

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE; OR, MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE
TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE,
And every other DIVERSION interesting to the
MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRIZE, AND SPIRIT.

For OCTOBER, 1800.

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[Embellished with a beautiful Engraving, by SCOTT, of Mr. DURAND's
JOHNNY, by King Fergus, and an Etching of the FOX and his
BIREY, by HOWARD.]

London:

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS;

And Sold by J. WHEBLE, Warwick Square, Warwick Lane, near St. Paul's;
C. CHAPLE, 66, Pall-mall, opposite St. James's Place; J. BOOTH, Duke
Street, Portland Place; JOHN HILTON, at Newmarket; and by every
Bookseller and Stationer in Great Britain and Ireland.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OUR Oxford Correspondent is informed, with regret, that the sealing of his Letter having injured a considerable part of the sentence, included in a parenthesis, we are under the absolute necessity of leaving out the whole, and to pass on to the next period. Besides, a *personal censure* is implied; of the propriety of which, we are not competent judges.

THE very humorous Devonshire Epistle, from our old Correspondent, J. J. B. shall appear in our next.

WE are apprehensive that the Epitaph upon Munday Hodges, transmitted from Newmarket, has appeared in print before.



Johnny.

Published Nov. 1. 1800. by J. Whittle, Warwick Square.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE,

FOR OCTOBER 1800.

MR. DURAND'S JOHNNY, BY
KING FERGUS.

THE Exploits of Johnny will most likely appear in a future Number of our Magazine; at present we shall only offer his Portrait, from a Painting by Sartorius, engraved by Scott.

EXTRA SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

To the EDITORS of the SPORTING
MAGAZINE.

Oxford, Oct. 14.

GENTLEMEN,

FOR the better information of our Sporting Bucks, who are already arrived, and those who are on the point of entering at our celebrated University, (for no one can presume to enter the lists at Bibury, or Newmarket, or make a distinguished figure in the field, without first undergoing the corrections, revisings, and additions, necessary for a complete Buck at this famed Seminary), I beg leave, as a Subscriber, and a Lover of Field Sports, to acquaint them, and the rest of the Sporting World, with the alterations, &c. &c. in the different hunts in this neighbourhood. The long-established and famous Pack of the Rev. Mr. Loder, (a worthy old divine) hunt as usual the Bagley Woods, Wytham Woods, &c. the Stow Wood, Shotover Hill, Rycote, and Nuneham Parks. Sir Thomas Mostyn

has taken the hunt of Lord Sefton, who took to the celebrated Pack of Messrs. Wards, at Bicester. The Duke of Beaufort hunts as usual the Wichwood, Ditchley, Norton, and Begbrook, with Blenheim Covers. A Pack, late Sir William Rowley's, hunt for the first season, the Faringdon, Pusyfurze, Coxwell's Woods, and Tubney Warrens, which, with two Packs of Harriers within seven miles, will afford ample satisfaction to all Lovers of the Horse and Hound, and who follow the adage of "Go along, and never stop, till death crowns with victory."—F. H. S.

A CHANCE SHOT.

A SERVANT of Lord Inverury, being out snipe-shooting, on the 1st of October, marked a snipe down, at which he fired upon the ground, and killed it. When he went to pick it up, he was surprised to find a brace more than he expected, killed by the same shot.

Clifforth House, Aberdeenshire,

October 2, 1800.

ON Thursday, the 25th ult. as John Kinglin, of Modbury, Devonshire, was fastening a screw of his gun-lock, it unfortunately went off, and lodged the contents (nail-shot) in the body of his mother, who languished about twelve hours in great agony, and then expired.

A melancholy accident lately happened near Plymouth.—A man being employed to clean a fowling

A 2 piece,

piece after washing it, put in a large nail, red hot, to dry it, which set fire to some powder left in the barrel, and the nail being consequently forced out, entered the side of his head. He languished two days and expired.

Barnstaple, Oct. 11.—On Thursday last one of the Fremington Volunteers having taken his firelock to be repaired, borrowed one for the day from the Quarter-master; on inspection, the piece was found to be extremely dirty, and the officer ordered him not to fire it. He neglected to obey, and on firing the fifth round, it burst, and a splinter flying off, penetrated the man's chest who stood in front of him, pierced his heart, and killed him in a few minutes.

An ostler, lately watering some horses in the river Taw, at Barnstaple, and falling from his seat, was in danger of being drowned; when a large Newfoundland dog, belonging to the Golden Lion Inn, caught him by the shoulder, brought him to the bank, and remained by him, till his barking attracted assistance, by which the man was restored to life. The poor man has had a silver collar (engraved with the account of this event) put on the neck of his preserver.

A BIDDING TO A WEDDING.

To the EDITORS of the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

THE following is a genuine invitation to what is called in this as well as some other of the western counties, and in Wales, a *Bidding*. It exhibits a custom, which, though extremely common throughout these parts, will, I presume, be entertaining to many of the numerous readers of your justly admired Magazine.

Your's, &c. J. J. B.

"As we intend entering the nuptial state, we propose having a *Bidding* on the occasion, on Thursday, the 23d of October instant, at our own house on the Quay, where the favour of your good company will be highly esteemed; and whatever benevolence you please to confer on us, shall be gratefully acknowledged, and returned on a similar occasion, by your most obedient humble servants,

"THO. BILLINGER, and

"ELIZABETH KAYTON.

Barnstaple, Oct 9, 1800.

"N. B. The young man's uncle, (Thomas Peak), and the young woman's mother, (E. Kayton), will be thankful for all favours conferred on them that day.

"Them that are pleased to favour Thomas Peak with their company, and to attend the bride and bridegroom in procession to church that morning, are desired to meet at Mr. Langdon's, the Greyhound the corner of Back-lane, in Bouthport-street.

NEWMARKET FIRST OCTOBER MEETING.

DIAMOND AND WARTER.

IT is the general opinion that the attention of the Sporting World was never more strongly excited than by the race between Mr. Cookson's Diamond, and Mr. Heathcote's Warter, which have been run at Newmarket.

Diamond was got by Tattersall's Highflyer, whose blood is in general requisition; and he is supposed to have won Mr. Cookson clear 60,000l.—Warter was got by King Fergus, the Sire of Harbledonian, and was bred by the Rev. Mr. Withers, of Doncaster in Yorkshire, of whom he was purchased by Mr. R. Heathcote, present owner. The exploits of the

these excellent horses are too well known to require any comment.

The severe contest between Diamond and Hambletonian must be in general recollection, as well as Warter's race with that uncommon horse, called Timothy. Betting was never more equal, nor were the Sporting Men ever more at a loss how to dispose of their money to the best advantage.—Warter having beat Diamond the Oatland stakes last year, the latter received 7lb. weight in the present race. This, as the Knowing Ones conceive the lead of the utmost importance, rendered Diamond the favourite, particularly as his *backers* flattered themselves with the opinion, that one of Warter's legs would fail him in running, and that consequently they were *on the right side*. Till about a fortnight before the Meeting, betting was equal; three to two was then betted in favour of Diamond, which was at first very cautiously accepted.

So highly was the *Gambling Mania* roused, that, till a late hour on Saturday night, previous to the Meeting, all the Sporting Houses near St. James's, and even more to the eastward, were crowded with betters of every description. The bolder sort dashed at the odds, whilst others more cautiously hedged, and all awaited the event with the most anxious expectation.

The whole of Sunday the Newmarket road was crowded with carriages and cattle of every description, from the dashing curricule to the humble buggy, and from the pampered hunter to the spavined hack.

At length arrived—

"The great and important hour."

When lo! when every mouth was opening to bet, and expectation was on tiptoe, it was declared in the Coffee-room, that Warter,

by reason of a kick, had *declared forfeit*, and Mr. Heathcote, in consequence deposited 250 guineas.

At two o'clock a race was run between Lord Grosvenor's colt, by John Bull, and Sir Frank Standish's Spread Eagle. A very bad race, for the latter being beat before she had run 300 yards, gave up the contest.

The next race between Mr. R. Georgiana and Mr. Pantom's Grey Falcon, afforded all the satisfaction the Gentlemen of the Turf could expect. They ran the Abinger Mile, and though the mare was the youngest by a year, and gave 7lb. yet the horse was the favourite. They started in high style, and running up the hill, the mare appeared beaten, when five to four was betted on the horse; but recovering herself, she headed him in about 100 yards, and keeping her position, she won by half a neck—an exceeding good race.

Owing to Warter having paid forfeit, many bets, which were made, play or pay, were in consequence lost; and Mr. Heathcote is reported to be engaged for 1400!

POACHING.

THE following case was, on Monday, October 6, investigated by Mr. Henderson, a respectable Magistrate at Bedford, Middlesex.—A few days since, Mr. Carter, an attorney, of King's, and a Mr. Cotterell, of the same place, dined at Hampton Wick, with Mr. William Hill, one of the keepers of Hampton Court Park. They drank rather freely after dinner, and about eight o'clock in the evening, Hill, the keeper, having reason to expect poachers in the park, borrowed a stick, and went out, saying to Mr. Bishop, the master of the house, that if Mr. Carter enquired for him, he would be

be back in less than hour, and in his hurry he left a very famous terrier, which always accompanied him, sleeping by the fire in the room where they had dined.—About ten o'clock, Carter and Cotterell having enquired for Hill, said they would go and assist him; and having left the house, were called back by Bishop, the landlord, and desired them to take Hill's terrier and leave it at his house, as they must pass it on their way home.—This they assented to, and passing through a paddock belonging to Bushy Park, they heard the report of a gun, and conceiving it to be Hill, immediately made to the place.—On their way, Hill's terrier leaped upon a hare on her form, and having killed it, Carter imprudently took it up, and proceeded along with it, hanging over his shoulder. They had not proceeded above a hundred yards, before they met one of the keepers of Bushy Park, named Elphing, who having taken their address, laid an information before Mr. Henderson, by whom the affair was impartially investigated on the day above-mentioned, at his house in Bedford.—Two questions appeared to rise from the facts stated by the keeper:—First, Whether the hare was found in the possession of Carter, aided by Cotterell?—Secondly, Whether the hare was killed in such a manner, as to render Carter and Cotterell liable to be punished as poachers?—The hare was granted to be in their possession, which warranted Mr. Henderson in fining Carter 20*l.* and Cotterell 10*l.* but as poaching could not be proved, as Hill, the keeper, swore he left his dog by accident; and Bishop, the landlord, said, that after they had left the house, he called them back to take the terrier with them, which they had no previous intention of doing. Mr. Henderson

conducted himself with propriety, temper, and impartiality, during the examination; and after he had paid the informer 15*l.* being a moiety of the conviction money, he rode over to Hampton-Wick, for the purpose of requesting the overseers to expend the remaining 15*l.* in purchasing a stock of coals, for the relief of the poor in the approaching winter.

THEATRE-ROYAL,
DRURY-LANE.

ON Tuesday, October 21, a new entertainment called *Wilmore Castle*, was performed for the first time.

The business of the piece is engrafted upon the following story:

Mr. Wilmore, a respectable London merchant, determines from an object of parliamentary interest, to wed his son and daughter with *Alderman Marrowfat* and sister. This he appears resolved to accomplish, however militating with his children's inclinations. Discovering that the latter were on the point of marrying a *Mr. Harley* and sister, *Wilmore* dispatches his son and daughter to *Wilmore Castle*, the country residence of his brother *General Wilmore*—with an injunction to him to confine them till his arrival in the country with the *Marrowfats*.—The *Harley's* pursue their lovers, and get by stratagem into the Castle, under a fictitious name. Interviews between the young people take place—and who ultimately effect, by a special licence they had previously obtained in town, their marriage in the Castle Chapel, just at the moment almost that *Wilmore* arrived with the *Alderman*, &c. This denouement was actually accomplished from the *Alderman's* staying to dine in the vicinity of *Wilmore Castle*.

There certainly is not much novelty of character, or force of humour

mour in this entertainment. It is rather of a negative kind; there is nothing to displease, but, on the other hand, there is nothing to strike. An *Old Maid*, the sister of the *Wilmore's*, is a character too trite in the design, and too feeble in the representation, to lend any great weight to the production. Bannister played the part of a postillion, after having been a man-milliner, and a good deal of satire is thrown out with some effect against this class of people. This character is intended as the principal support of the humour of the entertainment: he is a coxcomb, however, of but slender parts, with little capacity for the intrigue which he asserts, and scarce wit enough to raise a laugh at the expence of those he is formed to ridicule. A City Alderman, whose delight is in a good dinner, introduces some jests at the expence of the *good livers*, which are neither very new nor very pointed; upon the whole, indeed, there is a languor in the piece; there is no whim or incident in it; of smart dialogue, there is but a scanty portion, and the plot is neither conceived with ingenuity, nor conducted with skill. The audience is neither interested by the story, nor amused by the dialogue; there is not enough of spirit and strength, to engage the favour of an English audience.

The music of some of the songs is pleasing; the first song by Miss Stephens particularly, which was encored—she sung it very well. A song by Bannister, describing the character of a cockney, had some humour, and was likewise encored.—All the performers did what their parts permitted.

