

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE:

OR,

MONTHLY CALENDAR

Of the Transactions of the TURF, the CHASE, and every other Diversion interesting to the Man of Pleasure, Enterprize and Spirit,

For JANUARY, 1800.

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[Embellished with a beautiful Engraving of BELISSIMA beating Watter and Diamond, at Oxford Races, 1799—and an Etching of BADGER-HUNTING.]

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS,

By E. RIDER, *Little Britain.*

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

(Price 1s. 6d.)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. L.'s Hint from Chester, for which we thank him, shall be attended to; but his opinion of Etchings, we believe, is peculiar to himself.

Biographical Sketches of BROMLEY and CLARKE, lately executed, in our next.

DECEUR, will find his favours forming the climax of our Feast of Wit. The remainder of TALLY-HO's favours, in our next.



Bellissima beating Warton and Diamond at Oxford races, 1799.

Published Feb. 1. 1800. by J. Whelsh, Warwick Court.

THE
Sporting Magazine,
For JANUARY, 1800.

ENGRAVING.

Belissima beating Watter and Diamond, at Oxford Races, 1799.

THE Painting, from which this Print is copied, is by Sartorius; the engraver, Mr. Scott. The mare proving the winner, was unexpected, as the horses she had to contend with, were of much celebrity. Mr. Durand's b. c. Sheet Anchor, came in fourth; but not near enough to be introduced into the picture.

As this race is fully specified in page 34, of the Racing Calendar, in No. 82, Vol. XIV. for July, 1799, we beg to refer our readers thereto, for further information.

COUNSELLOR LADE.

(Continued from our last.)

HAVING disposed of his ill-managed and unfortunate stud, many of whom sold for the trifling sum of *two* and *three* guineas each, we proceed to a few remarks upon his treatment of its *appendages*; in doing which we shall

"Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."

In all his transactions upon the turf, as elsewhere, he was so systematically parsimonious, or, in plain language, *selfishly mean*, that it totally prevented him the power of being consistently liberal, even to those in whose official department it particularly was—to promote his interest, or gratify his ambition. This distinguishing and invincible trait of *illiberality*, not only destroy-

ed the very basis of confidence on the part of his dependents, but involved him in personal pecuniary disputes (and even *law suits*) with his servants, to recover compensation for their own services, as well for what they had disbursed from their *private stores*, as upon his account. Fiquing himself upon his superiority in *legal attainments* (which ultimately proved *deceptive*), he permitted an action to be commenced against him, and carried on to trial, by his training groom and rider, SCOTT. The match was run over Westminster, before LORD KENYON, who deemed the Counsellor *distanced*, though the *knowing one* thought the odds *two* or *three* to one in his favour.

With a variety of personal singularities, all tending to his disadvantage, without a single distinguishing trait to insure individual respect, or friendly attachment, it created no surprize to rational observers, that he never enjoyed the comforts of amicable association.—Would (for the honour of *opulence* and *human nature*) we could advance any thing in his favour upon the score of *humanity*; but there, too, our most sanguine wishes became subject to disappointment, unless we quote, as *one proof*, what he unfeelingly and insensibly conceived a distinguishing mark of *sporting ability*, his driving his curricule and greys, without a servant, the fifty-seven miles to Cannon-park, *not even* taking them *once* out of the harness. Although this was *not always* the case, it was very frequently his practice: a handful of hay, and two or three

quarts of water, at Salt Hill, and Spratley's, the Bear, at Reading, in addition to the turnpikes, constituted the entire expence of the journey; it being an irrevocable opinion of his, that "servants on the road were more troublesome and expensive than their masters;" a maxim which, perhaps, no man of prudence and experience may feel himself at all inclined to dispute. In these, and all similar excursions, he was so systematically penurious, that neither the master, waiter, chambermaid, or even poor humble *Boots*, had the least reason to wish a renewal of his visit.

This same inviolable adherence to self-interest, sufficiently shielded him from the too fashionable depredations of the *turf*, and prevented his embarking very little in either matches or sweepstakes; his *great hobby* being country plates, at Epsom, Ascot, Egham, Reading, Oxford, Abingdon, Lambourn, and another or two in the central district, by which means the incredible expence of going *far from home* was avoided, not only of the *horses*, but the necessary and unavoidable *two legged evils* who surrounded them. He was hardly ever known to engage beyond a ten, fifteen, or twenty guinea *local* sweepstakes, at some few of the above places: till producing his bay colt, by Dugannon, out of Letitia, in the Craven Meeting of 1797, he won the second class of the OATLANDS, fifty guineas each, twelve subscribers, by which he cleared 550 guineas. In the first Spring Meeting, a fortnight after, he won the *main* of the Oatlands 200 guineas, four subscribers, by which he obtained 600 guineas; in consequence of which, the colt acquired, and ran in future, by the name of OATLANDS. In the second Spring Meeting, he won a Handicap Plate, added to a stake of ten guineas each,

beating Pepper-pot, Lilly, Parrot, Vixen, and Pelter. The same day he won another Handicap Plate, added to a stake of ten guineas each, beating Sobber Robin, Rattle, Miss Whip, Emigrant, and the Duke of Queensbury's Balloon colt. In the first October Meeting, he ran second to Diamond, beating Yeoman, Play or Pay, Aimator, and Gas. At this period he began to *train off*; for, running in the second October Meeting, for the first class of the thirty-guinea Oatlands, he was *seventh* out of eight, though there is every reason to believe he was much over-weighted at 8st. 7lb. when Bennington, the winning horse, carried only 8st. 10lb. though six years old, and Oatlands only four.

What is extraordinary, and well worthy observation, although he brought to the post, that year, eight other horses, who ran for twenty-one plates and sweepstakes, he was but *once* a winner of fifty pounds at Lambourn, with his bay colt by Pilot, beating five others; but neither of those were of any note. — In the Craven Meeting of 1798, Oatlands ran for the Oatland stakes of fifty pounds each, and was *last* of the *seven*, it being won by Lord Clarendon's Sans Prendre, a three years old, carrying only 6st. 7lb. In July he ran for the *gold cup* and *specie* at Oxford, and was beat by Diamond, Stickler, and Johnny. Here he became subservient to both the judgment and luck of Mr. Cookson, whose Ambrosio, in the second October Meeting, beat Oatlands from the Ditch-in, giving him 10lb. for 200 guineas. — This and the preceding year seem to have contributed most to his wishes, of any since the day of his initiation; for, bringing seven horses to the post, they started for twenty-four plates and purses. Truiss, Will, and Grey Pilot, winning seven fifties,

fifties, as follow:—two at Ascot, two at Abingdon, one at Reading, at Winchester, and Stockbridge.

This being a true, but contracted recital of his adventures upon the turf, we may safely term those two years the very zenith of his *sporting* popularity, beyond which it is hardly probable he would have attained, had *Death* longer permitted him to run the *race* of life.

As it would certainly be deemed unfair, by the sporting world, to terminate the earthly career of a *sporting* man, without some slight survey of his *sporting* ladies, we shall only presume to communicate a ray of remembrance, that many years since he became *honourably* united to the Right Hon. Lady —, with a jointure of from four to six thousand pounds per annum; from some motives of incapacity (reported to be *mental*), she was destined to a remote and latent seclusion from society, seldom heard of, and never seen by the public, but *buried* in a kind of *living* oblivion.

After many years of protracted misery, she paid her *last debt* about ten days or a fortnight previous to his *more public* dissolution. What comforts were wanting in a *wife*, he long since took care to supply by a profusion of *female friends*, with which his elegant house in Pall-Mall, his *rural cot* near Turnham Green, and his unadorned *inhospitable* mansion at Cannon Park, were so amply furnished, that he never was in want of a *choice* for *private conversation*.

From such prolific stock, branches have arisen, where the property (which was large) is now said to center; proper provision having been made for those *feminine* favourites, who so kindly contributed to his last enjoyment of life. Uncouth in his person, as in his manners and address, he was a total stranger to the powers of *attrac-*

tion; forbidding in his *aspect*, he seemed much more calculated by nature to *threaten* in his looks, than to influence by his persuasion, under the impressive idea of which, we may safely presume to suspect his *amours* were regulated much more (on the part of the *ladies*) by *interest* than *affection*.

Having, as immediately within the province we have for so many years assumed, given an impartial sketch of his life, we are fully justified in an additional remark, that as he *lived* without regard, so he *died* without regret; and were we appointed to select his epitaph, a better, or more applicable, perhaps, could not be found than in the works of Woty:—

So little slave to what the world calls
FAME,
As dies my body, so I wish my name.

JOURNAL of the ROYAL CHASE,
BERKELEY, WOODFORD FOX-
HOUNDS, &c.

THE Berkeley hounds threw off on Monday the 6th instant, at Bear Grove, and in about ten minutes unkenelled their *fox*; but the scent lying exceedingly ill upon the dead leaves of the beechen coverts, and the dreadful fog, in addition to the uncommon deep riding, preventing even the *hunt-man*, with all his acknowledged courage and ability, from laying any where near the hounds for *five minutes* together, they were beat after a run of about an hour, during which, from the great extent of the coverts, the company were so separated, as to be frequently *three or four miles* asunder, and of course *alternately* as far from the hounds. Collecting, however, as the chase declined to *cold hunting*, or what may be termed “picking it along,” at Asley Hill, a *retreat* was agreed on,

on, and they drew off for Scarlet Copse, on the left of Hare Hatch; where, upon throwing into covert, a single challenge *unkennelled*, and instantly produced a general *burst* with hounds and horsemen, which proved, to the latter, of very short duration; for *Reynard* breaking covert on the side where the major part of the company were stationed, crossed the Bath road in full view, to the elate expectation of every individual listening for the approach of the hounds; whose exhilarating notes continuing *distantly* to *die away*, even to a desponding *silence*, it was too late discovered they were gone off with another fox to Waltham, Ruscombe, &c. and were at least three or four miles a-head, completely throwing out the great body of the field, amongst whom was our *sporting correspondent*.

The remainder of the week's sport, which was commenced by the above run, is thus described by our correspondent:—

“The chase of last week, afforded sport sufficient to gratify the most impatient and inordinate expectation. The second fox we left the hounds in pursuit of, on Monday, January 6, after crossing Ruscombe, skirting Haines' Hill, and passing through the inclosures of Lawrence Waltham, returned by Kiln Green to Bear Grove, where the scent lay so exceedingly bad, that the hounds finding it impossible to carry it along, the chase gradually declined to a *ne plus ultra*, and the day concluded *without blood*.”

On Tuesday, January 7, his Majesty, attended by a very numerous field, met the stag-hounds upon Maidenhead Thicket, but the fog being so intense, that no horsemen could see each other at fifty yards distance, the deer was not turned out till after twelve; having ten minutes *law*, the hounds

were laid on, and constituted one of the most singular chases ever seen or remembered; for neither *deer*, *hounds*, or *horsemen*, could discern hedges, gates, or water, till they were *close upon them*; and even those sportsmen who best knew the country, were so soon out of their knowledge by the deception, that they seemed absolutely to know least where they were. This, in addition to the difficulty of hearing the hounds at *any distance*, soon scattered the multitude in every part of the country, *individually* inquiring and exploring the place from whence they came. The deer continued his course through the Thicket, over Pinknies Green, Cookham Dean, and by the side of Bilham Woods, till reaching the Thames, he crossed it between Cookham and Marlow, soon topping the towering hills of Bucks. The very few who adhered closely to the chase, had no alternative but to make for Marlow-bridge, where they crossed, when taking the banks of the Thames for their clue, they, after a great loss of time, laid on the hounds, from which it became a scene of cold hunting to the hounds, but of great drudgery to the *horses*, which continued to “keep him moving.” Nature was at length so completely exhausted, that he was compelled to submit; but not till after five o'clock, when he was taken nearly in the *dark*, about three miles from Marlow, with *very few* horsemen to recite the vicissitudes of the chase. The huntsman, yeoman prickers, and hounds, took up their temporary abode at Marlow, and did not reach home till the next day.

On Wednesday, January 8, the Berkeley hounds threw off at Shotelbrook, and, with their usual *thirst for blood*, soon *unkennelled* in good style, and the scent favouring the pack when close to his
brush,

brush, they carried it on, and ran *breast high* for near an hour, through different parts of the neighbourhood, with a well-founded expectation of killing to a certainty; but by the wind's changing, or increase of the fog, the scent so suddenly declined, that they came to frequent checks, and lastly to *cold hunting*; nevertheless, they continued most perseveringly to pick it along, till passing through the shrubberies of Colonel Vanfittart, the chase was at an end, but not without blood; for so immense were the number of *hares* amidst the *hounds*, that no less than *nine* or *ten* brace became *victims* to their disappointment.

On Friday, January 10, the fox-hounds again threw off at Bilham, when, in five minutes, a challenge, a drag, and *view* succeeded each other. No fox ever went off in higher style. No hounds ever lay better to him. Three horsemen, out of twenty, and one whipper-in, had the first eight miles to themselves, through the various coverts and enclosures to Cookham, and back to Bilham Woods, when, skirting the covert where he was found, those originally thrown out luckily fell in: the hounds sticking close to him, he had no time for a turn, but crossed Birches Green-Hall Place Park, through Asley Hill Wood, Moseley, and to Bear Grove—bore to the right for Lord Malmesbury's (Henley Park), from which he was headed, and took the enclosures to Rose Hill, across the large common fields, on his return to Moseley, which he reached, but was handsomely *run into and killed*, before he could make Asley Hill, after one of the most severe chases of two hours and twenty minutes, ever seen or known in that country. Many horsemen, who were present when the fox was unkennelled, did not, at the end of an hour, even know in what direction they were to be found.

On Monday, January 13, the Woodford fox-hounds threw off at Galley Hills, near Waltham Abbey, and whilst drawing that cover, a fox stole away from the Deer Park, not far distant. The hounds almost immediately acknowledged him on entering this wood, and broke away for Birchin Coppy, from thence to Newman's, over Rye Hill, through Epping Long Green, to the far Parndon Wood; here the hounds began to *near* their fox. The scent growing warmer, they increased in speed, running *breast-high* over Parndon Common, away through the inclosures, and over Broadly Common, right across to Nasing Hall, and over Nasing Common. Here the hounds getting on such good terms with him, and finding himself sorely pressed, he made a circuit round through Herald's Park to the Deer Park and Galley Hills; broke at the lower end to the Nasing Road, away to Pea Grove, Orange Wood, and Epping Church, crossed the country through both Parndon Woods, gallantly facing Harlow-Bush Common, into Marks Bushes, Latton Park, skirted Harlow Park, and away over Thorndon Common to the right for Pinacles, over the enclosures, close to Roydon Park, then across the marshes to Hunsden, and into Hertfordshire. Here finished a scene of great distress to the few horses that remained, being incapable of assisting the hounds, who were quite completely beat, though close at the brush of the fox, who was seen frequently in the same field with the hounds.—The evening drawing on apace, and a great distance from home, induced the huntmen to hollow them away. Four hours and a quarter run.

These hounds have had most excellent sport since the frost, running a fox on the Thursday, in last week, from Harlow Park, and killing him in Hertfordshire, on the

the Saturday following, from a home cover, an excellent run of an hour and thirty-five minutes, killing at Loughton, in Essex.

DEATH of LORD ANDOVER.

IT is with much pain we acquaint the public with an unfortunate accident which has happened to this amiable young nobleman, on Wednesday January 8, at Leicester Farm, near Creek, in Norfolk. He had been for some time on a visit to his father-in-law Mr. Coke, at Holkham, where a numerous party were passing the holidays. On his returning from shooting, having resolved to attempt no more sport that day, he gave his gun to his servant, but it was cocked, and went off just as Lord Andover had turned his back. The contents lodged in his back below the right shoulder, entered the spine, and affected the lungs.

He was immediately carried to the house of Mr. Smith, a respectable farmer, and a tenant of Mr. Coke's. Two surgeons were sent for, one from Lynn, the other from Norwich; but, unhappily, his lordship expired on the Friday following, to the indelible regret of his amiable lady, who was at Holkham at the time.

His lordship retained his senses to the last, and assured Mr. Martineau, of Norwich, and the other surgeon, that the servant was not blamable.—In fact, the same man, it is said, rescued him from death, when he fell into Mr. Coke's canal, while skating.

It is remarkable, that this season a similar misfortune, occasioned by the like cause, and in the same manner, befel Sir William Rowley, in that neighbourhood; but the contents of his gun lodged in his arm, and did not prove fatal.

His lordship was the eldest son of the Earl of Suffolk, and only twenty-four years of age.

OTTERICK-BRIDGE RACES,

1800.

[Communicated by Tally Ho!]

ON Wednesday, April 16, a Sweepstakes of 10gs each, p. p. for colts rising two yrs old, 8ft. fillies 7ft. 11lb.—one mile.

Lord Darlington's c. c. by John Bull, dam by Sweetbriar.

Sir John Lawson's c. c. by Pipator, dam by Drone.

Mr. W. Tweddell's b. c. by Spadille, dam by Young Mark.

Mr. Dodsworth's c. f. by Buzzard, dam by Young Mark.

Mr. Trapp's b. c. by Abba Thulle, dam by Slope.

On Thursday, April 17, a Stakes of 10gs each, for colts rising three yrs old, 8ft. each—two miles.

Duke of Leeds's b. c. by Constitution, out of Stately's dam.

Sir R. Winn's b. c. by Clown, dam by Alexander.

Sir W. Gerrard's b. c. by Comet, dam by Snap.

Mr. Cradock's b. c. by Pipator, out of Pencil's dam.

Mr. W. Milbank's c. c. Takamahaka, by Pipator, dam by Young Mark.

Mr. G. Crompton's c. c. No-spice, late Allspice.

Mr. Reddell's c. c. by Walnut, dam by Young Mark.

Mr. W. B. Robinson's b. c. Ambo, by Overton, dam by Carabineer.

Mr. J. Anson's b. c. Johnny Groat, by Overton, out of Hipwell's dam.

Mr. W. Collinson's b. c. by Star, dam by Conductor.

(To be continued.)

A PHILO-

A PHILOSOPHICAL and PRACTICAL TREATISE on HORSES, and on the MORAL DUTIES of MAN towards the BRUTE CREATION.

BY JOHN LAWRENCE.

[Continued from page 116, Vol. XV.]

WE shall next proceed with our Author on the subject of Ladies Riding on Horseback.

"I must first of all," he says, "make a quotation from Mr. Hughes, whose authority will be acknowledged unquestionable."

METHOD OF MOUNTING.

