

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR,

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS of the TURF, the CHACE,
And every other DIVERSION interesting to the MAN of PLEASURE,
ENTERPRISE and SPIRIT;

For FEBRUARY, 1800.

CONTAINING,

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[Embellished with a beautiful Engraving of DON QUIXOTE, from a Painting of Sartorius—and an Etching of the CORNISH WRESTLERS.]

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

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Gentleman who sent the Translations from the French and German, in this and the last Number, will accept our warm acknowledgment of his gratuitous communications.

Several pieces received last month, are much too long, particularly Hint to the Limbs of the Law. This may also apply to other Correspondents, who are so profuse in *epithets expletives*, and such adjectives, adverbs, &c. as *very*, *almost*, *most*, *he*, *himself*, and the like, that it is probable they imagine they are writing by the *yard*!!!

Tautology to a correct ear, is like a tale twice told; and our constant endeavour now is, " *Ne multis.*"

The Gentleman, who writes from Madras, has our warmest thanks, for the communications which he promises, relative to Sporting in that distant quarter of the world. His order for the Sporting Magazine, &c. has been attended to.

With all deference to the Amateur, who sent the Classical Lines on the Eagle's Nest, is informed, that the Latin is no "*Foreign tongue*" to the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.

The favours of our Poetical Correspondents at Rugby, are to be found with the above, in that department.

Hilario is informed, that the jest of the Horse and the Oysters, is of more ancient date than Old Joe Miller himself. For the rest, vide our Feast of Wit.

On account of the various original communications of this month upon Sporting Subjects in different parts of the kingdom, some others must still remain in the back ground.

In our next, we shall furnish our readers with an account of a recently discovered *Nation of Horses.*



Don Quixote at Son of Eclipse.

Published March 1. 1800, by J. Whittle, Warwick Court.

THE

Sporting Magazine,

For FEBRUARY 1800.

PEDIGREE AND PERFORMANCES OF DON QUIXOTE.

[With a beautiful Engraving by Scott, from a Painting by Sartorius].

DON QUIXOTE, was got by Eclipse, is own brother to Alexander, Poor Soldier, and John Bull's dam, out of Grecian Princess, by Forester; her dam by the Coalition colt by the Godolphin Arabian, her grand dam, by Bustard, out of Lord Leigh's Charming Molly, by second son of the Devonshire Childers.

This horse has peculiarly fine action, with bone and powers sufficient to carry 20st. He was purchased for 800gs, at three yrs. old, by H. R. H. the P. of Wales, in whose possession he was a very successful racer for four years. At Basingstoke, he won the sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, 12 subscribers, beating Hautboy, Ash, and 9 others; at four yrs. old, he beat Lord Grosvenor's Alexander, 6 yrs. old, D.I. 200gs; he also beat Nimble, across the Flat, 200gs; at five yrs. old, he received st. from Lord Grosvenor's Meteor; at six yrs. old, he beat Lord Barrymore's Highlander, giving him the year and 6lb. across the Flat, 100gs; at 8ft. 9lb. he received a forfeit from Lord Foley's Shovel, R. M. 100gs; at 8ft. 2lb. he received forfeit from the Duke of Queensberry's Mulberry, 7ft. 3lb. and Lord Foley's Maid of All Work, 7ft. for a sweepstakes of 100gs. each, two miles, over Ascot; he again beat Highlander, New Mile, over Ascot, giving him the

year and 8lb. 100gs; at 8ft. 10lb. he beat Mr. Wyndham's Phaeton, 6ft. 7lb. across the Flat, 200gs; when seven years old, at 9ft. 4lb. he beat Sir W. Aston's Anthony, 6ft. 3lb. Two Year old Course, 100gs.; at 9ft. 10lb. he won the 50l. plate, three last miles of B. C., beating Exciseman, Harpator, Mentor, Tick, and ten others. The winner of this plate was to be sold for 300gs; he was claimed by the owner of the second horse, and sold to Mr. Lade for 350gs; he afterwards won as follows: in 1792, at Stockbridge, he beat Great Diamond, for the sweepstakes of 10gs. each, four miles, 13 subscribers; at Winchester, he beat Eager for the sweepstakes of 10gs. each, four miles, nine subscribers (Eager was the winner of the Derby); at Lambourn, he walked over for the cup, and also for the sweepstakes of 10gs. each, six subscribers; at Egham, he won the sweepstakes of 20gs. each, five subscribers. In 1793, he only started once; in 1794, at Canterbury, he won the sweepstakes of 10gs. each, seven subscribers; he also won the sweepstakes at Egham, of 10gs. each, six subscribers. The oldest of his stock are not more than two years old, none of which have yet been tried.

Don Quixote, now a stallion, is the property of Mr. Haynes, in Portland-street, and covers mares at five guineas each. It may be noticed also, that Mr. Haynes has two other stallions of no inconsiderable merit, viz. Satellite, and Whip, and which both cover at five guineas a mare.

E e

JOURNAL

JOURNAL OF THE ROYAL CHACE.

ON Wednesday the 19th of February, the Berkeley hounds threw off at the Shoulder of Mutton, Binfield, and soon found; but the ground being by no means cleared from the frigid congelation, the scent laying ill, they were soon beat; the day ending with very little more than exercise for the hounds.

On Friday the 21st, the King's harriers had one of the best chaces ever known with a hare in the kingdom; found near Longford, ran the parishes of Iver, Harmondsworth, and the environs of Colnbrook, for near an hour and a half, when, by superior strength and instinct, she was compelled to pay the debt none of us can avoid. It is rather uncommon, and therefore worthy observation, that in this chase (trifling as hare hunting is held in estimation), many horsemen were completely thrown out.

On Saturday the stag was turned out before his Majesty and a numerous retinue, at Salt-hill: going off in tolerable style, the hounds were not instantly laid on, but he was indulged with favourable kw. After going about two miles in a direct line, he skirted the Beechen Woods of Stoke and Farnham Royal, bore to the left, and reached the towering cliffs of Taplow, where, surveying the banks of Father Thames, the temptation was not to be resisted: replete with the consolatory idea of leaving his pursuers irrecoverably behind, he plunged into the rapidity of the stream, below the bridge of Maidenhead, and landed near Bray; by which effort he gained ground so considerably, that, continuing his route through the parish of Holyport, and the commons of Waltham, he was so very far ahead, that the scent had gradually died away; it became worse than cold hunting, and the deer was for a long time absolutely lost; when the imagin-

ation of the desponding multitude was once more set afloat by distant halloos from those rustics who had viewed him into the heath country, near an hour before. This exhilarating communication giving life to the horses, and spirit to the hounds, they soon hit upon where he had passed, and ran into him at Eanhampstead park, after a long, but not a pleasing chace, of near four hours.

On the same day the Berkeley hounds threw off at Bisham-wood, and, according to custom in that spot, unkennelled almost immediately: after running the coverts of Cookham-deane, he went off in the most desirable style across the country—Sir W. East's Park, of Hall Place, Assey Hill, and Bear Grove, where he was killed, after a very good, and exceeding sharp run of an hour and a quarter. Crossing the Bath road, at Hare Hatch, and throwing into Scarlet copse, a challenge and an immediate burst almost instantaneously produced a view, which, with the chace, was but of a very short duration; for, having been perceptibly snared in a wire set by the poachers for hares, he was too weak to stand any time before the hounds. Elate with so much success, and so early in the day, they trotted across the country to Sawyer's Coverts, near Holyport, and in a copse of Mr. Newel's, instantly unkennelled, affording a grand treat to the boldest riders; for, disdaining the customary shelter of coverts, he passed through the largest, without a double or head, and continued his course over all the large enclosures, from the Bath road to Lord Malmesbury's Pack, near Henley, where, in crossing that turnpike road, the hounds absolutely declined the chace, nor was there a horseman present who wished to pursue it any longer.

On Monday the 24th, they met at Hurly turnpike, with the Marquis

quis of Donegal, Sir W. Clayton, many subscribers of less note, and a numerous field from Windsor, Reading, and Henley. Throwing off at Rose Hill, they passed through Hurly, and unkennelled in the last covert, near Wargrave, from whence they brought him, breast-high, in most capital style, by the back of Captain Ximene's, through Bear Grove, till nearly reaching the Stars, at Knowle Hill, he turned short to the left, passed through the intervening coverts to Lord Malmesbury's, over the opposite side, through the Hare Warren, and over the open common fields, to Mr. West's plantations, obscured by which, he headed, and returning by the Thames' side to the Hare Warren, and Lord Malmesbury's, was there lost, after a chace of an hour and half, the first hour of which was very good running, and afforded an ample display of excellent horsemanship, with those who rode well up to the hounds.

YORKSHIRE SPORTING.

SIR,

I Am a subscriber to your very entertaining Magazine, and as a sportsman, receive much pleasure from it. If therefore the following account of a very excellent day's sport should appear worthy your notice, I beg you will give it a place in your next. You may depend on the truth of the statement.

I am, Sir, yours,

W. T.

On Tuesday last, the subscription fox hounds, kept at Hurworth, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, unkennelled a fox, in Sir E. Blakett's woods, on the banks of the Tees, near Enter common, on the high northern road, about half past ten o'clock in the morning. The fox, after making two attempts to

cross the river, which the steady and close running of the hounds prevented him from effecting, continued his way along its banks till within a mile of the town of Yarm. Being unable to gain sufficient advantage to pass over to the adjoining county, he changed his course, and ran for the earths at Crathorne and Rudby; and being driven from these places of expected refuge, he very gallantly took his flight for the high hills of Cleveland. Passing the plantations of Marwood's, Esq. at Busby, he kept forward towards the Alum Works to the westward; and here he was for the first time enabled to baffle the sagacity of the pack, by running over the Alum Shale, which deadening the scent, gave him a momentary relief. Having recovered their fault by the excellent address of the huntsman, they rated him over the highest part of the mountain, and run him in complete style directly over the heath, till within four miles of Hamilton, where he had the good fortune to escape the fate that awaited him, by the very timely occurrence of an open drain.

Gratitude for the sport of the day, and the chance of another run at a future period, induced the gentlemen of the hunt to refrain from digging him, which they were fully authorised to do by all the laws of fox-hunting, as this was not, to make use of a favourite phrase, considered as a legitimate earth.

Out of a very numerous field, at the commencement of the day, there were only five horsemen that returned with the hounds, and only two of these can be said to have followed the last ten miles of the chace, which, for really hard and difficult riding, has seldom been surpassed.

Mr. Meynell, of Yarm, and another gentleman, kept in with the

the hounds over the heath, whilst three others took their direction to Arncliffe Woods, and were obliged to pursue the high road for several miles within hearing, but seldom within sight of the chace, and were barely in at the conclusion of the sport.

It is supposed this fox must have run considerably more than forty miles, which is a greater distance than was ever gone in the same time since the days of Old Cæsar, a name, however strange in the annals of fox-hunting, yet perfectly well known to every old sportsman in Cleveland, and its neighbourhood.

Stokeley, Feb. 12, 1800.

HARE HUNTING.

ON Saturday, January 25, the Reigate hounds had the sharpest run ever known in that neighbourhood: they found a hare at Mr. John Knight's, of Santon Farm, near the river Mole; when, after running near Wonham, she came over Reigate Heath, through the inclosed country by Colley Farm, Colleywood, and Crab tree Bottom, where puss ascended the Reigate high chalky hills, well known by most sportsmen in the county; then running through Kingswood, she crossed the Brighton road, and through Kingswood Rough—then over the open country, and through Beachen Coppice and Chipsted Bottom—then by the Old Warren Farm to Thurst, and through Thurst Wood, and the rough wooded country to Banstead Park—then over the open Downs in a most capital style, through the inclosures near Banstead Street, where she made a little work; but finding the staunch pack resolute for death, she was obliged to proceed further, which she did as long as strength would admit: when

her heels still betraying her flight, she was obliged to lay down, and when the hounds coming up, she was killed, and well saved by Mr. Robinson, the proprietor of the hunt, near Lambert's Oaks, the hunting seat of Lord Derby, a distance from whence they found of not less than thirteen miles, though not more than an hour and a half's run.

SUSSEX SPORTING.

NOVEMBER 10, the hounds of Sir John Vout and James Kirkham, Esq. at Eastbourn, unkennelled a fox, after dragging him about two miles in a furze field, near Blacknest, in the parish of Westham. The wind blowing from the west, he took across the country, at a small distance from Beachy Head, threading every cover he came near to Newhaven, where he crossed the river Ouse, and directing his course to Brighton, continued it to Lewes, where he headed, and came back through Ringmer, over the Dickar to Horse bridge, and through Hailsham to Langley Bay, when finding his strength failed him, he sought refuge in the left fort, where poor Reynard, after in vain using his utmost cunning to escape, fell a victim to his staunch pursuers.

Such another chace is not to be recollect'd, both for distance and the variety of ground, sometimes over deep and strong inclosures, sometimes over the south downs, and up and down the most tremendous of the Sussex hills.—Young Mr. Howard swam his horse over Lewes river after the hounds, attended by his favourite terrier, Pincher, who was in at the end of the chace.

The only people in at the death were, Captain Hillditch, and his attendant groom, Bill Bramble; young

young Mr. Howard, Dick Mason, the huntsman, and the whipper-in, Tom Brown.

The fox hunt, by the same hounds, on the succeeding Wednesday, was attended by circumstances not very common: the dogs tare off at Wildbrook, about eleven in the forenoon, and soon after unkennelled a fox, which they pursued in full cry for about an hour, when reynard took his leave of them, and earthed in security.

At Motham furzes, they unkennelled another fox, and run him hard for upwards of an hour, when reynard headed, and pursued his course to Wiston, where, finding himself hard pushed by his pursuers, he made a forcible entry into the best parlour of John Dawes, Esq. by jumping through the window, when two of the dogs taking advantage of the breach reynard had made, immediately followed him into the room, where they were so near his brush, that the only means of escape he had left was, to jump out through another window, by means of which he avoided the enemy within, but fell a victim to Mr. Howard's Pincher, who killed him on the spot, before the rest of the pack came up.

COACH RACES AT ROME.

From the French.

NOTHING, says a Parisian traveller, could exceed the parade of the former entries of the Cardinals and Ambassadors into that city. The attendants of the latter, though mounted upon caparisoned mules, have a grand appearance on their way through the gate *del popolo*, when they go to meet any great personage, which cannot easily be imagined.

It is to be observed, that the Cardinals, and other great personages at Rome, always used to send out a number of coaches and fix, conveying a gentleman charged with bearing the compliments of his employer to the coming Grandee; this, however, is a charge, of which this gentleman cannot acquit himself without risque, it being a custom, singularly whimsical, that as soon as ever the Ambassador, or the Cardinal's coach, who is coming to Rome, arrives at the Place de *San Pietro*, the entrance to which is not sufficient to admit above one or two carriages abreast, all the rest sent to congratulate them, being ranged in rows, and waiting for the Cardinal's appearance, immediately whip their horses to get the nearest to this dignified stranger. In the struggle through the straitness of the entrance, several coaches are not only broken to pieces, and the coachmen dismounted, but even the gentlemen sent to bear the compliments of their Lords, seldom escape without some hurt. Still such is the pride of the Roman Nobility, that the coachmen are instigated to these exertions, for getting first up to the new Cardinal or Ambassador's carriage, by a reward of ten pistoles. And as in any other race, the name of the coachman who arrives first in the court-yard of *San Pietro* is soon spread all over the city, and is sure to operate as a recommendation, should he afterwards want employ.

RANELAGH MASQUERADE.

THREE was a tolerable numerous attendance on Monday evening the 24th, and some sprightly entertainment was afforded by the motley group. Dominos, as usual, predominated in point of number; but there were, nevertheless, many characters,

MR. ABRAHAM NEWLAND

acters sustained with considerable effect. We have not space to allot to a description of them; but we cannot help noticing that much mirth was produced by the whimsical blunders of an *Irish Haymaker*, who styled himself *Denis O'Union*, from *Anti Union-street*, Dublin. A set of vocal Fortune-tellers claimed much attention. They sung a song with great *eclat*, of which the following was the burden :

“ The smiling road to human bliss,
“ Would you pursue, the mystery's this,
“ He that's content has Fortune found,
“ Cheerly with him her wheel goes round.”

PARISIAN THEATRE.

A NEW piece, called *Le Petit Page*, was lately presented at the *Theatre Feydeau*, the plot of which is ridiculous, and the incidents and language very lame; but the piece was literally saved by a fall. Mademoiselle Relandean, a very beautiful woman, played the part of the *Page* in an exquisite style. In jumping from the steps of a terrace, she alighted upon a trap-door, which was not properly secured, and she fell through it. A cry of horror issued from the audience, and it was feared that she had broken her leg. Every person called out to know how she was, when she appeared herself in a few minutes again upon the stage, notwithstanding she had received a contusion upon each knee, as might be seen through her pantaloons, which were torn by the fall. She was received with loud applause, and though pressed not to exert herself, she continued her part with infinite spirit. In the interest which the audience felt for the actress, they forgot the author, and the piece was given out again without any disapprobation.

IS about to retire from the fatigues of business, with such a degree of *eclat* as never marked the retreat of any public man. Never, in the course of his life, did he experience the least diminution of his unbound'd popularity; and now, in the close of his career, he finds himself courted by the greatest Sovereigns, and the most illustrious Personages of the times.

The mighty Emperors of Germany and Russia, are at this moment contending who shall first behold the face of worthy Abraham, while the Elector of Bavaria is anxiously on the look out, and ready to hail the approach of this valuable “ friend in need!”—this great Commander of the *Metallic Tractors*.

There is not a Coast in Europe which Abraham has not frequently visited; nor did he ever quit one for a time which did not look with delight to the prospect of his return. Even those that have been so unfortunate as to get but a slight glimpse of him, have always been solicitous for his more intimate acquaintance!

The greatest misfortune of his life has been to have no will of his own, and to be eternally acting under the direction of others, subject to all their passions, dispositions, and caprices. This it is that led him into a thousand inconsistencies—France is the only country in the world where the fame of Abraham has been reviled; not that the Republicans would not be glad to *fraternize* with him—not that he has not staunch friends amongst the Chouans and Royalists—but because there is a prevalent party to which he could never be induced to lend the smallest countenance!

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 450, Vol. XV.]

On Draft Cattle, and their Use and Management, both in Town and Country.

HORSES, applied to the purpose of quick draft, are distinguished by the various appellations of coach-horses, chariot and phaeton-horses, chaise and gig-horses, machiners, mail-coach and post-horses: those appertaining to slow-draft, are called cart, dray, or plough-horses.

Respecting the highest form, of the species of coach-horses in this country, I have scarce any thing to add, to the few remarks made before. The true horse for quick draft, must be from fifteen to sixteen hands high, with a lofty fore-hand, substance somewhat obliquely placed, and sufficient racing blood to give him good action, and a fine coat. Mr. Culley's favourite form of shoulder, before noticed, is no doubt, admirably adapted to this purpose.