The piece was received throughout in several places with applause, and without any disapprobation. At the end, however, a considerable opposition appeared, and it

was some time before Bannister could be heard, in giving it out for a second representation.

JOURNAL OF A GAMESTER.

ROSE at four—Dreamt had thrown crabs all night, and could not nick seven for the life of me—had some strong green tea, and threw a tea cup at my wife, because she asked for money to buy the children's shoes—My stomach being queer, and my hand unsteady, toss'd off a half pint bumper of brandy, and sauntered down to the billiard-table—Saw two ill-looking fellows at the corner of the Haymarket—Was afraid they were bailiffs, so shirked 'em, by dodging 'em behind a coach—*Memorandum*—The first lucky run to change my lodgings—Lost fifteen guineas at billiards, and borrowed one of a friend to pay my dinner—Won a hit or two at backgammon, but lost again at piquet—Ordered some turtle and claret for ten, at a guinea a head, and sent my wife two shillings and sixpence to buy some victuals for herself, five children, and the maid—Housekeeping damn'd expensive, and no end to woman's extravagance—Heard good news—A famous Pigeon expected to dinner—A young *West-Indian*, and rich as Cræsus—Was resolved to be prepared, and leave nothing to luck; so loaded a couple of the Doctors for throwing a seven and nine.

After dinner, plied the young *Creole* with wine, and shammed Abraham to avoid the glass; but nevertheless pretended to be drunk—About eleven o'clock, the tables were set, cash deposited, and the sport began—By three o'clock, had won 3,000l—Was high in spirits—thought myself a made man, when the Devil deserted me, and put it into the head of my opponent

ment to examine the dice!—To make short of my story, I was detected, compelled to refund, and, finally, kicked out of the room, with my ears slit, and my hair docked.

In my way home, these cogitations offered themselves—What can I do? I am expelled society—I cannot game—I cannot apply to habits of industry—What is to become of me?—I have it—A thought strikes me—The *New Philosophy* says death is an eternal sleep—There's horror in the thought! but!

By five o'clock arrived at home, and found my wife in tears, and my children crying for bread! Gave 'em a hearty curse—Drank a pint bumper of spirits, and went to bed!!!

DEATH OF MR. WELTJIE.

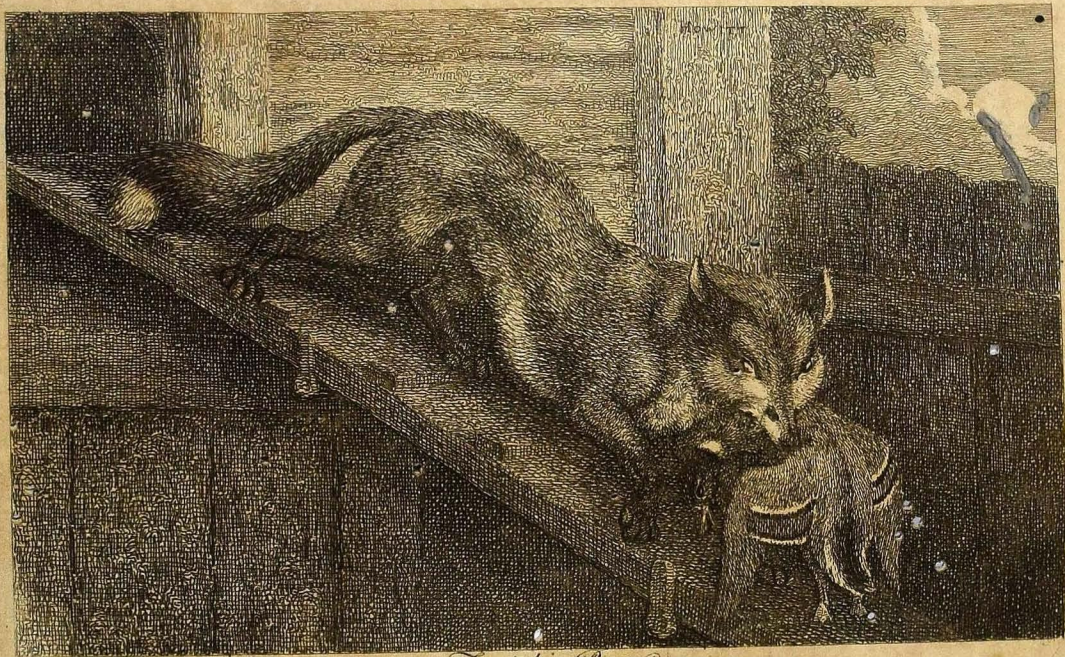
SUDDENLY, on Thursday evening, Oct. 23, died, at Chiswick, while drinking tea with Mrs Mayersbach, widow of the celebrated Water-Doctor of that name, Mr. Louis Weltjie, late clerk, cook, and purveyor to the Prince of Wales. Weltjie appeared to be in good health during the course of the day and the evening; but just as he began to drink the second cup, he suddenly fell back and expired. Being a very gross and corpulent man, it is supposed his death was occasioned by a stroke of the apoplexy.

The history and fortune of this man are somewhat singular: he was by birth a German, and formerly sold cakes and gingerbread about the streets. By what means he got recommended to the notice or favour of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, we know not; but, after he received the appointment of Chief Cook and Clerk of the Kitchen, he soon became Pur-

veyor to Carlton-House, and the Pavilion at Brighton, in which situation he acquired a considerable fortune—Some years since, his daughter having taken a liking to a young cook, the subordinate of Weltjie, she married him, which greatly excited the indignation of her father, who preferred his complaints to his Royal Patron. He represented with great indignation, the *disgrace and degradation of his family*, by so humble an alliance, and warmly solicited the dismissal of the offender. The good sense of his patron saw the matter in a very different light, which induced him to observe, that the *inequality* was not so great as to outrage the *feelings*, or wound the *pride* of a man, who could not entirely forget his own former situation. He was, therefore, advised to make the best of the affair, and reconcile himself cordially with his son-in-law and daughter. Instead of prudently adopting this counsel, the enraged father persisted in urging the discharge of the offender, against the *dignity of his family*, threatening to consign both husband and wife to indigence; to prevent which, the illustrious person alluded to, discharged Weltjie himself, and put the son-in-law into his lucrative situation.

THE FOX AND HIS PREY.

IN this Etching, by Mr. Howit, we have Reynard descending from a Hen and Duck-house—having made free with a Drake, the wary plunderer is marching off with his prey, fast holding, and with cautious steps, until he has fairly quitted the premises—then to his repast, voraciously devouring his feathered prize, while the farmer's wife, on *finding her loss*, exclaims with bitter curses against the general enemy of her poultry and herself.



Fox & his Prey.
Published Nov: 1800, by J. Whittle, Warwick Square.

THOUGHTS ON THE MEANS OF
ACQUIRING THE VETERINARY
SCIENCE.

To the EDITORS of the SPORTING
MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

IN consequence of the awakened attention of the public mind, the Veterinary Science is now become a matter of universal enquiry; and its importance and utility so evident, that the species of contempt that was annexed to the idea of a farrier, is now giving way to the credit and respect due to the able veterinary practitioners. It is not a little surprising, that in a country where the breed, and other circumstances attending the improvement of this valuable animal, has been a subject of investigation to the most eminent men, and attended to by those of the highest rank with an ardour few other subjects have commanded; that the prevention and cure of his diseases has been suffered to remain in the same hands that forge his shoes, or, at least, in those of equal ignorance. The attempts of a few enlightened individuals, as Bracken, Osmer, Gibson, &c. have done little more towards improving this branch of knowledge, than that of meliorating his treatment in the stables of ingenious men, who choose to undertake the management of their own sick.

Ignorance and presumption ever accompany each other, and always bear a relative proportion; hence the farrier, who can hardly read or write, despises that knowledge he does not understand; his stock of learning consisting generally of an old manuscript, with the names of a few diseases, and as many remedies, has been received from his father, who had it carefully delivered to him by his grand-father,

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with strict injunctions never to show it, as it contained many rare secrets. Upon these grounds, and with these authorities, are the various diseases of the animal in question attempted to be removed; nor can it be wondered at, that want of success invariably marks their practise, or that sending for a farrier is analagous to sending for death, with additional consolation of paying dearly for the mischief he brings.

Few sciences immediately practical, (if I may so express myself) ever arrive at any great perfection, until they become objects of general enquiry. In the aggregate of mankind, the stimulus of interest must be applied to assist scientific research; therefore the Veterinary Science has remained in obscurity, notwithstanding the efforts of some ingenious writers and practitioners, till a public seminary has been established, the mode of acquiring the necessary knowledge reduced to a system, and held out to those who are able or willing to avail themselves of it. It is now, therefore, when every eye is opened upon their errors, and that thereby they lose their best practice, that farriers are compelled to alter their plan, and to wish to obtain some other information than is contained in their receipt book. But even yet the operation of the College in disseminating knowledge must be slow; for it will be long before every county, or great town, is supplied with an *élève* from that school properly qualified; and the mode of obtaining a competent knowledge without a residence there, is difficult: for the groundwork is not laid, there is no helping hand to the first step; every thing, therefore, is confused and unintelligible, and the inquisitive, but ignorant mind, turns with disgust from the rugged path: and yet the acquiring

acquiring of sufficient knowledge to form not only a tolerable, but able veterinary surgeon; is by no means difficult, when the first steps are pointed and made clear, and the future gradations marked out. But information conveyed in this manner must be multifarious; it must comprize a vast variety of subjects, and must be fitted to very different capacities. It is necessary it should be at once scientific, yet plain and intelligible.

From the relative connection between animal and human medicine, regular-bred surgeons have hitherto been the only persons who have distinguished themselves in this art; and indeed so connected are they, that a good surgeon has gone three-fourths of the way towards making a good veterinarian; yet without a general knowledge of horses, of the modes in use with regard to them, of the peculiar nomenclature attending the description of their diseases, such a one would be very much at a loss; and he who at the road side might appear a paraulsus, in the stable would personate a blockhead.

It is not difficult to mark the hindrances to our improvement in veterinary medicine, but it is more so to remove them: the establishment of a public school is the first great step, yet, as I have before observed, it will be long before its influence can become very extensive; and far the greater number of those who do at present, or intend to practice as farriers, cannot avail themselves of this advantage.

There appears to me three classes of persons to whom the Veterinary Science would be acceptable, but who from various circumstances, cannot embrace the opportunity offered them: these are surgeons who are already settled, and wish to combine the two practices of human and animal me-

dicine together; but for want of a general knowledge of horses, of the few differences that exist between the horse and the man with their relations to their several diseases, and a total ignorance of what some veterinarians would term stabularian usage, are afraid to attempt such a junction.

The next kind of persons are those who are at present in the practice of farriery, but who are totally ignorant of the internal formation of the animal they profess to cure, who have no knowledge of medicine, and by attending to symptoms only, confound one disease with another, and who, as soon as it receives its name, apply invariably the same remedy through every stage of it.

The third kind are young men, who either wish to qualify themselves, or whose relations resolve on this profession for their children, but whose means are not equal to the placing them at the college. These latter would find it useful to attach themselves to some enquiring and intelligent farrier, or to a surgeon who was engaged in these pursuits.

I have before mentioned, and am fully convinced, that each of these three classes of persons may fit themselves to act as able veterinarians, without any residence at the college; but it must be by a well laid down system communicated in the clearest and ablest manner.

When an already qualified surgeon turns his attention to this branch of science, he finds he has to acquire a thorough knowledge of comparative anatomy, and the principal differences that exist between the formation of the animal and human frame, especially such as lead to the greatest varieties in the diseases, and their consequent treatment: such as the horizontal situation

ation of the one, so unlike the perpendicular position of the other, and affecting materially all medicines intended to operate on the alimentary canal.

He will acquaint himself by these means, that in his treatment of diseases in the horse, he cannot avail himself of a very powerful medium of assistance in various affections of the human, namely, that of the sympathetic effect of a nauseating stomach on remote organs, as no such effect can be produced in the animal. Purgatives he has to learn are likewise of less use in acute diseases, or those whose termination is rapid, as they are so long in producing their effect: he must therefore more usually employ clysters. The great strength of the arterial system must ever be present to his imagination; by this he will learn how much more prone to inflammatory diseases is the horse, and how much sooner such diseases is seen through their stages from this cause, and consequently how much more active and decided must be the treatment; if he waits for directing symptoms, gangrene stares him in the face, and ends the unhappy animal. But one of the grand anatomical differences he has to enquire into, is the formation of the feet: from this arises a long train of diseases that have but little analogy to any thing met with in the human. He must consider the great vascularity of these parts, their aptitude to inflame, and under inflammation, to take on a diseased formation; whereby incurable lumeny is produced. This class of diseases our enquirer will find most difficult, as no analogy helps him; the names are arbitrary and various, nor seldom can any certain prognostic be formed: an intimate knowledge of the formation, and a careful observance of

symptoms, will prove his best guides.