"A person should stand before the head of the horse, holding with each hand the upper part of the check of the bridle. Then the lady must lay her right-hand on the near side of the pommel, and her left-hand on the left-shoulder of a gentleman (or a servant) who will place both his hands together, the fingers and thumbs being interwoven with each other. This being done, let the lady put her left-foot firm in the gentleman's hands: and giving a little spring, she will be vaulted into the saddle in a moment. When she is thus seated, let her rest the ball of her left-foot firm in the stirrup; and, to prevent accidents, she should wear Italian shoes, with very long quarters, and the heel of the shoe coming forward to the middle of the foot. Ladies shoes made in the common fashion are dangerous, because the foot rests in the hollow between the toes and the heel.—Remember that the pommel of the saddle should be made very low, that the lady's knee may not be thrown too high; and the stirrup should hang low; both which circumstances will help to give her a graceful figure, and add greatly to those charms which nature has bestowed on her. When she is thus placed, let her take her whip in her right-hand, near the head, with her thumb upon it, and the four fingers

under it, holding it obliquely, so that the small end of it may be some inches above the middle of the horse's hind-leg. The arm that supports the whip is always to hang straight; but with a kind of negligent ease; nothing looks more awkward than a lady's holding the whip with her arm crooked at the elbow. A lady should hold her bridle moderately slack, with her little finger under the rein, and the other three fingers passing between the rein, on the top of which her thumb must be placed. Being thus seated, she will please to walk her horse off gently, and put him into his other paces at her pleasure.

"The pommel of a lady's saddle should be always made with a turn-again screw, to take off in case the rain, wind, or sun, is troublesome—when a lady may ride on the contrary side of the horse."

"Queen Elizabeth, it seems, first of all introduced the practice of ladies riding sideways on horseback, in England. Much has been said against it as inconvenient and dangerous: but on consulting an experienced lady on the subject, she remarked, that scarce any accidents ever occurred from the practice, even in hunting; that it was not only more decorous, but much more convenient for women, in several respects, which she was ingenious enough particularly to state. The first requisites for a lady's horse are, that he goes perfectly safe above his ground, and neither shies nor starts; and breed cattle are the most adapted to this purpose, provided they are well upon their haunches. The custom of ladies riding in their stirrup, in a trot, has been, I believe, introduced within these few years.

"It would be as unnecessary for me to write a panegyric upon the pleasure and profit to be derived from exercise on horseback, as I

hope it will be excusable, to make a few concluding remarks.

"This salubrious exercise, by which the air can be so amply varied, is peculiarly adapted to debilitated and consumptive habits, and the lax fibre; for it tends to the increase of substance, which the labour of walking has, in general, the effect to abrade. The slow trot is the pace of health; and one grand mean of the prolongation of human life. It is, perhaps, the only effectual remedy for habitual costiveness and wind; all medical ones, in my small experience, having the invariable effect of increasing and perpetuating the cause of those complaints: it should ever be taken with the stomach empty, where the viscera are found. I have read in a strange performance, in which the doctor recommends the constant use of the warm bath for strained sinews, and laxations of the joints, that it is dangerous to trot with long stirrup leathers, where any apprehension may be entertained of a rupture; and I think it an excellent caution to valetudinarians. Those who ride for their health, will find much instruction in an old book, called *Medecina Gymnastica*, written by Dr. Fuller, a physician of high repute, in the days of good Queen Anne. Sydenham warmly recommends this exercise to asthmatic patients; and Dr. Darwin, in his celebrated *Zoonomia*, relates a case of *Phthisis pulmonalis* perfectly cured by perseverance in exercise on horseback. It is an excellent bracer, and should ever be joined with the cold-bath, in cases of debility derived from excesses of a certain kind. If I wanted any illustration here, I should refer my reader to the records of *crim. con.* where he will find blazoned the wonderful and attractive powers of grooms and jockies. Had that inspired maniac, Jean Jaques, been as good

a jockey as he was an eloquent scribe, it is probable, the Venetian *bona roba*, had not insultingly advised him to study the mathematics; nor had *chere Mamma* been driven to the sad and expensive necessity of providing him a substitute. The motion of the horse, and fresh draughts of pure, elastic air, are the best, perhaps, the only means, to recruit and exhilarate the exhausted spirits, relieve the aching heads, and enliven the imaginations of studious and sedentary men; but how much is it to be lamented, that under our profuse, and, I am sorry to add, dishonest and ruinous political system, these comforts are now totally out of the reach of moderate incomes. What a speculation, that the natives of the most plentiful and the richest country in the world, must be compelled to emigrate in search of the conveniences of life! but how much more lamentable still, that many must be driven to the same extremity in quest of its necessities!

"I have heard, and read, the complaints of many, stating, that they would willingly mount on horseback, for their health's sake, but are at loss for objects of amusement in the practice. To these, I would recommend to learn horsemanship, and in time, probably, the management of their horse might become interesting; to accustom themselves to study and contemplation on horseback; or to find companions in their own predicament, by which means, society might, in time, induce a salutary habit."

(To be continued.)

The COCK-FEEDER.

BROMLEY, the celebrated feeder, with whose name the "vaulted arches" of the Cockpit Royal, have frequently and exultingly resounded, has paid his *last debt*, at Watlington, in Oxfordshire.

Sup.

Supporting his celebrity for a great number of years with the strictest sobriety, his loss will be felt by some of the amateurs; exclusive of the principal match, he had been occasionally engaged in between gentlemen of fortune, he fought, on his own account, the annual mains at Guildford, Oxford, and Wantage; but the most extraordinary part of his character was, that, amidst the various vicissitudes of *winning and losing*, surrounded as he was also upon such occasions by the whole fraternity of *black-legged sharks*, (with every offer of *bribery* to become a *villain*) his HONESTY never sustained a *shock*, nor was his INTEGRITY ever *suspected*.

N. B. He enjoyed no place under Government.

The QUEENSBURY FRACAS.

WE noticed in the Feast of Wit, in our last Magazine that the Duke of Queensbury had received a threatening letter, signed *Revenge*. The following are the particulars—

A widow lady, Mrs. T. from Lisbon, lately took up her residence at Richmond, with two young ladies her daughters, highly accomplished, and particularly skilled in music. His Grace having a musical party at his house, requested the Rev. Mr. H. to invite Mrs. T. and her daughters; which they accepted, and the evening passed in the company of the lady of a foreign Minister, the Hon. Mrs. T—e, Signiora Bolla, the two young ladies with their mother, the Rev. Mr. H. and a few other gentlemen. About twelve o'clock the ladies went home in one of the Duke's carriages. On the Saturday following, those ladies being at Mr. H—p's, and the Rev. Mr. H. being present, the latter was attacked by Dr. W. who said it was

disgraceful to himself, and his character as a clergyman, to introduce the Miss T—'s to so notorious a house of ill-fame as the Duke of Queensbury's; and expressed himself so warmly, that the Rev. Mr. H. was obliged to request a truce for the present, as such an altercation must be disagreeable to the rest of the company. On the following day his Grace was favoured with the following agreeable intimation—

“The Duke of Queensbury is desired, as he values his personal safety, to desist from all further intercourse, even of civility, with the family from Lisbon, at present of George-street, Richmond.—Let him not imagine that rank, riches, or attendants, shall shelter him from the signal chastisement that awaits him, if neglectful of this admonition; a chastisement that will make him a burden to himself during his remaining days, and effectually incapacitate him from any future attempts on youth and inexperience. The Duke of Queensbury will perceive, by this, that all his motions are watched; and that all his snares for what he deems UNPROTECTED INNOCENCE, will be defeated by a spirit of vengeance more active and refined than what animated a spirit of a *Blood*, or a *Koningsmark*. He is warned not to implicate, in any shape, the Countess of Yarmouth, or any other female, in his infamous plot, as such will then become liable to treatment that would be unwillingly inflicted on any of the sex.

“The Duke of Queensbury is further desired to tell the singing parson, the empty fool who has been the instrument of his nefarious designs, that a share of just retribution shall not be wanting to him, if an immediate stop be not put to the proceedings that occasioned this letter. Once more they are cautioned to leave a virtuous family in

the undisturbed possession of peace and honour WITHOUT DELAY, or to tremble at the bloody expiation that will be exacted from them by the hand of "REVENGE."

The Duke, in consequence, drew up his advertisement, offering a reward for the discovery of the writer, a copy of which he enclosed to the mother of the young ladies.

Some explanatory letters have likewise been since handed about in Richmond, in consequence of this letter, and it should seem that the gentleman who attacked the clergyman at Mrs. H——p's is not wholly free from suspicion; but be that as it may, the letter breathes a spirit of the most rancorous jealousy, and is a daring attack upon the honour of the noble Duke, who, though once a confessed man of gallantry, is now, God knows, *harmless* enough.—To call the Duke's house *notorious* and of *ill fame*, was villainous and rascally, not so much as affecting his Grace, as it conveys to the public, that the Countess of Yarmouth is the visitor at a house *notorious*, and of *ill fame*.

—Let the truth come out—Who is the Countess of Yarmouth?—Say the worst of her, but let not the pen of a self-declared assassin take from her that portion of character which she has a right to enjoy.—It may be recollected, that her yielding nature was overcome by the entreaties of the Earl of Yarmouth, *before he was of age*, and he, as an honest young fellow married her *as soon as he came of age*.—She is now an amiable wife and a tender mother; and though her example, in the first instance, is not to be followed, is she, while under the roof of her guardian to be supposed in a *notorious house of ill fame*, and capable of being implicated in a foul plot against "*unprotected innocence*?"—We perhaps have extended our observations beyond

the duty of journalists, but when motives are ascribed to a polite old nobleman, possessing a refined taste, and many good qualities, though formerly, like others, not without some bad ones, it would be shameful to suffer the foul tongue of slander to assail him and his house in the way as described, by the author of the letter signed *Revenge*!

The Countess of Yarmouth was a Miss Fagnani, a daughter of a foreign lady of quality. The late George Selwyn left her ten thousand pounds, and appointed the Duke of Queensbury her guardian.

In justice to the parties concerned, we must observe, that some paragraphs have lately appeared in one of the newspapers, strongly exculpatory of the Reverend Gentleman mentioned in this affair.

Among other jests broken on the above occasion, it has been observed that the Duke of Queensbury wears a *Jean de Brie*, ever since he received the threatening letter. His Grace's heart is now said to be the only *vulnerable* part of him.

That the *menacing* passage which concludes the First Censor's epistle, and which carries with it so many threats of *incapacitating*, &c. has greatly alarmed the feelings of a certain inhabitant of Richmond, who, it is said, has applied to the Abbe Sieyès for the dispensation of his *saving* power.

And that it is reported, that several noblemen have lately received *threatening* letters—from deserted milliners, mantua-makers, &c. &c. &c.—We shall endeavour to obtain some of the originals, for the promotion of morals, and the advantage of the rising generation. And in consequence of the threatened operation performed on the Duke of —, Signor Damiani, it is said, will be compelled to resign his situation at the Opera.

LIST of LONG LIVERS.

DR. Hufeland, in his Treatise on the Art of Prolonging Life, after noticing the ages attained by Jenkins, Parr, Drakenberg, Effingham, and eight or ten others of less note, and who but little exceeded a hundred years, says these are the instances of great age in modern times, with which he is acquainted. It is rather surprising, as he informs us the subject had engaged his attention for eight years, he should not have known that such instances of great longevity have been much more numerous, of which the following list will furnish abundant proof. The instances of persons exceeding one hundred years are so frequent, that I have not included any who did not attain to the 120th year; the design being chiefly to shew the utmost period to which the duration of life, under the circumstances most conducive to its prolongation has extended; and I have no doubt that many more might be added to the number by those who have better opportunities for collecting such accounts.

Year.	Age.	Year.	Age.
1765 Dominick Joyce	120	1771 Owen Tudor	121
1765 Mrs. Moore	120	1771 Margaret Mac Kay	121
1766 John Mackay	120	1772 John Whalley	121
1768 Sir Fleetwood Sheppard	120	1773 Eleanor Spicer	121
1768 John Ryder	120	1788 Henrietta Long	121
1768 Mrs. Adams	120	1752 Margaret Annesley	122
1769 John Chump	120	1758 Catherine Giles	122
1770 Mrs. Sands	120	1771 Mrs. Carman	122
1770 Patrick Blewet	120	1774 Andrew Brizin Debra	122
1771 Richard Gilshenan	120	1785 Mrs. Neale	122
1772 Barbara Wilton	120	1791 Arch. Cameron	122
1774 Sieur de la Haye	120	1769 Martha Preston	123
1778 H. d'Arcary de Beauco-	120	1779 Jean Aragus	123
voy	120	1792 Matthew Taite	123
1780 Mondela, a Negress	120	1708 Thomas Bright	124
1792 William Marshall	120	1725 Eliz. Stewart	124
1792 Flora Gale	120	1753 Andrew Bueno	124
1760 Elizabeth Hilton	121	1757 Robert Parr	124
1769 Francis Bons	121	1760 Thomas Wishart	124
1770 Mrs. Gray	121	1762 Catherine Brebner	124
1770 William Farr	121	1774 Andrew Vidal	124
		1790 Abraham Vanberts	124
		1774 John Tice	125
		1780 Mr. Gernon	125
		1785 Mr. Froome	125
		1670 Robert Montgomery	126
		1706 John Bales	126
		1758 Davie Grant	127
		1768 Mrs. Bampton	127
		1769 William Hughes	127
		1772 Madam Girodolle	137
		1775 Daniel Mulleery	127
		1776 Martha Jackson	127
		1761 John Newell	127
		1765 Edgelbert Hoff	128
		1765 Mary John	128
		1771 Mr. Fleming	128
		1772 Abram Strodtman	128
		1776 Mary Yates	128
		1768 Thomas King	129
		1769 Joseph Gale	129
		1771 John Gough	129
		1759 Donald Cameron	130
		1766 John de la Somet	130
		1766 George King	130
		1767 John Taylor	130
		1774 William Beaty	130
		1778 John Watson	130
		1780 Robert Macbride	130
		1780 William Ellis	130
		1764 Elizabeth Taylor	131
		1775 Peter Garden	131

Year.	Age.	
1761 Elizabeth Merchant	133	living in 1770, at Wigan, in Lancashire, aged 138—the Countess of Desmond, who died in Ireland, at 140—Henry West, of Upton, in Gloucestershire, who lived to 152—a peasant in Poland, who died in 1762, in the 157th year of his age—and a mulatto man, who died in Frederick Town, in 1797, said to have been 180 years old.
1772 Mrs. Keith	133	
1767 Francis Ange	134	
1777 John Brookey	134	
1774 Jane Harrison	135	
1759 James Sheile	136	
1768 Catherine Noon	136	
1771 Margaret Foster	136	
1776 John Mouat	136	
1772 John Richardson	137	
1793 — Robertson	137	
1757 Will. Sharpley	138	
1768 John M'Donough	138	
1772 Mrs. Clum	138	
1766 Thomas Dobson	139	
1785 Mary Cameron	139	
1732 William Leland	140	
1770 James Sands	140	
1793 Swarling, a Monk	142	
1773 Charles M'Findley	143	
1757 John Effingham	144	
1782 Evan Williams	145	
1766 Thomas Winsloe	146	
1772 J. D. Draskenberg	146	
1652 William Mead	148	
1768 Francis Confit	150	
1635 Thomas Parr	152	
1656 James Bowels	152	
1648 Thomas Damme	154	
1797 Joseph Surrington	160	
1670 Henry Jenkins	169	
1780 Louisa Truxo	175	

The date affixed to each person's name is the year they died in, except in five or six instances, in which the time of their decease not being ascertained, the latest year is given in which they were known to be living. Of other accounts, which for different reasons have not been included in the list, the following may deserve to be mentioned—John Dance, of Virginia, who died at 125—Rice, a cooper, in Southwark, 125—John Jacob, of Mount Jura, who died a few years since, aged 128—Jeremy Gilbert, who died at Luton, Northamptonshire, aged 132—Nicholas Petours, canon and treasurer of the cathedral of Coutance in Normandy, aged 137—a man named Fairbrother,

Of the above number only thirty-three are females, which strongly confirms the remark of Dr. Hufeland, that the equilibrium and pliability of the female body seems, for a certain time, to give it more durability, and to render it less susceptible of injury from destructive influences than that of men; but that the male strength is, without doubt, necessary to arrive at a very great age. More women therefore, become old, but fewer very old; and if the registers of mortality, from which the tables of the probability of the duration of human life are formed, were more extensive, and comprehended a greater number of years, so as to conclude these instances of great longevity, the difference between the value of male and female lives would appear less than it is supposed to be, and probably the sum of life of the whole of each sex approaches very nearly to equality.

The 104 persons in the above list were, at the time of their decease, inhabitants of the following countries:—

England	-	-	41
Wales	-	-	4
Scotland	-	-	16
Ireland	-	-	24
Norway	-	-	2
Holland	-	-	1
France	-	-	4
Portugal	-	-	1
Italy	-	-	1
Turkey	-	-	1
West Indies	-	-	1
South America	-	-	3
North America	-	-	5

The

The great proportion of inhabitants of Great-Britain and Ireland, though, perhaps, arising to some measure from instances of great age not being so generally noticed, and recorded in other places, at least shews that these countries are not so favourable to longevity; and there can be little doubt that the usual duration of life is greater in temperate climates than in the extremes of heat or cold.

To this catalogue may be added: William Walker, born near Ribchester, in Lancashire, anno 1613. Died, anno 1736.

At the battle of Edgehill he was in the royal service wounded in the arm, and had two horses shot under him.

Hence it is apparent, that, as the battle was fought A. D. 1642, Walker survived it 94 years.

Harry Morgan, ætatis suæ 105, now lives at Lewes, in Suffex, 1737.

And in a paragraph in the County Chronicle, December 13, 1791, it is stated, that "Thomas Carn, according to the parish register of St. Leonard, Shoreditch, died the 28th of January, 1588, aged 227. He was born in the reign of Richard the second, 1381, and lived to see twelve kings and queens reign."

And, again, the following inscription was copied from a tomb-stone, in Cachen church-yard, near Cardiff, in the year 1740, "Heare lieth the body of William Edwards, of the Cairey, who departed this life the 24th of February, Anno Domini 1668, anno ætatis suæ 168."

A MAGIC CIRCLE and LEGAL SPELL.

THE operation of the conscience, arising from misconduct, is forcibly depicted in the fol-

lowing custom among the Sumatrans:—If any man has injured another, and refuses to go with him to the Judge of his Cast, the complainant drawing a circle round the oppressor, charges him in the Chief's name not to leave the place till the officers of justice, in search of whom he is going, shall arrive; and such is, on the one hand, his fear of the punishment inflicted on those who disobey the injunction, and so great, on the other, it appears, is his apprehension of the perpetual banishment, which, if he seeks his safety by withdrawing from the circle, must be his inevitable lot, that his imaginary prison operates as a real confinement, and the offender submissively waits the arrival of the officers.

CROSS-READINGS for 1800.

BONAPARTE, Consul of the French Republic—sells by auction, property and estates, for their utmost value.

M. Talliyrand requires *beaucoup d'argent*, viz. much money—N. B. Instructs foreigners in the French language.

The *Dove of Peace* may now be said to be—lost in one of the Abbe Sieyes' pigeon holes.

The benevolent institution of the *Soup Societies* is—warranted to cure the most violent complaints in the *stomach and bowels*.

Ladies inclined for a Secret Expedition to India—to be shewn, on application for tickets, to the proprietor.