The few foreign coach-horses, in use among us at this time, such as, the Frieseland, Hanoverian, and Neapolitan, if they make a more stately and superb appearance, and have more lofty action, are neither so useful, nor so speedy as the English.

I have often remarked, and leave to others to determine the justness of it, that a small horse, in single harness, looks very mean and contemptible; but if there be a pair, or more, the case is altered; also, that a pair of horses, galloping, have an unseemly appearance; but if there be four of them in the

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carriage, they make a very gallant figure in the gallop.

"The superiority of the English, in the construction and elegance of wheel-carriages, of all denominations, has long been universally acknowledged. Our improvements therein, of late years, have held equal pace and analogy, with those made in our breeds of horses; we have discarded useless and cumbersome weight, to make way for lightness, elegance, and convenience. Within the last fifteen years, mechanic invention has laboured, and brought forth many useful discoveries in this line; among which, the most important, is that of the power gained by the multiplication of wheels. Of this discovery, although not yet brought to maturity, or into general use, many of the keepers of stage-coaches have availed themselves, and we now see caterpillars and millipedes, upon every road leading to the metropolis, carrying, with the utmost convenience, double and treble the number contained by an ordinary coach. There are some few instances of these *sociables* being introduced into the service of private families. A plan is said to be under consideration, for an improved form of a mail-coach, to carry twelve insides, with the accommodation of a light; which will save eighty horses in a distance of one hundred miles; also, another for an eight-wheeled waggon, which, it is hoped, will be attended with proportional advantages.

"The proud and lofty phaeton, has, for some time, given place to the less lofty, but more convenient curricles. This is a low two-wheeled phaeton. This carriage was said, at first, to be attended with certain disadvantages, and even dangers, which are now, it seems, in a fair train to be remedied.

"The introduction of these

F F

light

light carriages has, of course, brought into use the lighter species of horses; and even full-bred ones are frequently employed in the service: a custom to which I am by no means partial, who love to sit behind a good trotter. The delicate skins of bred horses are, besides, too apt to be chafed by the harness, and their legs to be knocked together upon the road, when distressed in their trot. I cannot altogether agree in opinion with those, who assert, that bred-horses are the toughest post-hacks. It is asserted, there is an elasticity in their hoofs, which eludes the concussion of the hard road, and that their sinews recover a strain sooner than those of other horses. Perhaps they may endure their misery longer, but I think they become lame in the legs and feet, sooner than horses less delicately bred.

" The present taste of driving horses of different colours, in light carriages, and where great state is not required, is, in my opinion, altogether rational, and attended with obvious convenience. But this practice has helped to introduce a laxity of equestrian discipline, alarming at first sight, and which has been really attended with very serious mischiefs. Gentlemen have been more adventurous than formerly, in putting raw and unbroke horses into harness, and driving them immediately upon the public roads, or in the streets of the metropolis. The numerous accidents which have happened from this incautious, and, I must add, unjust practice, within the last two years, are almost incredible. I say unjust, because however little store a man may set by his own neck, he can yet have no shadow of right to expose that of another to a wanton risk, which he most probably does, whenever his horse breaks away with him. It is not two months, since a hunter, apparently unbroke-

to harness, ran away with a chair, beat a poor man down, and broke both his thighs. The dreadful accident which happened some time since at Bath, ought to be a striking lesson to those who have so little reflection or feeling, as to misapply the curb, by making it an instrument of torture. Every body has heard the fate of the unfortunate gentleman, who was dashed to pieces, by being thrown in his curricles down a precipice, the horses rearing up, and running backwards, from being over-curbed. I know there are too many in the world who scorn, in any case, to be deterred, either by precept or example; it is, however, a duty performed, to give the needful warning: without admiring either their boldness or their apathy, I heartily wish they may experience no painful occasions of repentance."

" I shall, in this place, finish what I have to say upon the subject of those too numerous accidents, which happen upon the road, to our hired carriages. It is well known these were, more particularly, frequent with the mail-coaches, on their first establishment; and, on enquiry, it then appeared, that they were mainly attributable to the ignorance and folly of raw and improper drivers, and not in the smallest degree to the new institution itself, which experience has since proved, was rationally founded.—Good horses are well able to go through this severe and expeditious service; the only thing to be lamented is, that improper ones will, perhaps, be too often applied to it, which indeed, as the case stands, belongs to the class of unavoidable evils; unless government, from a regard to the interests of humanity, and the glory of the country, were to provide their own horses, under the care of an able inspector.

" A frequent and fertile source

of mischief is, the suffering horses to stand without any person to hold them, whilst the coachman is absent from his box; and this, I am sorry to be authorized to say, is too often the case, even at this instant, notwithstanding the number of accidents which have arisen from it.

(To be continued.)

ESSEX COURSING MEETING.

THE Bradwell, and Tillingham Club, had their second Meeting for the present year on Wednesday, January 27, when the following matches were run, which afforded excellent diversion.

Mr. Dudley's newly-gained lands from the sea at Tillingham produced thirty brace of hares, and afforded the whole sport of the day: the weather proved remarkably favourable, and the dogs were fleet, and well matched.

1. Mr. P. Wright's black and white bitch, *Faith*, beat Mr. Evans's black and white dog, *Rodney*.

2. Mr. Pigott's black dog, *Hazard*, beat Mr. Wakefield's dun dog, *Pompey*.

3. Mr. C. Parker's black bitch, *Marsh*, beat Mr. P. Wright's black bitch *Climax*.

4. Mr. Dudley's dun dog, *Snap*, beat Mr. Evans's black bitch, *Blue Beard*.

5. Mr. P. Wright's brown bitch, *Swift*, beat Mr. C. Parker's yellow bitch, *Matchless*.

6. Mr. Wakefield's red bitch, *Fly*, beat Mr. Dudley's dun bitch, *Trull*.

7. Mr. G. Wright's brown bitch, *Whip*, beat Mr. Tuffnell's white bitch, *Nettle*.

8. Mr. Tuffnell's brown bitch, *Dancer*, beat Mr. P. Wright's black and white dog, *Snowball*.

9. Mr. Pigott's black dog, *Driver*, beat Mr. William's red bitch, *Primrose*.

10. Mr. Dudley's dun dog, *Terring*, beat Mr. Evans's black bitch, *Blue Beard*.

11. Mr. Pattison's black bitch, *Dart*, beat Mr. P. Wright's black and white bitch, *Lizard*.

12. Mr. Tuffnell's black bitch, *Fly*, beat Mr. P. Wright's brown and white bitch, *Nettle*.

13. Mr. J. S. Wright's black bitch, *Flycatch*, beat Mr. P. Wright's red bitch, *Ruby*.

14. Mr. Evans's black and white dog, *Rodney*, beat Mr. C. Parker's black bitch, *Marsh*.

15. Mr. P. Wright's black and white bitch, *Faith*, beat Mr. Wakefield's dun bitch, *Fly*.

16. Mr. Bawtree's black dog, *Duncan*, beat Mr. Pigott's black and white bitch, *Why-not*.

17. Mr. P. Wright's black bitch, *Climax*, beat Mr. C. Parker's yellow bitch, *Matchless*.

18. Mr. Cawston's black bitch, *Slut*, beat Mr. Dudley's dun bitch, *Trull*.

19. Mr. Tuffnell's black bitch, *Fly*, against Mr. Pigott's black dog, *Herod*, a dead head.

20. Mr. Dudley's dun dog, *Young Miller*, beat Mr. Tuffnell's brown bitch, *Dancer*.

21. Mr. G. Wright's brown bitch, *Whip*, beat Mr. C. Parker's black and white dog, *Pilgrim*.

22. Mr. Dudley's dun dog, *Terring*, beat Mr. Pigott's black dog, *Hazard*, the property of Mr. J. Rush.

CURIOS HISTORY OF HORSE-ARTILLERY.

THE most remarkable feature in the military history of the present war is the invention, or the adoption, of horse artillery. The first and most brilliant successes of the French armies were owing almost exclusively to this improvement.

ment. The history of it, as given in a French work of the first character, cannot but be interesting.

It is well known that horse-artillery was first used by the Prussians. The great Frederic had invented this improvement on the old system at a time when, in order to resist the league formed against him, his genius multiplied his resources; and when his army, transported with a celerity and a precision until then unknown, triumphed against superior forces, and in the same campaign, on frontiers facing his estates both on the east and west.

The army of Frederic was become with reason the great military school of Europe; but it is wonderful that the other European powers did not earlier profit by this the most useful of his lessons, which bore more than of the others, the imprint of rare genius.

Horse, or flying-artillery, was introduced into the Austrian army during the reign of Joseph II.; but it was not made a principal object of attention. It remained in a state of imperfection, which rendered it impossible to feel all its advantages. They indeed transported their cannoneers on caissons or waggons, which were constructed in the form of the old hunting carriages of Germany called *wurst-wagen*, and which differ from the common kind by being covered in such a way that a man may sit on them in the attitude of riding on horseback.

In France, where the most useful innovations on established practice were seldom adopted in the corps of engineers, because the old officers always more numerous in that than in the other corps of the army, combined to oppose their experience, and the routine of established practice, to the efforts of the young officers, whose theory was frequently more learned; it

was often proposed, but in vain to form a light artillery. Before the revolution, however, some essays in that way had been made; but they were desultory attempts founded on no fixed plan. The general officers, who condescended to attend to these experiments, proposed that the *wurst-wagen* should be used in the same way in which it was used by the Austrians.

In 1791 Mr. Dupontail, the war-minister, authorised the commandant of the division at Metz to form two companies of horse-artillery. The success of this trial, the extensive intelligence of the officers, and of the chosen artillermen, who were employed in it, and who were in a few weeks able to manœuvre with the light troops, put an end to all doubts on the subject, and evinced how peculiarly well fitted for this service were French soldiers.

In 1792, a little before the declaration of war, M. de Narbonne, who had succeeded M. Dupontail, and like him had formed a committee of the best informed officers in the service, had summoned to this committee the generals of the three grand divisions of the army, and the chief officers of the artillery corps, when he set about examining and deciding on the best means of bringing to perfection, and extending the use of flying artillery in the French army.

We cannot give a more just idea of the organization of this new species of troops, than by reporting the result of this conference. It was there determined unanimously as fundamental points :

1. That a numerous horse-artillery, well served, and kept always complete in men and horses, was the surest mode of protecting the evolutions of a body of men moderately disciplined, by supporting their attack with the bayonet, and in frustrating, by positions timely and

and opportunely taken, the advantage which better disciplined troops might promise themselves from their superiority in manœuvres.

2. That the use of this new kind of artillery, the regulations of its service, the instructions of the men, &c. should differ from the common artillery only in this, that the cannon being better mounted and conveyed with the utmost possible swiftness, wherever its effect may be the greatest, the cannoneers may always accompany their pieces, and be ready to act as soon as they are placed.

3. That for this purpose it is better that the cannoneers should be mounted on horseback, than if they were only partly mounted, as in the *voussis*, or arched waggon, because in this case accidents are less frequent, the movements more easy, the retreat more sure, and the replacing of horses more easily and speedily effected.

4. That without excluding any calibre, it appears most advantageous to use eight or twelve pounders and mortars.

5. That it is useless to instruct the cannoneer on horseback in the manœuvres of a cavalry soldier, because that were to detach him without reason from the principal object. That it will suffice if he be firmly seated on his horse, and accustomed to mount and alight with ease—to guide his horse with freedom, without confining him to any particular order in following his piece; and leaving it to his own discretion to learn and execute when there may be occasion for such cavalry manœuvres as shall be necessary.

7. That what is called the *forward* manœuvre should always be employed, unless when circumstances render its use impossible; because the horses, in that case remaining harnessed, while the pieces are in exercise, there is gained

so much time to be employed in profiting of the position which the piece occupies, all the time which would otherwise be lost in putting to or unharnessing the horses.

8. That in order to form at once a sufficient number of horse-artillery companies, without weakening the artillery regiments, it will suffice to attach to each piece two disciplined cannoneers, and to take the rest from among the other troops, and in preference from the light troops.

On this foundation was established this new institution in the French armies, from which they have derived such signal advantages in the present war.

General Dumourier illustrated the utility of this kind of troops for invasion towards the end of the campaign of 1792 in Belgium. Since that time, innumerable instances have occurred of the utility of horse-artillery, either for the defence or attack. At the affair of Waterlow, while Pichegru commanded the army of Flanders, 4000 cavalry, manœuvring with horse-artillery, sustained the attack (the fact is testified by the officers of the combined army) of 30,000 men, supported by an artillery at least triple that of the French.

Bonaparte, at the battle of Castiglione, after the raising of the siege of Mantua, having ordered General Domartin to collect and place judiciously several divisions of light-artillery, is said to have thereby broken the line of the Austrians, and thus decided the fate of Italy. The flying-artillery contributed no less to the success of the battle of Ettlingen, where General Moreau, very inferior in cavalry, maintained his left wing against all the cavalry of the Archduke. A similar manœuvre obtained for General Hoche on the Rhine, in the last affair of Nieuwied, a similar success. General Belle, who commanded all the

the artillery, which was rapidly brought forward, and exercised in open field, to silence the fire of an intrenched line, flanked with strong redoubts, was one of the officers who formed the first companies.

The Archduke, profiting by this experience, has greatly augmented and improved the use of horse-artillery in the Austrian army. At the beginning of the present campaign he attached divisions of it to different corps of light troops, and has derived great advantages from it in the engagements of his advanced guards before the decisive battle of Stockach.

Horse-artillery is now become general in every army, it can follow cavalry every where, and traverse rivers and marshes which are impassable by foot artillery. It can move rapidly and *en masse* to any point of unforeseen attack, turn the enemy's corps, take them in flank or in rear; it can be made to answer the service of advanced posts, that of stationary artillery, of rear-guard, and also that of a body of reserve. It is free from the charges universally made against the heavy artillery, that of retarding and encumbering the march of troops. Accordingly the French have confined the use of this latter kind to sieges only, with the exception of four-pound pieces, which yet remain attached to their battalion.

FEMALE PROFLIGACY.

A Curious law-suit, between two lovers, is now pending in France. A young lady, rich and beautiful, and mistress of her will and actions, proposed to a young officer who lodged in her house, that, if she should be delivered of a boy, she would give him 10,000 livres, if of a girl 5,000; but that from the moment she should find herself pregnant, their conversation

must change from love to friendship. The bargain was made, and the convention fulfilled. The officer having quitted Leval, received a letter from the lady, in which she informed him that she hoped soon to become a mother; she sent him 5,000 livres, adding, that in case she should be delivered of a boy, she would send him 5,000 more. She was brought to bed of a boy, and offered to pay the other 5,000 livres; but the father rejected them, and demanded to have the child delivered up to him, if the mother would not consent to be married to him. The tribunal of Leval, before which the lady pleaded in person, in presence of a numerous audience, decided in her favour; but the lover has appealed to a higher tribunal, and every body is curious to learn whom the child will be decreed to.

UNCOMMON FEROCITY OF A TIGRESS.

A Letter from Calcutta states, that on the arrival of a detachment of our troops at the camp of Mooree Jahara, a tigress of uncommon size scoured the front of our position, and carried off a graft-cutter belonging to the first regiment of cavalry. The man's shrieks were for some time heard; but the attack and flight of the animal were so rapid, that it was impossible to save him. On the following morning the commanding officer, attended by the camels of the detachments, and a strong corps of cavalry, proceeded to her den, which was not more than three hundred yards from our lines, and in endeavouring to drive her out, two male tigers darted forth successively, and were both killed before the female made her appearance. Nothing intimidated by the numbers of her pursuers, she sprang among them with the most decided ferocity, and

it was not till after three desperate charges, in which she severely wounded as many of our people, that she fled. The male tigers each measured about eight feet in length; the female was considerably larger. Five days after another man was carried away in like manner, when Major Wharton, with a body of troopers, armed only with pistols, and the camel riders with swords, pursued the animal to a small thick jungle on the border of a nullah, about five miles from the camp. The tigress, for some minutes, concealing and refreshing herself in the high grass, at length commenced the attack, but was wounded, and compelled to retreat. Her size and ferocity were such that Major Wharton sent to the camp for a reinforcement of carabineers, and purposed to have awaited their arrival; but the tigress immediately renewed the attack, and darting amongst his party, excited a considerable degree of confusion, until after a contest of nearly thirty minutes, a trooper lodged a bullet in her head while she was in the act of springing on him. She measured nine feet four inches.

HINTS FOR IMPROVING NEWSPAPERS.

Of use, 'tis most characteristic,
When we're inform'd of things domestic.

IT has been suggested to me, says a correspondent, that in the narration of events, the newspapers lean too much towards those which respect kings and courts, narrations and governments, things which people do not well understand, and others care little about; and also that in recording the more familiar anecdotes of family history, they confine themselves principally to persons of high rank and distinction, in whose affairs it is impossible we can be so much interested as in those of men and women more near our own level.

Now the remedy to all this, I humbly conceive, lies in the motto which I have chosen for this letter, and which, therefore, you will be so good as prefix, that I may not have the trouble of repeating it again. The worthy gentleman who proposed it, gives a few specimens, some of which I shall first transcribe, and then add others to my own, which I hope will explain the nature and utility of a newspaper thus improved, beyond all contradiction.

By our last advice from Knightsbridge, we hear that a horse was clapped into the pound on the 3d instant, and that he was not released when the letters came away.

We are informed from Pancras, that a dozen weddings were lately celebrated in the mother churches of that place; but are referred to their next letters for the names of the parties concerned,

Letters from Brompton advise, that the widow Blight had received several visits from John Mildew, which affords great matter of speculation in those parts.

By a fisherman who lately touched at Hammersmith, there is advice from Putney, that a certain person well known in that place, is like to lose his election for churchwarden; but this being boat news, we cannot give entire credit to it.

Letters from Paddington, bring little more than that William Squeak, the sow-gelder, passed through that place on the 5th instant.

They advise from Fulham, that things remained there in the same state they were. They had intelligence just as the letters came away, of a tub of excellent ale just set abroad at Parson's-green; but this wanted confirmation.

There are a few specimens afforded by the ingenious gentleman, to whom I am indebted for the first hint of a newspaper on this improved plan. It is evident that these,

these, though very ingenious, are not quite so minute in point of information, as the curiosity of the present days require, and therefore in what I am about to offer, I have ventured to come to a more close imitation of modern newspapers, especially in the article of what they call Bon Ton, or Fashionable Intelligence.

Yesterday, as his Majesty was coming to town, the hats of one of the postillions was blown off, at which three of the horse-guards laughed most immoderately.

It is with great concern we inform the public, that Mr. Simon Softly, an eminent cork-cutter, lies dangerously ill of the gout at his country seat, near Gray's-inn-lane.

Mr. Grubble has given his brother George the use of his boise, while he remains at Margate.

Advices from Limehouse, mention that a violent quarrel broke out between Mr. and Mrs. Tarpaulin, which was got under when the post came away.

QUIDNUNC.

A FEMALE SCRUB.