But what more particularly embarrasses a surgeon when he first sets out in his pursuits of this nature, is, his ignorance of the nomenclature and idiom, if I may so call it, used among grooms and farriers, and of the general knowledge of the stable, with the observance of certain forms, by which these kind of people can at once tell whether you are habituated to horses; which can only be acquired by constant attention to them in general. By this converse, an experienced groom, from the manner only, can tell the seat of complaint with greater certainty, than the ablest physician, or most scientific surgeon, unaccustomed to sick horses. There are circumstances still more trifling, but which must be nevertheless overcome: the proper mode of examining a horse must be attended to—when the action, the arteries is most conveniently detected as under his jaw; how to judge of the coldness of his extremities, by his legs, feet, ears, and muzzle; and how to distinguish impeded or accelerated respiration by his flanks; and when respiration is only quickened from a general affection, or when the abdominal muscles only act with force to relieve local affections, as in diseases of the chest, broken wind, &c.

(To be continued.)

PEDIGREES and PERFORMANCES OF ALFRED.

HE was bred by John Wastell, Esq. of Arnderly Steeple, near Northallerton, Yorkshire, and foaled in 1770. Got by Matchem: dam by Snap, Callen Arabian, Greewood's Lady Thigh, by Partner, Greyhound, Sophonista's dam, by the Curwen Bay Barb, Lord d'Arcy's Chesnut Arabian, White-

shirt, Old Montague Mare. Alfred was own brother to Conductor, Ainderly, Georgina, Dictator, Receiver, Scorpion, and Laurustinus: his dam also bred Coaxer, &c. &c.

Alfred, when first in training, was the property of Lord Bolingbroke; and at Newmarket First Spring Meeting, 1774 he received 200gs from Lord Farnham's Flirt, and Mr. Vernon's Sophy.

In Second Spring Meeting, Alfred walked over the B. C. for the Clermont Cup, value 120gs, and 400gs in specie: he also walked over B. C. for a subscription of 175gs.

Alfred then became the property of Mr. Vernon; and at Newmarket July Meeting, he won the Grosvenor Stakes of 700gs, beating Sir C. Bunbury's Alexis, Lord Grosvenor's Gillkicker, Duke of Grafton's Magnet, and two others.

At Newmarket Second October Meeting, Alfred walked over D. C. for a Sweepstakes of 400gs, and won a Sweepstakes of 105gs, weight for age, B. C. beating Duke of Ancaster's Transit, Mr. Storde's Rebus, &c. He also received 100gs compromise from Lord Abingdon's Tuzzimuzzy, to whom he was to have allowed 9lb.

He was afterwards a stallion at Ainderly Steeple, at 5gs each mare; and was sire of Columbus, Elfleda, Snowdrop, Guyler, Robin-Hood, Steeple, Ransom, Imperatrix, Balloon, Cheshire Round, Nancy, Black-Eyed Susan, Columba, Doctor, Shipton, Blemish, Miss Judy, Tickle Toby, and several other good racers, and hunter's plate horses: his stock were likewise celebrated for being capital hunters.

Of JUPITER.

He was bred by the late Colonel O'Kelly, and foaled in 1774. Got by Eclipse, out of Col. O'Kelly's

well-known mare by Tartar; her dam by Mogul, Sweepstakes, Bay Bolton, Curwen Bay Barb, Old Spot, Vintner Mare. Jupiter is own brother to Antiochus, Venus, Adonis, Lilly of the Valley, Mercury, Volunteer, Bonnyface, and Queen Mab, &c.

In 1777, Jupiter won the three yrs old stakes at Lewes, of 800gs; received a forfeit of 200gs in September, at Abingdon: at Newmarket October Meeting, he won a Sweepstakes of 1000gs, R. M. beating Lord Bolingbroke's Comet, and six others.

In 1778, at Newmarket, Jupiter won the Fortescue Stakes of 300gs, D. I. beating Diletante, Athenais, Tuscan, Magna Charta, and three others.

He was afterwards a stallion at Thornville Royal, Weatherly, Yorkshire, at 10gs each mare; and a sire of Halkin, Cardock, by Jupiter, Mr. Parkhurst's Welter, who won the Welter Stakes this year at Bibury, of 20gs each, p.p. (41 Subscribers) 13st. each, 3-mile heats, and many other very capital hunters, some of which have been sold for amazing high prices.

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

BY JOHN LAWRENCE.

UPON IMPROVEMENTS IN THE ART OF SHODDING CART-HORSES.

BY a strange absurdity, as cart-horses are shod in a more unnatural and preposterous method than any other description, so there is infinitely less occasion, and less excuse for it. Although the pure, dry,

dry, and elastic air of some parts of Asia, so hardens the hoofs of horses, that they are tough enough to endure the ground with very slight, perhaps sometimes without any shoes, yet the nature of the hoof in that race is essentially changed by the heavy and moist air of our northern climate, and we find the feet of our horses, generally tender in proportion to their blood, and tougher as they approach the cart-breed. Most cart-horses are provided in an ample measure, with quarters and frogs sufficiently capacious to support their weight, and which would for ever do that office in the fullest manner, were they not constantly pared down, to make way for an artificial and delusive support of iron. This pretended iron support is much more destructive to their feet, than either their own weight, or the hard ground; for instead of encouraging the natural growth of horn upon the foot, destined to sustain the shoe, it is daily abrading and wearing that necessary substance away. The plea, that heavy horses require such ponderous shoes to support their weight, is totally unfounded and absurd; since those horses, as well as all others, are never so firmly supported, or their feet so strong and sound, as when running abroad, without shoes; and if it be urged, that in such case they do not labour, the answer is as just as it is ready; that during the season of labour and carrying weight, a heavy covering, which weakens and destroys the feet, can never be a proper support for the body. What would a porter say to the artist, who should propose to him to pare away the hard skin of his heels, and to make amends for the loss of natural substance, by an additional thickness of shoe?

I will however grant, because I know it from long experience, that

almost all horses require a certain substance of shoe, sufficient to preserve their feet from the concussion of the ground in exercise; and for this any person may find an analogy in his own feelings, when running over hard ground with thin-soled shoes; but this consideration by no means affects draft-horses, in the degree it does those, which are obliged to move quick; and the circumstance of the former being confined to a walk, is extremely favourable to any necessary amendment in their shoeing, even when their feet may have been crippled, and worn tender by weight of iron.

If there be really no necessity for these heavy oval shoes, beyond a paltry saving in the price of iron, and a gratification of the ridiculous prejudices of ignorant smiths, surely the concerned will no longer suffer their own interests, and the feelings of their cattle, to be so idly sacrificed. Excluding all ideas of risk and damage, let it be simply considered with what ease a couple of horses, properly shod with flat narrow-webbed shoes, and having their soles entire, and their frogs in their natural state to cling to a slippery surface, would take a load up-hill over the pavement, to what they would be able to do with the common large and oval shoes. It must at least make a horse difference in four; but in the view of humanity, the difference is immense. Taking it as a mere point of interest, and supposing that the amendment cannot be compassed without an additional allowance to the farrier, there is nothing more obvious, than that it would be infinitely to the advantage of the keepers of cart-horses to comply; of the truth of which, they may be very cheaply and easily convinced.

The reader, desirous of information, will have made his own inferences from the principles I have laid

laid down; without being any great connoisseur in horse-shoeing, he has, I dare say, found them accordant with common sense, which has much more to do in the right management of all things, than professional mystics willingly allow. As has been said, the reformation must come from the personal exertions of people of property. In such consists the lawful and meritorious influence of wealth. Little is to be effected, as ages have shewn in this particular case, from the feeble efforts of authors, who, to use a phrase of the schools, are poor by custom, and therefore little attended to. But whoever shall set about this necessary reform, will have an immense load of prejudice to counteract in groins and farriers in general, by no means undeserving the character bestowed on them, by the discerning Earl of Pembroke. A holy zeal for antiquated forms, and an invincible attachment to precedent, right or wrong, are not confined to the superior professions.—The late professor, St. Bel, assured me, that one of his workmen left the service of the College, although his wages were higher, and his labour less, than elsewhere, rather than submit to be taught any other method of shoeing than that which he had learned in his youth, and which, for that good reason, he was sure must be the best: and I was within these few days informed, by a friend, of a dairy-man in Buckinghamshire, well known to the said informant, who always weighs his butter for market with a family stone, although the said stone weighs several ounces above a pound; giving the following sage reason for the practice—"that as his father before him, weighed with the stone, and did well, be sure it did not become him, to be wiser than his father!"

HUMOUROUS ACCOUNT OF THE LATE SWEATING SICKNESS.

AMONGST the annals of our public calamities, there is none more distinguished than the ravages which were caused a few centuries ago in the population of the country, by a dreadful and peculiar distemper, which, from its fatal symptoms, was called the *Sweating Sickness*.

This horrible epidemy has never visited any other parts of Europe, notwithstanding their nearer proximity to the sun, so that its causes have justly been considered as local and peculiar; and its return cannot be watched or prevented with too much vigilance and anxiety.

It is with infinite concern that we feel it our duty to announce some very suspicious and formidable symptoms of this malady, which have lately made their appearance in various quarters of the town, and amongst the most opposite classes of society.

The first signs which we have been enabled to trace, broke out on the 5th ult. in several great houses at the West end of the town. *Lady Godina* —, who had worn her characteristic undress during all the severity of the winter, was amongst the first who were attacked. Her disorder broke out in a violent elastic black velvet, with an incrustation of gold net, from head to foot; and the *Hon. Mrs. Figleaf* herself was not to be known by her nearest friends, being covered all over with a terrible eruption of pink sarsnet and black satin. Many sweet dancers were discovered to be privately afflicted with flannel and callico, and to have assumed articles of male attire; while others were ascertained to have taken the infection at the bosom, by the quantity of infected cotton, which made

the sufferers look like so many wet-nurses.

In the progress of the sickness the patient has been known to take her cat or lap-dog into bed with her; and some have asked their friends to provide them with good bed-fellows for life.

The present calamity, however, is not confined to the fair sex. It is in every sense epidemical, and affects not only natural but political bodies. A hundred red-hot Deputies from another country have been invited to sit in a room, in which for a century there has never been space enough for two-thirds of its own Members. They are designed to contribute to the heat of the Assembly, as many of them are known to take fire upon the slightest occasions, and others are now baking in a certain oven, after which they intend to wrap themselves in ermine for the rest of their lives.

The worst symptoms, however, have appeared in the market places, where a class of persons called *middle men*, composed of the warmest Citizens, have encreased the sweating sickness to such a dreadful paroxysm, as to threaten the whole kingdom, with consumption. It is certain, that thousands of families have already been sweated down to skeletons. The same is the case with any thing they touch, whether it be meat, bread, or corn. If they lay their hand upon a bushel, it instantly sweats itself down to a peck; and a quartern loaf has been known to waste by their deleterious heat, down to the size of a two-penny-roll.

Their art of sweating the people is so complete, that some persons have thought they actually ground the faces of their patients. But we shall have to speak more of this symptom of the sickness at another opportunity. At present, it is our

duty to caution the public particularly against taverns and post-chaises, in which the infection is violently taken, and the perspiration sudden and profuse. The very bottles in some inns have sweated themselves down to pints—but the most dangerous circumstance one has yet heard of, is a combination in one of the branches of a most respectable profession, to sweat the gross. They have been known to order seven sweats at a time, and encrease the effects of their prescription by a new and violent species of action.

CURIOUS REGULATION FOR
THE HOUSEHOLD SERVANTS
OF AN ENGLISH BARONET,
ABOUT THE YEAR 1566.

I. THAT no servant bee absent from praier, at morning or euening, without a lawfull excuse, to be alledged within one day after, vpon paine to forfeit for euery time 2d.

II. That none swear anie othe vpon paine for euery one 1d.

III. That no man leave any doore open that he findeth shut, without theare bee cause, vpon paine for euery tyme 1d.

IV. That none of the men be in bed, from Our Lady-day to Michaelmas, after 6 of the clock in the morning; nor out of his bed after 10 of the clock at night; nor from Michaelmas till Our Lady-day, in bed after 7 in the morning, nor out after 9 at night, without reasonable cause, on paine of 2d.

V. That no man's bed be vn-made, nor fire or candle-box vn-cleane, after 8 of the clock in the morning, on paine of 1d.

VI. That no man make water within either of the courts, vpon paine of euery tyme it shall be proued 1d.

VII. That no man teach any of the

the children any unhoneſt ſpeech, or ſbawdie word, or othe, on paine of 4d.

VIII. That no man waite at the table without a trencher in his hand, except it be vpon ſome good cauſe, on paine of 1d.

IX. That no man appointed to waite at my table be abſent that meale without reaſonable cauſe, on paine of 1d.

X. If anie man break a glaſſe hee ſhall aunſwer the price thereof out of his wages; and if it bee not known who breake it, the butler ſhall pay for it, on paine of 12d.