The Negotiations for peace have ended in—most horrible belchings of fire and smoke!

The general frost—has been compelled to retreat from the capital—by the establishment of a number of soup-shops.

Singular

Singular Address and MARRIAGE of a HORSE-DEALER.

THE following account of a recent marriage has been transmitted to us, and will perhaps afford some amusement to our readers.—

“A young woman, in the neighbourhood of Hairlawmill, but on the English side of the river Eiddel, which is the boundary between Scotland and England, had several years been the favourite of the young men, from a tolerable share of beauty, accompanied by the additional charms of a pretty handsome fortune. Though many paid their addresses, the competition at last fell among three, viz. a mason, who was taken against the field three to one; a horse-dealer, who was believed to be the second in favour; and a small tenant in Canoby, who was thought to have little chance. Pressed by these parties, she was at last obliged to bring the business to a crisis. Accordingly she sent for the mason on a Monday night, and agreed to marry him by a licence, on the Saturday following. She sent for the horse-dealer on the Tuesday night, and agreed to meet him at Longtown the next Thursday, and go with him that day for Scotland. She sent for the farmer on the Wednesday night, and appointed him likewise to meet her at Longtown the next day for the same purpose: and told him, that she was determined to be married to some person before Saturday, to avoid the mason. The bride and the two bridegrooms accordingly met at Longtown as agreed, and after much exertion, victory at last declared for the farmer, who brought the prize in great triumph to Limycleugh, where they went to bed together before many witnesses, and publicly acknowledged each other as husband and wife. They went to Broomholm next day,

and were fined by Mr. Maxwell, as justice of peace, for an irregular marriage. That night, viz. Friday, they went home with many friends to the bride's house, and were publicly bedded a second time as husband and wife. On Saturday morning, however, the bride gave evident marks of dissatisfaction with her choice, and privately dispatched messengers in quest of her former lover, the horse-dealer, who was, with some difficulty, found washing away the thoughts of his former disgrace in a bowl of punch, at the Stake, a public-house in the neighbourhood, and, drunk as he was, he was carried to soothe the mind of his disconsolate bride, had an interview with her that night, and they laid their plans.

“Next day being Sunday, the farmer and her were to appear before the congregation at Canoby to be rebuked for their irregular marriage. Many friends were invited on the occasion, and rendezvoused at the bride's to accompany the new married pair to church: but before the hour for their departure arrived, the horse-dealer and his friends surrounded the house; fresh forces came the whole day to aid the besiegers, till they amounted to several hundreds; and thus overpowered by numbers, the farmer and his party, after holding out till it was dark, were obliged to surrender at discretion; and the consequence was, that the horse-dealer carried off the bride, rode directly to Carlisle, concealed the circumstances of the case, obtained a licence, was married to her there, and they have lived together ever since.”

OLD ENGLISH MANNERS.

IN 1561, the Mayor of Norwich invited to a feast, the Earls of Northumberland and Huntingdon, the

the Lords Thomas and Willoughby, with many other knights, who all expressed satisfaction at their generous reception. The whole expence was 11. 12s. 9d. After dinner, Mr. John Marty's, a wealthy and honest man of Norwich, made the following speech:

"Maister Mayor of Norwich, and it please your worship, you have feasted us like a King: God blefs the Queen's grace. We have fed plentifully; and now whilom I can speak plain English, I heartily thank you, Maister Mayor; and so do we all. Answer boys, answer: your beer is pleasant and potent, and will soon catch us by the caput, and stop our manners; and so huzza for the Queen's Majesty's grace, and all her bonny brow'd dames of honour—huzza for Maister Mayor, and our good dame Mayoresse—his Noble Grace (Duke of Northumberland), there he is; God blefs him and all this jolly company—to all our friends round the county, who have a penny in their purse, and an English heart in their bodies, to keep out Spanish Dons, and Papiists with their faggots to burn our whiskers—shove it about; twirl your cap-cases; handle your jugs; and huzza for Maister Mayor, and his brethren their worships."

After Dr. Tillotson became the Archbishop of Canterbury, by the appointment of William III. and was seated in all his splendour at Lambeth Palace, his aged father, who was a plain cloth-worker, at Sowerby, in Yorkshire, came to see him. (He travelled on foot, with leathern thongs to tie his shoes.) When the old man came to the gate, he knocked, and the porter opened. *Is John Tillotson at home?* The man, perhaps, had never heard the words in his life; he had been used only to the grand words of "his Grace," and "my Lord." While the fellow was staring with

wonder, the old man rushed forwards to the house-door. When the porter opened to him, he said again, "*Is John Tillotson at home?*" "John Tillotson! I don't know who you mean!" "Why, I mean thy master—go tell him, a man waits to speak with *John Tillotson*." The servant complied with reluctance, and went up stairs into the dining-room, at which moment there were a number of lords and ladies sitting down to dinner. He considering the goodness of his master's temper, said, "My Lord, here's an old man dressed like a country farmer, and says he wants to speak with *John Tillotson*. He was so urgent with me, that I could not delay, but who he is, or what his business, I know not." The Archbishop, with a most amiable simplicity, broke out, "O my Lords and Gentlemen, it is my father, come up from Yorkshire on purpose to see me." Down he flew and fell upon his neck, and when he had smothered him with kisses, and drowned him with tears of joy, he led him up with his arm, and brought him into the company, "Here, my Lords and Gentlemen, is my father! I am persuaded you will have no objection to his dining with you to day;" and after grace was said, down he seats him at his right hand, and let the good old puritan have his own way in conversation, and say whatever he pleased. Every body was attentive to please him; and the Archbishop delighted to make him happy all the time of his visit.

PUNISHMENT of a DOG-STEALER.

ON Friday the 3d inst. came on before N. Bond, Esq. and Sir W. Parsons, at Bow-street, the final hearing of the case of Thomas Jones, a noted dog-stealer, against whom a summons had been issued

for stealing a dog, the property of Joseph Ward, from whose testimony it appeared, that a few evenings ago, the dog in question was enticed from him at a public-house in Tottenham-court-road, and having some reason to suspect the said Thomas Jones, he made application at this office for a warrant to search his house, when a number of dogs skins were found, several of them were quite warm from being just killed, and among which was that of Ward's dog. — Donaldson, the constable, who executed the warrant, produced the skins, and Ward positively swore to that of his dog. Jones, who escaped on the officer's entering his house, was duly summoned to appear on Friday, but did not attend; the magistrates therefore proceeded to conviction, and a record being produced of his having been convicted in the year 1797, for a similar offence, and for which he had suffered six months imprisonment, he was adjudged to forfeit the sum of 50*l.* with costs, and in default of payment, to be imprisoned for the space of eighteen months in the House of Correction, Cold-bath-fields, or until the fine be paid, and within three days after commitment to be once publicly whipped at the Seven Dials, between the hours of twelve and one o'clock. The rest of the dogs skins were ordered to remain in custody of the constable, in case they should be claimed.

Beautiful ELEGY from the ERSE.

BUT hark! I hear the steps of the hunter. — O may the cry of the hounds, and the sound of thy darts, thou bender of the yew, be often heard around my silent dwelling! My wonted joy, when the chase arose, shall then return, and the bloom of youth shall glow in

my cheek that was faded. — The marrow in my bones shall revive, when I shall hear the sound of spears, the bound of dogs, and the twang of strings. — With joy I shall spring up alive, when they cry "The stag is fallen!"

I shall then meet the companion of my chase; the hound that followed me late and early. I shall see the hills that I loved to frequent, and the rocks that were wont to answer to my cries. I shall see the cave that often received my steps from night; the cave where we often rejoiced around the flame of the oak. There our feast of deer was spread; there Treig was our drink, and the murmur of its streams our song. Ghosts shrieked on their clouds, and the spirits of the mountain roared along their hollow streams; but no fear was ours; in the cave of our rock secure we lay. — I shall see Scur-elda tower above the vale, where the welcome voice of the cuckow is early heard — I shall see Gormal, with its thousand pines; I shall see it in all its green beauty, with its many roes and flights of fowl. — I shall see the isle of trees in the lake, with the red fruit nodding over the waves. — I shall see Ardven, chief of a thousand hills: its sides are the abode of deer; its top the habitation of clouds. — I see — but whither, gay vision, art thou fled? Thou hast left me, to return no more.

Farewell, then, my beloved hills; farewell, children of youth. With you it is summer still; but my winter is come; no spring, alas, is to succeed.

O place me by the green side of my stream; place the shield, and my father's shield, beside me in my narrow house — open, open, ye ghosts of my father's, the hall where Ossian and Daol rest. The evening of my life is come, and the bard shall no more be found in his place!

ANECDOTES of JUGGLERS, &c.

IN modern times, persons who could walk over burning coals, or red-hot iron, or who could hold them in their hands and their teeth, have often excited wonder. In the end of the last century, an Englishman, named Richardson, who, as we are assured, could chew burning coals, pour melted lead upon his tongue, swallow melted glass, &c. rendered himself very famous by these extraordinary feats. Laying aside the deception practised on the spectators, the whole of this secret consists in rendering the skin of the soles of the feet and hands so callous and insensible, that the nerves under them are secured from all hurt, in the same manner as by shoes and gloves. Such callosity will be produced if the skin is continually compressed, singed, pricked, or injured in any other manner. Thus do the fingers of the industrious seamstresses become horny by being frequently pricked; and the case is the same with the hands of fire-workers, and the feet of those who walk bare-footed over scorching sand.

In the month of September 1765, when I, says Beckman, the author, visited the copper-works, at Avestad, one of the workmen, for a little drink-money, took some of the melted copper in his hand, and after shewing it to us, threw it against a wall. He then squeezed the fingers of his horny hand close to each other; put it a few minutes under his arm-pit, to make it sweat, as he said; and, taking it again out, drew it over a ladle filled with melted copper, some of which he skimmed off, and moved his hand backwards and forwards very quickly, by way of ostentation. While I was viewing this performance, I remarked a smell like that of singed horn or leather, though his hand was not burnt. The workmen at

the Swedish melting-houses shewed the same thing to some travellers in the last century: for Regnard saw it in 1681, at the copper-works in Lapland. It is highly probable that people who hold in their hands red-hot iron, or who walk upon it, as I saw done at Amsterdam, but at a distance, make their skin callous before, in the like manner. This may be accomplished by frequently moistening it with spirit of vitriol; according to some the juice of certain plants will produce the same effect: and we are assured by others, that the skin must be frequently rubbed for a long time with oil, by which means, indeed, leather also will become horny.

Of this art traces may be found also in the works of the ancients. A festival was held annually on Mount Soracte, in Etruria, at which the *Hirpi*, who lived not far from Rome, jumped through burning coals; and on this account they were indulged with peculiar privileges by the Roman Senate. Women also, we are told, were accustomed to walk over burning coals at Castabala, in Cappadocia, near the temple dedicated to Diana. Servius remarks, from a work of Varro, now lost, that the *Hirpi* trusted not so much to their own sanctity, as to the care which they had taken to prepare their feet for that operation.

I am not acquainted with every thing that concerns the trial by ordeal, when persons accused were obliged to prove their innocence by holding in their hands red-hot iron; but I am almost convinced that this also was a juggling trick of the Popes, which they employed as might best suit their views. It is well known that this mode of exculpation was allowed only to weak persons who were unfit to wield arms, and particularly to monks and ecclesiastics, to whom, for the sake

of their security, that by single combat was forbidden. The trial itself took place in the church, intirely under the inspection of the clergy; mass was celebrated at the same time; the defendant and the iron were consecrated by being sprinkled with holy-water; the clergy made the iron hot themselves: and they used all these preparatives, as jugglers do many motions, only to divert the attention of the spectators. It was necessary that the accused person should remain at least three days and three nights under their immediate care, and continue as long after. They covered their hands both before and after the proof; sealed and unsealed the covering: the former, as they pretended, to prevent the hands from being prepared any how by art; and the latter, to see if they were burnt.

Some artificial preparation was therefore known, else no precautions would have been necessary. It is highly probable that, during the three first days, the preventive was applied to those persons whom they wished to appear innocent; and that the three days after the trial were requisite to let the hands resume their natural state. The sacred sealing secured them from the examination of presumptuous unbelievers, for to determine whether the hands were burnt, the three last days were certainly not wanted. When the ordeal was abolished, and this art rendered useless, the clergy no longer kept it a secret. In the thirteenth century an account of it was published by Albertus Magnus, a Dominican monk. If his receipt be genuine, it seems to have consisted rather in covering the hands with a kind of paste than in hardening them. The sap of the *althæa*, (marsh-mallow,) the slimy seeds of the flea-bane, which is still used for stiffening by the hat-makers and silk-weavers, together with the white

of an egg, were employed to make the paste adhere, and by these means the hands were as safe as if they had been secured by gloves. The use of this juggling trick is very old, and may be traced back to a Pagan origin. In the *Antigone* of Sophocles, the guards placed over the body of Polynices, which had been buried contrary to the orders of Creon, offered, in order to prove their innocence, to submit to any trial: 'We will,' said they, 'take up red-hot iron in our hands, or walk through fire.'

The exhibition of balls and cups, which is often mentioned in the works of the ancients, as the common art of jugglers, is also of great antiquity. It consists in conveying speedily, and with great dexterity, while the performer endeavours, by various motions and cant phrases, to divert the attention of the simple spectators from observing his movements too narrowly, several light balls, according to the pleasure of any person in company, under one or more cups, removing them sometimes from the whole and conveying them again back in an imperceptible manner. In general, three leaden cups are used, and as many balls of cork; and to prevent all discovery by their slipping from the thumbs of the juggler, or making a noise, as he must lay hold of them with much quickness, the table before which he sits is covered with a cloth.

These small balls were by the ancients called *calculi*: and the cups *acetabula*, or *paropsides*. Casaubon has already quoted most of those passages in ancient authors, which relate to this subject; and they have been repeated by Bunsen; but neither of these writers makes mention of the fullest and clearest description given in the letters of Alcipliron. We have there an account of a countryman who came

came to town, and was conducted by a merchant to the theatre, where he saw with great astonishment the exhibition of cups and balls. "Such an animal," says he, "as the performer, I would not wish to have near me in the country; for in his hands my property would soon disappear." The art of oratory, because it deceives the auditors, is frequently compared to that of balls and cups. From the Latin word *gabata*, mentioned by Martial, together with *paropsides*, the French have made *gobelets*; and hence their common expressions *jouer des gobelets*, and *joueur des gobelets*, which they use when speaking of jugglers.

In all ages of the world there have been men who excited great wonder by extraordinary strength. Instances of this have been already collected, but they do not belong to my present subject.

I can, however, prove, that above 1500 years ago there were people, who by applying a knowledge of the mechanical powers to their bodies, performed feats which astonished every ignorant spectator; though, it is certain, that any sound man of common strength, could perform the same by employing the like means. Of these one may say, with Celsus—*Neque Hercule scientiam præcipuam habent hi, sed audaciam usu ipso confirmatam*.

About the beginning of the present century such a strong man, or Samson, as he called himself, a native of Germany, travelled over almost all Europe; and his pretended art has been mentioned by so many writers, that we may conclude it had not been often exhibited before; and that it was then considered as new. His name was John Charles Von Eckerode; he was born at Harzgerode, in Anhalt; and, at that time, was thirty-three years of age. When he fixed

himself between a couple of posts, on any level place, two or more horses were not able to draw him from his position; he could break ropes asunder, and lift a man up on his knee, while he lay extended on the ground. But what excited the greatest astonishment was, that he suffered large stones to be broke on his breast with a hammer, or a smith to forge iron on an anvil placed above it.

This last feat was exhibited even in the third century, by Firmus, or Firmius, who, in the time of Aurelian, endeavoured to make himself Emperor in Egypt. He was a native of Seleucia, in Syria; espoused the cause of Zenobia, the celebrated Queen of Palmyra; and was at length executed publicly, by order of the Emperor Aurelian. It is of this Firmus, and not of another, who, a century after, was overcome in Africa, by the father of the Emperor Theodosius, that Vopiscus speaks, where he relates that he could suffer iron to be forged on an anvil placed on his breast. For this purpose he lay on his back; but he put himself in such a position, by resting with his feet and shoulders against some support, that his whole body formed an arch, so that he seemed rather to be suspended than to lie at full length. This art, which is explained and illustrated by Desaguliers, and Professor Khun, of Dantzic, has now become so common, that it is often exhibited without occasioning much surprise.

Desaguliers describes the position thus—"The pretended Samson puts his shoulders (not his head, as he used to give out) upon one chair, his heels upon another (the chairs being made fast), and supports one or two men standing on his belly, raising them up and down as he breathes, making with his back-bone, thighs and legs, an arch, whose abutments are the chairs."

Seneca,

Seneca, in his Treatise De Ira, ii. 12, says of these people—"Didicerunt ingentia vixque humanis toleranda viribus onera portare."

LETTER from a HERTFORDSHIRE
FARRIER.

To the EDITOR of the SPORTING
MAGAZINE.

SIR,

BEING lately in town on business, your Magazine was put into my hands by a friend, who constantly takes it in. I there observed certain rules for shoeing horses, (page 73, Magazine for November); which rules, as there observed, have been published in the newspapers by some persons unknown all over the kingdom, and even in America, as I was lately apprised by a correspondent. But there is a mistake, in supposing they came from the Veterinary College, which it is strange you did not observe, for they are taken word for word from Mr. Lawrence's Treatise on Horses, which you so often quote; and are the very rules that experienced horseman and veterinarian has for many years, and still gives to his friends—for this, see his Treatise, vol. ii. p. 233.

But the mistake does not rest here. By Mr. Lawrence's books, it clearly appears, that he only recommends that practice to such horses whose feet will bear it, stating, at the same time, that they are but few; so that the only rules he insists on generally are, the preservation of the sole and frog from the usual excesses of the knife, the reduction of the common weight of the shoes, and the prevention of that preposterous custom of fitting them on burning hot; in which I cordially agree with him, as I also do in the use of the bar shoe. Your correspondent, the farrier of Birming-

ham, will, I conceive, obtain no credit by opposing rules like the above, which he will find to disagree with no horse whatever; but, on the contrary, tend to the general preservation of their feet: at the same time, I know, by long experience, very few horses can go over English roads, with their frogs upon the ground: some, however, can; and when they can, it is infinitely better for them and their riders. I agree further with him, that it is extremely absurd in the College to attempt to force all horses to bear on their frogs; but, to say the truth, there is a little duplicity in the case—they profess to do it, and whenever they find it will not succeed, they shoe the horse accordingly. Your correspondent is also right, that the College method, as it is called, has nothing new in it; or if altered, it is rather for the worse: it was tried more than forty years ago, and laid by.

But the practitioner of Birmingham is not altogether right, or has not sufficiently explained himself—at all events he had better have been silent about his fifty years practice; that is, in truth, a poor argument. How many bunglers have continued so throughout fifty years?