A Handsome young nursery-maid, who thought herself entitled to the rank of a lady's gentlewoman lately, in mistake, applied for a place where a house maid was wanted. The mistress, who takes as much pains in the distribution of their domestic employments, as Bonaparte ever did in the arrangement of his military affairs, gave the following instructions to our young heroine, who, it was supposed, had applied for the house maid's place:

The house maid is to clean the drawing-room, her mistress's bedroom, two garrets, the little room fronting the stair-cafe, the stairs from the first floor, the garrets, to the street-door passage; she is to wash all her mistress's cloaths, her

master's handkerchiefs, and the child's frocks; she is to light the fire in the drawing-room, in the child's play-room, and when her mistress has a fire in her bed-room she must light that! the house maid must always be down stairs by quarter before seven o'clock; she must work plain work well, make her master's shirts, keep her mistress's cloaths in repair, must help to wait at table if the foot-boy is out of the way, or if there is company; she must wait upon her mistress when she dresses, take care of her cloaths, and get them ready, when she wants to go out; she must go to the street door when the boy is out of the way; she must make toast for breakfast.

The house maid must look at the table cloaths before they are washed, if they are stained with fruit, or coffee, or gravy, soap them, and wash them out with cold water; but by no means put them into warm water till the stain is out; if they are stained with red wine, they must be got out with rum.

The maid must trim the two glass lamps, the lamp-lighter trims the other, and carry them up in the tin dish every evening to the drawing-room; she must make the two silver mugs every night of toast and water, and put them by her mistress's bed side.

The maid must take care to make no noise either at night or in the morning, before the child is up; she must light a fire in the little garret every morning: she must take care not to destroy any paper with writing on it, without first letting her mistress see it: the maid must keep the water closet clean on the stair case.

This advertisement was never exceeded but by the gentleman who advertised for a porter, who could carry five hundred weight, and had the fear of God before his eyes.

MISFORTUNES OF CHRISTOPHER COCKNEY.

I Am the son of an opulent citizen, who for the first fifty years of his life was never two miles from Threadneedle street, who knew no learning but arithmetic, no employment but posting his books, and no dissipation beyond the enjoyment of his weekly club. It has been observed that a man's veneration for learning, is sometimes in proportion to his own want of it: this was exactly the case with my father. He was determined, he said, his son should be the best scholar in the city of London. He therefore sent me to a considerable free-school in the neighbourhood till the age of eighteen, when I was sent to a College in Oxford. As I had never in my life been farther from London than Turnham Green, I found myself in a new world; and for some time thought it a very happy one. I had health and spirits, my allowance was ample, and I had a great many agreeable companions, who obligingly assisted me in the arduous task of spending it. A very little observation was sufficient to shew me, that every body around me consulted only by what means they should best get rid of their time; and candour must acknowledge, that the variety and elegance of their amusement, reflect great honour on the inventors. I too was resolved not to be behind hand with my friends in the science of spending time agreeably, and in order to do it more systematically, chose for my *arbiter deliciarum*, one of the most knowing men in Oxford. He not only regulated my dress and behaviour, but selected with great care my acquaintance; told me how many under waistcoats were proper for the different seasons; how many capes were necessary for a great coat; when shoe-strings and

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when boots were most becoming; taught me how to lounge down the High-street; and how to stand before the fire at the coffee-house. Under such guide my progress was not slow; I soon became almost as wise as my instructor, and should shortly have obtained the character of a *knowing man*, had not my hopes been cut off at once by an accident. It being summer when I was entered at the University, my feats of horsemanship had been confined chiefly to Port Meadow and Bullington Green, at one or another of which places I never missed appearing, at least once a day, upon a very clever cropt pony; and though I knew no more of a horse than an elephant, yet by the instructions of my friend, by talking big, and offering to trot a number of miles within the hour for large sums, I contrived to make many people believe I knew something of the matter. At last winter came, and I found it necessary to be very fond of fox-hunting, without which no man can pretend to be *knowing*. Never was a more fatal resolution taken; never was there a man less qualified for a sportsman, as I was naturally timid and chilly, and had never been on horseback in my life before I came to Oxford. But there was no alternative; my reputation, my character, my very existence, as a *knowing man*, depended on my conduct in this article; and to say the truth, I had heard from my acquaintance such long and pompous accounts of sharp bursts and long chases; such enthusiastic panegyrics on, and such animated descriptions of, this amusement, that I really began to think there must be something wonderfully bewitching in a diversion, which seemed to take up so much of the time and thoughts of my companions. I therefore, by the advice of my friend, gave forty-five guineas for a very capital

G g hunter;

hunter; and having furnished myself with the proper paraphernalia cap, belt, &c. made an appointment to go with a large party and meet the fox-hounds the next day. My friends were punctual to their appointment, and rattled me out of bed at seven o'clock, on a raw November morning, though I would have given a thousand worlds to have laid another hour, and a million net to have gone at all. I was, however, obliged to repress my sensations, and to feign an alacrity I felt not; and to affect the glow of pleasure, and assume the eagerness of hope. After a long ride, through a most dismal country, we arrived at the wood, where we found the hounds were not yet come, on account of the badness of the morning; which, from being foggy and drizzling, had now turned to a very heavy rain. Here then we amused ourselves riding up and down a wretched swampy common, or standing under a dripping wood for about two hours; at the end of which time, the day cleared up, the hounds came, and every countenance but mine brightened with joy: for I was half in hopes they would not come at all. But no sooner had the hounds thrown off, than my horse grew so hot, that benumbed as my hands were with cold, I had no sort of power over him; the consequence of which was, that I received many severe reprimands for riding over the hounds, and treading on the heels of other horses. After riding in this state of torment about three hours, the men and hounds all at once set up a terrible howling and screaming, and they told me they had found a fox. I shall not attempt to describe the chase, for I am sure you will never know it from my description: all I remember is, that as soon as the chase began, my horse (who went just where he pleased)

dashed down in a very wet boggy lane, and in a moment covered me over with water and mud.

At last my sufferings came to a close, for turning short at the end of a narrow lane, my horse started, I pitched over his head, and fell as soft as if it had been on a feather-bed. There I lay till a countryman who had caught my horse brought him to me, and good-naturedly assisted me in getting up and cleaning my cloathes. No intreaties, however, could prevail on me to remount, and having desired my assistant to lead my horse to Oxford, I determined to endeavour reaching home on foot; but this I found not so easily effected in my present condition, and luckily meeting with a higler's cart, which was bound for that place, got into it, and in this vehicle made my triumphant entry over Magdalen Bridge, about six o'clock in the evening, just as the High-street was at the fullest.

As soon as I got to College, I went to bed and sent for a Doctor, by whose assistance I soon recovered as to my health, but my reputation was lost for ever. My story had got wind, and I was laughed at in all parties. My acquaintance began to look at me in a very contemptible light, and even my most familiar friend soon let me know it was no longer consistent with his reputation to be seen walking in the High-street with me. If I entered a coffee-house, I was sure to hear a titter and a whisper run round the room; and at last the very servants at the livery stables pointed at me as I passed through the streets, and said, *There's the gentleman as got such a hell of a tumble the other day.*

In short I was obliged to give up all my knowing acquaintance, and get into an entirely different set, who, as they had never aspired to the first pinnacle of sporting merit, and

and could at best but boast a secondary kind, viz. knowingnes, received me with open arms. They told me I had entirely misspent my time and my money, that fox-hunting was not only a dangerous, but an expensive and a very uncertain amusement; but that shooting was free from these objections, being a diversion extremely cheap, and which had the additional recommendation of furnishing us game for our own table, or our friends; and they offered to be my instructor in this new amusement.

I listened to this recital with pleasure, and accepted the offer with gratitude, for I thought it not impossible to gain some degree of reputation for being a good shot. I furnished myself with every proper requisite for this amusement, and in an evil hour accompanied my new friends to Bagley Wood. It is enough to say, that the last error was worse than the first; and that I returned home wet, dirty, scratched and tired, and pretty well convinced that I was not more fitted for a shot than a fox-hunter. I have since endeavoured to excel in some other amusements, but the same ill luck has constantly attended me. I got at least twenty broken heads last winter in learning to skate, and have since narrowly escaped being drowned in attempting to throw a casting net, which had nearly drawn me into the water with it. This, however, was the last effort of the kind I ever made, and I am now set quietly down, perfectly satisfied with my own achievements in the sporting way.

But the worst is, that one of my companions wonders at my want of taste, and another at my want of resolution; a third asks me how I felt when I was falling off, and a fourth thanks heaven he was not bred in London.

In this distressful situation I apply to you, Mr. Editor, as my

only friend, and beg you to intercede in my behalf. You may tell the successful sportsmen, that on condition they are merciful to me on this subject, I will promise always to speak of them with reverence, and drink fox-hunting in a bumper; and that whenever they are inclined to expatiate on their glorious toils, and the merits of their horses, &c. they shall find a most silent and respectful hearer, in your humble servant,

CHRISTOPHER COCKNEY.

MODERN HAG-CRAFT.

PUBLIC-OFFICE, BOW-STREET.

IN consequence of the numerous complaints made to Mr. Wigstead, the Magistrate, respecting Sophia Wright, an old woman, residing in the neighbourhood of Kensington, who, under pretence of possessing the power of foretelling events, had defrauded several young women of different sums of money, a warrant was issued for her apprehension, and this bearded Sybil, whose very appearance would have condemned her for a witch a few centuries ago, was examined on Thursday evening, the 6th of February, before the above Magistrate, when a very curious description of the magic spells, and horrid incantations, made use of on a certain night in Hammersmith church-yard, were related by a young woman who accompanied her thither for the purpose of plucking some grafts, and seeing the shadow of the man that was to be her husband, and who, to complete the charm, was persuaded to deposit a seven-shilling piece between the leaves of a *cabalistical* book, which the prisoner folded up in a stocking, and directed her to place it under her pillow, and that she herself would come the next day at twelve o'clock

o'clock to open the book, when she would shew her the face of her destined husband in a looking-glass. The hour of twelve was anxiously looked for, arrived, and passed, without the prisoner's appearance, and the book of fate might have remained closed till doomsday, had it not been for the resolution of another young woman, who swore, if there were forty devils in it she would open it; when lo, no other sign of magic appeared than the loss of the seven-shilling piece, which had vanished for ever.—The prisoner, who with all her knowledge of the future, seemed to have neglected her own fortune, was committed to the House of Correction, as a rogue and vagabond.

THE SWISS BEARS, AND WOLVES,
A POEM.

[From the French.]

LIKE the mother of a family inclosed in one of the tombs of the Vandals, almost deprived of sight by darkness and fears, Italy lay in chains on the relics of her slaughtered sons; a flash of pale lightning shone on the brink of the abyss.

Then raising with difficulty her languishing head, she beheld the most barbarous of her executioners, the most abominable of monsters; she beheld Suvarrow, who fled howling over the summit of the mountains of Helvetia.

At the sight of the unknown monster, even the bears and wolves concealed themselves in the deep recesses of the labyrinths which surround the rocks. The earth seemed to petrify with horror, and the air seemed big with a tempest.

Italy beheld the scene, and her heart, long a stranger to joy, rebounded thrice with exultation, and

on the third palpitation subsided into sorrow.

Happily for her the star of the deliverer of mankind appeared from the East; the true blazing star, Bonaparte, arrived by sea from Egypt.

Dry up thy tears, unfortunate Italy; if formerly the star of Mars shone upon thy helmet with such brilliancy, as to excite the jealousy of the sun, now the triumphant star of Bonaparte, in its exalted course, sheds on thee more enlivening rays, but more terrible and fatal to thine enemies.

SKETCH OF BROUGHTON THE BRUISER.

JOHN Broughton served an apprenticeship to a waterman, and when out of his time plied at Hungerford stairs, in which situation his strength and agility was long unknown.

Having a difference one day with a brother of the oar, it was resolved that the point should be decided by a fight, when it was soon found that in powers of body, and agility of arms, he had not only an eminent superiority over his antagonist, but that he evinced a genius in the art, offensive and defensive, far superior to any other of his fraternity.

Elated by the praises he received on this occasion, and convinced by the battered appearance of the enemy, of his own strength and judgment, he sold his boat and commenced professed boxer, in which occupation he was for several years patronized by many of the first characters in the country, and particularly by William Duke of Cumberland, and the late Marquis of Granby, who was himself an amateur in the art of fifty-cuffs.

Supported by this patronage, he instituted a pugilistic academy in Tottenham-court-road, where his pupils,

pupils, who felt a thirst after fame, had opportunities of bruising each others bodies, and knocking out each others teeth and eyes in the presence of spectators, with whom were mixed many of the first characters in the nation.

In this illustrious situation, the mighty hero of the Theatre often astonished his scholars, the gentry, nobility, and the public, by a display of his pre-eminence; and was always triumphant till his unfortunate trial of skill with the notorious Slack; in which, to adopt the language of his seminary, he gave in, but not till both his ~~day~~ lights were served up by a blow exactly over his nose.

After this lamentable failure, which however contributed more to the temporary mortification, than real disgrace of Broughton, he retired from the public stage into private life, subsisting very comfortably upon the earnings of his hands, and his situation as one of the yeomen of the guards.

He attended the Duke of Cumberland on one of his military expeditions to the continent, where, on being shewn a foreign regiment of terrific appearance, the Duke asked him if he thought he could beat any of the men who composed it. Upon which Broughton answered, "Yes, please your Royal Highness, the whole corps, with a breakfast between every battle."

He died on the 8th of January, 1789, at his house at Walcot Place, Lambeth, in the 85th year of his age.

It is universally acknowledged by amateurs in the art, that Broughton carried both the theory and practice of it to the highest point of perfection; and that even Slack, his conqueror, was by no means equal to him in abilities.

FRENCH WILD BOY, AND ENGLISH WILD MAN.

A Boy has lately been found in the wood of Lacaune, in the Canton of St. Sernin, from twelve to fifteen years of age, who appears to have born deaf and dumb; when first found, he devoured potatoes raw. The following is a more particular detail.

Letter to the Governors of the Hospital of St. Afrique, dated January 11, 1800.

There was yesterday brought to our hospital, of which I am one of the administrators, a boy, who was taken in the wood of Lacaune, by three chasseurs. He was naked, and on their approach, fled and climbed up a tree. He was carried to Lacaune, whence he escaped. He was afterwards taken in a wood in the neighbourhood of St. Sernin, and conducted to the house of citizen Constans Saint Eilee, Commissary of the Government. I learned the manner in which he was taken, from the soldiers who escorted him thither.

It is certain that he lives only upon potatoes and nuts. If bread be given him, he smells it, chews it, and then spits it out. He acts in the same manner when other kinds of food are presented to him. These facts leave no doubt of his having lived long in the woods. How has he been able to endure the severe cold of this winter in the wood of Lacaune, on the highest mountain in this part of the country, since the cold has been more intense this year than in the winter of 1795?

This boy is a fine figure. His eyes are black, and very lively. We allowed him to walk out this morning into a field contiguous to the hospital: he soon began to run as fast as he could. Had he not been quickly followed, he would soon have gained the mountain and disappeared.

SPORTING IN HOPS.

Court of King's Bench, February 8.

disappeared. His pace is a kind of trot. We have given him a dress of grey cloth, and though the clothes seem to embarrass him very much, he does not know how to pull them off. Upon leaving him at liberty in the garden, he evinced his desire of escaping, and endeavoured to break one of the bars of a gate that obstructed his passage.

He speaks none. When potatoes are given him, he takes as many as his hands will hold. If they are roasted, he skins them, and eats them in the manner of a monkey. There is something very pleasing in his laugh. When the potatoes are taken from him, he utters a number of shrill cries. Constance believed he was deaf, but we are now convinced of the contrary.

He is not, however, quick of hearing. I leave it to the learned to explain this phenomenon, and to deduce consequences from it; but I am sincerely desirous that this extraordinary youth may experience the beneficent attention of government.

AN ENGLISH WILD MAN.

A Mr. Bartlett, aged 74, died lately at Woolwich, a superannuated carpenter of the navy; a very singular character, who, though in perfect health, confined himself to his room for twenty-three years. He wore nothing during this period but a morning gown, did not make use of either fire or candle, never read or amused himself in any manner; and would suffer no person to see him, except his relations where he lived. Neither his hair or nails were cut, or his face shaved for the above time. Before he died, his hair reached the floor, and was so matted together from not being combed, that it was as hard and as firm as a board; his nails were about one inch longer than his fingers, curved like a parrot's bill.

M R. Erskine moved for a criminal information against Samuel Ferrand Waddington, Esq. on a charge of forestalling, in purchasing the greater part of the crops of hops in the county of Kent, in order to raise the market. The motion was made on the affidavit of Mr. Knipe and several other gentlemen; and it was stated, in support of the application, that Mr. Waddington had commenced his speculations in 1798, and continued them down to the present time—that he had expressed his determination to expend his own surplus cash, consisting of 80,000l. and all he could borrow, in order to get possession of as large a quantity of hops as possible; to these and similar speculations the artificial scarcity and high price of that article were ascribed.

Lord Kenyon expressed not the least doubt of this being an offence at common law. Hops were now as much a necessary article of life as any other. He lamented the dreadful effects upon the country at large by forestallers; and trusted, from the present prosecution, that something would be done for the benefit of the public. Great credit, his Lordship observed, was due to the gentlemen who had been instrumental in bringing the subject before the Court, and he desired the rule should be—why an information or, informations, should not issue.

The other Judges concurred in this sentiment, and the rule to shew cause was granted.

A CURIOUS CAUSE OF WAR.

IN the year 1005, some soldiers of the commonwealth of Modena ran away with a bucket from a public

public well, belonging to the state of Bologna. This implement might be worth a shilling; but it produced a quarrel, which was worked up into a long and bloody war—Henry, the King of Sardinia, for the Emperor Henry the Second, assisted the Modenese, to keep possession of the bucket; and in one of the battles he was made prisoner. His father, the Emperor, offered a chain of gold that would incircle Bologna, which is seven miles in compass, for his son's ransom, but in vain.—After twenty-two years imprisonment, and his father being dead, he pined away and died. His monument is still extant in the church of the Dominicans. This fatal bucket is still exhibited in the tower of the citadel of Modena, inclosed in an iron cage.—Tasso has very humorously described it in his *Della Secchia*.

RETROSPECT OF ROYAL BOXERS.

To the EDITOR of the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

SIR,

READING the determination of the Koyal Boxing Club, respecting Bonaparte, in your last, has induced me to send you these observations.