XI. The table muſt be covered halfe an houer before 11 at dinner, and 6 at ſupper, or before, on paine of 2d.

XII. That meate be readie at 11 or before, at dinner, and 6, or before, at ſupper, on paine of 6d.

XIII. That none be abſent, without leave or good cauſe, the whole day, or anie part of it, on paine of 4d.

XIV. That no man ſtrike his fellow, on paine of loſſe of ſervice: nor reuile or threaten, or provoke one another to ſtrike, on paine of 12d.

XV. That no man come to the kitchen without reaſonable cauſe on paine of 1d. and the cook like- wiſe to forfeit 1d.

XVI. That none toy with the maids, on paine of 4d.

XVII. That no man weare foule ſhirt on Sunday, nor broken hoſe, or ſhooes, or doublett without buttons, on paine of 1d.

XVIII. That when any ſtrainger goeth hence, the chamber be drest vp againe within 4 hours after, on paine of 1d.

XIX. That the hall bee made cleane every day, by eight in the Winter and teauen in the Summer, on paine of him that ſhould doe it 1d.

XX. That the court-gate bee ſhut each meale, and not opened

during dinner and ſupper, without juſt cauſe, on paine the porter to forfeit for every time, 1d.

XXI. That all ſtays in the houſe, and other rooms that need ſhall require, bee made cleane on Fryday after dinner on paine of forfeiture of euery one whom it ſhall belong vnto 3d.

All which ſommes ſhall be duly paid each quarter day out of their wages, and beſtowed on the poore, or other godly uſe.

FEROCIOUS WOLVES in FRANCE.

FRANCE is at preſent very much infeſted with wolves, which the late roaring of artillery has driven from the forests of Germany. On the 29th of Auguſt one of theſe furious animal iſſued about eight in the evening out of the foreſt of Chamount, and met with two children coming from glean- ing: the firſt of whom it let paſſe, and tore the other. It next fell upon a woman, and tore her in the body and the hand. Purſuing its courſe, it caught a little girl keeping cows, and tore her in the head, biting alſo her brother, who ran to her aſſiſtance. It then attacked a horſe, and snapped a piece of its neck off, and afterwards proceeded towards a neighbouring farm. The night, which began to grow dark, prevented two domeſtics, who came forth at the cries of *help! help!* from ſeeing the beaſt till it was upon them, and lacerated one in a moſt cruel manner; the other brought it to the ground with a muſket ſhot, but did not kill it, for it roſe again to renew its ravages until a ſecond ſhot effected the buſineſſ. All this paſſed in the ſpace of a quarter of an hour. Three of the wounded are in the moſt deplorable condition. The Prefect has ſent them medical aſſiſtance, but it is feared that it will be to little purpoſe.

CHRONICLE OF ECCENTRICITIES.

A BEGGAR, whose appearance bespoke the extreme of poverty and wretchedness, was lately apprehended in Bond-street, by the parish officers, and conveyed to the Police Office, Marlborough-street. Upon searching him, there were found upon his person Stock receipts to the amount of 650l. in the 3 per cents. 52l. in cash, besides a quantity of half-pence. For a considerable time past, it appeared, he had slept under a bulk in Davies-street, Grosvenor-square. No wretch could look more miserable than he did: his short, ragged coat, was tied round his body with a string, and he was partly covered with part of an old carpet; in his pocket was a piece of beef-steak. He was committed as a vagrant to Tottenham-fields Bridewell; and the Stock receipts and money were ordered to be delivered to the custody of the overseers of the parish of St. George, Hanover-square.

A wit observes upon this occasion, that the enemy must ever despair of ruining the finances of this country, when they hear that even our *beggars* in the streets are *stock-holders*, and that *scrip receipts* are found in the wallets that formerly contained mouldy bread and cheese.

Another writer observes, that in several cases where persons have been struck with lightning, it has been attracted by the *money in their pockets*. The Schedule of the Income Tax, he however supposes, would act as a very good conductor on such an occasion.

The following curious Address to the King of Candia is a genuine article of the Eastern hyperbole—

To the fortunate person endowed with all good qualities; possessed

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of firmness, like the Golden Mountain; adored by Mandalay svasas (*i. e.* Rulers of Countries); taker of Tributes from the Foreign Powers; the most learned of the Magicians; Enjoyer of Pleasures like the Guardian Deities; studious of Mouna Montra (*i. e.* mental Contemplation of the Supreme Being); a Warrior surrounded with an Army of intoxicated Elephants; the most eminent of the Ruling Princes; a Deity crowned with a Royal Diadem, shadowed by an Umbrella resembling the full Moon; the lucky Prince of Lanka, sitting on a gemmed Throne, and wearing a shining Crown; a Descendant of the Solar Race, entitled Vootama Paria Teroovausal.

Fatal Fondling with a Bull.—An Inquest was lately held at Mamble, on the body of Mr. John Hailes, farmer, who was killed by his bull. It appeared that the deceased was very fond of the bull, and highly valued him, had been feeding him in the fold-yard with some oats in the straw, out of his hand, and afterwards was scratching his head and talking to him, when the bull, who had before shewn symptoms of wildness, ran at him suddenly. He for some time sheltered himself behind a brick pillar; but being closely pursued, he endeavoured to get under a cart-dray, in doing which, the bull struck him so violently against the dray; as to occasion his death. The bull was immediately driven to some distance, while the body was removed, but soon returned to the spot in pursuit of the unfortunate object. He was afterwards shot.

Surprising Adventure!—A few days ago, a very large Herring-Hog being

ing observed in Comber river, by James M'Dowall, of Castle-espie, blacksmith, he undressed, armed himself with a pitchfork, and went into the water to meet the fish returning down Channel, and closely pursuing a shoal of herrings, he, in the midst of them, drove the fork into its head. Not being able to bring it on shore, the force of the animal, and the swell of the water, having lifted him from the bottom, he was obliged to swim along side to the opposite shore, still, however, holding by the fork. Nearly worn out with fatigue, he resolved on leaving it; but drawing the fork out of the wound, it instantly turned round, open mouthed, when, in his own defence, he dashed the fork into it. The animal gave a tremendous roar, threw up the water, and tumbled over on its back: M'Dowall still holding by the fork, was tossed over also, and fell several yards distance. The fork broke in this attack; however, on examining, he found it was dying, and by means of the broken fork, he was enabled to force his hard-earned prize farther in shore, where the tide in a short time left it quite dry. It is in length thirteen feet and a half, in circumference nine, tail three feet broad, fin on the back twenty inches high, had five rows of large teeth; weighed nine cwt. and three quarters, and has produced twenty-nine gallons of pure oil.—*Belfast News Letter.*

The Biters Bit.—Some French papers say, that a farmer, near Lyons, proposing to attend a fair the next day, had selected thirty sheep for sale, which he put into a stable. — Towards the evening, which proved a very stormy one, a fellow knocked at the door, and entreated lodgings for himself and his tumble companion, a *beur*, with which he was also going to the fair. The farmer had compassion

on him. But as there was no place in which *Bruin* could be well secured, he turned the sheep out, placed the shaggy gentlemen in their stead, and took the *beur-leader* into his house. During the night, the family was alarmed by most horrid groans. Two of the *neighbours* had broken into the stable, with intent to steal the sheep!—*Bruin* had dispatched one of them. His master arrived in time to save the life of the other thief,—and the honest farmer, by this exercise of hospitality—*saved his sheep.*

A London paper, jesting, describes a new Fashionable Club at the West end of the town, to be composed of Irish Noblemen and Gentlemen, members of the Legislature. After observing, that it is a measure taken in consequence of the *Union*, the writer says,—“Two *urgeons* in ordinary, a *gun-maker*, and a *sword-cutter*, are to be placed on the establishment; *pistols*, *powder*, and *ball*, will be kept in the house, ready at all times; and a part of Burlington Gardens is to be inclosed, as a *field of honour*, where disputes may be quickly settled, that no malice may exist for a minute in the club.”—Some years ago a burlesque advertisement appeared in a Dublin paper, describing a club in that city, (celebrated for the *duels* it occasioned), of which the accommodations seemed to be still more complete;—for the gentlemen were informed that an assortment of *coffins* and *shrouds* were constantly on hand, and there was an *undertaker* at the next door.

Another account says, since a Club of these Gentlemen has been formed in London, the first thing called for by the Chairman, is for the waiter to bring in a plate of powder and ball, to lie upon the table in readiness to accommodate disputes.

A curious and splendid Toy has been presented by the Grand Chocolate

Choulaa to the Portuguese Governor at Macao, as a token of friendship on his preferment to the high station of Prime Minister of China. It consists of a snuff-box of gold, set with pearls and diamonds, worth 1000l. It has the most curious mechanism concealed within, by means of which, on touching a little spring, a lid, or little trap-door opens, a bird jumps up, moves his bill, and flutters his wings, and after having sung his little song, returns himself to his hole, and draws the trap down after him.

The *Property Man* belonging to one of the *Winter Theatres*, has lately dispatched to a Provincial Manager the following *Cargo of Stage Effect*—

“6 Bottles and a half of Lightning—14 Black Wigs, 7 pair of Wiskers, and a quantity of Cork to burn—A large quantity of Quills and Peas for Showers of Rain.—A barrel of the very best Thunder—47 Tooth-Brushes for the Ladies, very little used—The Dress of a *Spectre*, consisting of a White Dress, discoloured with Blood, and a quantity of Chalk.—N. B. The Dress wants Washing.—36 Daggers, that only want sharpening.”

A quantity of *Brimstone* was likewise sent, but returned by the Manager, there being a sufficiency of that commodity in the country.

A noble Lord is said to have appeared at Blandford Races with no less than nine different equipages upon the course. What a pity he could not ride in them all! The hospitable nobility of earlier reigns displayed their magnificence in the number of their tenants and retainers. In earlier times, when a Lord was at home, the country round him perceived his presence. His neighbours, his tenants, were welcome and entertained, and the poor were fed from his table. In this enlightened age, when a Lady is at home, a couple of hundred flirts of

fashion, whose faces are scarce known to her, are crammed with all the luxuries of the season. The expence, the distinction is the same. Both have displayed their wealth and magnificence.—The difference is, that formerly they did good with it;—one fed a province for a month; the other spends in a night what would feed it. This keeps nine carriages, that keep as many parishes.—The first contributes by his vices to the revenue; the other upheld the manners and the political system of the country by his virtues.

There is, in the Burgh of Kirkby-Kendal, a ludi magister, or pedagogue, familiarly called a bum-brusher, doup skelper, or school-master—

Who, in his noisy Mansion skill'd to rule, oft boasts of his never changing his taylor, his barber, nor his shoemaker.—For five-and-twenty years, his galligaskins have been made by the same needle-jerker, his chin scraped by the same beard-cutter, and his brogues fashioned by the same leather-slasher! A cobbler, who had just begun business, offered to do his work at half-price—but *Hofernes* is a man of his word, and of course refused him.

The following is a correct copy of a curious sign-board, which was placed over a door in a certain street in the city. We give it to our readers as a specimen of *eccentricity*—

“Mangling done here every day in the week, except Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.”

A country Magistrate, who had a culprit brought before him for robbing an orchard, was at a loss what punishment to inflict upon him, and said to his servant, (whose name was John) “Take down *Burne*.”—“Yes, Sir,” replied John, when his Master desired him to look for *Orchard*.

The following curious circumstance may be relied on as a fact:—A short time since several gentlemen being on a visit to a friend in Essex, one of them wishing to take a little diversion in fly-fishing, procured a guide to point out a part of the river, where he might expect to find some sport. The man conducted the gentleman to a spot where there were good fish: the rod and line of course were prepared; but when about to cast the fly, the gentleman found the hook (as he thought) had caught the bushes, and was giving the second pull to extricate it, when the man, who stood behind, bawled aloud—"the hook has caught my nose!" The gentleman perceiving this, endeavoured all in his power to relieve him, but without effect, and the poor fellow was under the necessity of walking five miles with the hook in his nose to a surgeon, where the hook and his nose were separated, to the great joy of the much-alarmed sufferer!

A man named George Simmons, a shoemaker in the neighbourhood of East-Smithfield, for the trifling wager of two quarts of beer, undertook to cleanse a grocer's shop of the flies. He was accordingly attended by a numerous train of taylor, hackney-coachmen, &c. from the public-house, to a grocer's on Tower-hill, and making the shopman acquainted with the bet, he obtained three pieces of paper, spread with treacle: one he placed on his head, and one on each hand; then walking to and through the shop, he contrived a humming sound like that of a large fly, and in the space of three minutes, the man's head was entirely enveloped in a cloud of flies. In this manner he walked as far as the Tower stairs, where he lodged his airy companions in the bar of a small gin-shop, to the no little asto-

nishment of a great concourse of people.

A flight of strange Storks of enormous size lately made its appearance near Cardillac, in France, one of which was taken in the following manner:—The stork alighted near a village by the side of a boy, where it seemed to be watching for some prey. A young peasant beheld it with astonishment, drew near, examined, drew back, advanced a little closer, and then hesitated again. The bird, oppressed no doubt with heat and fatigue, stretched itself, and spread its wings, when this young observer at once lost all temper: he takes to his heels, makes the sign of the cross, starts at every noise, and looks about at every step to see if he is about to be devoured. His comrades meet him, ridicule his fears, and with much entreaty prevail on him to go back: they fire at the bird, wound it slightly, seize on him with caution and trembling, and soon obtained the victory. The conquerors then bore off their prisoner in triumph, fed it, healed its wound, and since feast most luxuriously on the numerous eggs it lays.

