardy.

(2) We left Lady Spencer and Lady
Belborough at the Baths of Lucca, intend-
ing to pass the winter at Naples.

(3) The contrast between Switzerland and
the Milanese appeared very striking. The
Milanese were infested with a band of rob-
bers that caused us some alarm, and obliged
us to use some precautions; but from the
moment we entered the mountains of Swit-
zerland, we travelled without fear, and felt
perfectly secure. Death is the punishment

(4) I wander where Tefino madly flows,
From cliff to cliff in foaming eddies tost;
On the rude mountain's barren breast he
rose,

In Po's broad wave now hurries to be lost.
His shores, neat huts, and verdant pastures
fill,

And hills, where woods of pine the storm
defy;

While, scorned vegetation, higher still
Rise the bare rocks co-eval with the sky.

of robbery; this punishment, however, very
rarely occurs: at Lausanne there had been
but one execution in fifteen years.

(4) On the 9th we embarked upon the
Lago Maggiore, at the little town of Sesto,
situated where the Tefino runs out of the
Lake. In the course of two days naviga-
tion, we particularly admired the striking
and colossal statue of St. Charles Borromeo
(with its pedestal 100 feet from the ground.)
The beautiful Boromean islands, and the
shores of the Lake, are interspersed with
towns and woods, and crowned with the
distant view of the Alps.

On the evening of the 10th, we landed at
Magadino, one of the three Cisalpine Bai-
liages belonging to Switzerland; and as the
air was too noxious for us to venture to
sleep there, we sent our horses to conduct
us to Bellinzona, a pretty town in the midst
of high mountains, under the jurisdiction of
three of the Swiss Cantons, Switz, Under-
wald, and Uri. From hence, after having
prepared horses, chairs, and guides, and
having our carriages taken in pieces, we set
out on the evening of the 12th, to enter the
Mountain, and ascended gradually by a
road which nearly followed the course of
the Tefino.

The Tefino takes its rise not far from the
summit of St. Gothard, and joins the Po
near Pavia.

Upon

Upon his banks a favour'd spot I found,
Where shade and beauty tempted to
repose;
Within a grove, by mountains circled round,
By rocks o'erhung my rustic seat I chose.

Advancing thence, by gentle pace and flow,
Unconscious of the way my footsteps
press,

Sudden, supported by the hills below,

(5) St. Gothard's summit rose above the
rest.

'Midst towering cliffs, and tracks of endless
cold,

Th' industrious path pervades the rugged
stone,

And seems—Helvetia let thy toils be told—
A granite girdle o'er the mountain
thrown.

No haunt of man the weary traveller greets,
No vegetation smiles upon the moor,
Save where the floweret breathes uncultur'd
sweets,

(6) Save where the patient Monk receives
the poor.

Yet let not these rude paths be coldly
trac'd,

Let not these wilds with listless steps be
trod,

Here Fragrance scorns not to perfume the
waste,

Here Charity uplifts the mind to God.

His humble board, the holy man prepares,
And simple food, and wholesome lore be-
flows,

Extols the treasures that his mountain bears,
And paints the perils of impending snows.

(5) St. Gothard itself arises from the top
of several other high mountains. Some have
given 17,600 feet of perpendicular height
from the level of the sea; but General Plys-
fer, who completed the celebrated model
of that part of Switzerland, surrounding
Lucerne, makes it only 9075 feet above the
Mediterranean.

(6) There is a small convent at the top
of the Mountain, where two monks reside;
and who are obliged to receive and entertain
the poor traveller that passes that way.
Padre Lorenzo had lived there for twenty
years, and seemed a sensible and benevolent
man. They have a large dairy, and make
excellent cheese; five small lakes which are
at the top of the mountain, supply them
with fish. The Monks are Capuchins, and
belong to a convent at Milan.

For whilst bleak winter numbs with chilling
hand—

(7) Where frequent crosses mark the tra-
veller's fate—

In slow procession moves the merchant band,
And silent bends, where tottering ruins
wait.

Yet 'midst those ridges, 'midst that drifted
snow,

Can Nature deign her wonders to display;
Here Adularia shines with vivid glow,
And gems of crystal sparkle to the day.