Surely, Sir, you must allow, with me, that the undaunted resolution of mind, and improved strength of body, which our *little playful sparrings* have occasioned, must have given us a decided superiority over our effeminate and puny adversaries. Thus far is certain, that the brightest æras of our history have been equally distinguished for *battles* and *boxing-matches*, for beating our enemies abroad, and threshing our friends at home. Henry the Vth, who afterwards gave the French so many *cross-buttocks*, first began practising against one of the Judges in England, and laid in a blow so neatly, that his

Lordship could neither *stop* nor *hit*; a sure presage of his future greatness. The young Nobility and Gentry, in the golden days of Queen Bess, spent many happy evenings in the elegant amusement of deer-stealing, in the course of which excursions they had frequent engagements with the park-keepers, in which, though they did not fight exactly in the present mode, they at least used the quarter-staff (a most noble weapon), with a dexterity which must have given them great strength of hand and arm, and doubtless contributed not a little to the victories and glory of the maiden reign; nay, the virgin Queen herself appears to have set a very good example to her subjects in this particular, since it is notorious that she once endeavoured to have a little *sparring* at least with her favourite General Essex, probably with a view of trying his courage. The consequence every one knows—Essex was afraid to return the blow, and was accordingly soon after executed.

The famous Duke of Cumberland, and the more famous Broughton, were both contemporaries and acquaintance, and these great men equally made a campaign in Flanders together. Soon after this period, it is well known that this noble science was shamefully neglected, and the fatal event of the last disgraceful war, was the regular and inevitable consequence of it. And it is equally certain, that since the revival of these domestic contests, we have become every day more respectable among foreign nations, have baffled the designs of the French and Dutch, and at present are the most powerful nation in Europe.

To this system I know it will be objected by many, that brutality and courage have nothing to do with each other; that hardness of body by no means implies mental resolution (as there is little chance of persuading

suading the French to lay aside musquets and bayonets, and trust entirely to fists and quarter-staffs,) our proficiency in the science I am recommending will be of little use, and the professors themselves make a contemptible figure against a single company of infantry. But this is all *grac dictum*—for a man who has once borne an hour and a quarter's hard pummeling from an expert bruiser, need never fear being poped at by a whole army, at a reasonable distance: besides, who can say that the French will not adopt the plan above-mentioned, after the surprising change we have already seen take place in their most favourite opinions, and most confirmed habits? And if they should, what a fortunate circumstance for this country! What an opportunity for men of real merit to put themselves forward! Forgive me, Mr. Editor, if for a moment I feast my mind by indulging in the pleasant reverie of the probable advantages that will arise from this change in military tactics.

First, The saving to Government would be immense, as there would be no more occasion for musquets, swords, powder, or balls; for the Infantry would want no other arms than what nature had given them; and a tolerable quantity of bludgeons and backswords for the Light Horse, would at once equip an army for immediate action. Nor would there ever be wanting a sufficient number of able and experienced Commanders to lead the British forces: thus appointed, what might not be expected from our Light Horse, when headed by so active a leader as *Mendoza*?—Or who could resist a battalion of Grenadiers, led on by such a man as *Big Ben*?

Another advantage would attend the plan proposed, in the number of lives saved on both sides. For, in the way matters are carried on at present, scarce a skirmish can take place without the loss of some hun-

dreds of men killed and wounded; whereas, by these means the most hard-contested battles might be fought, and the most signal victories obtained, with the trifling loss of a few eyes, noses, teeth and ribs. The above considerations must have great weight with every true lover of his country, but they are not all: for when once this mode of fighting is thoroughly established abroad, it will of course be practised at home, and be universally adopted as the best means of settling private as well as national quarrels. Instead of having recourse to those cowardly weapons, called pistols, which reduce the manly and effeminate to a level, our young men of spirit would then decide their important disputes in a proper manner, and drub each other with great success in Hyde Park, &c. Considering therefore the many advantages which attend the cultivation of this science, I flatter myself you will henceforth recommend to your readers, to learn the use of their hands in a proper manner, which will be of no small use to them whenever they are inclined to strole into the purlieus of St. Giles's or Covent Garden, in a dark night, and may save them many a black eye and broken head from a drunken buck or black-guard. If the arguments I have offered are insufficient, I have but one more, which has often stood in good stead with an obstinate opponent; that is, if you do not immediately publish this letter, I shall (by means you cannot guard against) find out who you really are; in which case, I shall do, what I believe authors never yet did, reduce my own rules into practice, and give you what you deserve. Your's, &c.

B.C.B. BOXER.

P. S. In the true spirit of this retrospect, I am happy to find that one of the Public Journals, improving

proving upon my ideas, has given the following notice:—"A *stage*, in the course of the Spring, is to be erected in Switzerland, or upon the Rhine, when a match will be fought, for very considerable stake, between those two noted champions and conquerors of Italy, the hard-hitting Suworow, and the dexterous Bonaparte! The former has been long in training; but both are in good wind. The first knows little of *stopping*, and always fights *straight forward*; the second is admirable for adroitness in *shifting*, *sparring*, and *manoeuvring*. Both are to have seconds, but neither employs a *bottle-holder*. Suworow always strikes at the *body*; Bonaparte aims ever at the *head*. The knowing ones lay no odds on either side; but it is generally agreed, that should Bonaparte get the *first fall*, he will find nobody to back him.

CATTERICK-BRIDGE RACES, 1800

[Communicated by Tally Ho!]

(Continued from page 168.)

A Stake of 10 gs. each, for fillies, rising 3 yrs old, 8ft. each, a mile and an half.

SIR J. Lawson's b. Vanguard, by Walnut, out of Baron Nile's dam.

Sir R. Winn's b. by Walnut, dam by Sweet William.

Mr. W. Milbank's b. Catchup, by Walnut, out of Lucy.

Mr. Fenton's b. by Lurcher, out of Miss Cogden.

Mr. G. Crompton's b. by Coriander, out of Skypepper.

Mr. Mason's b. Highale, by Pippator, out of Omphale.

Mr. Robinson's c. by Walnut, out of Mary Muston.

Mr. W. Hutchinson's b. by Young Marfk, out of Gentle Kitty.

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A Stakes of 10 gs. each, p. p. with 2ogs. added, rising 4 yrs. old, to carry 8ft. five yrs. old, 8ft. 10lb. six and aged, 9ft.—Mares and Maiden horses, allowed 3lb.—Three Miles.

• Sir W. Gerrard's b. c. Suwarow, 3 yrs. old.

Mr. Pierse's b. f. by Coriander, out of Rosamond, 3 yrs. old.

Mr. Riddell's g. c. by Delpini, dam by Young Marfk, 3 yrs old

Mr. G. Crompton's b. f. Stella, 4 yrs. old.

Sir J. Lawson's c. c. Brough, by Stride, 4 yrs. old.

Sir H. T. Vane's b. h. Shuttle, 6 yrs. old.

WM. TWEDDLE, ESQ.
Steward.

Monday after the Meeting.

Mr. W. Hutchinson's b. f. by Young Marfk, out of Gentle Kitty 8ft. aged.

Mr. T. Field's b. c. by Constitution, dam by Amaranthus, 8ft. 7lb. 2 miles, 100 gs. h. f.

NEWMARKET FIRST SPRING MEETING, 1800.

A Stakes of 100 gs. h. ft. D. C.

Mr. Cookson's b. h. Diamond, aged — 9 0

Mr. Cookson's b. c. Sir Harry, 4 yrs. old — 8 0

Sir F. Standish's b. m. Parfot, 6 yrs. old — 8 0

Lord Grosvenor's b. c. Admiral Nelson, 4 yrs old 7 10

Lord G. H. Cavendish's Jupiter, horse, aged 7 9

Mr. Baldock's b. c. Telegraph, 4 yrs old 7 5

Lord Sackville's b. c. Laborie, 4 yrs old — 7 0

Duke of Queensberry's c. c. Egham, 4 yrs old 6 10

H H RICH.

RICHMOND, YORKSHIRE,
SEPT. 1800.

FIRST DAY.

A Stakes of 10 gs. each, with 50 <i>l.</i> added.—Three mile heats.	
Lord Darlington's b. c. by Sir Peter, out of Wren, 3 yrs old	6 0
Sir H. T. Vane's b. c. by Co- riander, dam by Magnet, 3 yrs old	6 0
Sir W. Gerrard's b. c. Su- warow, 4 yrs old	7 9
Sir T. Gascoigne's ch. c. Slap- bang, 4 yrs old	7 9
Mr. Speirs's g. c. Baron Nile, 4 yrs old	7 9
Mr. Wentworth's ch. c. Mon- mouth, 4 yrs old	7 9
Mr. T. Hutchinson's ch. c. Alexis, 4 yrs old	7 9

SECOND DAY.

A Stakes of 20 gs. each, for three yrs. old colts 8ft. fillies, 7ft. 12lb. —Once round the course.	
Ld Fitzwilliam's b. f. by Coriander, out of Tankersley's dam.	
Sir H. T. Vane's b. c. by Corian- der, out of Windlestone's Sister.	
Sir H. T. Vane's b. c. by Walnut, dam by Paymaster.	
Sir T. Gascoigne's g. c. by Delpini, dam by Garrick.	
Mr. Speirs's b. f. by Walnut, of Baron Nile's dam.	
Mr. Dodsworth's b. c. by Ruler, dam by Herod.	
Mr. Baillie's b. c. by Stride, dam by Florizel.	

STOCKTON-UPON-TEES,
SEPT. 1800.

FIRST DAY.

A Sweepstakes of 10 gs each, for three yr old colts, 8ft. fillies, 7ft. 12lb.—Two miles.	
Sir H. T. Vane's b. c. by Constitu- tion, bred by Mr. T. Hutchinson.	
Sir H. Williamson's b. f. by Sir Peter, dam by Rockingham.	

Sir T. Gascoigne's g. c. by Delpini, dam by Garrick.	
Mr. Wetenhell's b. c. Sowerby, by Walnut, out of Sandhopper.	
Mr. W. Hutchinson's b. f. Mary, by Young Marsk, out of Gentle Kitty	
Mr. Smith's g. c. by Citizen, dam by Young Marsk.	
Sir R. Milbank, Mr. Burdon, and Mr. Beehurth, did not name.	

BOROUGH BRIDGE.

OCT. 1800.

FIRST DAY.

A Stakes of 10 gs. each, for three yrs old colts, 8ft. 2lb. fillies, 8ft. —Two milés.

Sir T. Gascoigne's g. c. Delpini.
Sir H. T. Vane's br. c. by Corian- der, bought of Sir I. Eden, Bt.
Mr. Norton's br. c. by Ruler, bro- ther to Lord Grey's Symmetry.
Mr. Norton's b. f. Anniseed, by Coriander, dam by Highflyer.
Mr. Alderson's b. f. Vanguard, by Walnut, dam by Young Marsk

If your correspondent, who de-
scribes the late Mr. Lade's Turf
History, &c. &c. will end the Rac-
ing Calendar, he will find that he
ran Sultan, Letitia, Wilbraham, Pi-
lot, &c. at Newmarket, in 1786,
which is rather an earlier period
than he states his entré at that ce-
lebrated place.

In my next, York and Newcastle-
upon-Tyne Stakes, for 1800.

COCKING.

ON Saturday evening, February
3, terminated, at the Cock-
pit Royal, the Gentlemen's Great
Spring Subscription match of the
week—Lister and Walter, feeders.
On

On Monday evening, Feb. 3, at setting to, the odds, in favour of Lister, for the long main, were eight to seven, and six to five, current betting. This prepossession was rapidly justified by his winning the first seven battles without a check. Here followed great scope for sporting speculation. Forty to ten, and twenty to five, upon the long main, were repeatedly offered, and as frequently taken.

On Tuesday, Walter won four battles of the six, leaving Lister four a head.

On Wednesday he won four likewise, leaving his opponent still two battles a head.

The main continued precisely in this state during the evenings of Thursday and Friday, on both which each party won three main battles, leaving Lister still two battles a head; in this state they set to on Saturday evening, having six battles to fight; in which situation Walter could only have won the main by winning five battles out of six. Fortune, however, whose dictates upon these occasions must be submitted to, set her face against a great an improbability, by totally reversing the case, for giving Lister five, and Walter only one out of the six, the former became winner of the main six battles a head, to the mortification of many who had large sums to pay upon the event, particularly an antique (having every external appearance of penury) who reluctantly distributed upwards of forty guineas, with every wrinkled mark of contrition. Mr. Ogden, Mr. Cauty, T. Clarke and Son, seemed to have been very considerable winners.

MALTON, YORKSHIRE.

COURSING MEETING.

MAJOR Topham's Snowball, 1
Mr. Plumer's Speed, - 2

Sir Rowland Wynn's Tartarn,	
(winner of two cups)	3
Mr. Webb's Fortune (winner of two cups)	4

Snowball has been the winner of several cups and matches: he ran against a Scotch dog, who came purposely from the North last November, to run any dog in England, was accepted by Major Topham; but this famous Scotch dog could scarcely keep sight of Snowball, who won the cup.

Snowball was got by Colonel Thornton's Claret (who never lost a match); Claret was got by Col. T.'s Jupiter; grand sire, Javelin; great grand sire, Blue Jupiter; all bred at Thornville Royal; his great great grand sire, Marquis Townshend's Rainham Claret, who was out of Lord Orford's famous Czarina, bought by Col. T. at his Lordship's sale, and bred by Mr. Win. Woodley, &c.

Young Czarina, sister to Claret, never was made to run by any dog, though she ran several matches, and lastly ran against Snowball; high odds on Czarina, who won easy.

Thus, by the above trials, (Col. Thornton's blood, all of the Norfolk and Wiltshire breed,) it appears that good shape and good blood well trained to the country, always carry the day against Cocktails and Taylors.

GREYHOUND BREED OF CZARINA.

Czarina, the grand-dam on the sire's side of Major Topham's Snowball.—Czarina was bought at the Earl of Orford's sale. His Lordship was always anxious to have a breed from Czarina, and the purchaser still more so, as she won forty-seven matches in Norfolk, Wiltshire, and Yorkshire, and never was beat. She ran in a very good form till past thirteen years old; her colour a beautiful blue; her shape perfect symmetry. It was natural to wish to preserv-

H h 2 preserv-

preserve a breed of a greyhound that possessed all the sportsman could wish in the field in the day, or in the evening to grace the drawing-room. Till past thirteen she was never like her sex (amorous); at length she shewed symptoms, and produced by Jupiter eight whelps, all healthy; and what is more extraordinary, they all lived, and have all run in high form, viz. Yellow Czarina, Caio, Claret, Catgut, Cauatic, Clyto, Comfort, and Conspiracy, at present the property of Col. Leigh.

SPRING RIDING IN HYDE-PARK

MR. EDITOR,

AS the season is fast approaching when we may expect various displays of equestrian ability, I beg permission, through the medium of your Sporting Vehicle, to communicate such shades of instruction as may not be known to those who are anxiously emulative for the hour of initiation in a spot of so much local celebrity as Rotten Row. The commencement of the season is about the middle, or latter end of March; it is therefore full time you begin to provide yourself with a *Bucephalus*, *Pegasus*, or even what you please; in doing which, remember, if you wish him to become an object of attraction, he must have a palpable appearance of blood; if he luckily possesses enough, it is totally immaterial whether he has a leg to stand on; and that he may suffer no jocular depreciation for his infirmity, dont omit to procure his pedigree at the time of purchase; whether it be real or fictitious will prove a matter of no moment to you or your friends, as the pleasure of recital will be just the same; and if the sire, grand-sire, dam, or grand-dam, were at all famous for their excellence upon the turf, you enjoy the eternal happiness of boring

your acquaintance with the exploits of the different branches, at the time you bestride the imaginary merits of the whole generation.

A steed of these superior qualifications having been secured, immediately turn your thoughts to the necessary apparatus, in which be particularly careful to prefer ornament to UTILITY. The extra neatness of your saddle being adjusted from the hands of a popular maker, a hard and sharp bridle will the best answer your purpose; for although it will occasion the horse to move in constant misery, that consideration is not to be put in competition with the more important determination you have formed of cutting a figure, which you will always have it in your power to do, by throwing the horse suddenly upon his haunches whenever you please, and by his prancing, in pain, as suddenly alarm the Ladies wherever you go. It will be necessary you give your sadler a positive order to furnish you with a crupper, as well as a fashionable breast plate; they have each their utility; for as one will prevent the horse's slipping through his girths, so the other will prevent the saddle's slipping over his ears. The horse being thus provided, advert to the tout ensemble, and let your own appearance critically correspond with the *Rosinante* you have selected; you will readily conceive it directly in point that you affect the *sportsman*, though you never saw a hound in your life; your taylor, therefore, in whose province it is, will set you perfectly right in the article of dress, rendering instructions from me upon that head totally unnecessary.

Previous to the time of mounting your horse, spurs should by no means be forgotten, as they are in general, to young riders, of double and treble utility. First, they may, by a sudden exertion, if your horse makes a trip, or happens to stumble, keep

keep him from falling. Should he prove too volatile in his temper, and run away with you, they may probably assist in stopping him; or, what is of much more consequence, if prudently brought into forcible contact with his sides, they may perhaps luckily enable you to keep your seat till the garden wall, or the guard-house at Kensington, puts a stop to his career.

When mounted (let it be at whatever part of the town it may), keep your body perfectly erect, as a position most attracting to the Ladies; go an easy half speed over the stones, with a slack rein, which will not only demonstrate a palpable reliance upon the safety of your horse, but prove at your entrance a most distinguishing trait of your courage and humanity. Thus amusing, or rather surprising, the mechanical part of the world in the streets, contrive at entering the Park gate, so to do, at the very moment of a carriage passing, that by having no more than a bare inch between the wheel on one side, and the gate-post on the other, you convince the gaping pedestrians, the old proverb was with you, and that

"Naught is never in danger."

If any thing in your manner and appearance should unexpectedly constitute a kind of reverential awe, and the very modest civil porter at the inner gate sees fit disposed to make you a respectful obedience, apply your fingers rather briskly to the rein of the hard and sharp, and with the shoulder of your horse twirl him out of the way, as it will not only prevent him the trouble, but serve to convince him you are (in your own opinion) a person of some consequence, and he will, of course, be better prepared to pay you proper respect upon a future occasion. Having "run thus far before the wind;" or, in other words, arrived at the place of destination, where you are to become a distinguished candidate for popular pre-eminence, no time

is to be lost; therefore, without advertizing to the *un-sportsman-like* idea of your horse's coming full out of the stable, and not had time to unload his carcase, set off at his full speed, or as near it as you can venture to ride (without the danger of falling), and continue it to the end of the row; if you luckily escape without an accident, it will not only (with those who never rode themselves) obtain you the credit of a good horseman and bold rider, but constitute you an object of general notice upon your return, as well as afford striking proof of the speed of your horse, particularly as he had not the common pace of a post-horse put in competition with him. Ride close to the foot-path, and with a look of pure apathy, endeavour to make her look at you; in passing a very handsome, or a very modest woman, be sure not only to stare her totally out of countenance, but, by repeatedly turning the head, and looking after her, endeavour to inculcate the idea of an *intrigue*, by way of doing honour to her reputation. When you have totally exhausted your studied collection of gestures, accumulated for, and thrown off upon the occasion, have recourse to your handkerchief, the frequent and airy flirtings of which will give a relief in lights and shades to the whole; and when deposited in your pocket, casually leave a third hanging carelessly out: no bad mode of convincing the world you are not without one. In your repeated gallops of attraction, be sure not to deviate from a straight line of determination; turn neither to the right or left, but let those who value their own safety get out of your way: it will prove the principal part of your business to take care of yourself. Should any cynical old *Sportsman* survey you with an emphatical leer, bordering upon indignation, pay him with interest; "assume a degree of courage, if you have it not," and by a look of effrontery,

effrontery, finished with a *contemptuous sneer*, convince him you can look with much more contempt than he can.