Thick Skulls and thin Skulls.—Dr. Crichton, in his enquiry into the cause of Mental Derangement, has the following striking passage:—"It is very remarkable," says the Doctor, "that a great majority of the skulls of such patients are very *thick*, or very *thin*. Among 216, whose heads were opened, 167 were thick, and 38 only thin, one of which was thick on the right side, and thin on the left. Among 100 raving mad, 78 were thick, and 20 quite thin, *one* of which was quite *soft*. Among 26 epileptic persons, who were raving, there were 19 thick, and four thin. Among 46 idiots, and 20 epileptics, there were 38 thick, six thin, and

and one *thick, thin, and a part soft*. Among 24 melancholy patients, 18 had very thin skulls."—It may therefore be fairly inferred, that all wars, bloodshed, and devastation, derive their origin from thick, thin, and soft skulls.

In the Masquerade at Margate, on the 21st of August, the first characters that entered the lists, were a *Cobler* and a *Ballad-singer*, a happy pair, of considerable professional talents: the former, however, waxed warm in the work, and his *home-spun* wit being soon brought to an end, took to his pumps, and ran away. The *Ballad-singer* proved more constant; and though not possessed of all the melody of the nightingale, shewed more versatility by giving a *Cranburn-alley* duet, in the best style of the best originals. Two clowns had been for some time annoying the company by their bluntness and vulgarity. Even *Bears* from the Alley, of whom there were several present, denied their kindred and acquaintance, and a *Pantaloone* at length turned them out, to the great joy of the whole society. At this moment, a shriek was heard from a remote part of the scene: on enquiry, it was found to issue from an *East-India Nabob*, terrified out of his senses at the appearance of *Tippoo Sultan*. An *Old Tar*, alarmed for the *Nabob's* safety, undertook to undeceive him, and immediately put a variety of interrogatories to the *Prince of Mysore*. From this it appeared, that the *Black Hero* knew no more of *Seringapatam*, than *Sir Richard Glynn's* lamp-lighter, who represented that city, on the front of the *Mansion-house*, as taken by the *English navy*. From the astuteness of the examination, some supposed that *Mr. Garrow* had come down from the

Cliff to personate the old tar, but on enquiry, we found there was no ground for that opinion. The *Hon Mr. W.* at first occasioned some confusion, being supposed from his dress to be a *Sans-Culotte* just arrived from France. The *Bulls* and *Bears* pressed round, to know whether the signing of the preliminaries was yet officially announced in *The Moniteur*. The *Ladies* wished to be informed, what were the *vast designs* which *Bonaparte* had just conceived; and *Justice Midas* went to a corner to make out his *mittimus*, when it was at last discovered, that the stranger was only a poor *Highlander*.—Among the other characters most deserving of notice, from the spirit with which they were supported, were an old *Admiral*, a *Poet*, a *Country Bumpkin*, *Dicky Gossip*, a *Match Girl*, &c.

At another Masquerade on the night of the 27th, the most prominent, and by far the best supported character, was that of an *Irishman* by *Mr. L*—d: although he swore he had just come over the *Herring Pond*, to look what sort of a *Husband* they had got for his own dear *Mother (Ireland)* in the *green gown*, and whether he had ever seen such a fruit as a *potatoe*, yet he seemed to know every body, and have something appropriate to say to each person in the room.

Next in point of excellence, was a *Jerry Sneak*. A *Pill and Potion Monger*, not far from *Middlesex hospital*: thinking himself completely concealed by an old coat, and an ugly mask, attempted to be witty, but his jokes smelt so strong of his shop, that he soon exposed himself.

The female characters were few in number: two tolerable *Gypsies* attracted some attention.

INSTRUCTIONS IN THE MANNER OF DEAN SWIFT,

For Gentlemen of moderate Fortune,
Half-Fashion Gentlemen, &c.

AS the Winter is now approaching, and the Court and people of the *Haut Ton* are about to return to town, it becomes necessary for you also to think of a removal from your *Summer Campaigns, Watering Excursions, and Shooting Parties*; and, indeed, like the tail of a Comet, you ought ever to be found in the train of your superiors. Let not the *lowring prospects and melancholy situation* of your affairs, discourage your revisiting the *gallant, gay Metropolis* of our *renowned Isle*; the place is large and wide, and affords many a hiding-place to the *moneyless wight*. It is infinitely better adapted for persons of your description, than your small towns and villages, where the prying eye of vulgar curiosity spies out the least circumstance that concerns you: you may dine in one Eating-house to-day, and another to-morrow, and so on, for a mere trifle, the whole Winter round; but be sure never to go twice to the same place, *as you might be known, or your taylor or boot-maker might dog you*—which your own prudence will point out to you, might be attended with *inconvenience*.

When you meet with any of your more wealthy acquaintance, you may pretend you have an engagement to dine out with Lord B——, Colonel C——, Captain G——, &c. and who on no account would admit of an apology for your absence: Thus he will look on you as a great man, having a large circle of acquaintance, and by this means you will get rid of his solicitation to dine with him at *Ibbotson's, Stevens's, British, George's,*

Richardson's, Maurice's, Spring-Gardens, &c. where, you know, every one (according to the custom of this country) pays for himself.

Should you go to the play on an order from any of the performers, be sure to *look sharp* out for a box where *some Dowager* is alone, or at least where there are no *bloody of fashion*; you may introduce yourself to the Lady in the usual manner, *by treading on her train* when she attempts to stand up. This will make an opening for you to beg *at least ten thousand pardons*. You may then proceed to make observations on the performance and performers:—"How you saw that piece much better acted at Bath, &c." You may also observe to the Lady, that if you are not much mistaken, you met with her a few nights since at the Opera, or that you met with her at *Cheltenham, Weymouth, Brighton*, or any other fashionable Summer retreat; but do not attempt to mention *Margate*, as that place is quite vulgar, and only frequented by *Cits, Jews, and the natives East of Temple-Bar*.

You may affect to be half-seas over also; but you may soften it down by one of your *neat, studied apologies*, that you dined with a party of intimate friends, who never stop short of *three bottles*; and, provided you do not *carry the joke too far*, the Ladies are not displeased at seeing the Gentlemen *heartily*, well knowing that if they sacrifice copiously to *Bacchus* in full libations, they will not forget their *humble devotions* at the shrine of *Venus*.

Between the acts, and between the play and the farce, you may entertain the Lady or Ladies with the relation of your *Military Adventures*. How you were at the taking of the *Helder* with His Royal Highness; that you were
one

one of the advanced Guard that entered *Alkmaer*; and, as there will be little danger of your being found out, you may say that Captain D—— was shot dead at your side; that the colours were shot away, and dashed in your face; and that *the blaze* from the mouth of one of the enemy's cannon, at the storming of one of their batteries, burnt off *both your whiskers*! This will give the Ladies a high idea of your courage, and, like a *second Othello*, you may win her heart with a *relation of your adventures*.

Should one, or any of these females be a *kept mistress*, a connection with her may not be amiss, as her keeper being past *active service*, you may have a chance of becoming the *favourite*, and *entering into present pay*, and *free quarters*, which, for one in your situation, would be no bad speculation.

You may now and again—if you can raise the wind—sport a hired curriole and pair. This will raise you very high in the opinion of the Fair Sex; and many an adventurer has succeeded in this way.

Whenever you hire horses, let them be the best hacks you can find: it will be only a few shillings more; and you may take the worth of your money out of them, by riding all day *slap dash* through the most public streets. This day's ride will serve you for a month; and as spurs cost nothing for keep, you may appear every day in a *formidable pair of Soworow's*; and should your boots not keep the appearance of riding a great deal, you may *scratch* them with a two-penny file kept *on purpose*. One thing be very particular in, never to give your address where you lodge, as your *private situation* might not correspond with your *public pretensions*.

You may fix on some fashionable coffee-house, and give the waiter half-a-crown now and again to take your letters, and to say (should any enquiry be made) that you are one of the most *dashing fellows* in town; by this means you will also avoid being found out by your cards, as in such case your tradesmen might be inclined to pay you some *unpleasant* morning visits.—Notwithstanding all this precaution, you may be *touched* on the shoulder, and be presented with a *scrap of dirty paper*, but you must run all chances, and you know he is a good General who is *never defeated*; so never be discouraged for what may follow; a man may as well die in prison as in his bed; it will be just the same in 100 years: besides, by shewing a *little spirit*, you may make your fortune for life.

If at any time you should dine at a Coffee-house, be sure you take on you all the airs of a man of fashion; but above all, *find fault* with every thing that is brought before you; damn the waiter in a *military style*, find fault with every thing, and swear in a commanding military *dem-me*, that were it not out of respect to the company, you would fling every thing on the table at his head. Though you can scarcely judge between good *wine and syllabub*, assert in the most *knowing manner*, that you never tasted worse in your life, and jocosely observe to the waiter, that you think his master has his wine from the house of *Alder, Sloe, and Co.* you will thus raise a laugh at the expence of the waiter and his master, and come off as a man of wit and humour.

After spending the evening until late with your friends, if any of them should request to see you home, assure them that you have

an engagement with a Married Lady of great consequence, whose character you could not think of exposing, or that you mean to take part of a bed with the *carasposa* of some Noble Duke, whose variety of amours calls him on duty in another quarter; thus you will get rid of your troublesome companions, and pass for a man of great gallantry.—Should the town at last become too hot for you, and you should be obliged to quit it at a short notice, you may take French leave—be off like a shot—get into some of the large country towns—advertise for board and lodging in some genteel family where no other lodgers are admitted; the chance in this case is in your favour, as you may either gull your landlord, or some of his richer neighbours, and obtain in the country what all your address could not procure for you in town.

CRUELTY AND AVARICE OUTWITTED.

THE following extraordinary fact has been communicated to us from undoubted authority:—A poor labourer, with a large family, who worked for a farmer not 100 miles from Bridgnorth, during the present extravagant price of all the necessaries of life, applied to his master, entreating him to let him have the amount of his week's wages in corn or flour. Having been employed by this man between 20 and 30 years, he hoped he would give it him under the market price. The farmer, ashamed to demand that price from the labourer, and yet not inclined to let him have it for less, refused the request. Upon the poor man's complaining of the distress of his family, who were starving, the master wantonly told him that if he could not buy, there was nothing left for him but to steal. The poor fel-

low, irritated by the inhumanity of his employer, and driven to despair by the miserable situation of his wife and children, literally followed the advice given him, and at different times purloined to the amount of two bushels of corn from his master's barn. The thief was advertised, with a reward of five guineas for the discovery. Alarmed at this step, the man went voluntarily to a neighbouring Magistrate, and confessed the fact, relating all the circumstances attending it. The farmer was sent for, and informed that the Magistrate had received certain information of the offender; but that he must deposit the five guineas reward which he had offered, before he should be put in possession of the particulars. This condition being complied with, the Magistrate acquainted him with the name of the party, who, he told him, had only followed the advice given by his hard-hearted employer, and that if he chose to prosecute him, the whole of the case must of course be laid before a Court of Justice.—The farmer not chusing this public exposure, declined a prosecution, and the worthy Magistrate, after seriously admonishing the labourer, who had always borne an irreproachable character, and who had been driven by cruel distress, and the inhumanity of his master, to commit this unjustifiable depredation, ordered the amount of the reward to be laid out in food and clothing for his half-naked and half-starved children.—(*Salopian Journal*.)

Note by the Editor.—This story might be deemed incredible, if it was not corroborated by other melancholy instances of excess to which great numbers of the poor have been driven by the wanton and infamous rise of every necessary of life.—One poor woman, as a kind of public testimony, rushed out

out of her lodgings in Holborn, and cuts her throat, declaring she had three children, whom, not being able to maintain, she could not bear to see starve.

Another wretched female, near Cambridge, (and we know it to be true) within a very few days past, first hung her two infants, and then herself, being put off in her application to an overseer of the parish for relief.—These, it may be objected, by some cold-blooded calculators, are only *individual instances*; but as Mr. Durant expressed it in the Common Hall on Friday, the 3d instant—“Hundreds and thousands of people may now be seen starving in Spitalfields.” Let then, all the opulent dealers in provision, who are the causes of this crying calamity, especially those whose pretended religion makes it an enormous sin to *pay tithes to the establishment*. Let them, we repeat it, read these relations and tremble. Equally the enemies of God and man.—Such, though their external conversation may be *yea, yea, and nay, nay, are only whitened Sepulchres full of dead mens bones and rottenness; ravening wolves in sheep's clothing, who devour widows houses.*

SPORTIVE MORALITIES.

THE following history of Thomas Palmer, who lately died in America, and who was an active naval officer during the late war, is extracted from his log-book—

“First part of the voyage * pleasant, with fine breezes and fair winds—all sail set. Spoke many vessels in want of provisions—supplied them freely.