There is another thing generally overlooked.—I won't say that no man can be a good shoer that never rides a horseback; but on this I will insist, that although I shod many years before I rode any, I knew but very little about the matter until I was frequently on different horses, and got to know the feel of a horse under me. This very few farriers, professors, or veterinarians, know any thing at all about, and so are ever in the dark on many important points, not only in shoeing, but in the discovery of lameness.

It is now about twenty years since I first received a full conviction that our horses in general will not travel

travel over the roads with their quarters and frogs exposed.

Mr. Lawrence, as I then understood, corresponded on the subject with old Marshal la Fosse, or some other famous French Marshal, as they used to call their farriers.

From thence he was persuaded to try the new method; and he accordingly consulted Snape, Bevan, Field, and myself, on the matter; and we each shod a different horse for him, according to the plan given; but after various trials, he was forced to give it up; as were also all the friends he induced to make a similar trial, except one man, who kept post hacks, and he pretended that it had succeeded, but of that I had not ocular proof. I have been since satisfied of the impossibility of making it general, and perfectly agree with Mr. Lawrence in his opinion of it, as given in his truly practical book, in which I think it would not by any means be improper for my brethren to take an occasional peep.

A HERTFORDSHIRE FARRIER.

December 24.

SHOING HORSES in WINTER.

IN Canada, where the winter is never of a less duration than five months, they shoe their horses in the following manner, which serves for the whole winter:—

“The smith fixes a small piece of steel on the forepart of each shoe, not tempered too hard, and turns up about two-eighths of an inch, in the shape of a horse's lancet: the same to the hinder part of the shoe, turned up a little higher than the fore part, tempered in the same manner. In going up a hill the fore part gives a purchase that assists the horse, and in going down prevents him sliding forwards. After being used to it for a day, the horses travel without

dread or fear; and even in summer, horses employed in drawing heavy wagons or drays, find great relief in the purchase they have in going up and down heights, when shod in this manner.

BUTCHERS OUTWITTED.

THOSE of Stamford Market, we are informed, were lately defrauded of different pieces of beef; and such was the dexterity of the purloiners, that every one escaped undiscovered. We are informed of a curious species of fraud, as practised by the female filcher of the present day. Enveloped in a long cloak, with a basket upon her arm, *without a bottom*, she proceeds to a butcher's stall, and while endeavouring by argument to lower the price of the meat, takes care to put this bottomless instrument of theft over any piece that suits her purpose, while with the arm that the cloak conceals she draws it through the basket. She then declares the butcher to be very exorbitant in his demands, and decamps with the booty.

In addition to the above, we have been informed, that two butchers near Whitechapel, lately meeting by accident, one of them complained that he had been robbed of several marrow bones.—Phoo! said the other, that is nothing to the thieves that come to my shop—they have the address to steal the marrow only, and leave the bones behind them!

An important IMPROVEMENT in SHOES and BOOTS.

THE following method of preparing water-proof leather, at a very small expence, will be found invariably to succeed:—Take one pint of drying oil, two ounces

ounces of yellow wax, two ounces of Spirits of turpentine, and one ounce of Burgundy pitch, melted carefully over a slow fire; with this composition new shoes and boots are to be rubbed, in the sun, or a distance from the fire, with a sponge, as often as they become dry, until they are fully saturated; the leather then is impervious to wet, the shoes and boots last much longer, acquire softness and pliability: and thus prepared, are the most effectual preservatives against cold and chilblains.

To preserve the soles, and keep out the wet, take half a pint of spirits of turpentine, dissolve therein half a pound of rosin, warm the soles before the fire, and apply the liquid, until they will absorb no more.

Extraordinary LEAP of a FISH.

HAPPENED off the Dutch coast on the 4th ultimo:—About midnight, two fishermen being employed in their occupation, one of them having both his hands engaged in hauling the net, took the head of a sole, which endeavoured to escape through a mesh in the net, between his teeth (a practice very general with fishermen). The sole, making an extraordinary effort, sprung into the man's throat, who being thereby rendered incapable of calling out to his companion, went towards him and made him sensible by signs, of his alarming situation. His comrade immediately laid hold of the tail of the fish; but not succeeding in extracting the body, the man was suffocated very soon after he reached the boat. The sole (the dimensions of which were seven inches and a half in length, and near three in breadth) was found with the head near the upper ori-

fice of the stomach, the teeth of the fish being fastened into the substance of the *œsophagus*.

PANTOMIME of the VOLCANO.

THE new Pantomime of the *Volcano* abounds in more curious transformations, and is conducted with more rapidity and striking effect than any entertainment of that nature which has been for several years exhibited on the English stage. The beauty of the scenery, the elegance of the decorations, and the extraordinary skill with which the machinery is managed, combine to confer on it a pre-eminence in this species of popular amusement. The best scenes are those of the *Volcano*, the Rural Prospect, with an Encampment, Covent Garden Market, in which the perspective terminates in a natural View of the New Church; the Palace in the infernal regions, and the Temple of Domestic Happiness. Among the changes, those of a Cottage into the Temple of Virtue—A Box into a Table, splendidly furnished—a Baggage Wagon into a Mail Coach—a Garland into a Pavilion—a Windmill into a Ship—and a Colonnade into a Triumphant Car, take the lead in quickness and effect.

The following duet is sung by Emmery and Simmons, in the character of Ballad Singers.

- 1st, Of all the sweet spots that in London there be,
2d, Covent Garden's the place for my money,
1st, Every body runs there just as brisk a bee,
2d, Or like flies to a large pot of honey.
1st, For its throng'd with fine folks all the whole of the day,
2d, And when night makes it look rather thin,
1st, O then, how delightful it is for to stray,
2d, From the Go and the Jump to the Finish.

Both—O then, how delightful, &c.
1st, Here's,

- 1st, Here's all that can charm both the eye
and the ear,
2d, Here's all that can pleasure your nose;
1st, Singing birds and Welch ladies to see
and to hear,
2d, Potatoes, green peas, and moss roses.
1st, Then under the *Ree Arches* there's such
kind souls,
2d, And lads to oblige you so willing,
1st, That with them you may travel between
the poles,
2d, And all for the price of a shilling.
Both—That with them, &c.
1st, There's the Hummums so grand,
where, as gentlefolks say,
2d, They does'nt admit of no ladies.
1st, And then there's the Play-house, so
handsome and gay,
2d, Where no one to go'er afraid is.
1st, Then the folks do so laugh, and fall
clapping their hands,
2d, There's something so very kind in it,
1st, That if this was the Play-house where
you and I stands,
2d, I should like for to hear 'em this
minute.
Both—That if this, &c.

The above new Pantomime is said to be a political go-off upon France, which has long been a complete *Volcano*, a sort of pandemonium, where rival harlequins have been continually contending who shall be the grand Pluto of the fiery region.

A gentleman, *enormously corpulent*, very politely offered to pay double price for admission to see the *Volcano*, on the first night.

NEW PLAY at COVENT GARDEN
THEATRE.

THE unbounded success of Kotzebue's *Pizarro*, at Drury-lane, very naturally bid the managers of this Theatre endeavour to procure a play of a similar character from the same source. Accordingly we find that an unpublished drama, by the pen of Kotzebue, has been prepared for representation by Mr. Cumberland, and it was presented on Thursday the 16th instant, under the name of *Joanna*. Every aid that decoration, music,
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processions, and magnificent dresses, could confer, it has received, and it would be naturally expected that those who admired *Pizarro* could not withhold a degree of approbation from *Joanna*. It is so far in the same style of drama, that here, as in *Pizarro*, the intention is to exhibit the French under the colours of *Lazarra* and his followers, and the scene is laid in Switzerland to interest and arouse the generous affections, in favour of a people struggling for deliverance from their invaders. As in *Pizarro* also, there is all the bustle, abundance and variety, which keep the attention awake, and involve the plot in endless intricacy. It has also, like the same play, numberless allusions to the present political state of the world, but it has the fatal disadvantage of treading the ground which has been better pursued before. It comes after *Pizarro*, and therefore was not so well received as might have been expected. The dramatis personæ is as under:—

Albert, Lord of Tharn	Mr. Pope
Lazarra, a Knight	Mr. Holman
Darbony, Leader of a band of armed soldiers	Mr. Incedon
Wenfel, Castellan of Bel- mont	Mr. Waddy
Philip, his son	Mr. H. Johnstone
Guntram	Mr. Emery
Hermit	Mr. Murray
Wolf, a servant to Albert	Mr. Munden
Romual Lazarra, a ser- vant to Reinhard, be- longing to Wenfel	Mr. Rees
Henry, son to Albert and Joanna	Mr. King
Servant to Lazarra	Mr. Curteis
1st Soldier	Mr. Klanert
2d Soldier	Mr. Atkins
3d Soldier	Mr. Thompson
Old Man	Mr. Davenport
Shepherd	Mr. Gardner
Mountaineer	Mr. Claremont
Joanna, wife to Albert	Mrs. Pope
Eloisa, supposed daugh- ter to Guntram	Mrs. H. Johnstone
Eugene, a page	Miss Waters
Girl	Miss Cox
Old Woman	Mrs. Whitmore
Guards, Officers, &c.	

THE FABLE.

Albert possessed the lordship of Thurn, in Switzerland, which he inherited from his father, who had usurped it from its rightful lord, Theodore, whom, together with his daughter, he drove into exile. Lazarra, a neighbouring knight, in love with Joanna, the Lady of Albert, contrives, under favour of a truce, to surprise his castle, and seize upon his wife. Albert having made his escape, applies for a refuge to Wensel, Castellan of Belmont, whom he had himself formerly pardoned for offences, and kindly sent back his son Philip, whom he for some time detained as a hostage for the engagements of the father. Wensel adding ingratitude to his other crimes, not only confines this fugitive Lord in a dungeon, but also agrees with Lazarra to put him to death before midnight, and send his head as a proof of the performance of his promise. In the mean time, the Lady Joanna, in the castle, rejects with disdain all the solicitations of Lazarra; and hearing from him that her husband had prevented him from committing an act of suicide, by the appearance of her child, who, however, is forced away from her, in resentment, by her ferocious prosecutor. Another interest is interwoven here in the person of Eloisa, the supposed daughter of a brutal fellow, Guntram. Her heart and that of young Stephen, are devoted to each other; but Guntram resolves to sacrifice her to the wishes of Darbony, a soldier of fortune, who greatly assisted Lazarra in the success of his enterprises. Stephen, mindful of his obligations to Albert, his former friend and protector, reproaches his father for his cruelty and perfidy towards him. While Wensel is expressing his determination to persevere in putting the lord to death, he is suddenly seized

with a fit, which, however, does not prevent the attendants from resolving to execute their order. At the approach of twelve, when Philip is preparing to rescue his friend, he is accosted by a hermit, who acquaints him with the danger of his Eloisa, being at the same moment about to be ravished from him for ever. After a strong conflict between the contending passions of love and friendship, he sacrifices all to the latter, and accomplishes his liberation. Eloisa is also extricated from her immediate danger by a stratagem of the hermit. Albert and Philip, assisted by the patriotic Swiss, succeed in carrying the castle, and relieving the Lady Joanna. Philip is also happy in recovering his Eloisa, who proves to be the daughter, and he the rightful Lord Theodore, who was originally expelled from these domains. In the different battles that took place Albert is overthrown, and is near perishing by the sword of Lazarra, when Lady Joanna rushes in, and preserves her lord, by the death of the foreign usurper.

In our introductory remarks, we have said, in other words, that the most striking incidents bear too strong an affinity to those in *Pizarro*, to deserve the praise, and maintain the attractions of novelty, even if they were executed with a much greater degree of dramatic ability. The attempts at wit and drollery are likewise much too coarse for the taste of a polite audience. On the other hand, as a performance of bustle, shew, and music, it has high claims to public favour. The military procession, in the first act, was a most magnificent display of scenery, and the music throughout received that approbation which it so justly merited. It is the composition of Mr. Busby, and does infinite credit to his taste. It is in the grand style of Handel, and

and forms altogether an admirable display of musical science.

On the play being announced for a second representation, some opposition took place; but the majority was for a second performance; doubtless, by judicious curtailment, the piece will grow into favour, and which, we hope, will be the case; as the proprietors have not only been liberal, but even prodigal, in their disbursements, to render the *spectacle* magnificent and attractive. The appropriate beauty of the scenery, in which the rules of perspective are critically observed, the splendour of the decorations, and the richness of the dresses, have been rarely equalled.

The performers acquitted themselves laudably; and Mr. H. Johnstone, in *Philip*, appeared to very great advantage. Pope and Holman were much applauded; and Murray gave great interest to the character of the *Hermit*. Mrs. Pope displayed much grace and dignity of deportment, nor was Mrs. H. Johnstone wanting in that charming *naivete* in which she usually excels.—Before the commencement of the performance, an apology was made for Mr. Incedon, who was stated to be so deranged by a particular calamity, as to be apprehensive of failing in that accuracy he was always so anxious to shew. Incedon, however, appeared, and by what effort or accident it happened, we know not, seldom exhibited with more effect the fine powers of his voice, or was more deservedly applauded.

On the second Representation, by a Correspondent.

The Dramatic Romance of *Joanna* was performed for the second time, on Friday night, with increased success. The dialogue has been considerably improved by the omission of some passages, and the alteration

of others; and the tediousness, which, on the first representation, characterised most of the scenes, has been obviated by a judicious curtailment of the whole. The piece, in its improved state, possesses all the qualities necessary to give it celebrity; the absurdities which impaired its interest have been removed, and the *tout ensemble* is now both interesting and magnificent. The charming music and picturesque scenery gratify every expectation, and do equal credit to the taste of the composer, and liberality of the manager. The audience were very numerous, and the applause was general.

DESCRIPTION of the FIGHTING ORANG-OUTANG, of the ISLAND of BORNEO.

From the Low Dutch of F. B. Von Wurmb.

THE recent transactions of the Batavian Society inform us, that when one of the animals of this description was taken, it defended itself so furiously with sharp-pointed sticks, which it broke from the trees, that it was impossible to take it alive. But, though this is a new feature in the description of this animal, it does not seem to be altogether peculiar to them; for Beatel, another Dutch author, informs us, that the African Pongos attack elephants with these weapons, and drive them from their retreats.

An ingenious naturalist, reflecting upon this circumstance, asks, whether this *fightable* property ought not to place the Orang-Outang in the rank of animals immediately next to man; and observes, that whatever Buffon may say to the contrary, we know of no other animal that makes use of any weapons for its defence, except those bestowed upon it by nature.

The species of Orang-Outang here described, are extremely scarce,

scarce, and is not very common in its native country of Borneo. That of which we are speaking, was procured by Mr. Palm, the Dutch President at Rembany, while upon a mission at Sulkadana, and sent, preserved in arrack, to the Batavian Society.

The following minute description of this species shew, that it is not one of the wild men of Bontius.—The head is sharpened from behind towards the top—the mouth projects, and on each cheek is a fleshy excrescence—the ears are small, and lie flat to the head—the eyes small and prominent—the nose flat-tish—its lips and tongue thick—the face of a dark brown, with no hair, but a thin beard—no appearance of any tail upon the rump—the penis seems drawn back into the body—the legs short and thin—the fingers and toes, though smaller, are furnished with black nails, like those of a man—the breast and belly mostly bare—the body, except the face, and part of the hands and feet, are covered with brown hair.

RUSSIAN KOZAKS, or HORSEMEN.

IN the Russian empire (says Mr. Tooke), the Kozaks form a particular class, originating from the peasantry, and live exempt from taxes, on the produce of their fields and pastures, or by the labour of their hands. They neither furnish recruits, nor are given away as serfs; but they all serve as light-horsemen, as early and as long as they are fit for it; providing themselves with horses, clothes, and accoutrements; and they receive pay only when they are in actual service. Their internal constitution of social order is very singular. Though in complete subordination to the

Russian supremacy, to which they are subjects in the strictest sense of the word, it is at once military and democratic. They have no nobility, and consequently no vassals: all are brethren, and may reciprocally command and obey. They elect their superiors, or persons placed in office and authority, from their own body, reduce them again to the common level, and choose others in their stead: the commander in chief alone is appointed by the government, whose concurrence is also necessary to his being deposed. All the commanders are in constant pay of the crown, but the privates only when in service. As the quality and colour of their dress are left to their own choice, they make a motly appearance on mustering days. All carry lances, which, when on horseback, by means of a slip thong, they sling to a rest in the stirrup, on their arm, or on the pommel of the saddle. They are also provided with a whip, with which they make a very sensible impression on an unarmed enemy. Their horses look miserably, but, being well taught, perform wonders. On their expeditions the troops are very light, having no artillery, tents, baggage, forage, or store-waggons. A piece of felt is their tent, their cloak, and their bed; and the provision is carried by a second horse, each Kozak being obliged to keep two.—With regular troops they are not eager to contend; but on such as are less disciplined, they rush with great impetuosity.

With the Kozaks of the Don, the breeding of horned cattle is a primary consideration; and is so much forwarded by the shortness and mildness of their winters, that upon some farms there are not less than fifty-two hundred head.

Dashing,

Dashing, Stylish AUCTIONEERING.

Form of an Advertisement.

TO be let for the term of —, handsomely and completely furnished, the antient manor-house of — place, situated near the Sussex coast, between Little Hampton and Arundel, about one mile from each, seven from Worthing, nineteen from Brighton; from Bognor, Chichester, Petworth, ten miles respectively, the beauties of which district are obviously striking. The dwelling consists of a small vestibule or passage entering from the north, and dividing the servant's side of the house (viz. a larder and two kitchens) from three neat sitting rooms, one of which is a hall, with appropriate furniture in cottage style, sash doors, Venetian windows, good cellarage and lockers, mahogany stair-case, and back stairs, upper rooms on nearly the same plan, with numerous closets ranging along the passages above and below. The furniture of the chambers and sitting-rooms elegant and commodious, but too various to specify. In the kitchens, &c. are two stewing stoves, circular roasting furnace, extensive range, smoak jack, large wire meat-safe, and the various culinary utensils in copper, new; two furnaces, oven, coal place, and pump, under cover, &c. The register grates after the modern improvements: the string of offices, with a yard between, all new-built, viz. a very roomy coach-house, harness-room, and two stables. Eight beds of one kind or other may be made up, one of which being occasional only, and having corresponding bookcases in mahogany, the apartment forms a fourth sitting-room, or library, on the same scale with the others, commanding prospects.