When the great business of public appearance is complete, and the cup of ambition amply filled in *Rotten Row*, it will then be directly in *stile* to fashionably and carelessly look in at *Tattersall's*, to cast your eye over what there may be for Monday's sale. When there, ask a thousand questions, not one of which may be at all to the purpose; see horses *out*, that you have neither inclination or *money to purchase*; all which will afford you the credit of being a *knowing one*, as most of those who wish to be thought so proceed directly in this way. In your return, it will be directly in character to *kick up a little dust* (though the weather be wet) with the turnpike men at Hyde-park Corner; this will soon collect a *crowd*, and render you still better known, if not more universally respected. Pay no attention whatever to the ill-digested recommendation of walking your horse home, that he may come in cool, and be the more ready to dress; such lenity only spoils good servants: the best mode, undoubtedly, is to take him home in a high state of perspiration, as it will then be impossible for the servant to neglect his duty without detection; and, by having three or four hours earnest employment, he will be prevented from a tendency to habitual indolence.

Should these hints (the result of long experience) be thought worthy insertion, additional instructions for the chase shall soon reach you, from the pen of

GAMBADO.

A SINGULAR DECEPTION

WAS practised a few days ago at the Nore, by a crimp, who is a Jew. Having heard that six men

were to be given up from one of his Majesty's ships lying there, to a Lieutenant Brown, of another ship, the crimp, assuming the latter name, went on board and made his demand, and was upon the point of figuring a receipt for them, when the real Lieutenant Brown arrived, and made the same demand. The Captain, supposing him to be an impostor, called the afterguard to take him into custody; but, upon producing his commission, the counterfeit Lieutenant, being an able-bodied man, was told that, though he had not arrived at that rank, he should be put in the way of promotion; and, in spite of his intreaties, he was detained, and is now serving on board another ship at the Nore.

MORE LONG LIVERS.

Translated from the Dutch Dictionary—
Het Algemeen Historich Woordenboek,

CZARTAN (Petrarch), was born in 1537, at Kofroch, a village four miles from Temeswar in Hungary, where he had lived 180 years. When the Turks took Temeswar from the Christians, he kept his father's cattle. A few days before his death, he walked, with the help of a stick, to the post-house at Kofroch, to ask charity of the travellers. He had but little sight, and his hair and beard were of a greenish white colour, like mouldy bread, and few of his teeth remained. His son, 97 years of age, was born of his father's third wife, being a Greek; by religion, the old man was a strict observer of fasts, and never used any food but milk and cakes, called by the Hungarians Kollatschen, together with a good glass of brandy. He had descendants in the fifth generation, with whom he sometimes sported, carrying them in his arms.

He

He died in 1724. Count Wallis had a portrait taken of this old man, when he fell sick, previous to his death. The Dutch Envoy, then at Vienna, transmitted this account to the States General.

A shepherd, a Hungarian, at Gom-pas, died lately, aged 126; his constant diet was milk, butter, and cheese.

There is now living in Hampshire county, Massachusetts, America, Mr. Micajah Pratt, who was born at Shrewsbury, in October 16, 1687. He enjoys good health, and is of sound mind and memory, though in the 113th year of his age.

The late Paris papers say, there is a negro woman in the hospital of the Street Antoine, aged 127 years; and,

On Old Christmas Day Eve, the 15 inhabitants, in the Alms-houses of Edmonton, near London, dined together on mutton, beef, pudding, &c. and for their further enjoyment at home each had seventeen pence in money, two bushels of coals, two ounces of tea, half a pound of sugar, a pound of candles, a quartern loaf, and a sixpenny twelfth cake, from the benevolent contributions of their neighbours, which enabled them, in their own words, to think of their better days. Their ages amounted to 1132 years, which, on an average, is above 75 each; last year the average was 77 years; but since that time Mrs. Bantam, aged 90, and Mrs. Lawrence, aged 78, have deceased, and their earthly dwellings are occupied by younger widows.—The head of the table at the feast was graced by a widow, aged 84 years, assisted by a widower at the bottom, aged 94 years, both in perfect health and spirits, the latter only rather deaf. The effect of the conviviality of the aged guests did not a little contribute the addenda to the feast, from the pleased spectators and benefactors.

DESCRIPTION OF THE CELEBRATED ROCK BRIDGE.

[From Weld's Travels in America.]

THIS bridge stands about ten miles from Fluvanna river, and nearly the same distance from the Blue Ridge. It extends across a deep cleft in a mountain, which, by some great convulsion of nature, has been split asunder from top to bottom, and it seems to have been left there purposely to afford a passage from one side of the chasm to the other. The cleft, or chasm, is about two miles long, and is in some places upwards of three hundred feet deep; the depth varies according to the height of the mountain, being deepest where the mountain is most lofty. The breadth of the chasm also varies in different places; but in every part it is uniformly wider at top than towards the bottom. That the two sides of the chasm were once united appears very evident, not only from projecting rocks on the one side corresponding with suitable cavities on the other, but also from the different strata of earth, sand, clay, &c. being exactly similar from top to bottom on both sides; but by what great agent they were separated, whether by fire or by water, remains hidden amongst those arcana of nature which we vainly endeavour to develope.

The arch consists of a solid mass of stone, or of several stones cemented so strongly together, that they appear but as one. This mass, it is to be supposed, at the time that the hill was rent asunder, was drawn across the fissure from adhering closely to one side, and being loosened from its bed of earth at the opposite one. It seems as probable, I think, that the mass of stone forming the arch was thus forcibly plucked from one side, and drawn across the fissure, as that the hill should have remained disunited at this one spot.

spot from top to bottom, and that a passage should afterwards have been forced through it by water. The road leading to the bridge runs through a thick wood, and up a hill, having ascended which, nearly to the top, you pause for a moment at finding a sudden discontinuance of the trees at one side; but the amazement which fills the mind is great indeed, when, on going a few paces towards the part which appears thus open, you find yourself on the brink of a tremendous precipice. You involuntarily draw back, stare around, then again come forward to satisfy yourself that what you have seen is real, and not the illusion of fancy. You now perceive, that you are upon the top of the bridge, to the very edge of which, on one side, you may approach with safety, and look down into the abyss, being protected from falling by a parapet of fixed rocks. The walls, as it were, of the bridge at this side are so perpendicular, that a person leaning over the parapet of rock might let fall a plummet from the hand to the very bottom of the chasm. On the opposite side this is not the case, nor is there any parapet; but from the edge of the road, which runs over the bridge, is a gradual slope to the brink of the chasm, upon which it is somewhat dangerous to venture. This slope is thickly covered with large trees, principally cedars and pines. The opposite side was also well furnished with trees formerly, but all those that grew near the edge of the bridge have been cut down by different people, for the sake of seeing them tumble to the bottom. Before the trees were destroyed in this manner, you might have passed over the bridge without having had any idea of being upon it; for the breadth of it is no less than eighty feet. The road runs nearly in the middle, and is frequented daily by waggops.

At the distance of a few yards

from the bridge, a narrow path appears, winding along the sides of the fissure, amidst immense rocks and trees, down to the bottom of the bridge. Here the stupendous arch appears in all its glory, and seems to touch the very skies. To behold it without rapture, indeed, is impossible; and the more critically it is examined, the more beautiful and the more surprising does it appear. The height of the bridge to the top of the parapet is two hundred and thirteen feet by admeasurement with a line, the thickness of the arch forty feet, the span of the arch at the top ninety feet, and the distance between the abutments at bottom fifty feet. The abutments consist of a solid mass of limestone on either side, and, together with the arch, seem as if they had been chiseled out by the hand of art. A small stream, called Cedar Creek, running at the bottom of the fissure, over a bed of rocks, adds much to the beauty of the scene.

SINGULAR CHARACTER, AT ROMFORD.

M R. Wilson, lately dead, was a great proficient in psalmody. On a Sunday before the service began, we are told, he used to amuse himself and the congregation with singing psalms by himself till the minister came into the desk. He once thought to put a trick upon the chaplain of Romford. Having been invited to the minister's meeting, in order to take his tithes, he did not at first attend; but attended a subsequent meeting: the clergyman was for immediately proceeding to business, but Mr W. insisted that he would first entertain him with a psalm. In this kind of merriment he continued the whole evening, drinking and psalm-singing till he had emptied three bottles of wine, tried the patience of the parson, and they

they patted without finishing the business of tithes. However Mr. W. found, to his cost, and with the laugh against him, that he had been too cunning for himself; the parson next morning entertained his overnight guest with a three times three; instead of three guineas, the sum usually paid, he was ordered to pay nine guineas for his tithes, or they were to be taken in kind, with which demand he found himself obliged to comply; and this sum continued the tithe *modus* ever afterward. Mr. W. was, however, a firm friend to the Church establishment and all its ordinances. On the last fast-day, whilst all the congregation were taking refreshment between the morning and evening service, he never quitted the church, but repeated the Lord's prayer, and sung appropriate psalms, from pew to pew, till he had performed these his favourite devotions in every pew in the church. As much eccentricity and singularity was often-times observed in the manner and quantity of Mr. W.'s meals; a shoulder or leg of lamb, perhaps, in his hand, and a quantity of salt in the bend of his arm in which he carried the joint, and a small loaf in his pocket; thus equipped, with the addition of a large knife, he would sally through the town, and never return till he had eaten the whole of his provision. In corpulency he was not so large a man as Bright, yet the writer of this article does not know a larger man in Romford. In penmanship, as in psalmody, few men could excel him. His singularities were daily practised in his business. Such curious butchers' bills were never seen; they were exquisitely well written, but whimsical to a degree. The top line, perhaps, German text, the second print, beef in one hand, mutton in another, lamb in another, and all the different sorts of meat were written in various hands, and various colours. From these, and

other singularities, but more for his integrity and gentleness of manners, Mr. W. will not soon be forgotten in his town and neighbourhood.

TRIENNIAL FETE AT ETON:

MR. EDITOR,

A S it comes within your province to describe every public mode of entertainment or shew, that which is called the Montem at Eton, upon the Whit Tuesday, every third year, cannot be disagreeable to your readers.

It commences by a number of the senior boys taking post upon the bridges, or other leading places of all the avenues around Windsor and Eton, soon after the dawn of day.

These youths so posted are chiefly the best figures, and the most active of the students; they are all attired in fancy dresses, of silks, satins, &c. and some richly embroidered, principally in the habits or fashion of running-footmen, with poies in their hands; they are called *Salt-bearers*, and demand *SALT*, i. e. a contribution from every passenger, and will take no denial.

When the contribution is given, which is *ad libitum*, a printed paper is delivered with their motto, and the date of the year, which passes the bearer free through all other Salt-bearers for that day; and is as follows, viz.

"Pro more et monte,

1799,

Vivant Rex et Regina."

These youths continue thus collecting their *SALT* at all the entrances for near seven miles round Windsor and Eton, from the dawn of day until about the close of the procession, which is generally three o'clock in the afternoon.

The procession commences about twelve o'clock at noon, and consists of the Queen's and other bands of music; several standards borne by

I i different

different students; all the Etonian boys two and two, dressed in officers' uniforms; those of the King's foundation wearing blue, the others scarlet uniforms, swords, &c.

The Grand Standard-bearer.

The Captain, or Head Boy of Eaton School.

The Lieutenant, or Second Boy.

His Majesty, attended by the Prince of Wales, and other male branches of the royal family, on horseback, with their suite.

The Queen and Princesses in coaches, attended by their suite.

Band of music, followed by a great concourse of the Nobility and Gentry in their carriages and on horseback.

The procession commences in the Great Square at Eton, and proceeds through Eton to Slough, and round to Salt-hill, where the boys all pass the King and Queen in review, and ascend the Montem; here an oration is delivered, and the Grand Standard is displayed with much grace and activity by the Standard-bearer, who is generally selected from among the senior boys.

There are two *extraordinary Salt-bearers* appointed to attend the King and Queen, who are always attired in fanciful habits, in manner of the other Salt-bearers already described, but superbly embroidered; these Salt-bearers each carry an embroidered bag, which not only receives the *royal salt*, but also whatever is collected by the out-stationed Salt-bearers.

The donation of the King and Queen, or, as it is called upon this occasion, the *royal salt*, is always fifty guineas each; the Prince of Wales thirty guineas; all the other Princes and Princesses twenty guineas each.

As soon as this ceremony is performed, the royal family return to Windsor. The boys are all sumptuously entertained at the tavern at Salt Hill; and the beautiful gardens at that place are laid out

for such ladies and gentlemen as chuse to take any refreshment, the different bands of music performing all the time in the gardens.

About six o'clock in the evening, all the boys return in the same order of procession as in the morning, (with the exception only of the Royal Family), and marching round the Great Square in Eton School, are dismissed. The Captain then pays his respects to the Royal Family at the Queen's Lodge, Windsor, previous to his departure for King's College, Cambridge; to defray which expence, the produce of the Montem is presented to him; and upon Whit-Tuesday in the year 1796, it amounted to more than one thousand guineas.

The day concludes by a brilliant display of beauty, rank, and fashion, a promenade on Windsor Terrace, bands of music performing, &c.; and the scene highly enlivened and enriched by the affable condescension of the Royal Family, who indiscriminately mix with the company, and parade the Terrace till nearly dark.

KANGAROOS FROM NEW SOUTH WALES

STAND five feet high—their heads like a fawn's, except the ears, which are long and wide; their mouths like a hare's—their bodies covered with a short soft fur, of a grey colour; they stand on their hind legs, which are long, their fore feet being short, serve to hold their food; their tails long, but of such strength, as to answer the purpose of a leg, being able to rest on them, and strike any object before them with their hind legs: they neither walk nor run, but make bounds of upwards of twenty feet more at a leap, from rock to rock, or over bushes eight or nine feet high. They are tame, and feed upon grass, hay, and corn.

LAW

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH.

GAMBLING.

THOMAS Moore was brought up on the 10th of February, to receive judgment of the Court, for keeping a common gaming-house in Oxendon-street. Mr. Justice Grose, among other things previous to passing the sentence, observed, that such houses were the receptacles of idle, profligate, and desperate adventurers of every description. It could not otherwise be; for the vice there practised was at once the offspring and parent of the basest passions that disgraced the human mind. If the gambler was a winner, we probably found in him fraud, intemperance, and debauchery. If he was a loser, he was forgetful or negligent of every true principle of honour and of duty; he was hurried into acts of thefts, forgery, robbery, and sometimes murder. It grieved his Lordship to observe, from the records of the Court, that this vice, fostered and encouraged by such receptacles, increased rapidly in this town; and it was found that, infatuated by it, servants were induced to rob their masters, children their parents, and fathers, without remorse, consigned their families to ruin, and themselves to beggary and infamy.—The sentence of the Court was, that the defendant should be imprisoned in the House of Correction for the county of Middlesex, and kept to hard labour, for the term of one year.

INSOLENCE OF GENTLEMEN'S SERVANTS.

BUNTING v. GLENNY.

This action (Feb. 13) was for the employment of a man to drive a pair of job horses during last season

at Weymouth, where the defendant went for her health.—Three shillings a day was the claim of the plaintiff, and proved reasonable; but on the defendant's part it was proved that the agreement was, he should board in the defendant's house, and when he got to Weymouth he insisted on board wages; and that he behaved with such insolence the defendant's wife was obliged to discharge him. Lord Kenyon was of opinion, that the conduct of this plaintiff, and of noblemen and gentlemen's servants in general was so bad, as to regret they were not under the controul of Magistrates, the same as artificers. He told the plaintiff that he had no right to board wages, which he had so unfairly insisted on. The Defendant had paid a sum into Court, and to that he thought him entitled, and no more. The Jury were of a different opinion, and gave a verdict for plaintiff to the full amount laid in declaration.

SELLING A BLIND HORSE.

GUY v. GOLDHAM.

The plaintiff is an attorney, and the defendant keeps a wine-vault, and being also a considerable dealer in horses, he sold to the plaintiff, for the price of ninety guineas, a pair of curricle horses, warranted perfectly sound, which were delivered on the 17th of July; one of these horses soon after becoming blind, the present action was brought (Feb. 14) upon the warranty. The defendant called a variety of witnesses to prove that the horses were sound in the eyes at the time they were sold. On the other hand, the witnesses for the plaintiff, and particularly Mr. Moorcroft, an eminent Veterinary Surgeon, proved, that a very few days after the sale, one of them had a disorder in his eyes, which, although perhaps latent,

certainly existed previous to the sale.

Lord Kenyon, after shortly stating the evidence, left the matter with the Jury, only observing, that it was not material whether the defendant did or did not know that the horse was unsound at the time of sale.—Verdict for the plaintiff.

COURT OF COMMON PLEAS,
GUILDHALL, FEB. 14.

CHAISE-DASHING DRIVER.

LEWSINER v. SMITH.

Serjeant Shepherd stated, that this was an action brought against the defendant for the misconduct of his servant. In July last, the plaintiff was returning from Romford to London in a gig, with his wife and daughter; about a mile on this side of that town, he tried to get before a post-chaise; but the post-boy, not wishing to be beat, had run his carriage so near the bank on the right hand side of the road as to leave no room for the gig to pass. Mr. Lewsiner had no time to rein in his horse, and his gig was dashed to pieces.

Three witnesses, Curshaw, Ratray, and Collins, all swore that the accident was solely to be attributed to the misbehaviour of the post-boy. This carriage made one of a line of thirty or forty, which were all driving along the middle of the road; he had looked behind him before the plaintiff came up, and upon seeing the plaintiff wishing to pass him, had turned out of the line in which he had been moving several yards to the right, and had wilfully run foul of the gig. They had measured the road afterwards, and the tracks of the wheels of the carriages, and had thus ascertained the facts which they had stated. Upon asking the boy to whom his chaise belonged, they could get no answer

from him, he seeming conscious of guilt, and a man in the carriage had threatened them for putting the question.

On the other hand, it was positively sworn by seven different witnesses, viz. the three passengers in the post-chaise of the defendant, the three in the one which followed it, and the driver of the latter, that the plaintiff alone was in fault. The line of carriages was going, not on the crown of the road, but within a few feet of one side of it; the post boy never moved one inch from this line, and was perfectly ignorant that the plaintiff was coming up, till he looked round upon seeing the wheel of his chaise entangled with that of the gig. Mr. Lewsiner had almost run foul of the carriage behind the defendant's, and, had he escaped it, he must inevitably have been upset by the next he met. They never saw any one measure the road, nor had heard the post-boy refuse to tell whose servant he was.