“Middle passage.—Weather variable—short of provisions—spoke several of the above vessels.

* Alluding to the early part of his life.

our supplies had enabled to resist—made signals of distress—they up helm, and bore away. †

“Latter part.—Boisterous, with contrary winds—current of adversity setting hard to leeward—towards the end of the passage it cleared up—with the quadrant of honesty had an observation; corrected and made up my reckoning; and, after a passage of 50 years, came to in Mortality Road, with the calm, unruffled surface of the Ocean of Eternity in view.”

German Epitaph on a Postmaster.—Traveller! hurry not as if you were going post-haste;—in the most rapid journey you must stop at the Post-house. ¶ Here repose the bones of M. Mathias Schulzen, the most humble and most faithful Postmaster of his Majesty the King of Prussia, at Salzwedel, during the space of twenty-five years. He arrived 1655; by holy baptism, he was marked on the post-map for the celestial land of Canaan.—He afterwards travelled with distinction in life's pilgrimage, by making courses in the schools and universities. He carefully performed his duties as a Christian, in his employment, and the purposes annexed to it. When the post of misfortune was come, he behaved according to the letter of divine consolation. In the end, his body being enfeebled, he kept himself ready to attend the signal given by the arrival of the post of death.—His soul set off on her journey the 2d of June, 1711, for Paradise; and his body was afterwards committed to this tomb. . . . Reader! in thy pilgrimage, always be mindful of Death.

† Those whom he had formerly befriended, now, in his distress, refuse him assistance.

CRICKET MATCHES.

On Monday, August 11, and following day, a Grand Match of Cricket was played, in Lord's Ground, at Mary-le-bone, between Twelve Gentlemen of England, against Nineteen Gentlemen of Kent, for One Thousand Guineas.

KENT.			
FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
Hooker b. Lord Fred. B.	5	c. Hammond	2
Goddard c. Robertson	1	c. Ray	7
Crawle b. T. Walker	7	c. Fenex	3
Horne c. Ray	10	b. Wells	6
Smith c. Hammond	9	stumpt Hammond	4
Read c. J. Wells	6	c. Lord Fred. B.	0
Bennet c. Small	1	c. T. Walker	0
Goodhew c. Ditto	0	c. Ray	10
Crowhurst c. Lord Fred. B.	0	b. Wells	12
Ward b. Wells	0	c. Beldam	2
Dorrington c. T. Walker	0	b. T. Walker	1
Larken c. Beldam	10	run out	5
Hulks c. Ditto	0	run out	0
Best c. Fennex	0	b. Wells	3
Bassett c. Ray	17	b. Lord Fred. B.	12
Boxall b. Wells	4	c. Fennex	2
Loughurst b. T. Walker	4	run out	1
Coulter c. Robertson	4	stumpt Hammond	0
Taylor not out	4	not out	5
Byes	0	Byes	0
	82		75

ENGLAND.			
FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
T. Walker c. Goodhew	12		
Freemantle leg before wicket	35		
Beldam b. Ward	17		
Lord Fred. B. b. Read	20	c. Coulter	2
R. Whitehead, Esq. b. Boxall	9	b. Boxall	10
Hammond b. Ditto	2		
T. Walker c. Ditto	5		
Robertson b. Ditto	9	not out	17
Wells b. Ward	0		
Small c. R	6		
Ray not out	0	not out	7
Fennex c. Bennet	1		
Byes	6	Byes	0
	122		36
			On

Cricket Match—in Marshe's New Ground, Rochester. 27

On Monday, August 18, and three following days, a Grand Match was played, on Marshe's New Ground, Rochester, between Twelve Gentlemen of England, against Nineteen Gentlemen of Kent, for One Thousand Guineas.

ENGLAND.

FIRST INNINGS.

T. Walker b. Read	0
H. Walker stumpt Ward	4
Beldam c. Bennet	6
Hammond c. Larken	8
Lord Fred. B. b. Boxall	0
Robinson b Ditto	2
Wells c. Read	17
Small c. Ward	1
Freemantle b. Read	3
Whitehead, Esq. b Ditto	3
Fennex b. Boxall	9
Ray not out	0
Byes	5

58

SECOND INNINGS.

c. Pryer	12
b. Read	19
b. Taylor	3
c. Read	8
b. Taylor	21
c. Ditto	14
c. Boxall	23
b. Read	5
b. Taylor	1
not out	0
c. Basset	6
b. Ward	14
Byes	12

150

KENT.

FIRST INNINGS.

Read b. Wells	9
Smith c. H. Walker	0
Horne run out	2
Bennet c. Lord Fred. B.	7
Larken hit wicket	0
Hooker stumpt Hammond	0
Crawte c. Wells	12
Hulks c. Lord Fred. B.	21
Coulter c. H. Walker	2
Goddard c. Wells	18
Taylor leg before wicket	4
Basset b. Fennex	16
Ward run out	2
Goodhew b. Beldam	17
Crowhurst c. H. Walker	6
Selby b. T. Walker	6
Pryer b. Hammond	1
Dorrington not out	9
Boxall b. Hammond	0
Byes	0

132

SECOND INNINGS.

c. Lord Fred. B.	0
b Fennex	15
c. Ray	0
c. Beldam	11
not out	0
b. Wells	8
stumpt Hammond	1
b. Wells	0
run out	7
c. H. Walker	2
b. Fennex	0
not out	8
b. Lord Fred. B.	2
b. Wells	0
b. Fennex	5
c. Robinson	0
run out	1
b. Fennex	3
c. Hammond	0
Byes	14

77

28 Cricket Match—in Lord's Ground, Mary-le-Bone.

On Thursday, August 28, and the two following days, was played a Grand Match of Cricket, in Lord's Ground, Mary-le-bone, between Twelve Gentlemen of Surrey, against Fourteen Gentlemen of England, for One Thousand Guineas.

ENGLAND.

FIRST INNINGS.

Crawte	-	3 run out
Small	-	5 c. Waller
Freemantle	-	28 c. H. Walker
Ld. F. B.	-	10 c ditto
Ward	-	9 b. Wells
Fennex	-	1 b. ditto
Hammond	-	52 c. Robinson
Barton	-	22 b. Wells
Ray	-	12 b T. Walker
J. Weller, Esq.	-	0 c. Waller
Bennet	-	1 c. Wells
Ayling	-	7 run out
Reade	-	6 c. Chetty
Boxall	-	0 not out
Byes	1	

Total 157

SECOND INNINGS.

0 b. Wells.
20 c. Wells.
18 b. Wells.
0 not out,
3 run out,

Byes 1

Total 42

SURREY.

FIRST INNINGS.

J. Walker	-	0 b. Ward
G. Beldam	-	7 c. Small
T. Walker	-	2 b. Boxall
Robinson	-	22 c. Hammond
W. Beldam	-	1 b. Boxhall
Wells	-	0 b. Ward
H. Walker	-	4 run out
Hampton	-	5 stumpt Hammond
Lord	-	7 c. Ayling
Hon. H. Tufton	-	0 b. Ld. F. B.
Waller	-	6 not out
Chetty	-	0 b. Ld. F. B.
Byes	1	

Total 55

SECOND INNINGS.

8 c. Reade.
0 c. Ld F. B.
26 b. Reade.
28 run out.
5 b. Ward.
4 b. Boxall.
15 b. Ld F. B.
0 run out.
0 stumpt Hammond.
0 b. Fennex.
5 c. J. Weller, Esq.
0 not out.

Byes 2

Total 93

England won by 9 wickets, and 51 runs.—5 to 4 on Surrey at starting

Cricket Match—on Lexon Heath.

29

On Saturday, August 30, was played a grand match of Cricket, on Lexon Heath, between nine of the Herts Militia, with the Hon. General Lenox, and Lieutenant Mathews, of the Royal Artillery, against eleven of the town of Colchester, for 1000 guineas.

GOLCHESTER.

FIRST INNINGS.

Kempster	-	9	b. Porter
Burres	-	4	c. Hoggins
Bloomfield	-	2	c. ditto
T. Pasford	-	2	run out
J. Pasford	-	5	Leg bef. wick.
Hewett	-	1	b. Sibley
King	-	2	c. Porter
Cooper	-	1	b. ditto
Simmons	-	1	c. Hoggins
Myrks	-	0	b. Porter
Rogers	-	0	Not out
Byes	-	2	
Total	-	29	

SECOND INNINGS.

6	c. Hoggins.
0	b. ditto.
12	c. Dowrer
1	run out.
7	c. Hoggins.
7	not out
0	c. Rist.
2	c. Sibley.
4	c. Lawrance.
0	b. Hoggins.
1	b. Sibley.
Byes	6
Total	46

HERTS.

FIRST INNINGS.

Lient. Osman	-	6	b. J. Pasford
Porter	-	17	b. ditto
G. Sibley	-	34	c. Hewett
H. Gen. Lenox	-	45	not out
Hoggins	-	0	b. Pasford
Lient. Mathews	-	1	c. Bloomfield
Lawrance	-	7	c. Myrks
Law	-	1	c. Bloomfield
Hibbett	-	6	b. J. Pasford
Nichols	-	0	b. ditto
Rist	-	0	b. ditto
Byes	-	10	
Total	-	127	

Hon. General Lenox won by 1 inns and 51 runs.—Five to 4 on Colchester at starting.

MASONIC

MASONIC MUMMERY.

Without meaning any offence to any good Mason, and under the idea of exhibiting an account of all fashionable diversions, we give the following, partly for a warning, and partly for the amusement of our readers. It is rather unfortunate for those who ridicule Professor Robinson, and others, for what has been said of the Infidel Societies, that here is a new case in point, either contemptibly weak, or desperately wicked; because, to prepare or harden the minds of the Members for some purposes not in the common course of life, religious objects have been burlesqued, and sacred authorities degraded, either for mere amusement, or worse purposes.

TRIAL FOR SEDITION AT AYR-CIRCUIT COURT.

Wednesday, September 17.

THIS day came on the trial of John Andrew, shoemaker, in Maybole, some time teacher of a private school there; and Robert Ramsay, cartwright there.

The libel charges them as being guilty of the crime of sedition, and administering unlawful oaths, importing an obligation not to discover crimes, which it is the duty of every good citizen and loyal subject to divulge and bring to light, in so far as they did, under the shew and pretence of a meeting for masonry, some time in the year 1796, at Maybole, along with others, their associates, most of them from Ireland, form themselves into an illegal club or association, stiling itself, "*The Grand Assembly of Knights Templars*;" which club, under the pretence of initiating into the ceremonies of masonry, did admit various persons as members; and did at said admission perform

various ceremonies, partly with a view to vilify and undermine the established religion, and partly to represent the Government of the country as oppressive and tyrannical; and did, with this view, oblige those who were admitted, to take, and did administer to them, an oath, binding them, among other things, "*to conceal the secrets of the Order of Knights Templars, murder and treason not excepted*," or an oath of such import and tendency; and, more particularly, charges them with administering, or causing to be administered, such oath on certain occasions libelled in the year 1796.

Mr. Clerk, Counsel for the panels, made no objection to the relevancy of the indictment; upon which the Court pronounced the usual interlocutor, and the Jury were named and sworn in.

Evidence for the Prosecution.

Quintin M'Adam, Esq. of Watterside, said, he was Master of a Lodge of Free Masons, at Maybole, of which the pannels were members, but separated themselves from it.

He was shewn the following papers: one entitled—*Regulations of the Grand Assembly of Knights Templars, held at Maybole*, and a printed copy of *Paine's Age of Reason*, having the name of John Andrew printed on it. The above papers being libelled on, were identified by this witness.

Wm. Hamilton, Mason in Maybole, said, he was a member of a lodge at Maybole, Royal Arch, No 264. When he was admitted a member, a pistol was fired, and some person called out, *put him to death*. He was blindfolded at first when brought into the room, and the covering being afterwards taken from his eyes, he was shewn a stone jug in the corner of the room, and a bush in the jug, and a candle burning in it. He was told by the

the pannel Andrew, that it was the representation of God Almighty in the midst of the burning bush.—Andrew was master of the lodge, and was reading the 3d chapter of Exodus. The witness was desired to *put off his shoes, as it was holy ground he stood on*; the covering was put down again on the witness's face, and he was led under an arch, and, after passing under the arch, he was desired to find the book of the law; it was taken up by some other person in the lodge, who was called *High Priest*, and who said, he would explain it. The witness was desired to put money on the book to pay for explaining it to him; the book, he was told, was the Bible. The witness put money on the book as desired, and John Andrew made observations on the chapter as he read it, but the witness does not positively remember any of them. Recollects that part of the chapter where the children of Israel are said to be in bondage.

The passport for a Royal Arch Mason was, *I am that I am*.