Here too, the hoary mountain's brow to
grace,

(8) Five silver lakes, in tranquil state are
seen;

While from their waters, many a stream we
trace,

That 'scap'd from bondage, roll the rocks
between.

(9) Here flows the Reuss to seek her wedded
love,

And, with the Rhine, Germanic climes
explore;

Her stream I mark'd, and saw her wildly
move

Down the bleak mountain, thro' the crag-
gy shore.

My weary footsteps hop'd for rest in vain,
For steep on steep, in rude confusion rose;
At length I paus'd above a fertile plain (10)
That promis'd shelter, and foretold repose.

Fair runs the streamlet o'er the pasture green,
Its margin gay, with flocks and cattle
spread;

Embowering trees the peaceful village screen,
And guard from snow each dwelling's jut-
ting shed.

(7) When any lives have been lost from
the falls of snow, a small cross is erected.

(8) The Rhine, the Rhone, the Aar, the
Ticino, and the Reuss, all arise in the
Mountain of St. Gothard.

(9) The Reuss unites with the Aar, be-
yond the Lake of Constance, and with them
falls into the Rhine.

(10) The Valley of Ursera is celebrated
for its fertility and verdure, and the placid
manner in which the Reuss runs through it.
It was formerly woody, but the peasants be-
lieve that their forests were destroyed by a
magician. The green pastures and placid
appearance of the valley from a beautiful
contrast with the rocks and precipices which
surround it.

Sweet

Sweet Vale! whose bosom, wastes and cliffs
surround,
Let me awhile thy friendly shelter share!
Emblem of life! where some bright hours
are found
Amidst the darkest, dreariest years of
Care.

Dely'd thro' the rock, the secret passage
bends;
And beauteous horror strikes the dazzled
sight;
Beneath the pendant bridge the stream de-
scends
Calm—till it tumbles o'er the frowning
height.

We view the fearful pass—we wind along
The path that marks the terrors of our
way—
'Midst beetling rocks, and hanging woods
among,
The torrent pours, and breathes its glit-
tering spray.

Weary at length sereener scenes we hail—
More cultur'd groves o'erthade the grassy
meads,
The neat, though wooden hamlets, deck
the vale,
And Altor's spires recall heroic deeds.

But tho' no more amidst those scenes I
roam,
My fancy long each image shall retain—
(11) The flock returning to its welcome
home—
And the wild carol of the cow-herd's
strain.

Lucerna's Lake its glassy surface shews,
Whilst Nature's varied beauties deck its
side;
Here rocks and woods its narrow waves
inclose,
And there its spreading bosom opens
wide.

And hail the chapel! hail the platform
wild!
Where Tell directed the avenging dart,
With well-strung arm, that first preserv'd
his child,
Then wing'd the arrow to the tyrant's
heart.

(11) The circumstance alluded to pleased
me very much, though I saw it not in St.
Gothard, but in the Mountains of Bern.
At evening, a flock of goats returned to the
market-place of the little town of Inter-
lacken; immediately each goat went to its
peculiar cottage, the children of which came
out to welcome and caress their little com-
rade. The *Rans des Vaches* sung by the
Swiss cow-herds, is a simple melody, in-
termed with the cry which they use to
call the cows together.

Across the Lake, and deep embower'd in
wood,
Behold another hallow'd chapel stands,
Where three Swiss heroes lawlets force with-
stood,
And stamp'd the freedom of their native
land.

Their liberty requir'd no rites uncouth,
No blood demanded, and no slaves en-
chain'd;
Her rule was gentle, and her voice was
truth,
By social order form'd, by laws re-
strain'd.

We quit the Lake—and cultivation's toil,
With Nature's charms combin'd, adorns
the way,
And well-earn'd wealth improves the ready
soil,
(12) And simple manners still maintain
their sway.

Farewell Helvetia! from whose lofty breast
Proud Alps arise, and copious rivers
flow;
Where, source of streams, eternal Glaciers
rest,
(13) And peaceful Science gilds the plains
below.

(12) The domestic society and simple
gaiety of most parts of Switzerland, exist in
spite of the inroads of strangers; indeed it
seems impossible not to seek rather to join in
their happy amusements, than to wish to
introduce the dissipation of other countries
amongst them.