Lord Eldon said that the evidence was completely contradictory; it was evident that the witnesses on the one side or the other had grossly perjured themselves. It was for the jury to determine to which side most credit should be given. The number of persons swearing any one thing was of great consequence, but was by no means decisive; the character, circumstances, and deportment of these persons was likewise to be considered. The witnesses for the plaintiff were respectable looking men, had been present merely by accident, were perfectly unconnected with each other, and were perfectly disinterested. Those for the defendant had been rather inconsistent in some parts of their evidence, and had been, it appeared, all on one party to Romford, in carriages belonging to Mr. Smith.

The Jury, after withdrawing for about

about half an hour, brought in a verdict for the plaintiff, damages 5l. 15s.

THEATRICALS.

ADELAIDE.

THE Tragedy of "Adelaide," was performed for the first time at Drury Lane Theatre, on Tuesday, the 28th of January.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King Henry the Second,	Mr. AICKIN.
Richard his son,	Mr. KEMBLE.
John, ditto,	MR. BARRYMORE.
Clifford,	Mr. C. KEMBLE
Roman Legate,	Mr. CORY.

Adelaide,	Mrs. SIDDONS.
Companion to Adelaide,	Miss. HEARD.

The fable is drawn from that remote part of the History of this country, which comprises the close of the reign of HENRY the Second, whose last days were so much embittered by the disobedient and unnatural conduct of his sons. The scene is laid in France. The interest arises chiefly from the love which exists between *Richard* and *Adelaide*, the sister of PHILIP, King of France. *Richard* had bound himself by a solemn vow to join the Crusade against the Infidels in Palestine; but having determined to marry *Adelaide*, the union is interdicted by the *Pope's Legate*, until the performance of his vow. The amorous Prince urges *Adelaide* to escape with him to her brother's court, and resolves to take up arms against HENRY, of whom *Richard*, instigated by his brother *John*, becomes violently jealous, supposing that he has a rival in his own father. *Adelaide*, indignant at the suspicions entertained of the fidelity of her love, refuses to comply with *Richard's* wishes, and in disgust of the world, retires to a convent. *Henry* is soon after betrayed by his sons, who march an army against

him, and this unnatural circumstance affords him so deeply that he dies of a broken heart. The corpse of the King is introduced on a couch; *Richard*, undecieved by *Clifford*, repents, and promises to atone, in some measure, for his want of filial affection, by punishing his brother *John*, the author of the family dissension in this instant.

OF AGE TO MORROW.

A new Musical Farce, called "Of Age To-morrow," was performed for the first time on Saturday evening, the 1st of February, at Drury Lane Theatre.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Frederick,	Mr. BANNISTER, Jun.
Baron Piffleberg,	Mr. SUETT.
Hans Mokus,	MR. WEWITZER,
Hair Dresser,	MR. HOLLINGSWORTH.
Servant,	MR. CHIPPENDALE.
Lady Brumback,	Mrs. WALCOT.
Sophia,	MISS STEPHENS.
Maria,	MISS DE CAMP,

PLOT.

The interest is produced by the stratagem of a young German Baron, who is to be of age to-morrow, to get introduced to Sophia, a young Lady with whom he is in love. For this purpose he assumes the disguise of a hair-dresser, and while dressing a ridiculous old lady, the aunt of Sophia, contrives to deliver a letter to his mistress. He is discovered, however, to be an impostor: and, to effect, a second visit, he gets access to the house as an old wounded soldier, in which character he imposes on the porter, an old veteran, and carries off Sophia, to whom he is united, with the consent of the aunt. The other characters consist of an old fox-hunter, who makes love to the old lady, and Maria, an arch lively girl, maid to Sophia.

The nature of Farces (musical ones in particular) is sometimes of ridiculous,

ridiculous, and generally so improbable, as to defy the dignity of criticism; for what has no resemblance to real life, cannot be tried by any certain rules prescribed by dramatic usage to pieces of a more natural and probable cast.—That now presented to the public has not the smallest claim to originality. The plot, such as it is, is managed with little or no skill. It appears to be a speaking pantomime, whose scenes seem tagged together by a relation of Delpini; and we cannot believe that Young Bannister, a favourite actor and man of sound understanding, would make such a sacrifice of character at the shrine of low ribaldry and grovelling nonsense. It may be called a hasty pudding, or a mixture of incidents from our most popular after-pieces. All the puns may be found in Joe Miller; and even that on Bannister's name, sufficiently obvious to the meanest capacity, is of several year's standing.

Suett.—“ Oh, Ma'am! I never made but one rhyme in my life, and that was—*Crumplins and Dump-lins!*”

Bannister, jun.—“ Please your Ladyship, my master has sent me to dress your Ladyship, because he has broke his leg by falling over a *Bannister.*”

Mrs. Walcot.—“ Hang these *Bannisters*, I wish there were none in the world.”

Bannister.—“ In that case I should not be here, my Lady.”

Suett.—“ I'll shoot you, Sir.”

Bannister.—(In the character of a hair-dresser)—“ Shoot me, Sir? Here, then, I shall take care you shall not want powder.”—(Throwing a handful of hair-powder in Suett's face!) *Kelly*

the musical composer, has been very happy in the art. The overture has much merit; and there are several airs truly admirable. The performers acquitted them-

selves with applause; and Miss De-camp never appeared to greater advantage than when singing the air which characterises the Italian, Spanish, French, and English styles.

The piece experienced little or no opposition; and the delightful music will certainly ensure its success.

The following song was sung by Mr. Bannister, disguised as a hair-dresser:

In France I attended the dances and noblesse,
And twisted their curls to the pink of the fashion,
While many a beau by my talent for dress,
Took heart, through his head, to discover
his passion;
Till the grand revolution defeated my jobs,
Set each head spinning round, that the
deuce could not stop it,
So I left 'em for fear their political nobs
Might look after mine, and be tempted
to crop it!

I travell'd to Holland, in hopes that Myn-heer
Would permit me to mould with some
taste his rough features;
But the Dutch with their dams, gave me
reason to fear,
They would sooner be damn'd than look
like human creatures.
In England awhile I attempted to stay,
And businets, at first, was so great 'twould
amaze ye;
But soon I left off, for the rage of the day,
Chang'd from powder or crop, to *Low Comedy Jazzy.*

Now in Germany settled, your Ladyship's
slave,
No part of my businets is ever neglected;
I can chat with the ladies, look merry or
grave,
Or a billet-deux carry where'er 'tis di-
rected.
Half the world I have travers'd, and find
to my cost,
No matter to what spot or clime one
convey'd is—
For time in all nations is only time lost,
Unless 'tis expended in pleasing the la-
dies.

“ *Speed the Plough,*” a new Comedy, written by Mr. Morton, was performed, for the first time, on Saturday evening the 8th of February, at Covent Garden Theatre.

The

The principal characters were thus represented:

Sir Philip Blandford,	Mr. PIPE.
Morrington,	Mr. MURRAY.
Sir Abel Handy	Mr. MUNDEN.
Bob Handy,	Mr. FAWCET.
Henry,	Mr. H. JOHNSTON.
Farmer Ashfield,	Mr. KNIGHT.
Miss Blandford,	Mrs. H. JOHNSTON.
Susan Ashfield,	Miss MURRAY.
Dame Ashfield,	Mrs. DAVENPORT.
Lady Handy,	Mrs. DIBDEN.

Two brothers commence life together in the strictest bond of friendship. The elder, *Sir Philip Blandford*, becomes attached to a Lady, who apparently returns his love, and the younger brother is the confidant of his passion. On the evening previous to *Sir Philip's* intended marriage, while carving the name of his mistress, he sees her locked in the embraces of his false brother. Jealousy and rage distract him, and, in a paroxysm of madness, he stabs his brother. The brother's servants bear away the bleeding body. The woman proves pregnant, and dies, bringing forth a son (*Henry*), who is secretly brought up at *Farmer Ashfield's*. *Sir Philip* hurries abroad, rushes into every dissipation, and his fortune is won by a concealed mysterious character, called *Morrington*. He there marries, and has a daughter, (*Miss Blandford*), and at the end of twenty years returns to England, to marry her to the son of *Sir Abel Handy*. Here the play commences with a ploughing match, and *Henry* with whom *Miss Blandford* is in love, by gaining the prize medal, is introduced to *Sir Philip*, who is so greatly agitated at the sight of him, that he orders *Farmer Ashfield* to turn him from his house, on which condition he promises to cancel a debt of five hundred pounds which he owes him as rent. This *Ashfield* indignantly refuses, and on his return home finds *Morrington*, a supposed stranger, who being informed of the circumstance, gives *Henry* a bond

of *Sir Philip*, with directions to tender it in payment of the farmer's rent. *Sir Philip*, on seeing it, declares that it was one of a great number fraudulently obtained from him by a set of sharpers, of whom *the Morrington* was the principal employer, though he had never seen him. *Henry* tears the bond, and retires. *Young Handy* appears, and *Sir Philip Blandford* confides to him the secret of the supposed death of his brother. Along with *Young Handy* came down to the country his father, *Sir Abel Handy*, a ridiculous old man, who thinks of nothing but patents and new inventions, and who, in making some foolish experiment, sets the castle on fire. *Emma* is in the most imminent danger of perishing in the flames, when she is preserved by *Henry*. This, added to various other instances of so noble a nature, softens the resentment of *Sir Philip*; but *Henry*, who has reason to suspect that he is of the family of *Blandford*, and that a chamber in the Castle contains evidence of it, flies back again, and returns with a bloody dagger, which he exhibits to *Sir Philip*, who openly confesses himself the murderer of his brother. At this instant the supposed *Morrington* arrives, and in him is discovered the brother so supposed to be dead. His life appears to be one of atonement and retribution: the brothers are reconciled, and all the parties are made happy.

Upon the whole, no piece was ever received with more applause, or concluded with stronger manifestations of desire from a crowded audience to see it again.

A new Musical Entertainment, called "True Friends," was performed for the first time on the 19th of Feb. at Covent Garden Theatre.

It is the production of Mr. Dibdin, jun. and abounds, in humour and whimsical allusion. The plot is very simple. *Durazo* and *Juan*,

two intimate friends, who had embarked together on a voyage with their families, are shipwrecked. Durano saves himself, with the daughter of Juan, and Juan preserves the life of Durano's son. They each think themselves the only survivors of their families and friends, but meet unexpectedly, and the union of their children takes place. This fable, which is rather of the grave cast, is, however, very much enlivened by the jealous temper of *Olla Podrida*, a Spanish Cook, the humour of Father *Donkinio*, an Irish Friar, and the blithe good-nature and loyalty of a weather-beaten English Tar.

Townsend in the drunken ballad was peculiarly successful.

The music, composed and compiled by Attwood, is light and pleasing. The quartetto, in the beginning of the second act is remarkable for spirit and melody.

It will be necessary for the author to prune the piece of some *double entendres*, which are too gross to excite laughter.

THE WILD HUNTSMAN; OR, THE HISTORY OF THE CELEBRATED GERMAN BALLAD, SO CALLED.

THE German historians relate, that a Baron of Franconia was so remarkably attached to the chase in the middle ages, that, paying no regard to the rights or complaints of the poor, he at length fell a victim to his ungovernable passion: the particulars of which were thus related by a gentleman to a young German Count, travelling from Switzerland to Germany.

" We had already nearly cleared the Black Forest, when on a sudden the sky became overcast, the rain poured down in torrents, and the

livid flashes of lightning bursting right over our heads, succeeded one another with such rapidity, that the thunder, re-echoing from the woods, the rocks and mountains, seemed but one continued peal.

To add to our distress, night now began to approach: not such a night as tender lovers choose to wander by the moon's pale lamp, and breathe their amorous vows; but rather a night such as poets have conceived when Lapland witches charm the labouring moon, and bring her down to earth, whilst darkness with her raven wings outspread, hovering beneath the fair expanse of heaven, forbids the starry host their mild effulgence to diffuse, and cheer the traveller with their silver light.

We had not travelled many miles in this dismal condition, before our postillion had the misfortune to lose his way; and what still aggravated our calamity, he did not perceive his mistake till it was already too late to rectify it. I shall not attempt to describe the gloomy apprehensions which filled our minds on his communicating to us this unwelcome intelligence. Our postillion was naturally a lad of humour, and, agreeable to the laudable practice of his profession, had entertained us all day with a recital of the numberless murders, robberies, rapes, &c. which had been perpetrated in this immense forest. We had likewise in many instances received ocular demonstrations of the truth of his reports, from the numberless crosses which in this country are erected on the spot where any murder is committed, partly with a view to put travellers upon their guard, and partly to intreat their prayers for the rest of the soul of the defunct.

(To be continued.)

GREAT DIVERSITY OF RUSSIAN HORSES.

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

Continued from page 203.

A More remarkable and interesting object than common domestic animals, now invites our attention, the beasts of draught and burden, of which there is a great and curious variety in the Russian empire.

The most common, as well as the most useful animal of this class is the horse, a creature that by its strength and patient fortitude, under every region of heaven, seems destined to mitigate the effects of that curse which the levity of the first mortal is said to have drawn down upon his whole posterity. With almost all the nations of the earth this animal is the plodding participator in the labours of agriculture, the faithful and bold companion in the sports of the field, and in the perils of war; and in the refined nations of our quarter of the globe become indispensable to the purposes of convenience and luxury. The Russian empire produces and feeds great numbers of them; in the vast and fertile steppes, which human penury or avarice have not yet made tributary, they still live in the primitive state of nature, in perfect freedom; and even among the Nomadic tribes, where they are collected in whole troops, their servitude is as light as the slavery in polished countries is commonly great.

In the proper Russian provinces this breed is so general, that we seldom see a peasant, however poor his condition, who does not possess a horse or two; and, excepting in the Ukraine, this animal is universally employed in the works of the

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field. It is somewhat curious, that the genuine Russian horse, notwithstanding the great diversity of climate, of nurture, of attendance, of provender, &c. is almost everywhere uncommonly alike; have all rain-like heads, long and meagre neck, a broad breast, and are very compact. There are excellent runners among them; they are indefatigable and hardy, but not handsome, and withal extremely obstinate and shy. In several regions of the empire, this native race has been ennobled by foreign stallions, and the governments of Mosco, Tambof, Kazan, Simbirsk, with several others, produce large, beautiful, and strong horses. Lithuania has always supplied the cavalry with this necessary; a good kind of poney is found in the district of Archangel, and for their fleetness and lasting power the Livonian nags are very famous, but the genuine breed of them begins to be scarce. The Tartarian horses are of such known excellence, particularly for the use of light cavalry, that this species need here no farther description. But the improvements that have been made in Taurida in some of the studs by the commixture with Turkish and Arabian horses, so as greatly to improve the native breed, deserves to be particularly noticed. The race which the Kozaks of the Euxine have introduced into the isle of Taman, and along the river Kuban, will far excel the Tartarian. The Caucasian horses are but little inferior to the Arabian in regard of beauty, spirit, and docility; but the Bukharian pye-balls will dispute the palm with them in regard to the first of these advantages. To these mostly native races, the catalogue of which might be easily lengthened, may still be added some foreign breeds, particularly the Danish and English, the propagation of which is greatly attended

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attended to in the numerous studs belonging to the crown, and in those of wealthy landlords.

Among the Nomadic tribes, the Kalmuks, Kirghises, and Baschkirs, possess the greatest numbers of these animals doubly necessary to them in their rambling mode of life. The Kalmuk horses are high, light-limbed; and, though not beautiful, are not of a disagreeable form. In point of fleetness, they by no means yield to any other species; but they are not serviceable as draught horses, being deficient in force, and by far too furious. Being accustomed only to graze upon the steppes, it is not possible in general to succeed with them without regular foddering, but it is difficult to make them take to it; and there is great hazard that, in proportion as their strength increases, their furiousness should also increase. There are Kalmuks who possess several thousand horses; most of the stallion colts they make into geldings, but the stallions are never kept apart from the mares, that the proprietor may at no time be in want of milk.

The horses of the Kirghises differ but little from those of the Kalmuks, yet they are usually of somewhat higher growth. Also in impetuosity and fleetness they are equal to the latter, and likewise accustomed to scrape up their fodder the whole winter through from under the snow. They are divided into troops by their owners, to each of which is assigned only one stallion, who plays the shepherd as it were over his flock.

But among none of the Nomadic people are bred better and larger horses than by the Baschkirs, particularly those who dwell eastward of the Ural along the river Iset. The noble herbage of the steppes in these regions affords such encouragement to the breeding of horses, that many individuals among the

Baschkirs possess from two to four thousand of these animals.

The horses here are doubtless very fine, yet the excellent pastures would greatly improve their species, if these shepherds did not deprive the colts of the mare's milk which they convert into an intoxicating liquor, and if they were not too lazy to provide a sufficient winter provision of hay, as the poor beasts in spring, when the melted snow freezes again, are almost destitute of food.

Amidst all this actual superfluity which Russia possesses in horses, the importation of these animals yet forms no inconsiderable rubric in the custom house lists of the Baltic ports. In St. Petersburgh alone are brought in of them annually to the amount of 120,000 to 130,000 rubles; to what then may it not amount through the whole country? If, however, only the half of them were adapted to improve the native breeds, this estimate would require no animadversion, as the benefit that might thus accrue to Russia would far outweigh the disadvantages arising from a luxury easily pardonable, as proceeding from a useful taste.

It would be difficult to point out a people that understand how to manage horses so well as the Russians. Almost every boor is at once carter, driver, and horseman; and the care of the post, as well as the vehicles for the purpose of conveyance, constitute a primary business, and an important branch of gain to the country people in most districts.

In the common Russian, the love for his horse forms a curious contrast with his severity in the treatment of him. Accustomed himself to harsh demands, he never fails to make the same upon his horse, and in case of need to enforce them with unmerciful severity. The rapidity with which they travel in

in Russia, is become proverbial even in other countries; but when we are informed that the post stations here are very far asunder, and that it is exceedingly common to pass two or three of them with the same horses with unabated speed, we may reasonably be astonished at the sturdiness of the Russian horses, and the insensibility of their owners. In the hard works which usually fall to the lot of these animals, their provender is often very scanty, and on violent exertions in performing a day's journey, a bit of black bread, or a hard biscuit, is their only refreshment. But the Russian likewise knows how much he can put upon his horse, without entirely exhausting his strength, and the providing for his health and attendance, is of the greater consequence to him, as frequently he is the whole of his property.

The cattle of the Nomades consists chiefly in horses, as most of their necessaries are supplied by this animal. They obtain from them not only meat, milk, and cheese, but even spirituous liquor, skins for their cloathing, sinews for sewing, &c. In these large droves the horses are mostly half wild; they keep together in troops, each of which having several mares under one, at least one paramount stallion, who seems the guardian and protector of the whole multitude, keeps the droves together, is attentive to every danger, notifies it to them by neighing, and in case of extremity, while the drove press quietly together, goes forth to meet the foe, and begins the fight in defence of the company under his protection.