After the above ceremonies, the witness being taken out of the room, had his coat taken off, and tied on his shoulders in a bundle, and was then brought in; a carpet with a rent in it was called the *veil of the Temple*. He was led through it, and round the room. A sword was put into his hand, and he was ordered to use it against all who opposed him as a Knight Templar. John Andrew read the 4th chapter of Exodus; the witness was desired to throw down the sword, and was told it was become a *serpent*; after which he was desired to take it up again, and told it was again a *rod*. Andrew poured ale and porter on the floor, and called it *blood*. He was shewn thirteen burning candles, one in the middle he was told represented

Jesus Christ, the other the *Twelve Apostles*. Andrew blew out one of the candles, which he called *Judas, who betrayed his Master*; one of them was dim, and was called *Peter, who denied his Master*. Something on a table, under a white cloth, being uncovered, was perceived to be a *human skull*, which the witness was desired to take up, and view it, and was told, it was a real skull of a brother, called Simon Magus. Porter was poured into the skull, which the witness was desired to drink; he did so, and it was handed round to the whole Knights. Andrew put the point of the sword into it, and then touched the witness's head with it, saying—*I dub thee in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost*.

He took an oath to "*keep the secrets of the Knights Templars, murder and treason not excepted*:" the penalty for revealing was, that *his body would be rented up like a fir deal*.

John Andrew was master at this admission, and at two others where the witness was present.

The witness's impression was, that the ceremonies used were a scoffing at religion; and, though he cannot say positively, he thought they had a tendency to overturn the Government.

Quintin Stewart, tailor in Maybole, said, he went through some parts of masonry with John Andrew, when he had no charter. He was prepared to be a Royal Arch Mason, and taken to the door, where a man in the inside called out, *Put him to death*, and a pistol was fired; he was blindfolded and brought into the room, and the covering removed, that he might see the great sight, the Lord in a flame of fire in the bush, and it not consumed; this was read by Andrew. He was commanded to *put off his shoes, as the place was holy ground*. He saw a thorn bush in a corner

a corner of the room, and a candle in the heart of it burning. Andrew said, *Go and deliver the children of Israel from their bondage and the burthen of their task-masters.* He was taken round their royal encampment in the middle of the room, and was then put into what they called a *dark vault*, in search of the book of the law, and a book was thrown down on the floor, and afterwards put into his hand; he was asked to explain it. The High Priest came and said he could do it, upon being paid for it. The High Priest had a carpet round him; his name was William Moor, an Irishman; witness gave money, and the High Priest explained the law. Thirteen candles were burning on a table; they were called *our Saviour and his twelve Apostles.*

Witness was taken out of the room to be prepared to be a *Knight Templar.* His coat was tied in a bundle on his back, and a staff put in his hand, to travel through the *sandy deserts.* He passed through the *first and second veils of the Temple.* He was ordered to cast his staff on the ground, so as it might become a *serpent, &c.* He was taken round their royal assembly two or three times; then to a table where something was lying covered; he was ordered to uncover it, and he found it to be a human skull, which he was told was the head of a brother, who once tasted, heard, and smelled, as we do now. Andrew poured porter into it, and gave it to the witness to drink; he drank a little of it, as did the rest. Andrew took a sword, and put the point of it into the porter, and touched the witness's head with it, and said, *I dub you. I dub you. I dub you.*

The witness was shewn thirteen small wands, or rods, in a jug, which they called *again our Saviour and his Twelve Apostles.* Andrew, the master of the lodge, commented a little on

them, and then took the witness's obligation to keep his secrecy. The words of the oath were *to keep the secrets of a Knight Templar, murder and high treason not excepted.* To the best of the witness's knowledge, these were the words.

Evidence in Exculpation.

John M'Clure, jun. in Kirklandhill, denied most of the circumstances urged by these witnesses.

John M'Clure, schoolmaster at Craigencroy said, murder and treason were excepted in his oath.

Several persons gave Andrew and Ramsay good characters.

Mr. Clerk, Counsel for the pannels, replied, and said, the facts charged are not in the nature of *malum in re.*

Lord Justice Clerk summed up the whole evidence with great perspicuity and candour. His Lordship observed, that he could have wished that this prosecution had been brought sooner; but this could not be imputed to the prosecutor, for it did not appear that he had delayed bringing his action after he got the information. Though this species of crime may not have occurred in our law before, still the law may be applied to remedy it when it does occur. The special law enacted in regard to it does not infringe on the law as it stood before. The oath is not innocent, even as limited by the witnesses for the pannels; and though there is no proof that the pannels had entered into a design of leading the persons they admitted into their society to seditious practices, yet the oath may be employed for that purpose. His Lordship said, he could not believe that any such ceremonies were employed in other Mason Lodges, because they are so abominable and impious; it rather appeared that this was a new oath introduced by the pannels, and not in use before in admitting Masons.—Verdict, *Not Guilty.*

SPORTING

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

THE bet of one hundred guineas, which was to have been decided on the 10th inst. upon the Bath road, has terminated without a trial. A Gentleman of fortune betted a post-master the above sum, that he rode his blood horse fifty miles (twenty-five out, and twenty-five in) in less time than his opponent should go the same ground with a post-chaise and four, changing horses and chaise as often as he pleased, both in *going and coming*. At the first blush of the business, the horse became the favourite; but when it was found the post-masters on the road individually partook of the bet, and entered more spiritedly into the *professional execution*, reducing it to *certainty* in three hours and twenty minutes, the owner of the horse paid forfeit.

A match between Sir H. T. Vane's Cockfighter, and Mr. Wilson's Champion, has been settled to be run at Newmarket the next Spring Meeting for 2000 guineas. Cockfighter is the favourite, though, from the uncommon speed and bottom which Champion shewed at Epsom, when he won the Derby stakes, a very severe and well-contested race is expected.

Eight thousand guineas were lost at one match of Billiards this summer at Margate. The money has been paid, and the loser did not drown himself.

Fashionable gambling has also been very prevalent at Brighton! A young heir to a large north country property, being received into what is called *good company* only for one evening, found the demand upon him the next morning, for his supper and *desert* 2500 guineas!

Sir Wheeler Cusse, after the
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Newmarket Meeting, rides his bay horse Old England, by Sir Peter, against Mr. Parkhurst, who also rides his Welter, by Jupiter, thirteen stone each.

The *Batavian Budget of taxes* announces a tax on pleasure-horses—*pleasure-horses* in Holland! and *Dutch jockies*! what an age of *Revolutions*!

Colonel Hanger's *retreat* from the *Racoon Porter*, (mentioned in our last Number, p. 259) is now spoken of by military men, as one of the best conducted manœuvres of the present day. We shall hear less of Moreau's skill in *retreats* after this!

It appears by some old charters, that the Citizens of London have a *right* to *hunt* or *shoot* within ten miles of the metropolis, without any licence.—No mention is made of their being *qualified*!

Mr. Heathcote's Warter, who is matched at Newmarket against Mr. Cookson's Diamond, in October, is to run the first Spring Meeting against Sir Harry Vane Tempest's Cockfighter. Warter is rather the favourite against Diamond; but the odds are against him with Cockfighter, who has beat at York several horses of acknowledged excellence.

In the successive variance of feminine amusements, *foot-ball* is fast going out, and *leap-frog* is now the full sport of the day: a famous match was played a short time since in Greenwich-park, by an *athletic Duke*, and three *elastic women* of fashion, to the astonishment of the veteran corps of *Pensioners*, who agree that a Whitsun roll down the hill, in point of *exhibition*, is nothing to be compared with it!

E

A mare

A mare belonging to Mr. Robson, of Little Britain, was matched last month to trot seventeen miles in fifty-six minutes, with Mr. Marsden, who betted Mr. Robson four hundred to one she did not do it, Mr. Marsden thinking it impossible any horse, mare, or gelding, could do it. She performed the match with great ease in three minutes and ten seconds within the time given. She also had an engagement with Mr. Dyson, of Park-lane, who betted Mr. Robson 2000 guineas to 100, she did not trot nineteen miles in one hour; but on her last performance, Mr. Dyson being called on to cover, chose to forfeit the money down, rather than make the stakes good. This mare is blind of one eye, 17 years of age, and was lately purchased for 10 guineas. She is again matched to trot 19 miles within the hour.

Archery.—The Quiver given by Lady Horton to the three Lancashire Societies, viz. the Lancashire Bowmen, Broughton Archers, and Middleton Archers, to be shot for six years, and on the seventh to be shot for by those gentlemen who had won it once, was finally contested on the 10th inst. in Sir Watts Horton's park, at Chaderton, by Thos. Palmer, Esq. Joseph Thackeray, Esq. and Samuel Hobson, Esq. the only archers entitled by the regulations to shoot for it (Mr. Thomas Marriot being out of England.) The prize was won by Mr. Thackeray, who had 287 cast—Mr. Hobson, 268—and Mr. Palmer, 212.

A Frenchman gained his bet of fifty guineas, by eating last month 22 dozen, or 244 of the *largest oysters*—raw from the shell—which he swallowed *within an hour*, together with two bottles of sherry, and 3lb. of white bread!!! This wonderful Frenchman may be seen at a

certain great house in Piccadilly, and is since known by the name of the *Oyster Monster!!!*

A man, named John Taylor, a few mornings since, ran for the wager of a guinea, at Ewell, in Surrey, a mile in five minutes, which he easily performed: many bets were pending, though a Mr. Fitz and Lieut. Plum were the principal winners.

An odd coincidence occurs in a late Transfer of Property. A Mr. *Sparerib* has sold his estate at *Ham*, to a Gentleman of the name of *Porker*, a relation of Mr. *Gammon*.

The French Papers state that the Prince of Bourbon Conti, sent out of France, lives happily near Barcelona. His pension is paid regularly, and he consoles himself for the loss of his dignities with a good table, a few capital horses, and the pleasures of the chase.

A very severe and scientific set to lately took place in the Broadway, near St. Clement's Church, between two of the *Fair Inhabitants* of the softer sex, who reside in the delightful retreats of *Lewkner's-lane*. After a contest of ten minutes, one of the amazons thought proper to give in, and the *conqueress* behaved so generously on the occasion, that she not only exchanged *fists* in token of amity, but treated in a very handsome libation of that *fashionable* liquor, called *flashes of lightning!*

Fatal Duel.—*Abuse of the Point of Honour!*—(from a Dublin paper of the 10th inst.) “Yesterday morning two of the *fair sex* in the occupation of carrying baskets, had a misunderstanding in Pill-lane, opposite the fish-market. Much time was not devoted to investigation or disquisition—they engaged in a twinkling, *beak* and *claws*. One of them bit a piece completely out of the cheek of her antagonist—while the other returned the compliment

pliment by tearing out an eye of her devourer.

Mr. Ward, Miller, of Uppingham, in Rutland, lately lost his life by fighting with a brother miller, servant to Mr. Sewell, of that place, whose mill is situate about an hundred yards from the deceased's.—We understand the combatants agreed to meet half way between the two mills to decide the quarrel; that they fought for above an hour, during which time they stopped several times to drink each other's health—set to again, till at length Ward was obliged to give it in, and died from the bruises he had received in the battle. His opponent lies dangerously ill.

Lately as the coach from London to Chester was leaving Littleworth, the driver was alarmed with the cry of fire from the inside, when he found that a loaded pistol, deposited in the pocket of the coach-door, had gone off, as is supposed, by the shutting of the door, shot a gentleman, who was a passenger, in the leg, with a brace of bullets, and set the garments of a lady on fire.

On Wednesday, September 24, the Kentish-town Association, commanded by the Honourable Captain Fitzsimon Frazer, had their last Field-day for this season; when they fired at a target for a subscription silver cup. The firing of the corps, in general, was remarked for extraordinary precision, and did credit to their discipline. The prize was adjudged to Mr. Cantel, jun. who put in two excellent shots out of three; one of which was in the centre of the bull's eye.

Edward Oates, under-gardener to the Archbishop of York, lately attempting to disturb and take a nest of young hawks, was so violently attacked by the dam and her mate, that he fell from the tree, and was killed upon the spot.

Eccles Wake.—This motley assemblage of noise and barbarism commenced on Monday Sept. 1: bull-baiting in all its purity—racing by quadrupeds and bipeds—four and two-legged brutes—asses in various shapes. A land-bill, giving a list of these rational amusements, has been weekly circulated in Manchester: the bill closes with "God save the King, and long life to the Honourable Secretary at War!"

Lady Dimsdale has had a *Route*, which ended in the company receiving three black eyes, four cracked craniums, and two bloody noses!

A trotting-match by two ponies, for 100 guineas, was lately performed on the race course on Barham Downs, the property of Mr. Lee, of Temple-bar, London, and Mr. Quihampton, of Ashford. The match was made to trot six times round the course, which is twelve miles, and was performed in rather more than 49 minutes. At starting the odds were in favour of Mr. Lee's poney, who kept the lead till the third time of coming round, when getting into a gallop, he was obliged to return to the former ground where he first changed his pace, and after that period could not regain upon his adversary; the match was in consequence won by Mr. Quihampton, and the *knowing Gentlemen* greatly taken in.