Some pleasant catches of country from most of the windows. The

timid mind may here feel itself free from the nightly irruption of petty invasions: Little Hampton, its barracks and battery, are the only accessible parts, and that very difficult with the intervening hamlets, being a kind of barbican to small arms, and the very nature of that shore rendering such attempts hardly, or too hazardously practicable at any time whatever. Though within a quarter of an hour's drive of the public bathing-place, instead of nothing but the wide scowling ocean, with a bleak, flat, and dreary coast presenting itself, the immediate country around exhibits a relief in all the mild sceneries of an inland aspect, rich in corn and pasturage, mixed with champaign, wavy, bold and lawny views, skirted by a tide river. The castle and town of Arundel, clustering woods, billowy surfaces, sunk fences, or uplifted park, downs, &c. in full contrast and distinctness of view! it may strike the discerning few as a satisfaction, that, whilst their horses and carriages are not molested as in public yards, their household may be happy among themselves, uncorrupted, orderly; that, though a few minutes take them into colloquial life, yet neither that, nor the appendant company of the beach itself, though proximate publicities are so intrusively near their own insulated home, so close as to interrupt the serene and cheerful endearments of a private family; in short, people may there feel themselves at home, and in public, by a quick transition, and a small exercise created, excluding thereby the fastidiousness of *enrui* arising from the sameness of a bathing scene. Though not within the annoyance and dust thereof, the post and coach pass daily by the out-fence, with all the objects of a winding road, farming and village movements. The air, therefore, is not *unpeopled*, and its

its distant resonances exhilarate the scene. Four hundred yards from the church; water from off the chalk; provisions plentiful and excellent; markets near; the situation healthy, airy, and dry, being in general a rich loomy sand, on a sub-soil of flint, chalk, and pebbles; the sands on the beach uncommonly fine for bathing and riding many miles; machines in plenty; two packs of fox-hounds, and others, frequently hunt within a moderate distance; a common kitchen garden; the occupier may also be accommodated on the premises with hay, grass, &c. and the use of a cow, at a fair valuation. The roads gravelly, remarkably good, and open; the rides on the Downs, and round about Arundel, where amidst the grouping seats of that region, the eye is stayed by that overtowering pile, the castellated mansion of his Grace the Duke of Norfolk. Arundel itself, with its activity, its neatness, its elegance, picturesque terraces, battlements, and hanging buildings, its little theatre, inns, coffee-houses, and busy thrift, is interesting as a borough town. Arundel, and Little Hampton also, in its late highly improved state, are both interesting as ports, receiving and returning the gliding sails. The beach is not here laved by a mere naked main—whole fleets are not unusual in the offing—oyster smacks at anchor throughout the summer, East and West-India fleets, or from the Continent, frigates, ships of war, and small craft, from the mouth of the Thames, are seen passing within the sea-scape, to and from Portsmouth, Bristol, and the intermediate harbours.

We know of nothing that exceeds the pretensions of this pompous advertisement, except Christie's embellishment of a *fine hanging wood*, which, upon enquiry, turned out to be a gibbet!

A great CHARACTER in OBSCURITY!

From Eden's State of the Poor.

ANNE HURST was born at Witley, in Surrey; there she lived the whole period of a long life, and there she died. As soon as she was thought able to work, she went to service; there, before she was twenty, she married James Strudwick, who, like her own father, was a day-labourer. With this husband she lived a prolific, hard-working, contented wife, somewhat more than fifty years. He worked more than three-score years on one farm; and his wages, summer and winter, were regularly a shilling a day. He never asked more, nor was he ever offered less.

They had between them seven children, and lived to see six daughters married, and three of them the mothers of sixteen children, all of whom were brought up, or are bringing up, to be day-labourers. Strudwick continued to work till within seven weeks of the day of his death; and at the age of four-score, in 1787, he closed, in peace, a not inglorious life; for, to the day of his death, he never received a farthing in the way of parochial aid. His wife survived him about seven years, and though bent with age and infirmities, and little able to work, except as a weeder in a gentleman's garden, she was also too proud either to ask or receive any relief from the parish. For six or seven of the last years of her life, she received twenty shillings a year from the person who favoured me with this account, which he drew up from her own mouth. With all her virtue and all her merit, she yet was not much liked in her neighbourhood: people in affluence thought her haughty, and the paupers of the parish seeing, as they could not help seeing, that her life

was

was a reproach to theirs, aggravated all her little failings. Yet the worst thing they had to say of her was, that she was proud, which they said was manifested by the manner in which she buried her husband. Resolute, as she owned she was, to have the funeral, and every thing that related to it, what she called decent, nothing could persuade her from having handles to his coffin, and a plate on it, mentioning his age. She was also charged with having behaved herself crossly and peevishly towards one of her sons-in-law, who was a mason, and went regularly every Saturday evening to the ale-house, as he said, just to drink a pot of beer. James Strudwick, in all his life, as she often told this ungracious son-in-law, never spent five shillings in any idleness; luckily (as she was sure to add), he had it not to spend. A more serious charge against her was, that, living to a great age, and but little able to work, she grew to be seriously afraid, that, at last, she might become chargeable to the parish (the heaviest, in her estimation, of all human calamities), and, that thus alarmed, she did suffer herself, more than once, during the exacerbation of a fit of distempered despondency, peevishly, and perhaps petulantly, to exclaim, that God Almighty, by suffering her to remain so long upon earth, seemed actually to have forgotten her. Such are the simple annals of Dame Strudwick; and her historian, partial to his subject, closes it with lamenting that such village memoirs have not often been sought for, and recorded.

"She would have handles to the coffin of her husband, and a plate recording his age!" and this was alledged against her! Yet this simple receptacle contained a deposit, more precious than any Egyptian pyramid ever covered. "She was proud!" Yes, she had that pride

that scorns *dependence*, that thinks all labour honourable, but feels an obligation as a wound. We believe this pride is the foundation of every human virtue, and its want, the origin of all that degrades our nature.

Yet even this patient labour, this minute economy, this proud independence, could not protect our heroine from the fear of a work-house, and the reception of private bounty. And all this exact care and industry were attended with an uncommon portion of constant health; and yet the wife of James Strudwick, whose labour has contributed to support lord-lieutenants and ministers of state, thought God had forgotten her, when she saw if the grave refused her an asylum, she must end her life in a work-house.

Reader, "if you have tears, refuse not to shed them now:" but while you shed them, do not determine to sit down in unavailing sorrow, but arouse all the powers within you, to meliorate the condition of the labourer.

Is there a human being in existence, whose heart was ever warmed by the feeling of humanity, who is not prepared to place his foot on the grave of James and Anne Strudwick, and, looking up to heaven, swear that he will exert every faculty within him, in the peaceable formation and execution of plans which will give to the worthy sons of daily toil, a tranquil evening of life, and a comfortable passage out of it.

RINGING.

ON Tuesday evening, Dec. 14, was rung, in Saffron Walden steeple, by the company of ringers of that place, a complete peal of 5040 bob-majors in three hours and

and twenty-two minutes: the striking was so excellent, as not only to attract the musical ear, but to enrapture the susceptible heart. The performance was by a young society of not more than a year and a half standing; and their efforts would have done credit to veterans. The peal was rung in compliment to Mr. Cornhill, on occasion of bringing his lady to St. Aylett's.

On New Year's Day was rung at St. Margaret's, Leicester, a true and complete peal of 1800 changes, grandfire caters in the tittoms, in one hour and twenty-one minutes; composed and called by Thomas Sibson.

Modern DIVERSIONS, &c. of
PARIS and AMSTERDAM.

THE people in easy circumstances meddle no longer in politics. They shut their ears to the discourses of the agitators of all parties, they laugh at the war of the Journalists, study the fluctuations of the paper currency, and are completely indifferent to every thing else. On the contrary, the newly enriched commissaries, &c. make it a point to keep company only with persons of *ton*. They are to be found at every concert, and, though they know nothing of music, they applaud, even to frenzy, the thrills and *bravura* of every singer.

There are now no family entertainments; every mandines at the house of a *Restaurateur*, the number of whom, of course, is infinitely multiplied. At every corner of the street may be read—"Cold repast—private apartments." The latter are, in fact, so many grottos of Venus. The number of houses of this description indicates an essential change in our habits and modes of living.

At the tea-parties, the meetings are rather more sociable, and form

an approach to the French urbanity, which has so long been neglected. The ladies are there in their most elegant and even brilliant attire: the conversations are carried on in an under-voice, and each *groupe* is insulated even in the midst of society. The passions, which elsewhere have their physiognomy, and their language, seem here to lose every thing that is harsh and personal. But, though little is said, even the visitants have their feelings and conjectures; but matters are so managed, that even hatred wears there the appearance of affection.

The horse-races, in the Bois de Boulogne, have inspired the favourites of the Amazons with a taste for riding. They sue for the favour of riding beside their mistresses. They are all mounted in the English fashion; but, not knowing how to suit themselves to the motion of the horse, their shocks in the saddle produce nothing but laughter, and yet they mistake their strained attitudes for *grace*! In all their running, strutting, and wheeling, the *cockney* air (*badaud*) is still visible. They frequent, however, the *Salons* in the evening, in order to talk of the dexterous feats of the day.

Such are the people of Paris. They cry out against stock-jobbing, and yet every man calculates on the exchange of his *Ecu* against the *gros Sous*. They complain of the government, which, according to them, is Royalist or Terrorist, as suits their fancy. In the mean time, they drink, laugh, dance, sing, murmur, and are appeased.

As for business, nobody undertakes any thing single at Paris. Not only banks, business, speculations, &c. are engaged in by companies, but there are also companies of authors. There is not a comedy or farce

farce that is not the joint labour of a large *firm*. Two or three merchants join in a business, because one has not funds sufficient to carry it on. The same motive associates modern authors, who must be poor indeed, since three or four *geniuses* are scarcely sufficient to compose a single act. Painters, sculptors, and musicians, have not yet adopted this plan, but, no doubt, it will soon be the fashion with them also.

In Amsterdam, says Mr. Pratt, the music-house is, amongst the public places, visited by almost every stranger; but you are to understand that the scenes thus exhibited to travellers are no otherwise gross, than as they excite ideas inseparably connected with the sight of such a number of females, devoted by avowed profession to a life of impurity. The music-house has always one very spacious apartment, where all persons are admitted, on paying, at entrance, the price of a bottle of wine. Two benches the whole length of the room, are placed for the reception of inhabitants and visitors. There are seldom less than twenty women belonging to one house. These assemble about eleven at night, dressed, or rather undressed, in all the disgusting displays of their trade: an enormous pad to swell out the hips, a flaming red petticoat, which scarce reaches the calf of the leg, an immense pair of shoe-buckles, which nearly cover the foot, two broad black patches, the size of half-a-crown piece on the temples, and uncovered bosoms. This, indeed, excepting only the bosoms, is the ordinary women's stile of dress. A miserable pair of fiddlers are scraping in a corner of the room, which is glaringly lighted up with tallow candles; the men are, most of them, smoking on the benches, and the women dancing in the

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middle. Some of the dances are curious enough: one in particular, where the man turns the woman round on tiptoe several hundred times together, without the smallest intermission, with one hand encircling her waist, and elevating the other above the head, to meet her hand. The incredible rapidity with which this whirling is performed, and the length of time it continues, turns the spectator giddy, but seems to have no effect on the parties engaged in the dance. And while one couple are performing this round-about, it is not uncommon for ten or a dozen others, to leap from their seats, pipes in hand, and seizing the girls, join in the twirl, like so many *te-to-tums*, or rather sleeping tops; for, notwithstanding their activity of limbs, there seems in their countenances, and even in their movements, a sort of torpor, which the sprightliest pleasure cannot dissipate; although it should be observed, that the Dutch are much addicted to dancing, and albeit, they beat the ground with the foot, rather of a giant than a fairy, they appear to derive from their unweildy, and sometimes ungraceful motions, such solid happiness, that a good-natured spectator cannot but be himself happy on the principle of general benevolence, to see an Hollander rampant.

MEMORANDUMS of THOMPSON
the POET, POPE, LITTLETON,
and QUIN.

Collected from Mr. William Taylor, formerly a barber and peruke-maker, at Richmond, Surrey—now blind, September 1791, by the Earl of Buchan.

Q MR. Taylor, do you remember any thing of Thompson, who lived in Kew-lane some years ago?—Thompson!

Q. Thompson the poet?—Aye, very well. I have taken him by the nose many hundred times. I shaved him

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him, I believe, seven or eight years, or more; he had a face as long as a horse; and he sweat so much, that I remember, after walking one day in summer, I shaved his head without lather, by his own desire. His hair was as soft as a camel's. I hardly ever felt such; and yet it grew so remarkably, that if it was but an inch long, it stood upright an end from his head like a brush. [Mr. Robertson confirmed this remark.]

Q. His person, I am told, was large and clumsy?—Yes; he was pretty corpulent, and stooped forward, rather when he walked, as though he was full of thought; he was very careless and negligent about his dress; and wore his clothes remarkably plain.—[Mr. Robertson, when I read this to him, said, "He was clean, and yet slovenly: he stooped a good deal."]

Q. Did he always wear a wig?—Always in my memory, and very extravagant he was with them. I have seen a dozen at a time hanging up at my master's shop, and all of them so big that nobody else could wear them. I suppose his sweating to such a degree made him have so many, for I have known him spoil a new one only in walking from London.

Q. He was a great walker, I believe?—Yes; he used to walk from Malloch's [Mallet's] at Strand on the Green, near Kew-bridge, and from London, at all hours in the night: he seldom liked to go in a carriage, and I never saw him on horseback. I believe he was too fearful to ride. [Mr. Robertson said, he could not bear to get upon a horse.]

Q. Had he a Scotch accent?—Very broad; he always called me *Wall*.

Q. Did you know any of his relations?—Yes; he had two nephews, (cousins) Andrew and Gilbert Thompson, both gardeners,

who were much with him. Andrew used to work in his garden, and keep it in order at over hours: he died at Richmond about eleven years ago, of a cancer in his face. Gilbert, his brother, lived at East-Sheen, with one Squire Taylor, till he fell out of a mulberry tree, and was killed.

Q. Did Thompson keep much company?—Yes, a good deal of the writing sort. I remember Pope, and Paterfon, and Mallock, and Lyttleton, and Dr. Armstrong, and Andrew Miller, the bookseller, who had a house near Thompson's, in Kew-lane. Mr. Robertson could tell you more about them.

Q. Did Pope often visit him?—Very often; he used to wear a light coloured great coat, and commonly kept it on in the house; he was a strange ill-formed little figure of a man; but I have heard him, and Quin and Paterfon, talk together so at Thompson's, that I could have listened to them for ever.

Q. Quin was frequently there, I suppose?—Yes, Mrs. Hobart, his housekeeper, often wished Quin dead, he made her master drink so. I have seen him and Quin coming from the Castle together at four o'clock in a morning, and not over sober you may be sure. When he was writing in his own house, he frequently sat with a bowl of punch before him, and that a good large one too.

Q. Did he sit much in his garden?—Yes; he had an arbour at the end of it, where he used to write in summer-time. I have known him lie along by himself upon the grass near it, and talk away as if three or four people were along with him. [This might probably be when he was reciting his own compositions.]

Q. Did you ever see any of his writing?—I was once tempted, I remember, to take a peep; his papers used to be in a loose pile upon the

the table in his study, and I had longed for a look at them a good while: so one morning, while I was waiting in the room to shave him, and he was longer than usual before he came down, I slipped off the top sheet of paper, and expected to find something very curious, but I could make nothing of it. I could not even read it, for the letters looked like all in one.

Q. He was very affable in his manners?—O yes! he had no pride; he was very free in his conversation, and very cheerful, and one of the best natured men that ever lived.

Q. He seldom was much burthened with cash?—No; to be sure, he was deuced long-winded; but when he had money, he would send for his creditors and pay them all round; he has paid my master between twenty and thirty pounds at a time.

Q. You did not keep a shop yourself then at that time?—No, Sir; I lived with one Lander here for twenty years, and it was while I was 'prentice and journeyman with him that I used to wait on Mr. Thompson. Lander made his majors and bobs, and a person of the name of Taylor, in Craven-street, in the Strand, made his tie wigs. An excellent customer he was to both.

Q. Did you dress any of his visitors?—Yes; Quin and Lyttleton, Sir George I think he was called. He was so tender faced I remember, and so devilish difficult to shave, that none of the men in the shop dared to venture on him except myself. I have often taken Quin by the nose too, which required some courage, let me tell you. One day he asked particularly if the razor was in good order, protested he had as many barber's ears in his parlour at home, as any boy had birds eggs

on a string, and swore, if I did not shave him smoothly, he would add mine to the number. "Ah," said Thompson, "Wull shaves very well, I assure you."

Q. You have seen the Seasons, I suppose?—Yes, Sir; and once had a great deal of them by heart, (he here quoted a passage from Spring.)—Shepherd, who formerly kept the Castle Inn, shewed me a book of Thompson's writing, which was about the rebellion in 1745, and set to music, but I think he told me not published. [I mentioned this to Mr. Robertson, but he thought Taylor had made a small mistake, perhaps it might be some of the patriotic songs in the Masque of Alfred.]

Q. The cause of his death is said to have been taking a boat from Kew to Richmond, when he was much heated by walking?—No; I believe he got the better of that: but having had a batch of drinking with Quin, he took a quantity of cremor tartar, as he frequently did on such occasions, which, with a fever before, carried him off. [Mr. Robertson did not assent to this.]

Q. He lived, I think, in Kew Foot-lane?—Yes; and died there; at the furthest house next Richmond Gardens, now Mr. Boscawen's. He lived some time before at a smaller one higher up, inhabited by Mrs. Davis.

Q. Did you attend on him to the last?—Sir, I shaved him the very day before his death; he was very weak, but made a shift to sit up in bed. I asked him how he found himself that morning?—"Ah, Wull," he replied, "I am very bad indeed." [Mr. Robertson told me he ordered this operation himself, as a refreshment to his friend.]

Taylor concluded by giving a hearty encomium on his character.

More natural ANTI-PATHIES.

A Former account in the Sporting Magazine, of authenticated Antipathies (from the German), affords me opportunity to transmit two remarkable cases of the same kind, not only coming within my own knowledge, but which may be corroborated by hundreds, within half a day's ride of the metropolis. — The first, of Mr. Hanson, a gentleman, many years resident in the town of Reading, in Berkshire, where he was clerk to the Bench of Justices, and has been but very few years dead. During his life, particularly the latter part of it, he could never sit during the winter season, in any room where apples were (though concealed from sight by cupboard, beaufet, &c.) without soon manifesting signs of the greatest disquietude, and subsequent entreaty to have them removed. If, (as it sometimes happened), he was assured there was no such thing in, or near the room, he was so critically correct in his olfactory sensations, that he never gave up the point till a search took place, when he invariably proved to be right. This singular circumstance being sometimes talked of, in different companies, and, of course, not believed by every individual, it was, totally unknown to him, productive of various bets, to be decided by placing an apple in a drawer, or china closet, in such room as he stood engaged to spend his evening; in the course of which, he was always sure (sooner or later), to discover the effluvia of the simple article, giving him so much and such evident disquietude (perceptible to every one in his company), and for which aversion to that fruit, he could never conceive or express a just reason to the last hour of his life.

The other, was the invincible

aversion of the late Mr. Pote, printer and bookseller, near Eton College, had to the harmless and inoffensive cat; his antipathy to which was so very great, that although he had not even the clue of effluvia to go by, as Mr. H. had with the apple, yet he was always affected in the same way, and displayed the same visible disquietude to every person in company, by shrugs, involuntary twitches, or spasms, sufficiently demonstrative of his uneasy sensations, whenever a cat was in the room where he was, however she might be obscured from his view, and he might not have had the least proof of a cat's being there: when he was convinced it was so, he always solicited her removal.