There are districts in Russia where this serviceable species is even found wild; though probably the horses running about at large in the Dorskoi, the Uralian, and the Barabinszian steppes do not form a peculiar race, but have arisen from strayed stallions belonging to the

pastoral nations, who have either seduced single mares, or whole doves, and propagated in the uninhabited wildernesses. In their present savage state, though they resemble on the whole the little Russian horses, yet they have thicker heads, more pointed ears, a short curly mane, and a shorter tail. Their ordinary colour is light bay, others are rare. They associate in companies from five to twenty together, usually consisting of a family of one stallion, with several mares and colts. When the young male colts are grown up, the old stallion drives them from the herd, who yet follows them for some time till they are strong enough to get themselves a retinue of young mares.

(To be continued.)

ORIGIN OF RUNNING IN SACKS.

MR. EDITOR,

CAN any of your Correspondents inform me whether this is a diversion of English or Foreign growth?—In the mean while, let me observe, that in the travels of a Frenchman, printed in his own language, at Frankfort on the Maine, in 1737, he tells us that when he was at Rome, the races of the people called *Barbes*, were frequent in the environs of that city during the summer season, and which, he says, is to his taste, the most diverting of all. These men, says he, being put into corn sacks with their hands tied, upon the signal given, every one gets on as he can, walking, jumping, or staggering; so that it often happens, that before they have gotten half way over the course, they are all down, and few of them can get up again. However, he who gets in first, obtains the prize. The Frenchman concludes, as to the simplicity of the thing, with observing, “*Je n'ai vu qu' a Rome pareille course.*”

KNOWLEDGE OF THE FASHIONABLE WORLD.

HAVING escaped from College dreary walls and dull professors' phenomenas of universal brilliancy and family admiration, your embarkation must be made by shaking of all obedience to parental authority or friendly admonition. The leading point will be best carried, by being driven into town post, to the door of some Hotel, the more expensive the house and its accommodations, the more will your name be blazoned, as a new and superlative devotee to the dictates of fashion.

At the moment of arrival, you will undergo a kind of regeneration, and absolutely begin a new life: the servility of your postillions, the (deceptive) adulation of the waiter, and the *politesse* of Boniface, all serve most powerfully to convince you how great your weight is already become in the scale of society. Conducted to your apartment, equally calculated for ease and admiration, you instantly become the *Adonis* of your own imagination. Nature being intended to enjoy a gratification of every wish, it becomes immediately the determination of a Man of Fashion to deny himself no one pleasure, comfort, or happiness, that power can procure or influence obtain. As pecuniary compensation with "Brilliants of the first water," is only a secondary consideration, it is very much below your attention, that will of course become much more the province of the *Maitre d'Hotel*, whose care it must be in future to *dun*, and not *your's to pay*.

This consideration making its proper impression upon your refined sensibility, and perfectly satisfied of the strict propriety of your conduct, you proceed to order a profusion of every delicacy; and enjoin the whole to be got ready with that kind of *post-haste* expedition, which

implies your very existence to depend upon the instantaneous execution of your commands. When they are minutely obeyed, then is the moment arrived for a happy display of your superiority; deliberately collect yourself for one general exertion to produce a grand effect. In short, find fault with every single article without exception, &—in the water at almost regular stated periods, and never let him stand one moment still, but "keep him eternally moving; so that the more abuse he has from you, the greater will be his admiration of your superior abilities, and Gentleman-like qualifications.— Confirm him in this opinion, by swearing the fish is not warm through—the poultry is old and "tough as your grandmother;" the pastry is made with butter, rank Irish; the cheese, which they call Stilton, is nothing but pale Suffolk; the malt liquor damnable, a mere infusion of malt, tobacco, and *cocculus Indicus*; the port musty; the sherry sour; and that the whole of the dinner and dessert were "*infernally infamous*," and, of course, not fit for the entertainment of a Gentleman. Conclude the lecture with a hint, that without better accommodations, and more ready attention, you shall be under the necessity of leaving the house. This spirited declaration at starting will answer a variety of purposes, but none so essential as an anticipated objection to the payment of your bill, whenever it may be presented. With no small degree of personal ostentation, give the waiter your name, "because you have ordered your letters there, and, as they will be of importance, beg they may be taken care of, particularly those written by a female hand, of which description many may be expected."

Having thus fixed you, recruit-like, in good quarters, I consider it almost unnecessary to say, however bad

bad you may imagine the wine, I doubt not your own prudence will point out, the characteristic necessity for drinking enough, not only to afford you the credit of reeling to bed, by the help of the brainsters, but the collateral comfort of calling yourself "damned queer in the morning, owing entirely to the villainous adulteration of the wine: for, when mild and genuine, you can take off three bottles, "without winking or blinking." When rousing from your last somniferous reverie in the morning, ring the bell with no small degree of energy, which will serve to convince the whole family you are awake; upon the entrance of either chamberlain or chambermaid, vociferate half a dozen questions in succession, without waiting for a single reply. As what morning is it? Does it hail, rain, or shine? Is it a frost? Is my breakfast ready? Has any body enquired for me? Is my groom here? &c. &c. And here it becomes directly in point to observe, that a groom is become so evidently necessary to the ton of the present day, that a great number of gentlemen keep a groom, who cannot keep a horse; but then they are always upon the "look-out for horses."

The trifling ceremonies of the morning gone through, you will sally forth in search of adventures, making that great mart of every virtue, "Bond-street," in your way. Here it will be impossible for you (between the hours of twelve and four) to remain even a few minutes, without falling in with various "feathers of your wing," so true it is in the language of Row, "you herd together," that you cannot bear being long alone. So soon as three of you are met, adopt a Knight of the Bath's motto, and become literally "tria juncta in uno," or, in other words, link your arms so as to engross the whole breadth of the

pavement; the fun of driving fine women and old dons into the gutter is exquisite, and of course constitutes a laugh of the most humane sensibility. Never make these excursions without spurs, it will afford not only presumptive proof of your really keeping a horse, but the lucky opportunity of hooking a fine girl by the gown, apron, or petticoat; and whilst she is under the distressing mortification of disentangling herself, you and your companions can add to her dilemma, by some indelicate *inuendo*, and, in the moment of extrication, walk off, with an exulting exclamation of having cracked the muslin. Let it be a fixed rule, never to be seen in the lounge without a stick or cane; this, dangling in a string, may accidentally get between the feet of any female in passing; if she falls in consequence, that can be no fault of yours, but the effect of her indiscretion in not keeping her legs closer together.

By way of relief to the sameness of the scene, throw yourself loungingly into a chair at Owen's, cut up a pine with the greatest sang froid, amuse yourself with a jelly or two, and after viewing with a happy indifference whatever may present itself, throw down a guinea (without condescending to ask a question), and walk off; this will not only be politically inculcating an idea of your seeming liberality upon the present, but paving the way to credit upon a future occasion. I had hitherto omitted to mention the necessity for previously providing yourself with a glass suspended from your button hole by a string), the want of which will inevitably brand you with vulgarity, if not with indigence; for the true (and formerly unpolished) breed of Old John Bull is so very much altered by bad crosses, and a deficiency in constitutional stamina, equally affecting the optic nerves,

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that there are very few men of fashion can see clear beyond the tip of the nose.

At the breaking up of the parade, stroll as it were accidentally into the Prince of Wales's Coffee-house, in Conduit-street, walk up with the greatest ease and consummate confidence to every box in rotation; look at every body with a certain inexplicable *hauteur*, bordering upon contempt; for although it is most likely you will know little or nothing of them, the great object is, that they should have a perfect knowledge of you. Having repeatedly and vociferously called the waiter when he is most engaged, and at each time asked him various questions equally frivolous and insignificant, seem to skim the surface of the Morning Post or Sporting Magazine, humming the march in *Blue Beard*, to shew the versatility of your genius; when finding you have made yourself sufficiently conspicuous, and an object of general attention, suddenly leave the room, but not without such an emphatical mode of shutting the door, as may afford to the various companies and individuals, a most striking proof of your departure.

MORE OF BROMLEY,

WHOSE death was announced in our last we are now informed was a Shoemaker, previous to his entrance into the sporting world at Watlington, a village near Benson, in Oxfordshire, and for his punctuality in performing his promises, enjoyed no small degree of rustic reputation. Being married early in life, he was in a few years surrounded by an epitome of King Priam's family; but his wife dying, he commenced his career as a cock-feeder, with as much modest sensibility as could be expected in any man in a similar situation. His person was good, his manner open,

and his countenance without disguise; but like every adventurer who depends upon such a fickle jilt as Fortune, he at first experienced a variety of hits and gammons, replete with various vicissitudes. Being alternately elated and depressed by the smiles of to-day, and the rebuffs of to-morrow, he continued to fluctuate between hope and despair, till his prudence and equanimity were put to the test by a rapid rise to the zenith of success and professional popularity. But the vibrations of enthusiastic, flattering, fleeting popularity, and unsullied prosperity, we are told, the brain of poor Bromley was not sufficiently fortified to bear — for having vainly suffered his ambition to rise to the utmost pitch of gratification, by an uninterrupted chain of success, he met a reverse of fortune, with such a burthen of mental misery, as was ever after plainly depicted in his countenance and manner; and those who are most accustomed to scrutinize Nature in her nicest moods, plainly saw into the innermost recesses of his heart.

The successes of a few years in a great variety of mains, not only raised him to a degree of professional celebrity (hardly inferior to any competitor in the kingdom) but gave him such a consciousness of superiority and disgusting consequence, that soon hurled him from the summit of eminence he had so rapidly attained, almost to the abyss of his original insignificance in the scale of society. Even during the time a man was depending, when in the cock pens with the masters of the match, he considered it a degradation to hear their opinions, or receive their instructions; and although they were the ostensible and pecuniary principals of the match, their ideas and admonitions were almost invariably held in the utmost contempt. This (invincible) caprice had it only happened in an instance

instance or two, might have passed over without much injury to his interest, but it became, by his constant encouragement, so completely habitual, that his best friends could no longer brook the inconsistency, and visibly began to decline; his increasing pride, ill humour, and ostentation, became at length not only unbounded, but unbearable; his greatest patrons saw it of course, with concern, and withdrew their favours in proportion.

Captain Bertie (brother of the Earl of Abingdon, lately deceased) was his first and best friend, Mr. Durand his last, for whom he was permitted to feed the main of the Spring last, at the Cockpit Royal, upon which so much money was depending. To sum up his character, he was a man of correct professional judgment, but unfortunately for him, that judgment was frequently subservient to the prevalence of unqualified passion and unrestrained impetuosity; failings which placed him in a situation, much better conceived than described; in consequence of the overbearing rudeness and personal peevishness that latterly rendered him so truly obnoxious to his superiors, particularly those who had his interest most at heart, as well as his unfortunate subordinates, who looked upon him with the complicated and jaundiced eyes of commiseration, envy, and discontent. At one view, however, taking him for "*all in all*," we presume, that no one man has passed through the "fiery ordeal" of a cock-pit, surrounded with its concomitant villainies, with a greater degree of unfulfilled purity; many there are in the long list of "gay bold-faced villains," who have largely attacked his pecuniary sensations without effect; and from our own knowledge of his professional practice and pleasurable pursuits, we are justified in our opinion and report, that he lived and died a man whose honesty

never sustained a shock, and whose integrity was never suspected.

THE JUMPING MOUSE, AND SNOW BIRD OF CANADA.

From the Transactions of the Linnean Society.

THIS kind of Kangaroo in miniature, is very little known to Europeans. Any person who has seen one of the former animals, may easily figure to himself a little animated creature, with a long tail, and of a clay colour; its fore feet short, and its hind feet long, leaping four or five yards at a time, though seldom above twelve or fourteen inches from the surface of the grass. The wonderful agility of these creatures, renders it exceedingly difficult to take them, as they get into the thickest coverts that can be found, when pursued.

The first of this kind known to be taken, was by a gentleman, in the fields, near Montmorency, in consequence of its having strayed too far from the skirts of the wood. This person, after an hour's hard chace, and the assistance of three other persons, contrived to catch one; but as he could get no sustenance it would eat, it only lived a day and an half.

In the winter season, it appears, this same mouse exists in a dormant state, enclosed, as it were, in a ball of clay, about the size of a cricket ball, nearly an inch in thickness; from these balls, it seems, they emerge about May, or the beginning of June. Too much warmth will prevent their recovery, if brought into a house in the dormant state; in which particular, they resemble the Snow Bird of Canada, which always expires a few days after being caught, if exposed to the heat of a room with a stove; but being nourished with snow, and kept in a cold room, or a passage, will live to the midst of summer.

SPORTING

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

ON Sunday morning the 9th, a desperate battle was fought, near Ball's Pond, Newington, between two journeyman shoe-makers, John Clark, and Benjamin Clegg, of Shoreditch; the battle lasted with brutal valour for fifty minutes, and was in favour of the former, who, notwithstanding both his eyes were sewed up, gave his opponent so severe a blow on the stomach, that he was taken away speechless, with little hopes of recovery.

On Thursday the 20th, the well-known Galloping Dick, and Stephen Molineux his companion, were fully committed to Newgate for trial, at several Assizes, on charges of horse-stealing, in the counties of Buckingham and Surrey.

A new mole of sharpening has been lately put in practice in the Borough: a young officer, stationed near Lewes, in Sussex, being in London, was picked up by two fellows who decoyed him into a public-house in St. George's Fields, and tricked him out of forty pounds, by betting on single letters, which he privately wrote for them to name. One of the sharpeners pretended to be a native of Sussex, and gave him his card, as Mr. Martyn, of Steyning.

A FINE BLOW UP.

A curious circumstance lately took place at Paris: two sharpeners had formed the plan of robbing the bank of a gaming-house; for this purpose they had constructed a small kind of bomb-shell filled with combustible matter, intended to suffocate the people in the room with sulphurous vapour; the bomb having accordingly exploded by means of a match introduced for

the purpose, a servant who was just above it was thrown up to the ceiling, and broke his ribs by the fall; the porter, alarmed by the noise of the bomb, called the watch, who on arriving entered the room, and found all the company stupefied by the vapour. One of the sharpeners, who probably thought himself proof against its effect, was found in the same situation.

In consequence of an information laid at the Stamp-office, that a variety of kinds of unlawful gambling, but particularly with counterfeit stamped dice, was carried on at a house under the Piazzas, Covent-garden, Townshend, and about thirty of the Bow-street officers, lately went to the house, by orders from Sir William Addington. The officers, after some difficulty, got admittance. The first person whom they found was a waiter, who perceiving the intention of the officers, endeavoured to ring an alarm bell, in which he was prevented. The officers found two persons sitting at a tea-table, whom they took into custody; they also seized two large tables covered with green cloth, and twenty-five pair of dice, which they found in the drawers.—The persons taken into custody, together with the booty seized, were taken before Mr. Ford and Mr. Robinson; but the persons were discharged, and the tables, &c. returned, as no proof appeared that unlawful gambling had been practiced in the house. The dice were sent for examination to an officer belonging to the Stamp-office.

Hyde Park on Sunday the 9th boasted much company; and Lady Worsley and several other dashing females displayed, to the admiring pedestrians their skill,

" In managing the fiery steed.

FEAST

Rural Sports.



Cornish Wrestling.

Published March 1, 1800, by J. Wheble, Warwick Court.

CORNISH WRESTLING.

THE annexed representation, our readers will perceive, is highly characteristic of a well-known Rural Sport; the subject of Wrestling is too familiar to require any description of the particular mode made use of in Cornwall.

FEAST OF WIT;
OR,
SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

WE have received a number of hits about the soup or broth shops, commonly so called. One of them states, the alarming danger of a scarcity of New River water, especially since the Quakers have opened their soup shop at the foot of Clerkenwell Green. Another correspondent excuses these people, on account of their well-known attachment to every thing that is plain; while a third, from the superior strength and richness of the soup, made about Cavendish Square and the West end of the town, under the eye of well-bred and liberal-minded people, insists upon its tendency to increase the population of the country!

Some of the Quakers, who have been accused in the public prints of withholding or monopolizing corn, it is said, plead the persecutions which their predecessors have suffered for conscience sake; and further reply, that their want of conscience at this present time, is only a retaliation for the sins of our fathers unto the third and fourth generation.

At the sale of an orthodox clergyman's effects, lately deceased, his library was disposed of for three pounds, and the liquors in his cellar for two hundred and seventy-six.—“The LETTER killeth, but the SPIRIT giveth life.”

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Respecting the opposition to the Union of Ireland with this country, Sir Boyle Roach lately said, “that even the ladies were against it to a man of them.”

The public are greatly indebted to Mr. Waddington for his management of hops. What a pity there is no vacancy for an Alderman's gown.

Mr. Waddington, it is said, does not seem to relish the brewers invitation to dance in Westminster Hall, where a man fond of hops, sometimes capers for the diversion of others; and, after all, is sure to pay the piper.

A French journal contains the following paragraph respecting the invisible man: “We have seen the invisible man; on our arrival, we found a chest of white glass, very much insulated, and suspended by four small iron chains, in which we heard a voice, newly uttered, from a round opening in a lateral part of the said chest. The heat of the breath of the invisible person was so sensibly felt by those who interrogated him, that every one was astonished.

Young ladies, in future, will find it extremely difficult to get wigs on credit, without producing certificates of their age, and to show that they are past the years of discretion!

Poor Citizen Tallien has lost one of his optics in Egypt; but had he only half an eye, he might see that his *cara sposa* has not been inattentive to the increase of his family comforts!

The physicians and the apothecaries have had a very good season with our fair *fashionables*; muslins and rheumatics having been, and still continuing all the rage!

From the number of robberies committed upon the bread-baskets of the journeymen bakers in this metropolis, a correspondent suggests the idea of having them guarded like the mail coaches.

The bullock-drivers, who were continually goading the company at the Ranelagh masquerade, are, it is said, immediately to be taken into the pay of Bonaparte. They carried every thing before them, and therefore their services, as Republican purveyors, must be highly acceptable to the half-starved army of Italy.

When the soldiers of the army of the East return to France, they will have little reason to reflect with a sigh, like the Israelites of old, upon the *flesh pots of Egypt*.

The Hamburg mails and Lord S—— have been both set *afloat* by the late *thaw*; the former begins gradually to appear, and the latter has reassumed the *rapidity* of his *functions*, in the routine of "diurnal dispatch-riding," for which his Lordship seems so admirably calculated. Butchers and *post-boys* modestly admit his superiority over the *stones*; and those *ironic rascals*, who ride the ponies of the Penny-post office, have impudently honoured his Lordship with the appellation of "a King's Messenger."

There is at present a war between the *Wig-makers* and the *Perfumers*, which has produced to the public some very capital observations. The brethren of the *comb* and *caul* have insinuated, that powder should not be worn in this season of public distress. The *men of essence* have replied, by a threat, that every *wig*, and, moreover, that every *tress*, *braid*, and *curl*, of false hair, shall be subjected to a tax, after due inquisition taken and held by the *Ex-cileman*.