(13) The interesting literary characters
in Switzerland are very numerous. At Ge-
neva, Mr. De Saussure, the first who boldly
reached and examined the summit of Mont
Blanc; his daughter, Madame de Germay,
whose writings are said to be lively and
sanciful as Aristotle's, and who is celebrated
as a botanist; Mr. Hubert, the blind ob-
server of nature; Mr. Sennebier, &c. &c.
At Lausanne, M. Constant, the author of
Laure; Madame de Montolieu, the author
of Caroline de Lichfield; and when I was
there, the amiable Dr. Tissot, who, delight-
ed by the charms of his conversation, as
much as he was revered for his skill and
humanity. At Zurich, Lavater, who adds
to genius and eccentricity, an enthusiastic
pursuit of every benevolent virtue. At
Neuchâtel, Madame Chariere, the interest-
ing author of *Caliste, ou Lettres de Lau-
sanne*—not to omit Necker, du Tremelay,
de Luc, Bonnet, and so many others who
have been lately celebrated in Switzerland.

Of

On thy rocks, the wond'ring eye shall
gaze;
Thy vallies oft the raptur'd bosom seek—
There, Nature's hand her boldest work
displays,
Here, bliss domestic beams on every
cheek.

Hope of my life! dear children of my
heart!
That anxious heart, to each fond feeling
true,
To you still pants each pleasure to im-
part,
And more—Oh, transport!—reach its
home and you.

STANZAS

FOR THE FESTIVAL OF CHRISTMAS.

By W. Hamilton Reid.

PURE as the snowy bosom of the morn,
Now may Urania all her graces
send;

First, let Benevolence the hours adorn,
And Charity o'er all her mantle wend,
Ah! let not aught restrain the soft'ning
friend!

Ill would it suit when Riot foams around,
O'erpaid with blessings on this festive
day,

That e'en Misfortune cheerless should be
found,

Or Worth excluded, from the glad
scenes stray,

Where Plenty smiles on man with
warm benignant ray.

And come, Philanthropy! devoid of gall,
Who like the sun a constant smile sup-
plies!

Now may Contradiction shrink from off the
ball,

Smit with the milder radiance of thine
eyes,

Maugre the groveling Bigot's bursting
figs:

Nor let th' unthinking mock thy god-like
power,

Who never knew the thrilling joy to
bleis,

Who never check'd the swollen eye-bursting
show'r,

Nor hush'd the wild waves of acute
distress;

Nor gave a tongue to Heav'n its grate-
ful aid to bleis.

Then, tho' the wintry waste should head
around,

And Nature's gay variety destroy,

Each cheerful trace in icy sheet confound,

The mind's bright orb shall know no
damp alloy;

Nor time nor age exhaust the source of
joy!

But like th' Equatorial clime shall bring,

Perennial blossoms to adorn the year;

And oft to Happiness renew the spring,

More richly redolent, serenely clear,

To fame recording song, and every
virtue dear.

HUNTING.

By the Son of Dr. Beattie.

BRIGHT rays of purple paint the sky,
And gild the shiv'ring stream,
Beyond the western mist on high,
While the gay woodlands gleam.

Hark! how the voice of hound and horn

Floats in the fragrant gale;

Along the rustling thicket borne,

And down the shadowy vale.

They pass; nor Fancy's modest ear

The shouting train pursues;

No screams of bloody triumph cheer

The solitary muse.

Ye, whose victorious arts beguile

The sufferer of its breath;

Who watch, with fierce unthinking smile,

The languid throbs of death—

Haste, let your harmless captives bleed:

Ye, too, must fall as they;

Death, on a swift tho' noiseless sled,

Pursues you as his prey.

Nor yet prolong the victim's woe,

In ling'ring terror driv'n;

Kill, do not torture, mercy shew,

And mercy hope from Heav'n,

EPITAPH IN WREXHAM CHURCH
YARD.

HERE lies a churchwarden
A choice flow'r in that garden,
Joseph Cichley by name
Who lived in good fame:
Being gone to good rest;
Without doubt he is blest.

Died 10th March, 1673-4.