To corroborate the verity of this assertion, one public proof need only be brought forward. Not many years since, a favourite barmaid, named Betty, attended upon the company, in the coffee-room, at Windsor, which Mr. Pote was accustomed constantly to frequent; she well knowing his aversion, and seeing him pass the window, in his way to the coffee-room, caught up the cat, and put her into an under closet, turning the key, before Mr. Pote made his appearance. Taking up the paper, according to custom, he had not read ten lines before the little involuntary twitches, or spasms, were observed; he cast an eye obliquely under the tables and benches—rang the bell—"Betty, there's a cat in the room."—"No such thing, sir," says Betty, "you may depend upon it, I turned her out, just as I saw you pass the window, I assure you, Sir." "Very well," says Mr. P. indulging his doubts; a few minutes respite from this enquiry (and positive assurance from Betty), afforded him no relief; for his rapidly increasing disquietude, or a
some.

something, we know not what, convincing him he was *right*; the bell *re-summoned* Betty to a second hearing, when peremptorily vociferating, "that, by G—d, there was a cat in the room, or in some closet of the room, and nothing but opening every door should convince him"—every door was opened—out jumped the cat, and Betty made her apology. These, sir, I give you as facts not to be refuted; the cause of each, I leave to the naturalist, or voluntary investigator of human frailties, causes, and effects.

Your constant reader,

VERITAS.

December 18, 1799.

The new MONSTER.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

DEAR SIR,

SISTERS and I are all dying to know something certain about the new monster. At first, Sir, we thought it might be Jane Gibbs, the new French Constitution, or the *Republic*, with a *King* at the head of it. I own I was wavering between these two opinions, when Cousin Sue hinted, it was, perhaps, some new great cuckold who had started up in town. This idea tickled my fancy for a while; but then again, I reflected, that a cuckold was too common a monster to be announced as a rarity. I was now in despair, when popping into the garden, I felt something pinching my toes, and sisters came running up to me with their ears, elbows, and noses, as red as a beef-steak, when we all agreed, from your description, that the new monster could be nothing else than the frost. In this discovery, however, we were not long suffered to indulge, for the singing parson, on

our communicating our idea, assured us, that a monster was an unnatural production; and gave it as his opinion, that the new monster was the person who wrote the *threatening letter* to the Duke of Q——, observing, at the time, who but a monster would hurt such a harmless, good natured old man? This too satisfied me for a while; but I have at last almost persuaded myself, that the new monster is a woman of fashion. Don't start, Mr. Editor, you know, at this season of the year, it is perfectly unnatural to go naked. I hope you will have the goodness to save me from all further conjecture.

Your's, &c.

MUSICAL SPORTING.

WHAT a musical age we live in, Mr. Editor! Every individual is now a *performer*, and every family a *band*. Going over a musical warehouse in London, the other day, I was surprised to see so many *side-boards*, *commodes*, and *dressing-tables*. "Bless me," said I, "friend Humstrum, how is this? Is the music trade fallen off, and do you take up the trade of cabinet-maker?"

"Good! good!" answered my friend, laughing heartily; "what! are you taken in too? Cabinet-maker, indeed! that's a good joke—Why, man, these are all *piano-fortes* in the shape of *side-boards*, *dressing tables*, and so forth, for the convenience of small rooms?"

"Indeed!"

"Indeed! now can any thing be more convenient? For you must know that *we* in the city are so fond of giving concerts, the want of room is never considered as any objection; our music rooms are no bigger than closets, and you would suppose the band and
the

the audience placed by a clever packer, rather than a master of ceremonies. Now, you perceive, as people must have side-boards and dressing-tables, and so forth, I have contrived to make *pianos* of them.

"A very pretty contrivance, indeed, Mr. Humstrum; and yet, when I go to a side-board for a bottle of wine, or a plate of cakes, I should not like to be put off with an old song. Your *singing side-boards* may have very pretty tones, but give me the jingling of glasses, Master Humstrum."

"Ah! you are a wag, Master Squaretoes—but, what do you think that is?"

"I am afraid to say, lest I betray my ignorance."

"Why then—that is a sort of piano which may be carried about, and played in a coach."

"In a coach!—why, who the—wants to play in a coach? An't it enough to have our ears stunned with would-be players, but you must frighten the horses too?" Played in a coach! Well, that is a good joke—What! I suppose when one takes a long shilling's worth, you may play *prestissimo* inside, while the coachman is at the old fashioned *andante*, or act of parliament trot, five miles an hour."

"But here are greater improvements, which I shall announce to the world as soon as I have made a sufficient quantity for the public demand, which, I know, will be immense—Look here, what do you take that to be?"

"Why, according to my eyes, it should be a sofa."

"And so it is, an *organized grand piano forte sofa*, that is the proper name, for here you see (lifting up the cover) is the instrument, which may be played by a sick person."

"A sick person—O; that is a choice contrivance—What! I suppose you have got some *piano a pil-*

lows and musical bolsters too? Eh! for the bed-ridden cognoscenti?"

"I have some thoughts of that too—but look you here, another instrument for the bed-room—"

"Ay! and a very proper one, and a very old one too—one of *Bramah's*, an't it?"

"Something upon the same plan; but look here—"

"Astonishing! What have you got music there too? Well, I have heard of whistling to horses—"

"Hold your profane tongue—do but listen, (*plays*) Tink, tink, a tink, tink, a tink, &c. &c. Can you play at all?"

"Not in *that* way, thank you—and so good morning my very ingenious friend"—"and good bye to you, Mr. Editor—O what an improving age!"

HUMPHREY SQUARETOES.

The CRANES.

An Indian Tale.

MESSIER Currado, of Naples, had a servant named Chinchillo, who, one night, to treat his mistress, cut off the leg of a crane, which was roasting for his master's supper, who thereupon asked him what was become of the crane's other leg. Chinchillo immediately swore that cranes had but one leg.

The next morning, as he was riding behind his master, he made him, in order to convince him he was right, observe several cranes at roost upon one leg: but his master shouting, they put down the other leg, whereupon Chinchillo perceiving that his master was angry, cried out, how lucky it was you did not shout last night, for your crane would have put down the other leg, and have flown away as these did, and your supper would have gone too. Currado laughed, and Chinchillo escaped.

The

*The surprising SPECTRE of the
BROKEN MOUNTAIN.*

From the German of J. F. Gmelin.

TR AVERSING the Harz mountains in Hanover, says this author, the first time I was deceived by this extraordinary phenomenon, I had clambered up the summit of the Broken, very early in the morning, in order to wait there for the inexpressibly beautiful view of the sun rising in the east. The heavens were already streaked with red; the sun was just appearing above the horizon in full majesty, and the most perfect serenity prevailed throughout the surrounding country, when the other Harz mountains in the south-west, towards the Worm mountains, &c. lying under the Broken, began to be covered by thick clouds. Ascending at that moment the granite rocks called the Teufelskanzel, or Devil's Pulpit, there appeared before me, though at a great distance, towards the Worm mountains and the Achtermannshöhe, the gigantic figure of a man, as if standing on a large pedestal. But scarcely had I discovered it when it began to disappear; the clouds sunk down speedily and expanded, and I saw the phenomenon no more.

The second time, however, I saw this spectre somewhat more distinctly, a little below the summit of the Broken, and near the Heinrichshöhe, as I was looking at the sun rising, about four o'clock in the morning. The weather was rather tempestuous; the sky towards the level country was pretty clear, but the Harz mountains had attracted several thick clouds, which had been hovering around them, and which beginning to settle on the Broken confined the prospect. In these clouds, soon after the rising of the sun, I saw my own shadow, of a monstrous size, move itself, for a

couple of seconds, exactly as, I moved; but I was soon involved in clouds, and the phenomenon disappeared.

It is impossible to see this phenomenon, except when the sun is at such an altitude as to throw his rays upon the body in an horizontal direction; for if he is higher, the shadow is thrown rather under the body than before it.

There is another account of this appearance by M. Haue, who says, after having been here for the thirtieth time, observes, that besides other objects of my attention, having procured information respecting the above-mentioned atmospheric phenomenon, I was at length so fortunate as to have the pleasure of seeing it: and perhaps my description may afford satisfaction to others who visit the Broken through curiosity. The sun rose about four o'clock, and the atmosphere being quite serene towards the east, his rays could pass without any obstruction over the Heinrichshöhe. In the south-west, however, towards Achtermannshöhe, a brisk west-wind carried before it thin transparent vapours, which were not yet condensed into thick heavy clouds.

About a quarter past four I went towards the Inn, and looked round to see whether the atmosphere would permit me to have a free prospect to the south-west; when I observed, at a very great distance towards Achtermannshöhe, a human figure of a monstrous size. A violent gust of wind having almost carried away my hat, I clapped my hand to it by moving my arm towards my head, and the colossal figure did the same.

The pleasure which I felt on this discovery can hardly be described; for I had already walked many a weary step in the hopes of seeing this shadowy image, without being able to gratify my curiosity. I immediately

mediately made another movement by bending my body, and the colossal figure before me repeated it. I was desirous of doing the same thing once more—but my Colossus had vanished. I remained in the same position, waiting to see whether it would return, and in a few minutes it again made its appearance on the Achtermannshöhe. I paid my respects to it a second time, and it did the same to me. I then called the landlord of the Broken; and having both taken the same position which I had taken alone, we looked towards the Achtermannshöhe, but saw nothing. We had not, however, stood long, when two such colossal figures were formed over the above eminence which repeated our compliments by bending their bodies as we did; after which they vanished. We retained our position; kept our eyes fixed on the same spot, and in a little time the two figures again stood before us, and were joined by a third. Every movement that we made by bending our bodies, these figures imitated—but with this difference, that the phenomenon was sometimes weak and faint, sometimes strong and well defined. Having thus had an opportunity of discovering the whole secret of this phenomenon, I can give the following information to such of my readers as may be desirous of seeing it themselves. When the rising sun (and according to analogy the case will be the same at the setting sun) throws his rays over the Broken upon the body of a man standing opposite to fine light clouds floating around, or hovering past him, he needs only fix his eyes steadfastly upon them, and, in all probability he will see the singular spectacle of his own shadow extending to the length of five or six hundred feet, at the distance of about two miles before him. This

is one of the most agreeable phenomena I ever had an opportunity of remarking on the great observatory of Germany.

The ART of BOTHERING,

Or, a curious order, *verbatim*, as it was sent to a tradesman by a farmer's wife, for

A SCARLET CARDINAL.

SIR,

IF you please to send me a *Scarlet Cardinal*; let it be full yard long, and let it be full: it is for a large woman: they tell me I may have a large one, and a handsome one, for eleven shillings. I should not be willing to give more than twelve; but if you have any so long, either duffel or cloth, if it is cheaper, I should like to have it, for I am not to give more than twelve shillings. I beg you, sir, to be so good as not to fail me this cardinal on Wednesday, without fail; let it be full yard long, I beg, or else it will not do. Fail not on Wednesday; and by so doing you will oblige

M. WINNS.

P. S. I hope you will charge your lowest price; and if you please, not to send me a duffel one, but cloth, full yard long and full, and please to send it to Mr. Field's, the waterman, who comes to the Bee-hive at Queenhithe. Pray don't send me a duffel one, but cloth. I have altered my mind, I should not like it duffel but cloth: let it be full yard long, and let it be cloth, and not more than twelve shillings at most, one of the cheapest you have, and full yard long; send two, both of a length, and both large ones, full yard long, both of a price; they be both for one woman: they must be exactly alike for goodness and price. Fail then not on Wednesday, and full yard long.

RUSSIAN

RUSSIAN MODE of catching WILD
GESE, HEATHCOCK, &c.

[From Mr. Tooke's View of the Russian
Empire.]

(Continued from page 123.)

AS soon as the people of these regions perceive the arrival of the birds, which alight upon the lakes in innumerable companies, the capture of them begins, which the boors carry on when the harvest is got in. This sort of fowling is in some districts; for instance, in the government of Ufa, so remarkable, that it deserves to be here particularised. The geese are caught flying, in nets, in the following manner:—

The spot for this purpose must be chosen near a lake, having the greater part, or at least one side of it, surrounded by a birch wood. As it is the custom of the geese to fly every morning at sun-rise to pasture on the corn-fields, and at evening to return to the lake; the fowlers having remarked the track they take, set to work to cut, once for all, a broad vista in the wood, in that direction, which the geese soon discover, and presently take to it, as it is difficult for them to fly aloft, and this saves them that necessity. At the distance of five and twenty or thirty fathoms from the lake, two high birches are left standing in the opening made in the wood, stripped of their branches, and between these the net is placed, about thirty ells in length, and from seven to ten ells in breadth, and resting on two forked poles, with sharp points, the moving whereof the fowler has in his command, by means of a cord. The net being thus set in the night, the boor goes back as far behind it as the cord will reach, lays himself down in the grass, and expects his prey. The geese commonly begin to rise an hour before the sun; and

being unable, just at peep of day, to see the net, they infallibly fly into it; on which the rope is immediately slackened, and the geese close the net upon themselves by their own momentum. In this manner, ten, twenty, and more geese, are snared at a time, which yield one of the most savoury roasts in the world; and scarcely ever do the boors go out of a night for this purpose without success.

The same contrivance is made use of by the Ostiaks of the Oby, in whose northern climates the flock fowl arrive much earlier. As this happens usually at the first thawing weather, and the birds are apt to settle on their feet, the Ostiaks strew ashes on the snow, to make it dissolve the sooner, placing stuffed birds as decoys, near which they watch the game. They have even invented means for catching birds in the air by broad day-light. To this end the bird-catcher, in parts of the forest which he has cleared of trees, and where his feathered prey are accustomed to take their flight, makes a hat of wattles, from which he can observe them without being perceived. The net is laid on the ground in readiness, tied to a cord which runs over upright poles. Whenever the Ostiak thinks the flying birds are near enough, he spreads the net in the air by means of the lines, which are very easily moved; whereupon the heavy-bodied birds, who can seldom mount high, are entangled and taken. Should that happen, however, then the Ostiaks have already placed at some distance several decoy geese, and having the art of imitating so exactly the calling sounds of these birds, by a piece of birch-bark in their mouths, that the flock of them forget the net, settle about the decoy geese, and thus become a second time a prey to the fowler. As for the smaller aquatic birds, none

of these northern people think it worth their while to catch them; at most they employ themselves in taking the larger kind of ducks, and the abundance of these wild birds is so great, that the inhabitants are enabled to salt provision enough of them for the whole year, and in the spring have still a number remaining to throw away.

In the southern astrakhan steppes they make use of an ingenious and simple invention for catching on the level ground, the heathcock, which are here in great abundance. The bird-catcher, to this purpose, provides himself with a screen of white linen, stretched in a frame, and with it can be drawn together; to this he adds a cylindrical net, 16 feet in length, held spread out by cords, and at its open end he puts two wings, which are ever getting farther from each other. When he goes fowling, he holds the screen before him, that the birds may not perceive him, at the same time following them with his eyes through a hole made in the linen. As soon as he descryes a flock of heathcocks, he spreads the net which he carries at his back, some hundred paces from them, in the manner above described, taking such a position, that the game come in a line with the screen and the net. Then, with the former, he makes a slight noise, and drives the birds gradually between the wings and towards the net, into which these timid and silly creatures spontaneously run.

The common sorts of water-fowl, and the several gallinaceous species, are so plenty, and that even in the governments which are the poorest in wild animals, that they form an ordinary, and not very costly dish. Even Livonia is considerably rich in well-flavoured wild-fowl, and the price of it, in some parts at a distance from towns, is so low, that a bustard, sometimes of twenty pounds

weight, costs no more than thirty or forty kopeeks. In the government of St. Petersburg, where the forests are already very thin, and where the prodigious demands of the residence make an exceedingly great provision necessary, partridges, pheasants, woodcocks, snipes, snow-birds, and heathcocks, are amongst the most common birds that are eaten. Here the woodcocks even keep together in families, and the capture of them is very productive. But the greater part of these articles of consumption come frozen to the populous towns in winter from distant forests. Packed up in snow, and preserved from putrefaction by the cold, they are often brought many thousand versts to a great market, where the price of them is, notwithstanding, very moderate.

Ere we close this article, we must not forget to mention one more species of wild birds, the chase whereof is alike important both to industry and luxury, that is, the eider-fowl, which harbour about the coasts of the White-sea and the northern ocean. It is this bird which supplies the fine and soft down that in all countries is so much esteemed. In order to obtain it, the fowler must expose himself to the greatest dangers, as the eider-fowl usually make their nests in clefts of the rocks, or on inaccessible cliffs, and never come far on land from the islands or sea-coasts. One of these nests contain five or six eggs, carefully covered with feathers, plucked by these birds from their own breasts. When they are driven out of one nest, they build another, which they again fill with down; and when this also is become a prey to their rapacious persecutor, they build a third and last, which they line more copiously with down than either of the former. All the feathers which the eider-bird does not itself pluck out, are short and coarse

coarse; but even those which are out of the nest must be carefully cleansed, whence it is, that of a pood of down collected, scarce fifteen pounds is obtained clear, which some few years ago was sold at Archangel at two rubles the pound. The greater part of the down brought to market at Archangel, comes from Novaya Zemlia and Spitzbergen, where the people who go out for the capture of sea animals occasionally collect it; in the district of Kola it is not indeed found in such quantities, but on account of the smaller vent for it, it is much cheaper than at Archangel.

This eider down and the common sorts of feathers, collected from other birds, form no inconsiderable article of exportation; for, in the year 1793, for example, it amounted to 10,551 pounds, the value of which exceeded 85,000 rubles. So much the more amazing it is that Russia imports, annually, quills to the value of more than a thousand rubles. They are indeed drawn; but as this art is very easy, that expence, which inconsiderable as it is, is always unnecessary, deserves some enquiry. If the same geese should prove not sufficient to supply this deficiency, nothing more is necessary than to make use of the feathers of the wild-fowl, and particularly the swans, which in many parts uncommonly abound. At any rate, this chase might be rendered more profitable, were it to be extended to several species of wild-fowl, at present held in no estimation in Russia, and which would especially be a most acceptable business for the Kalmuks and the nogayan Tartars, who are very expert in falconry. From many kinds of birds, likewise, feathers for beds might be obtained, which would doubly repay the trouble attending it, and this useful luxury be rendered more general in Russia. Then,

were the flesh to be salted down, a new material of consumption, and a new branch of inland commerce would be gained. The feathers of the white herons, great and small, make a part of the ornaments of dress with the ladies of Europe, and are likewise used to decorate the Turkish turbans, on the stage, and on other occasions. Russia might save the expence of this article of fashion, if the chase of those fowl, which are very common about the Caspian and the Euxine, were more diligently pursued.—Not the superfluity of products left to grow wild, but the variety, choice, and direction of the industry of the natives, are the means by which the wealth of nations is augmented; and it is proved by more than one example that countries favoured with the greatest bounties of nature, are dependent for the necessaries of life on poorer climes.