Sir W. Herne has *dismembered* some very large bodies of men, by fining a member of a *volunteer corps*, for wearing powder without a licence, deeming himself exempted (as hundreds do) from the tax, by military duties. This idea of exemption is very general.

The dearness of paper is universally ascribed, by the Minister's friends, to the want of rags. Such is the prosperity of the country under a war of expenditure, that nothing is to be seen but *new coats and new shirts*!

The motto for Mr. Rose's pamphlet, on the Flourishing State of the Finances, is "*Spem reporto*."—I bring home hope:—But it has been asserted that *his hope* is no way connected with the *rich Hope* of Amsterdam.

Political subtraction stuck up on the walls of Paris:—two from five, remains three; and two from three, remains one.

The inhabitants of St. Pancras parish are in a *stew* about their *soup subscription*.

A citizen of Paris went to a notary, to demand the registers for accepting and refusing the Constitution. "You only want *one*, Sir, which will you have?" "Both, if you please," replied the Citizen, "for we cannot tell what may hereafter happen."

As a new way of making love, we are told that a young gentleman, of some consequence, in a market town, in Buckinghamshire, makes himself decent, and goes to Miss De lavaun, a milliner, and, without any preamble, enters on his purpose, by telling her, that as his name is very like hers, he thinks it expedient to be intimately acquainted with her. With these words he attempts to seal the compact on her lips. It is impossible to say what liberties the amorous youth might have taken, if the lady, probably not wishing for any other connection with him than a nominal one, had not repulsed him with some vigour, and fairly kicked this hapless Strephon out of the shop.

Mr. S. Arnall, esteemed the best Jockey in the kingdom, died some days since at Newmarket, aged 47.

Two old women last week, in Manchester market, were lamenting the dearth of bread and potatoes, when a third toothless old dame, after joining them in the lamentation, exultingly exclaimed, "but thank God, gin is getting down."

The Petersburgh Court Gazette, among other things, contains the following article; "The young Lady, daughter of the deceased Brigadier Polfin, who, being twenty years of age, states that she cannot marry, on account of her poverty, and petitions for assistance; as also the widow of Counsellor Federow, petitioning for a dowry for her daughter, are informed, that they may apply for dowries when they find men who demand them in marriage, of whom they must produce testimonies."

We are convinced that the following ludicrous article from one of the Paris papers received lately, will afford our readers as much laughable entertainment as we experienced from its perusal:—

"Pitt, Dundas, and the other Ministers, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, and the most exalted English Nobleman, take a pleasure in rambling about the streets of Westminster in the morning on foot! Mr. Dundas walks about two o'clock every day from Somerset House to the Exchange, to inspect the Thermometer of public opinion, that is, the state of the public Funds. During the Spring, and in the beginning of Summer, Pitt and Dundas go out unattended every Sunday to Wimbledon, sometimes on foot, and sometimes in their carriages!!! As Mr. Pitt and Mr. Dundas were lately walking arm in arm from Downing-street to Somerset House, they met in Parliament-street the Duke of Portland, whom each of them saluted with a very low bow. At Charing-cross, they met Mr.

Mackintosh, the friend of the French Revolution, and formerly connected with Mr. Pitt. The latter gave him a slight salutation: but in going down the Strand, they were met by Horne Tooke, the veteran champion of Liberty. Pitt, notwithstanding his habitual dissimulation, knit his brow, and refused to salute him."—*L'Ami des Lois.*

When the late Marquis of Bath was a young lad, he behaved rather rudely to one of the chamber maids, of which she complained to his mother, who being extremely angry with him, he exclaimed, "Upon my soul, mother, she had so neat an ankle, and so pretty a foot, flesh and blood could not resist the temptation." Being remarkably thin in his person, his mother looking at him, said, "That may be true—but skin and bones can have no such excuse."

Against the house of an Attorney, not many miles from Shoreham, is placed a board, exhibiting the following curious inscription:—

"Attorney, Agent-conveyancer, Master Extra in Chancery, and a Commissioner appointed for taking affidavits in all the Courts of Law; also Water-bailiff for this Port, and Clerk of the Market."

A correspondent has informed us of a new mode of keeping Christmas in Cumberland:—It is, by having a cockfight, *annually, on Christmas-day!*—at a certain place, very near to which—a Magistrate resided—yet the day and the cock-fight, and the cockfight and the day—have, for one, two, three, four years,—gone hand in hand, to the great edification of the neighbourhood—as in strict compliance with that system of government which derives its vigour from the cordial union of church and state.

DRAADFUL OMEN!

On Monday the 24th, in the House of Commons, just as Mr. Pitt was going to open the Budget, the mace fell off the table, and broke in pieces; the golden crown tumbled off, and the globe rolled along the floor!

From the examples of Mr. Pitt and Mr. Corry, it appears that the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer is an office of no small danger, since it exposes its holder to the bullets as well as the scurrility of the red hot patriots!

The prevalent complaint at Bath is, the want of gentlemen: on an average, there are two women to one man in the higher circles, occasioning a great lack of lovers and husbands. So that many ladies return without any benefit but what is to be derived from the waters!

In addition to teaching law and religion to the Judges and Bishops, Lord Stanhope seems determined to teach Mr. Rose arithmetic, Mr. Pitt finance, and Lord Malmesbury the art of negociation!

Mr. M. A. Taylor, in the half-way position, in which his friend, Mr. Sheridan, placed him, was exposed to two fires of merriment from either side of the house; but the ambuscade shot, from the Opposition ranks, were felt the most galling!

The late sharp North-easters were severely felt by the young muslin-clad promenaders of Bond-street, while it drove the antiques home for their flannels, or their fire-side!

The dramatic plough at Covent Garden is going full speed, and does its work so neatly, that the most profitable spring crops must be the natural produce of a course of such found theatrical tillage.

Miss De Camp is nearly recovered from her contusions; but she is resolved to avoid the arms of the Kodiska Knights, which were too nerveless to carry her safe off!

The most easy and the most thriving trade at this moment is the money trade. Usury to be sure is prohibited; but what with monopolies in corn, hops, coals, paper, &c. &c. a man may contrive to make as usurioks, dishonest, and hard-hearted a use of his money as any Jew could wish.

Yorkshire cakes, hot rolls, muffins, crumpets, and other such articles, must now be abolished, since the Bill has passed Parliament, prohibiting the use of new bread.

The King, or Chief of the Cafries, we are informed, has no power to put any one to death by his own authority: a murderer is generally delivered up to the friends of the deceased, to do as they please with him. When one kills another, his friend kills him, and so they continue until much blood is shed; and at last the quarrel is ended by mutual presents.

The Ex-Consuls of Rome, say the Hamburg mails, were conducted into that capital handcuffed, and seated upon asses.—These asses are reported to have entered into a treaty, entirely confidential, with the Ex-Consuls. Two or three asses that would not bray in concert, or, as the Romans call it, d—n Bonaparte with the others, are now honoured with the title of Ex-Asses.

Another memento for the bucks of the gallery.—One Hawkes has been convicted at Liverpool of throwing a glass bottle into the pit of the Theatre there, which cut the head of a young lady; he is sentenced to eighteen months imprisonment, and to give surety for future good behaviour.

The two officers, who a few nights since, near Holland-house, were stopped, robbed, and cruelly beat, by a single highwayman, though they took no care of their money, yet certainly proved themselves like guardsmen.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

EXTEMPORE

On the Marriage of a Friend with a beautiful and accomplished American Lady, residing in Wilts, on a high romantic Situation, which his visitors jocularly call

THE EAGLE'S NEST.

*Salve aquilæ nidus! Salve pulcherima proles?**
Atque diu teneant fulmina sacra Jovis.

P. S.

WITH old and modern lore Lorenzo's mind
Was richly stored—in sentiment refin'd ;
Oft' would he wander by Ilyssus' stream,
Or seek bright Truth in shades of Academe;
Around his brow each Muse her chaplet wove,
And tun'd his lyre to Duty—Friendship—Love.

He'd stray to Death's long haunts, with footsteps slow,
Pour out his soul in elegiac woe,
Invoke the manes of a parent gone,
And 'dew with tears the tributary stone,
On Friendship's powers in loftiest strains refine,
Or jocund sing of Momus—wit—and wine.
Oft' too, would Fancy's airy regions scan,
Sublim'd to foul, and leave the earth to man.

At length Jove sent his eagle this behest,
" Waft my Lorenzo to thy royal nest;"
The bird of Jove obey'd, and seiz'd his prize,
To give his soul in converse with the skies.
Love, love extat, rung Olympus round,
And old Baccreon jealous, caught the sound.
Lorenzo there soon scorn'd his earthly fame,
Invok'd an Angel—and an Angel came.

Sept. 30, 1799. AN AMATEUR.

* By Anticipation.

† Beautiful lines on his father.

ODE TO FLORA.

SWEET Flora! where do'st thou stay,
What so long promotes thy stay?
Ye hours! do ye the Goddess keep?
Or is she overwhelm'd with sleep?
Delay no longer, Flora come!
And in our vallies deign to come.
At thy approach a livelier red
Doth grace the rose in ev'ry bed,
The lilies whiter e'er appear
When thy odours fill the air;
The beauty of the groves display'd,
When thou comest lovliest maid!
Soft pow'r of sweetne's, fill the plain,
With thy odoriferous balm!
Without thy aid the sweetest spring
Can no delights or pleasures bring;
In vain the summer's beauties boast,
Without thy aid they all are lost!
To thee the autumn homage pays,
That thou may'st fill the flow'ry ways;
The birds their shrillest notes resound,
When thy sweet train doth dance around;
Without thy aid, nor hill nor dale
Can grateful odours e'er exhale.
Soft pow'r of sweetne's, fill our grove,
Thee we adore, and thee we love.

W. HANBURY.

Rugby, Warwickshire.

AN ODE TO VENUS.

COME, Oh, Venus, fair and gay;
Hither breathe thy fragrant joy;
Let sweet odours scent the way,
Which thy snowy feet employ.

Cyprian Goddess, ever bright,
Listen to my tender strain:
Bring with thee thy dear delight;
Let him hold thy filken train.

Where

Where you are, these nymphs begin
Some sweet song, with beauty crown'd;
Where thou tread'st sweet flowers spring,
And adorn the verdant ground.

Bear me, Goddess, to thy seat,
Where fond pleasure ever stays;
In that soft and blyst retreat,
Let me end my future days.

Queen of Beauty, why so slow,
What doth now your steps detain?
Come, and eafe me of my woe,
And relieve my aching pain.

Rugby, Warwickshire. T. S. B.

THE BEST PARODY ON ALONZO THE BRAVE.

A Plowman so stout, and a damsel so rare,
Convers'd as they sat in the hay,
They ogled each other with simpering stare,
Pretty Peggy the Gay, was the name of the fair,
And the plowman's the bold Roger Gray.

" And O ! (said the nymph) since to-morrow you go
Far hence with a serjeant to list,
Your tears for your Peggy soon ceasing to flow,
Your love for some wealthier maiden you'll shew,
And she'll by my Roger be kis'd."

" What nonsense you talk, (cry'd the youth in a pet)
For by the Lord Harry I swear,
Nor cheeks red as cherries, nor eyes black as jet,
Nor moist lips, nor of teeth the most beautiful set,
Shall make me untrue to my fair.

" If ever by money or love led aside,
I forget my sweet Peggy the Gay,
With the power of a Justice's warrant supplied,
May a constable come as I sit by my bride,
And bear me to prison away."

To Glo'ster then hast'n'd this plowman so bold,
His sweetheart lamented him sore;
But scarcely nine months had over him roll'd,
When a rich butcher's widow, with bags full of gold,
Bold Roger entic'd to her door.

Her mutton and beef, so red and so white,
Soon made him untrue to his vows;
They paniper'd his palate, they dazzled his sight,
They caught his affections, so vain and so light,
And she carried him home as her spouse.

From church the fond couple adjourn to the Crown,
The company laugh, drink, and sing,
The bacon and greens they go merrily down,
And the mugs were all frothing with liquor so brown,
When the bell of the alehouse went Ding!

Now first Roger Gray, with amazement deserv'd,
A stranger stalk into the room,
He spoke not, he mov'd not, he look'd not aside,
He neither regarded the landlord nor bride,
But earnestly gaz'd on the groom.

Full stout were his limbs, and full tall was his height,
His boots were all dirty to view,
Which made all the damsels draw back in a fright,
Left by chance they should sulley their petticoats white,
And poor Roger began to look blue.

His presence all bosoms appear'd to dismay,
The men sat in silence and fear,
The trembling at length, cried poor Roger,
" I pray
Aside your great coat, my old cock, you would lay,
And deign to partake of our cheer."

The swain now is silent—the stranger complies—
His coat now he slowly unclos'd;
Good gods ! what a sight met poor Roger's grey eyes,
What words can express his dismay and surprize,
When a constable's staff was expos'd.

All present then utter'd a terrified shout,
All hasten with hurry away;
For as no one knew whom he came to seek out,
Some tried to creep in, some tried to rush out,
Till the constable cried, " Roger Gray !"

" Behold

"Behold me thou false one!—behold me!
(he cried)
Remember fair Peggy the Gay,
Whom you left big with child to possess a
new bide,
But his Worship to punish thy falsehood
and pride,
Has sent me to fetch thee away."

So saying, he laid his strong arm on the
clown,
Calling vainly for help from the throng,
He bore him away to the gaol of the town,
Nor ever again was he seen at the Crown,
Or the cage-pole who dragg'd him along.

Not long staid the bride—for, as old women
say,
The meat in her shop was all spoil'd,
Till her beef and her mutton were carried
away,
And sold to buy caudle for Peggy the Gay,
And biggins and pap for the child.

Four times in each year, when in judgment
profound

The Quorum all dose on the Bench,
Is Roger brought up, and is forc'd to be
bound
With a friend, in the sum of at least forty
pound,
To provide for the child and the wench.

The Churchwardens fit round the treat they
don't pay,
Their cares all with 'bacco beguil'd,
They drink out of mugs newly form'd of
bak'd clay,
Their liquor is ale, and this whimsical lay
They sing—"Here's health to fair Peggy
the Gay,
And the false Roger Gray and his child."

THE BARBER DONE OVER.

IN London gay town many years I re-
sided,
And marriage, with all its sweet blessings,
desir'd;
The blowings and blades call'd me Billy the
Rover—
But Love, mighty Love! has at last done
me over.

How oft, full of glee, have I handled my
razors,
Have mown chins as rough as old Nebu-
chadnezzar's,
Or black, brown, or grizzled, I lather'd
them over,
And none more respected than Billy the
Rover.

"Till I first saw fair Kitty, in 'trolicks I re-
vell'd,
The girls would exclaim, "Sure the youth
is bedevil'd:
But Love now has feiz'd me, and I am
grown stupid—
Then Barbers beware how you trifle with
Cupid.

My mistakes are so frequent, you'd swear
they were wilful;
So bungling am I, too, who once was so
skilful,
The lasses observe it, and all the town over
They laugh at, they hoot me, and cry
"He's done over."

For Alderman Grimby, whose voice is like
thunder,
I made a fine wig, and as usual a blunder:
"Why, damme," says he, "to be sure,
it's a fine rig—
"I order'd a bob—and the fool's brought a
tie-wig."

Returning again, my poor head almost
crazy,
I met with my fair one, as fine as a daisy;
My heart it jump'd up, like a pot boiling
over,
And into the kennel fell Billy the Rover.

When my passion I ventur'd at last to dis-
close, Sir,
She squar'd her fine elbows, and turn'd up
her nose, Sir:
She call'd me a coxcomb —nay, swore that
I painted,
And jeer'd me so much, I had very near
sainted!

About three days after she pass'd by my
door, Sir,
And laughing, she cried, "There's the
Barber done o'er, Sir;
For there I stood shaving, with part of my
clothes off,
The curs'd razor slipp'd, and—I half cut
my nose off."

Ye Knights of the Blade, who peruse this
fad ditty,
Whose generous bosoms are melted with
pity,
With tears I assure ye, from London to
Dover,
There ne'er was a FRIZ so completely done
over.

SONNET TO FORTUNE,

From Metastasio.

WHAT, hop'st thou, Goddess, when
thy ceas'de's care,
Spreads rocks and thorns to check my on-
ward way,
That I shou'd tremble at thy fickle sway ?
Or toil in vain to catch thy flying hair ?

With threats like these awake the dastard
fears
Of him who bows beneath thy base con-
troul ;
Know, I cou'd see, with calm intrepid
soul,
The world in ruins, and the falling spheres !

Nor am I new to dangers and alarms ;
Long didst thou prove me in the doubtful
fight ;
From trying conflict, and opposing harms,
I rose more valiant and confirmed in might.
From falling hammers thus the temper'd
arms,
Strike with a keener edge, and beam more
dazzling light.

L. A.

A RIDDLE.

BLITHE Aphrodite ever young
Was shapen from the foam of sea :
Or parer crystal I am sprung,
And smoother billows fashion'd me.

Cupidand I both bend our bows,
By Beauty's temples both incline ;
He o'er his eyes a bandage throws ;
A twofold lustre gleams from mine.

Like him, the fringed brow I seek,
And aid each lurking charm to spy ;
Like him, I pillow on the cheek,
And nestle near the languid eye.

A quiver on his shoulder shines,
In rattling case my powers I hide :
In couples, he the young confines ;
In pairs, a graver throng I guide.

Of him let head long passion learn :
Philosophy learns much through me.
Can you not yet my name discern—
I've help'd you, I suspect, to see ?

EPIGRAMS.

PATRICUS cried—" While you've ex-
istence,
Keep, son, plebians at a distance !"
This speech a butcher overheard,
And quick replied—" I wish, my Lord,
You'd thus advis'd, before your son
So deeply in my debt had run !"

Madam scolded one day so long,
She sudden lost all use of tongue !
The Doctor came—with hum and haw
Pronounc'd th' affection a lock'd jaw !

" What hopes, good Sir ?" " Small, smal-
l I see !"
The husband slips a *double fee* :—
" What !—No hopes, Doctor ?" " None I
fear !"
Another *fee* for issue clear :—

Madam deceas'd—" Pray, Sir, don't
grieve !"
" My friends, one comfort I receive—
A lock'd jaw was the only case
From which my wife could die—in peace !"

" Pray, be more careful of your life,
My charming, sweet, angelic wife !"
" Fie, fie—you flatter me, my dear !"
" O, no !—for, should Death's cruel dart
Reach you, my love, my foul, my heart,
I'd lose—five thousand pounds a year !"

A Lawyer great, and sage Physician,
Gravely talking on man's condition,
Agreed life's wants full numerous were,
But many, deem'd so, needless are.
A Slyboots cried—" There is no doubt—
I know it, from my own condition :
I very well can live without
Either a Lawyer or Physician !"

EPITAPH UPON A GLUTTON.

[From the Latin.]

Otho lies here, within the glebe so hallow'd,
He'd in his life-time many acres swallow'd,
But in revenge to this voracious limb,
The earth in justice now has swallow'd him.

W. H. R.