ROYAL BOXING CLUB.

MR. EDITOR,

THE wit of the following must apologize for its politics. I must therefore inform you, that the members of the Boxing Club are much delighted with Lord Grenville's answer to Bonaparte's letter. We admit no *brother buffer* till he has proved himself authorised to take that title. His qualification to a seat among us is, fighting any man of his weight, and unless he breaks a bone, or give a black eye, he is rejected. We admit no one whose power is not stable; who, it is not likely, can be knocked down by any common fellow in the street. And, why should not Bonaparte also fight his way into the company of sovereigns? When he has taken Jamaica, or revolutionised Ireland, or added another hundred millions to our national debt; when he has

given us some such *striking* proof as this of his stability, then, indeed, we may treat with him: but till then I agree entirely with Lord Grenville, that he should be put upon his mettle, and not admitted into the club of kings. He must shew that he can make blood and money flow as freely as any of them.

BEN BRUISER,
At the sign of the Cross-Buttock.

LAW JOCKEYSHIP; or DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

To the EDITOR of the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

SIR,

THE great benefits conferred upon the good people of this country, by the estimable corps of lawyers, have never needed proof, nor have their illustration ever failed, as a source of amusement; witness those valuable works, *Legal Recreations*, and Mr. Grant's *Panegyric upon our Modern Attornies*. But, however, greatly this learned and sagacious body may have improved, in these latter times, the following anecdote, which may be traced in the records of the King's Bench, for 1675, will fully prove, that they were by no means wanting in their duty to clients, or their patients, even so long ago as the middle of the last century.

Towards the latter end of the reign of Charles II. a period most fruitful in expedients of all kinds for raising the supplies, lived an attorney, a man of talents; who had through life kept up a good part, and sported a character, by living upon the town. His last exploit, not quite so successful as it's great ingenuity merited, was as follows: He had in his gang of under-strap-pers, men of all work; to wit, good and sufficient bail for any sum, witnesses for and against any fact,

proxies, pretended heirs, money-scriveners, sweeteners, bullies, pimps, cock-bawds, maidenhead-contractors. Of this honourable band of retainers, the most favoured by their chief, was a fellow of infinite merit (a hackney-writer), who, by dint of many years hard application, had acquired the valuable art of imitating a man's hand-writing so naturally and correctly, that the person himself could never know it from his real MS. Upon this skilful pen-man Mr. Attorney fixed for a bold stroke, which was to make the fortune of them both, at one *coup de plume*; and they accordingly forged a bond, for no smaller sum than four thousand pounds, in the name of a gentleman of property, for whom the attorney had, at various times transacted business. A clerk was now dispatched, and the bond being due, was regularly presented for payment to the astonished debtor. It was in vain for the gentleman to disclaim all knowledge of a debt of such magnitude, or of any sum whatever, to the holder of the bond; he could not deny, but that the hand-writing, and the signature were his own, and dismissed the messenger, with a very confused answer. The well-known character of his pretended creditor, however, went a considerable way in unravelling the mystery, and he very prudently lost no time in making application to a certain barrister, famous for his knowledge and success, in cases both of the glorious uncertainties and certainties of the law. This sagacious law sportsman scented the business in a moment, and being assured of an ample recompence for acting an honest part, undertook the affair with the most encouraging assurances to his client. Luckily, the barrister was not ignorant of the talent of the ingenious clerk, of whom honourable mention has been already

already made, and sending for the man, partly by threats, and partly by the promise of a superior reward, he not only discovered the secret, but actually engaged the man in a most whimsical counter-plot, which was afterwards really executed, and with the fullest success. The barrister now waiting on his client, acquainted him, that to dispute the validity of the bond, in Court, was impossible, the handwriting being so correctly counterfeited, and that the only remedy, except quietly paying the money, was to start with their antagonists at even weights, and forge a regular discharge to their forged obligation. The gentleman, as a man of honour, was somewhat startled at the first blush of this proposal, but the age of Charles II. was not an age of scruples, particularly amongst gentlemen and the lawyers, who cannot regulate the bearings and distances of honour and conscience, must be a very useless and incapable man in his profession. Second thoughts confirmed the business; and it was instantly agreed to engage the same man who forged the bond, also to forge a discharge to it, in the name of his original friend, the attorney.

In fine, the deed came into Court, the debt was allowed and acquiesced in by defendant: but a full and legal discharge, *which had been accidentally mislaid*, was produced; no question at all, for obvious reasons, was made, concerning the authenticity of signatures; and the plaintiff was non-suited. A most vexatious cross upon Mr. Attorney, who full of the most sanguine hopes, both from the amount of the original sum, and that of a snug professional addition, had brought the action by original, with all these expensive surcharges of Court, which in this country are permitted, no doubt, for the public benefit.

It ought not to be omitted, because it may be of use to some future historian of those times, that the above anecdote was among those, which helped to furnish amusement for the merry monarch and his court; and that the famous Nell Gwynne kept a man constantly in pay, who registered all the *memorabilia* of the day, whether in court, city, or country, for that important purpose.—Will you have the complaisance, Mr. Caterer, for the public taste, in the stylish way, Mr. Sporting Editor, to acquaint your readers whether any such useful office subsists at the present day? You understand me, Sir; I might in that case surely stand a chance, and you should not find me ungrateful.

AN ANECDOTE HUNTER.

Baxter's, Pall-Mall, 16th January.

SUPERSTITION of the ACHEENESE.

THE Acheenese, above other nations in the East-Indies which surround them, are addicted to believe in miracles, and those of the most improbable and extraordinary kind. Thus it is recorded in their regal calendar, that their present king is the descendant of an obscure Malayan, who having had his prau wrecked on the other side of the coast, was on the eve of perishing, until a grampus, after the Malayan had struggled all day in the water, came to his relief, and conveyed him safely on his back to Acheen, where he landed amidst the surprise of a multitude. • It was from this unaccountable circumstance that the Acheenese conceived their new visitor to possess supernatural powers; and their extraordinary superstition prevailed so far as to invest the Malayan with kingly authority; and from that time to the present, Acheen has been governed by a descendant of this aquatic king.

SPORTING

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

THERE has been within these few days, at Paris, a horse-race of a novel kind. Citizen Francois Herbelet, dealer in horses at Brusfels, and Simon, who follows the like business at Paris, made a match to be run from the Place de la Revolution to Neuilly. Citizen Francois was to ride his horse with his face to the tail; Simon was to ride his in the usual way. In this manner they started together, and went off full speed; but Citizen Francois Herbelet came in almost seven minutes before his adversary, and so won the wager. Thus every thing seems revolutionary in Paris.

A correspondent has favoured us with the following well-known and experienced fact, which was confirmed by the late Earl of Pembroke, and proved in the presence, and to the satisfaction of many of his lordship's friends. If the oats given to horses are first broken, *not ground*, in a mill, the same quantity will prove doubly nutritious. His Lordship directed an experiment to be fairly made with six horses in the different stables. To one set he ordered the usual quantity of oats, and to the other just the half. After a trial of six weeks, the result was, that the six horses which had been fed with only half the quantity of the oats, grossly broken, and which had done the same work, were really in as good, if not better condition, than those which were fed with double the quantity unbroken and entire.

A bell-man, at Staley-bridge, a few weeks ago, announced a singular loss: "Stolen or strayed, a hearse, with two horses, and a corpse in it."

A duel was fought a short time since in Virginia, between a Dr. Steel and a Lieutenant Flint, in which both *miss'd* fire.

The following singular circumstance, which fortunately was attended with no very bad consequences, happened at Carlisle, on Saturday evening, December 14. A dog belonging to a potter, whose name is *Savage*, seized a horse by the head, in Castle-street. The poor animal, so furiously attacked, and unable to extricate himself from the gripe of his antagonist, galloped through the market-place down South-street, and into the shop of Mr. Porter, an ironmonger; and, from thence into a small back room, where Mrs. Porter and the children were at tea. The alarm caused by this unexpected intrusion was very great: and so vicious was the animal, that it was found necessary to cut his throat, before he could be separated from the horse. No damage was done except overturning the tea-table.

A remarkable attempt was made on Saturday night, the 10th instant, about ten o'clock, *to commit a robbery upon a dog*.—This faithful animal, it seems, is the property of one Porson, of Church-street, Bethnal-green, who, working at a factory at Bow, does not return home above once in a month, but has for a long time past made a practice of sending his mother half-a-guinea a week by his dog, who has always brought the deposit safe in his mouth.—Talking lately of the circumstance in a public-house, a person was induced to stop the animal near his mother's house, when, in making the attempt, he was so much bitten, that it is thought he will lose the use of one of his fingers; and, by the interference of a neighbour, who knew the dog's errand, was obliged to relinquish his fraudulent design.

A serpent, or squib, fired from a gun amongst crows, has been found an excellent mode for frightening those despoilers of new-sown corn fields.

The Elector Palatine had laid a tax on dogs, a singular stratagem procured its abolition. The Elector has a fine dog, of which he is very fond; he is as white as snow, and as big as a lion. He calls him Belleface. Belleface entered one morning into his master's chamber upon three feet, and presented him with the fourth a billet, by which he solicited favour for his companions: charmed with the joke the Elector wrote at the bottom of the petition, *granted*.

A trotting match took place upon the Thorpe road, about the 15th ult. near Norwich, for three miles, between Mr. Ben. Barber's horse, Sportsman, and a mare belonging to Capt. Brown, of the 14th light dragoons, which was won by the former. The mare was rode by quarter-master Campbell, and Sportsman by Mr. Hickling, well known in this city for his excellent horsemanship, of which the match exhibited a complete display on both sides to a numerous company assembled on the occasion.

The post, which conveys dispatches to the Emperor of China, we are informed, exceeds, in expedition, all other conveyances of the kind. The letters and packets are carried in a large square bamboo basket, girt with cane hoops, and lined; it is locked, and the key is given to the custody of one of the attendant foldiers, whose office it is to deliver it to the postmaster. The box is fastened on the courier's shoulders with straps, and is decorated at the bottom with a number of small bells, which being shaken by the motion of the horse, make a loud gingling noise, that announces the approach of the post. The postman is escorted by five light horsemen, to guard him from robbery or interruption. The swiftest horses are also employed on the occasion,

which are renewed at every stage; so that the post of China may vie in expedition with the English mail.

What may be executed in ice, was shewn by the celebrated ice palace, which the Empress Anna caused to be built on the bank of the Neva, in the year 1740. It was constructed of large quadrats of ice, hewn in the manner of free-stone. This curious edifice was fifty-two feet in length, sixteen in breadth, and twenty in height. The walls were three feet thick. In the several apartments were tables, chairs, bedsteads, and all other kinds of household furniture, of ice. In front of this palace, besides pyramids and statues, all carved in ice, were placed six cannons, carrying six pound balls, and also two mortars of ice; also, from one of the former, as a trial, an iron shot, with only a quarter of a pound of powder, was fired off; the ball passed through a two-inch board at sixty paces from the mouth of the gun, while the piece of ice ordnance, with its bavette, remained uninjured by the explosion. In the evening the ice palace was illuminated, and had a most brilliant effect.

On Friday, December 28, in Hyde Park, the lovers of the pugilistic art, had a treat in the persons of a Gipsy and an Irishman, who, according to the judgment of the spectators, were both "tight going lads." A smart contest of half an hour decided the battle in favour of the Irishman, who beat the king of the Gipsies hollow, though not without suspicion of unfair play.—A motley groupe attended.

John Doe and *Richard Roe* are said to have been the most successful sportsmen of the present age.

A bet of fifty guineas a side is made between two gentlemen, on the event of an *Ass* going a hundred miles in twenty-one hours. The *ass* is now in exercise for deciding

ciding the wager, as soon as the turf comes into a state favourable for the attempt.

The Dutch at Batavia have a very singular mode of punishing those who are guilty of petty offences. Any two persons, under sentence for crimes which do not require particular notice, are furnished with canes, and compelled to beat each other, which they do with reciprocal severity, as two persons stand by with split bamboos, to correct any appearance of lenity in them. Thus, it is not uncommon to behold the delinquents exhausted under the correction they receive from each other.

Married lately, at Perth, Mr. Robert Melville, horn-spoon-maker, aged 67, to Miss Ross, of the same profession, aged 19. The disparity of years between the happy pair was not the most remarkable thing attending this marriage; the bridegroom's mother, a woman of above 100 years of age, danced several reels at the wedding, with as much agility as a girl of twenty.

On the 31st ult. died at Belville, in the parish of Eccles, Jane Frazer, aged 103 years; she retained her sight so as to read without glasses to the last, and a few years ago received a new set of teeth. What is rather singular, she was never known to sleep in a shift!

A milk-white cock robin, the breast excepted, was taken in a shop at Whiteman's Green, Suffex, during the late frost. This *rara avis*, which has been caged, is much admired for its singular beauty and elegance of shape.

Two *licensed* sportsmen lately went out to kill *game* in Heaton Norris: one of them cocked his knee at a blackbird, but from a trifling mistake, unfortunately wounded a poor pig in the rump. The *marksmen* paid, as restitution money, seven shillings and sixpence for the error,

A beautiful figure of a Bird of Paradise, delicately formed, was brought from Seringapatam by the Hon. Mr. Wellesley, lately arrived in the ship Cornwallis, and was deposited at the East-India House. It formed part of the superb throne belonging to the late Sultaun of Myfore, and is valued at 60,000l. sterling! The jewels about this figure are of the first kind:—its tail exhibits a profusion of rubies and emeralds, successfully placed, so as to represent real life, and is as little short of the reality as exquisite workmanship can make it; the neck is adorned with brilliants, and the whole *tout ensemble* a perfect master-piece; the tuft on the head is composed of a vast number of exceedingly fine emeralds, which give it a lively green tint, finely shadowed with similar jewels of a deeper hue; the eyes are brilliants, and the beak consists of a large topaz, to which is suspended a remarkable large onyx, with drops of pearls hanging to its breast, of immense value; the legs are gold studded with jewels; the representation of natural plumage is so happily executed as to surpass any kind of description. We understand this superb figure is to be presented to the King.

On Tuesday 21st of January, an over-drove ox ran into the yard of the White Hart and Punch Bowl public-house, in Ipswich, from whence he proceeded into the tap-room, where he knocked down every thing that opposed his progress, and attempted to break through the window; part of the casement was smashed to pieces; but by the interference of some soldiers who were there, the beast was, with some difficulty, driven out at the street door, but was not properly secured, till he had thrown several persons down.

Rural Sports.



Howell sc. et p.

Badger Hunting.

AN ETCHING OF BADGER HUNTING.

IN the present Number, we give as a continuation of Etchings on RURAL SPORTS—BADGER HUNTING—but whether the subject comes exactly and altogether properly under that head, may be matter of doubt; yet, whether so or not, as the Engraver has inserted the words *Rural Sports*, it must now remain as it stands.

THE FEAST OF WIT:
OR,
SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

IN ancient times, we are told, our first parents "were naked, and not ashamed." Now-a-days, the ladies are naked, and the gentlemen are ashamed.—What varieties in moral feelings.

A gipsy girl begging at a gentleman's house, in the neighbourhood of Dulwich, with only one petticoat, half a gown, and scarce any thing about her neck, was told she deserved nothing for coming so indecently dressed. "Pardon me, sir," replied the girl, "I follow the *fashion* from necessity, and not from choice."

Our *Tonish Belles* have no small reason to complain of want of gallantry in modern times. If the *ladies* condescend to go *half-naked*, it is singular enough that it should be complained of by the *men*.

The curiosity of our *Belles* is greatly excited by the lately intercepted correspondence of the Egyptian army deserted by Bonaparte; and they are impatient to read the *love-letters* written by the *unclothed soldiers* in Egypt to the *naked beauties* in Paris.

From the expected tax on *false hair*, the ladies are afraid

that the Minister is resolved, to tickle up their wigs.

A daily print gravely and positively, assures its readers, that, in revenge to those who have left off hair-powder, a tax upon all wigs is determined on. Not only wigs, but braids, ringlets, and every lock not of nature's growth, must be subject to the duty. The *crops* and *bald crowns* will of course increase, and we shall not be surprised to see *Welch wigs*, or *night caps*, all the rage in the fashionable world.

The night-coachmen, the watchmen, and others of the *Welch wig* fraternity, are also alarmed at the rumour of a two-guinea tax upon natty *jaxies*, *brown bobs*, and the *nutmeg-go*!

The Dutch were formerly the "carriers of Europe." They have some pretensions to the title still, if we may judge from the French burthens they submit to.

A gentleman who advertised for a "dry and airy situation on an eminence," received a few days ago an answer from a gentleman in Cold-Bath Fields prison.

An agricultural correspondent informs us, that barley grew very well last year *under water* at Surley Hall. Then while we have the dominion of the ocean, it is a shame that we should hear of a scarcity of *corn* and *bad crops*.

The Bow-street officers are of opinion that the antient corps of *pickpockets* will surpass any other body of men that can be raised as *riflemen*, in this or any other country!

The bench of bishops are supposed to be *zealous* patrons of *German* productions, as no men are more decidedly fond of *translations*.

Mr. Gammon should be informed, that in spite of his act, a Norfolk stage had no less than forty-seven *outside passengers*! All turns.

New Bottle Conjuror.—The French papers contain an account of a physician who flatters himself that he has discovered the secret of invisibility. He suspends a large transparent vessel of white glass, and into this he conveys his invisible body. In this vessel nothing is to be seen; but if a question be asked, a reply is given; and, if the invisible gentleman is required to cough or breathe, he obeys. The ear is perpetually at variance with the eye.

It is shrewdly conjectured that Bonaparte will, before long, require the aid of this new conjuror, to render himself invisible.

Some time ago, the cook belonging to the *Convent of the Capuchins*, at Ascoli, in Italy, in revenge for having been subjected to a punishment which he conceived to be unmerited, mixed a quantity of opium with the food prepared for the supper of the Monks, and, when they were fast asleep, shaved off their Reverences' beards, making his escape before morning. Thus the poor Monks were confined to their Convent, till their beards grew to a decent size, to render it practicable for them to appear in public.

The death of that wonderful Philosopher, Doctor Katterfelto, has thrown a melancholy gloom on the learned world!—He departed this life some time ago, at Bedale in Yorkshire, and his celebrated *Black Cat* sung, or squalled his *Funeral Dirge*!

The Ladies are every day cautioned against Sparks. Indeed whether naked or clothed, they cannot be too cautious, as, in whatever state, sparks are but too well calculated to set them in a blaze.

It is, perhaps, in compliment to the present times, that our dramas have so much fighting in every act. But there may be another motive: amidst the general confusion, the Author gets off unperceived!

NEW CALENDAR.—A Correspondent, in a merry Christmas mood, has amused himself with inventing a new set of names to the months, *a la François*. They run thus, beginning with April.—

Spring—*Showery, Flowery, Bowery.*

Summer—*Hoppy, Croppy, Poppy.*

Autumn—*Wheezy, Sneazy, Freezy.*

Winter—*Slippy, Drippy, Nippy.*

The celebrated Dr. Saunderfon, the blind Mathematical Professor of Cambridge, being in a very large company, observed, without any hesitation or enquiry, that a lady who had just left the room, and whom he did not know, had *very fine teeth*. As this was really the case, he was questioned as to the means he employed in making such a discovery. "I have no reason to think the lady a fool," said the doctor; "and I have given the only reason, she could have, for keeping herself in a continual laugh for an hour together."

It must give great satisfaction to the country at large, to find that the business of the Court of Chancery is at length to be divided; and that the phrase, "*as long as a Chancery Suit*," is likely to become obsolete.

Upon some talk of state affairs, a person being asked, if there was not a great coldness between France and Denmark, he replied, "A great coldness indeed! *ice and snow* almost all the way."

The same person's ideas of the cold reception of an Ambassador, were, that he was received in an apartment *without any fire in it*.

While a certain dashing fashionable, whose portrait will make a figure at the next Exhibition, was lately sitting for her picture, she took great pains to screw up her mouth. "Don't trouble yourself, madam," observed the enraged artist, "if you choose, I shall give you no mouth at all."

ANECDOTE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT OF PRUSSIA.

Frederick the Great was observed to have the portrait of the Emperor of Germany, his enemy, in every room in his palace.—Being asked one day the reason, he replied, “The Emperor is so active and persevering, that truly I am obliged constantly to keep an eye upon him.”

A gentleman travelling in France, and being pressed by certain natural occasions, sought a small house appointed to give relief to the necessitous in that way. On opening the door, he was surprised to find an elegant lady seated there, on which he started back in the utmost confusion, but was instantly recalled by a gentle voice, crying, —*J'ai fini.*

The waters are said to be much out in the vicinity of Windsor: better the waters than the wine out, say the *Etonians*.

It is reckoned by amateurs of the *Bell-ringing Societies*, a great merit to ring 24,000 changes on a certain number of bells. The French having, in 1791, melted down all these instruments, are now trying to ring *bob-major's* on their *constitution*; but let them take care they don't *ring down the steeple*.

Many shrewd persons discover a deep policy in Bonaparte's sending so many women of the town to Egypt. It is expected they will make their way into the seraglio of the Grand Seignior, and thence silently and secretly propagate *French principles* into the whole Turkish Divan.

The late thaw, it is hoped, will not only *dissolve* the frost, but soon lead to the *dissolution* of the *soup-shops*, by the restoration of plenty.

It seems the report that the Russians had always an eye to the belly, has not terrified the Jersey fashionables from adopting the *naked fashion*.

A waggish clerk in the West, has published the following proposal to the rag-merchants.—To be sold, in the vestry-rooms of the several parishes of —, in the counties of —, by Messrs. Starvalls and Co. auctioneers, all the corporally attached property of several paupers, man, woman, and child; articles warranted properly seasoned for the immediate use of the above dealers, in this dearth of paper as of bread. If the truth of these premises be doubted, the purchasers may find *living witnesses* on the lots, to attest their age and quality. If required, the principals themselves may be transferred.

ABRAHAM AMEN,

Clerk to the Overseers.

N. B. The auction to begin at four o'clock. Good fires, and plenty of port, punch, grog, and gin, for the bidders.

The gravity of some persons in the city of Bath, has been much ruffled by some writing fellow, who pretended that he did not understand the meaning of the notice painted on a board, stating that all vagrants were to be sent to goal. Looking in Johnson's Dictionary, the objector said, that with other meanings, a goal meant a *starting-post*! From whence he impertinently inferred, that *vagrants were at least to have a run for't*.

We advise the church-wardens to employ a few nocturnal cyprians, as *flappers* to the watchmen. It was one of these unfortunates who gave the alarm, that the Navy-coffee-house was on fire last month, while some of these vigilant guardians were fast asleep.

A sailor, hearing it read in a newspaper, that the French meant to turn their attention to their navy, observed, “as how there could be no occasion for that, as their navy was always best attended to by our admirals.”

Lately, the parish-officers of St. Bride's took up a woman on a charge of bastardy: the woman refused to swear to the father of the child till she was delivered, giving as a reason, she would not do justice to her conscience, till she knew the colour of it, as her master was a white man, and his footman a black.

A similar circumstance to the above, occurred some time since at Islington—A black who had gotten his maid servant with child, fearful lest the consequences should hurt his reputation, his clerk, a *white man* interfered, and took the charge upon himself; but though this step perfectly satisfied some of the babes of grace, Dame Nature, who was not to be put out of her way, produced a *Mulatto* child at her appointed time, and thus discovered the counterfeits.

The following curious notice is copied from a public-house door at Finehall, in Suffex.—J. Hart, publican, dealer in foreign spirits, liquors, and tobacco—and lower down—new clothes, linen and drapery, haberdashery, hosiery, hard and Staffordshire ware, home-made shoes, bird and garden seeds, flax, tow, and nails, grocery, coffee and tea, by the above J. Hart, linen weaver and dealer in drugs, gloves, and hats, by retail.

A person in a scarlet corporation gown was a frequent admirer of the skaters in Hyde Park, but it puzzled the spectators exceedingly to discover whether it was a *lady* or an *alderman*.

A curious calculator computes that 100,000 turkeys, and ten tons of plumb-pudding, were devoured in London on Christmas-day.

Sir Boyle Roche being lately asked if he meant to attend the funeral of an old acquaintance, replied—"By J—s, I would attend his funeral with all my heart, but I do not know where he *lives*."

The Parisians, so fond of *bon mots*, have lately imitated the English in political caricatures. They have just published two pendants (side-pieces) representing old clothes Jews—the one heavily loaded with all the pantomimical fineries of the Ex-directors and Ex-legislators; and the other carrying an enormous load of constitutions, bawling out, "Old clothes to sell, as good as new! Old Constitutions and Decrees to sell, but very little used."

The slices of loans which the Bank-directors have given them by ministers, are called among themselves *twelfth-cake*. By these presents many of them have become worth a *plumb*.

A certain alderman asked the other day, why the great French politician is called the Abbe *Sees*? Why, answered a brother, it must be because he wears *spectacles*.

A taylor, in Chancery-lane, has just obtained a *patent* for an invention to keep the *money* of modern gentlemen safe in their pockets, by means of *hinges, springs, and screws*, affixed to the same!

A few days ago a person took a box to the court-office at Louth, in Lincolnshire, directed to a gentleman in London, to be left at the Saracen's-head, Snow-hill, till called for, very seriously observing to the book-keeper, that he hoped his friend would be ready to receive it, for he had put a letter in the box to apprise him of it's coming!

The sun, it must be admitted, rarely appears to us at certain seasons, and never with that meridian splendour which he displays in a more southern sky. When the Marquis Carracioli, once Viceroy of Sicily, was requested by an English nobleman to view that luminary when he was in London, "Your English *sun*, my Lord," replied the Marquis, affectedly, "very much resembles our Sicilian *moon*."

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

NIMROD:

A TALE FOR SPORTSMEN!

NIMROD, of sportsmen, the most
fond of sport,
To Marietta long had paid his court;
Each hour devoted to the task of pleasing,
Though sometimes with impatient whimsies teasing,
Capricious, careless, scolding, and caressing,
Eternal faith and ardent love professing;
Vowing to be her zealous slave for life,
And treat her—*better than he'd treat his*
WIFE.

The Lady, conscious of the sex's wiles,
Well knew that love can torture while he
smiles;
That *Passion's* oath is but an airy thing;
The transient vapour of life's glowing
spring;
She knew that *Fancy* was a fleeting shade,
By Nature, in a sporting moment made;
That Man was never pleas'd but in the
pow'r,
To play the *Tyrant* of his little hour!
Yet Nimrod, like some truants I could
name,
Resolv'd to prove, that Woman was to
blame!
All the long *Autumn*, Nimrod was the
lover,
But *Winter* comes, and Nimrod's task is
over!
For Nimrod, with his *dogs* and *horses* blest,
Feels no compunction struggling in his
breast;
While from his Marietta's view he flies,
To hear the *hunters'* and the *fox-hounds'*
cries;
Now quite forgetful of domestic hours,
O'er hill, and plain, thro' brake and dell
he scow'rs,

Scents the fresh dawn, and like a Sportsman
flies,
Forgetting—Love neglected quickly DIES!

Now Marietta left in town to rove,
Makes, ev'ry day, new proselytes to Love;
Nimrod, the thoughtless truant, she repays
With equal scorn, till e'en *that* scorn decays,
While *Pride*, the safeguard of a Woman's
breast,
Lulls ev'ry fond regret to lasting rest,
Till cold *Indifference*, faithless Love dis-
vorses,
And leaves false Nimrod to his *hounds* and
horses.

Does Nimrod *feel the loss*? the Tale says
No!
Fate, the ungracious wand'ers sport to
check,
With Love conspir'd to lay the traitor low,
He *lost his* Mistress—and HE BROKE HIS
NECK!

TABITHA BRAMBLE.

TO-MORROW: OR, THE PROS-
PECT OF HOPE!

'With my Jug in one Hand.'

IN the down-hill of life when I find I'm
declining,
May my fate no less fortunate be,
Than a snug elbow-chair can afford for re-
clining,
And a cot that o'erlooks the wide sea;
With an ambling pad poney to pace o'er
the lawn,
While I carol away idle sorrow;
And blythe as the lark that each day hails
the dawn,
Look forward with hopes for to-mor-
row.

With

With a porch at my door both for shelter
and shade too,

As the sunshine or rain may prevail ;
And a small spot of ground for the use of
the spade too,

With a barn for the use of the flail ;
A cow for my dairy, a dog for my game,
And a purse when a friend wants to bor-
row ;

I'll envy no nabob his riches or fame,
Nor what honours may wait him to-
morrow ;

From the bleak northern blast may my cot
be completely

Secur'd by a neighbouring hill ;
And at night may repose steal on me more
sweetly,

By the sound of a murmuring rill ;
And while peace and plenty I find at my
board,

With a heart free from sickness and sor-
row ;

With my friends will I share what to-day
may afford,

And let them spread the table to-mor-
row.

And when I at last must throw off this frail
covering,

Which I've worn for threescore years
and ten ;

On the brink of the grave I'll not seek to
keep hovering,

Nor my thread with to spin o'er again ;
But my face in the glass I'll serenely survey,
And with smiles count each wrinkle and
furrow ;

As this worn-out old stuff which is thread-
bare to-day,

May become everlasting to-morrow.

ST. ROMUALD—A SPANISH STORY.

ONE day, it matters not to know
How many hundred years ago,
A Spaniard stopt to rest at an inn door.
The landlord came to welcome him,
and chat,
Of this and that,
For he had seen the traveller there before.

Does holy Romuald dwell
Still in his cell ?
The traveller ask'd, or is the old man dead ?
No—he has left his loving flock, and
we,
So good a Christian never more shall
see,
The landlord answer'd—and he shook his
head.

Ah, Sir ! we knew his worth !

Never there did live a Saint on earth !

Why, Sir, he always us'd to wear a shirt
For thirty days, all seasons, day and
night ;

Good man, he knew it was not right
For dust and ashes to fall out with dirt,
And then he only hung it out in the
rain,

And put it on again.

There us'd to be rare work,

With him and the Devil there in yonder
cell,

For Satan us'd to maul him like a Turk.

There they would sometimes fight

All thro' a winter's night,

From sunset until morn,

He with a cross, the Devil with his
horn ;

The Devil spitting fire with might and
main,

Enough to make St. Michael half afraid ;

He splashing holy water, till he made
His red hide hiss again,

And the hot vapour fill'd the little cell.

This was so common that his face be-
came

All black and yellow with the brim-
stone flame ;

And then he smelt—oh dear ! how he did
smell !

Then, Sir, to see how he would mortify
The flesh ! if any one had dainty fare,

Good man, he would come there,

And look at all the delicate things, and cry
“ O belly ! belly ! ”

You would be gormandizing now, I know
But it shall not be so—

Home to your bread and water—home
I tell ye !

“ But,” quoth the traveller, “ wherefore did
he leave

A flock that knew his faintly worth so
well ? ”

“ Why,” said the landlord, “ Sir, it so
befel,

He heard unluckily of our intent

To do him a great honour ; and you
know

He was not covetous of fame below,
And so by stealth one night away he went.”

“ What was this honour then ? ” the traveller
cried.

“ Why, Sir,” the host replied,

“ We thought, perhaps, that he might
one day leave us ;

And then, should strangers have,

The good man's grave !

A loss like this would naturally grieve us.
For

For he'd be made a Saint of, we were sure,
So, Sir, we thought it prudent to secure
His relics while we might;
And so we thought to strangle him one
night."

THE MISTAKEN THIEF-TAKER.

BY W. HAMILTON REID.

HAN'T you observ'd oft-times in sum-
mer weather,
As near Moorfields you've been per-
chance a walking,
Some knots of people huddled altogether,
And all like mad about religion talking?
These are the remnants of each preaching
squad,
Porters and weavers, bearers of the hod.

'Twas late and dark when Snap from these
withdrew,
And as returning home through narrow
alley,
He met a friend, who knowing well his
cue,
And that his bothering grace he much
did value,
Said, from the fields you're coming now I
guess,
Who have you met with there, and what
success?

"I met a free-will chap, I thought was
stout—
At first he struggled hard, I needs must
own;
But in a jiffy, Lord! I'd done him out,
I cut him up before he well was down."
These words a thief-taker, behind them,
heard,
And pounce'd upon them, like a hawk and
bird.

"I have you both!" he cried, with dreadful
graces,
Which quite stagnated all the victor's
boasting;
Then waving cutlafs right before their faces,
With them to durance in a trice was
posting;
And at the justices, a little further,
Charg'd them with owning both assault and
murder!

The justice, gravely, righting his cravat,
"Said, hark ye, scoundrels! what to that
d'y'e say?
Oh, oh! you have not got your story pat,
Here, search them Trap, and take them
both away."

Now, more the appearance of their case to
wound,
On Snap's acquaintance, see! a pistol
found!

Snap, quite confounded, had not power to
tell

His name, that th' clerk a mittimus
might write:

But begg'd, for Christ's sake, they would
not rebel

Against the Lord, nor sin against the
light:

His friend then said, "a gunsmith was his
trade,

That he'd the pistol for his master made."

Snap own'd the words that Trap had heard
him say,

Should only spiritually be understood;
Said, in Moorfields he took no life away,
But only cut up sin, for sinners good.

The Lord had call'd him free-will to con-
fute,
And knock down all that against grace
dispute.

"Commit them straight," the justice roar'd
like Stentor,

"That's all Old Bailey patter, rum and
queer."

"But, Sir," say's Trap, "a gentleman
they've sent for,
Says, that he'll punish those that
brought them here."

"Pray, who is that, that would the bench
annoy?"

"Your Worship, I that honest man em-
ploy."

"Oh, you employ him! I'll commit you
too;

You head the gang, and come to save
their bacon."

But one his Worship whispered—that he
knew

The gentleman—that he was quite mis-
taken:

Affur'd his Worship, that was Mr. Tring,
Gun and pistol-maker to the King.

"Gun and pistol-maker to the King!
God bless my soul—how are you Mr.
Tring?"

Do pray step in—you clerk! the man
you'll clear,

And t'other fellow—but you'll take their
fees.

I thought Trap buff'd a little too se-
vere;

He should not meddle with such folks
as these."

On observing some Names of little Note recorded in the

BIOGRAPHIA BRITANNICA:

O H! fond attempt to give a deathless lot
To names ignoble, born to be forgot!
In vain recorded in historic page,
They court the notice of a future age!
Those twinkling tiny lustres of the land,
Drop, one by one, from Fame's neglecting
hand;

Lethæan gulphs receive them as they fall,
And dark oblivion soon absorbs them all.

So when a child, as playful children use,
Has burnt to tinder, as stale last year's news,
The flame extinct, he views the roving fire,
There goes my lady, and there goes the
figure,

There goes the parson, oh! illustrious spark!
And there, scarce less illustrious, goes the
clerk.

THE GAMESTER:

A H! what is he, whose haggard eye
Scarce dares to meet the morning ray?
Who, trembling, would, but cannot, fly
From man, and from the busy day.
Mark how his lips is fevered o'er,
Behold his cheek, how deathly it appears!
See, how his blood-shot eye-balls pour
A burning torrent of unpitied tears!

Now watch the varying gesture, wild,
See how his tortur'd bosom heaves!
Behold, misfortune's wayward child,
For whom no kindred nature grieves.
Despis'd, suspected, ruin'd, lost!
His fortune, health, and reputation
flown;

On mis'ry's stormy ocean tost,
Condemn'd to curse his fate; and curse
alone!

Once, were his prospects bright and gay,
And independence blest his hours:
His was the smooth and sunny way,
Where tip-toe Pleasure scatter'd flow'rs.
Love bound his brow with thornless sweets,
And smiling Friendship fill'd his cup of
joy,

Now, not a friend the victim meets,
For, like a wolf, he wanders to destroy.

All day upon a couch of thorn,
His weary, feverish limbs recline;
All night, distracted and forlorn,
He hovers round the hateful shrine!
Eager to seize, with grasping hands,
The slender pittance of the easy-fool;
He links himself with *castiff* bands,
And learns the lesson of the gamester's
school.

One hour, elate with ill-got gold,
And dazzled by the shining ore,
In plenitude of joys, behold
The prodigal display his store!
The next, in poverty and fear,
He hides him, trembling at approaching
fate,

While greedy creditors appear,
And with remorseless rage lurk round
his gate.

Then comes the horror-breeding hour!
While recreant suicide attends;
And madness, with impetuous pow'r,
The scene of desolation ends!
Upon his grave no parent mourns,
No widow'd love laments with graceful
woe;

No dawn of joy for him returns—
For Heav'n denies that peace, his *frenzy*
left below!

LAURA MARIA.

ON ILL-NATURED WIT.

From the French.

T HOUGH deadly poison does thy pen
suffuse,
Thy heart's still more malignant than thy
muse;

No one is safe—nor rank, nor sex, nor age,
Escapeth thy snarling tooth's envenom'd rage.
You shoot your bolts; a madman, in the
streets,

Thus pelts with stones each mortal that he
meets.

Yet you're in *sport*, you say, Sir.—That
may be;

But what is *sport* to you, is *death* to me.
There is no joke in spiteful strains like
these:

The wit that wounds our feelings ne'er can
please.

CANDIDUS.

EPIGRAM.

P RAY, neighbour, what would you
advise?—

I want a wife, but cannot get one!
Pho, Pho! said t'other—*advertise*,
And ten to one you speedily meet one.

He took the hint—was married soon,
Then pray'd a son might crown his joy,
When, lo! ere pass'd the *second moon*,
Madam presents him with a boy.

Zounds! neighbour, what dy'e now advise?
Pho! pho! said t'other, do not swear—
You've now no need to advertise
For proxy to have got an heir.