Chatham, Oct. 6.—A few days past, some carpenters employed on board the Lazaretto, in Sandgate creek, went ashore to amuse themselves in shooting birds; not having any shot, they loaded their guns with pieces of old lead; in returning on board, the last man who had a piece in his hand not discharged, in getting into the bow of the boat, his foot slipped, he fell down, and with the fall, the gun went off, shot one man that was in the boat who died soon after, and wounded another

in his thigh, that an amputation was obliged to take place.

A curious circumstance happened on a market-day, at Croydon:—A great number of people assembled to dispose of their commodities; geese were offered for sale at nine shillings, butter at fourteen pence, and every other article dear in proportion. Just as the market had opened, the Brighton mail coachman drove into town, and told the market-people that an amazing mob was within half a mile of them, whose intention it was to oblige them to sell geese at four shillings, fresh butter at twelve pence, and every article cheap in proportion — The market-folks held a consultation, and imagining that the mob would arrive before they could pack up, agreed to sell for the low prices. There was no mob, and the coachman drove off, happy at being the cause of the “knowing ones being taken in.

Puppyism. — A young, dashing blade, the other day, in London, stepped into a haberdasher's to buy a watch-ribbon, which came to fourpence; he laid a shilling on the counter, the man immediately gave him 6d. only, without recollecting that 2d. more was due to him: so, after some time, when this Bond-street Lounger had looked at the man, and the man at him, “Fellow,” says he, “FATIGUE me with my TWOPENCE!!”

“O tempora! O mores!”

Some gentlemen who were at Canterbury Races, have been visiting the principal towns in that neighbourhood, and being tolerably expert at *card-playing*, have carried off a large sum of money. At Sandwich, on the Wednesday evening, they collected upwards of 200l.; an old man in the wool trade, with a farmer from the country, soon had their pockets emptied by playing at cribbage with them: one

of the gentlemen betted the *man of wool* two guineas that he did not produce 100l. in half an hour; the stapler, about 75 years old, hobbled out, and came back with bank notes to the amount within the limited time, but alas! he had better left them at home, for he not knowing the game, his notes were easily obtained by the gentlemen, who said they did not make a practice of sitting up late, very politely wished them a good night, and took their departure.

A great number of salmon have come up the river Ouse, several miles above Lewes, in Sussex, for the last two or three years; but the variety of nets that are daily used in this river, some of them with meshes small enough to catch a sprat, is enough to destroy the fishery of the finest river in the kingdom. The water-bailiff, or other officer whose province it may be, should prevent the use of those destructive engines.

A certain *dashing Sprig of Fashion*, who resides not far from *St. James's Square*, is stated some time since to have returned from a watering-place, for the purpose of eloping with the daughter of a tradesman in B—nd-street. The youthful couple had reached, in all the joys of expectation, the distance of 35 miles westward of London, when they were overtaken by the enraged brother of the fair fugitive, who, regardless of the breach of privilege, bestowed a very handsome remembrance on the shoulders of Nobility, and returned to town in triumph with his disappointed sister.

Another maiden Lady in *St. Clement's*, has had a favourite *Cat* interred in a *patent coffin*.

On Monday, Oct. 6, a match was run from Dewsbury to Markham-Moor, near Tuxford, and back, distance 100 miles, by Mr. Thomas

Thomas Whitaker's grey horse, Shillito, carrying 11st. against Mr. W. Spedding's grey horse, Jack-a-Rattle, weight 7st. which was won by Jack-a-Rattle, performing it in 13 hours, and Mr. Whitaker's in 14 hours.—Jack-a-Rattle only had about three pints of ale during the journey.

A race-horse belonging to an officer in Norwich barracks, some days since, ran away with a boy who rode him, and on reaching Tombland, near the passage into the church-yard, precipitated himself into the cellar of a basket-maker. The boy, in the act of falling, caught the floor above: there were three men and a boy at work in the cellar; and although the aperture by which the horse entered was so small, that it was with great difficulty he could be got out by it, neither he, nor any of the people were in the least hurt.

An American recruiting Serjeant, in his advertisement, calls upon the following description of persons to join him—and, indeed, it appears very probable, that they may afford the United States a considerable body of troops:—"Those persons whose wives are not blessed with a lamb-like disposition; whose fathers have not a *quantum sufficit* of parental affection; whose creditors are rapacious; or whose sweethearts have proved too frail, will do well to embrace this opportunity of joining the army, where they will be treated with kindness, and have every attention paid to them as men and soldiers."

The following anecdote shews that there are *sharps* and *flats* in Paris, as well as in London:—"A person applied to a man very rich, and credulous, with a proposal of selling him a secret, by which he would win considerable sums at play. The bargain was struck for

the secret, at a consideration of 24,000 francs paid down in cash, a bill for 80,000 francs, and the cession of a property valued at about 50,000 more. The agreement was made, and the instruments, both of obligation and sale, were regularly drawn up, and signed in the presence of a public man. The new possessor of the pretended secret was soon after introduced by his instructor to a gaming-house, where they suffered him to win some thousand francs: but his good fortune did not last long; the fourth and fifth sittings were fatal to the player, who then began to suspect an imposition. Ashamed of being made the dupe of a man without the necessities of life, he proposed to the seller, that he should retain the 24,000 francs, together with the property, valued at 50,000, he had received; but that he should give up the bill for the 80,000. This the sharper refused to do; and the matter has been brought into a court of justice."

Some time since, a well-dressed sharper observing a gentleman arrive on horseback at Mr. Cockburn's stables, in King-street, Glasgow, and hearing him ask the ostler where another person lived, he, in the ostler's hearing, said to the gentleman, as if acquainted with him, "We'll go and have a dram," and seemingly went along with him to Mr. Cockburn's house. Shortly after, the sharper came to the stable, and ordered the ostler to give the horse sixpenny-worth of oats. He then went away, but returned fully equipped, mounted, and rode off with the horse.

A Mr. C. Crouch, a young farmer, of Barford, lately shot a fine hen bustard on Salisbury-plain, which measured from tip to tip of the wings six feet, and above three feet from the beak to the tail.

FEAST

FEAST OF WIT ; OR, SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

A BLACK man, in Jagaica, some time ago was taken up by his Master for buying goods, knowing them to have been stolen. He was tried, found guilty, and sentence passed upon him. The Judge pronounced — " Take and flog that black rascal." The prisoner begged to be heard, which was granted. Says he, " If white man buy stolen goods, will you order white rascal a flog? (Yes, to be sure, said the Judge). Dere is my Massa, he buy stolen goods, he know I was stolen when he bought me; hold um fast."

The Ladies, says a Punnical Correspondent, have all been lately in a flutter about a *Secret Expedition to Breast Harbour*.

Nervous susceptibility is not wholly confined to the fashionable and titled Dames, as we are credibly informed, that the *melting rib* of a *luckish butcher*, not far from Knights-bridge-Green, has such a dread of being insulted by naughty men, that after sunset she never ventures beyond the shop-door, without the *feminine accompaniment* of a *brace of bull-dogs*.

The rumoured determination of sending all Aliens out of the country who shall be found *gambling* in our funds can be considered as no great hardship. Few men, we believe, ever complain of those who relieve them from the *stocks*.

The enemy's ships must keep a sharp look out now that the Botany Bay navy is on the watch. The colonists will *steal* upon them before they are aware.

No man ever succeeded so suddenly in making proselytes, as Mr. Howard, of Old-street, during the late riots. No sooner were his men

turned loose, than the whole were converted into *Quakers*.

It now appears that Mr. Howard, of Old-street, was a foreteller of *legs*. This accounts for his being attacked by so many *cripples*. Every man, who assembled in the mob, before his house, might plead a *lame* excuse.

The common cry of *scarcity* extends even to the *game*. We are confidently assured, that not a *partridge* has been seen in any of the *brick-fields* near London.

The dispositions of the Courts of Sweden and Denmark were sufficiently shewn in the names of the Officers whom they selected for opposing our right of visiting neutral ships, in conformity to the Right of Nations. The name of the one is *Wrangle*, and of the other *Krabbe*.

A ministerial paper represents the French Officers as so many *ci-devant valets-de-chambre* — This accounts for their *dressing* the Austrian Generals so well.

The *accoucheurs* will be happy to hear from the Agricultural Reports, that several distinguished Gentlemen are *breeding*.

The Ladies, who complain so loudly against the near approach of the *naked Gentlemen* at Ramsgate, seem to think the fashion of nudity the *exclusive privilege* of the fair sex.

The French Philosopher, who pretends to have discovered that a part of the human body possesses the quality of *wood*, has in fact proved nothing that is new. We have long known that British sailors are *hearts of oak*, and *wooden heads* are surely no novelty in any country!

The

The belief in *ghosts* is fast decaying, in this country. When the Magistrates of Bath were told the other day, that a ghost haunted the parishes of one of the churches of that city, instead of sending for a *clergyman*, they commissioned a *constable* to lay it, which he did—in the *watch-house*!

An officer, in the Expedition to Holland, obliged to surrender to a superior party of the enemy, called out, *Je me rends*, i. e. I surrender. From that time the soldiers ludicrously called him *Jemmy Round*.—We are far from throwing the least blame on an officer, who behaved in the most gallant and honourable manner; we only mean to point out the humour of our men.

An Irishman was met lately in the Borough by a Gentleman who recollected him in the Rebellion, and who asked him what brought him here?—the fellow replied—“Please your Honour, you know I was hanged.”—“Hanged,” said the Gentleman, with some surprise, “Yes, Sir, hanged, that is, I was cast for death, and made my escape, which is the same thing, as you know I am a *dead man* by the *law*, though now I earn a very honest *livelihood*.”

A poor fellow who was sentenced to be hanged a few weeks ago in Ireland, when he came to the gallows, observed, that the Judge did not say he should be hanged by the *neck*, and therefore demanded to be suspended by the *heels*. The Sheriff observed, that at all events he must be hanged until he was dead. “Och then,” says Pat, “if that’s the case, neck against heels for ever—hang away, Mr. O’Mul-lihane!”

A woman, in the neighbourhood of Ormskirk, in Lancashire, went a few weeks ago to the shop of a tallow chandler, to purchase a pound of candles, for which she

tendered the sum she had sometimes before paid for the same quantity—“This is not enough,” said the shopkeeper, “candles are advanced in price, and you must pay me another halfpenny!”—“And pray, Sir, what is the reason of this advance in the price of candles?”—“Oh!” replied the chandler, “this war, this war.”—“What!” said the woman, “are they then gotten to feighten by candle leet?”

A few weeks ago, at a town in Warwickshire, one of the members of a distressed company of comedians prevailed upon a *blacksmith*, with a stentorian voice, to undertake the song of *The Early Horn*, by way of making a little *variety*, and “raising the wind” at his *benefit*. The blacksmith came upon the stage, and began to clear his pipes, with a *tye—tum—taw*.—“D—n your *tye—tum—taw*,” cried a fellow from the gallery.—“Why, d—n you then,” returned the blacksmith, “and d—n me if I sing *any more*.”—Thus ended the blacksmith’s song before it was begun. The audience grumbled much at their disappointment; and the *actor*, rather than meet their reproaches, marched off with the *cash* received at the door, and left the *expences* of the house to be *shared* by the company.

The paucity of lamps in Chester has been so great, that a Gentleman, who lodged at an inn in Northgate-street, not being able to procure a lanthorn, was obliged one night to give the waiter half-a-crown to walk before him, with his shirt skirt hanging out of his breeches, as a mark for him to follow to his hotel.

It has been thought extremely hard that Mr. Kemble was ill-treated by the Livery, merely on account of his *size*, as if a man could not *talk* of scarcity without producing

producing a *sample*. This truly great man is indignant at such treatment, and declares it will be some time before he *pitches his load* again in Common Hall.

The proverb of, "There is truth in wine," was lately verified in a novel manner: Dr. Wade, of Dublin, having frequently lost money from a sort of press in which he deposited it, placed a bottle of port uncorked against the door, so that it must fall out when the press should be opened. In a few minutes after he had set this trap, he found his maid servant all covered with the contents of the bottle, which was unfortunately decanted in her bosom.

The French Commandant of Malta might have conveyed his whole garrison to France as part of Dolomieu's Cabinet of Natural History. They had suffered so much from famine, that they might have passed for *mummies*!

A Correspondent at Margate relates the following curious circumstance:—A Gentleman and servant lately staid at one of the boarding-houses here until his bill amounted to 25 guineas, besides considerable debts which he contracted at other places. He then went off, and left his servant behind, who joined in the general execrations uttered against his master. The Gentleman, however, returned in about a week, when all parties agreed in praising him as an honourable man. But now mark the change! he staid another month, and then taking his servant with him, went off without paying a shilling of his increased debts!

FASHIONS.—*Dialogue between a Lady and Man Milliner at Paris*.—"Citizen, I am just come to town; pray have the goodness to inform me how I must appear, to be in the fashion?"—"Madame 'tis done in a moment; in two minutes I shall

equip you in the first style.—Be pleased to take off that bonnet."—"Well."—"Off with that petticoat."—"There it is."—"Away with these pockets."—"There they go."—"Throw off that handkerchief."—" 'Tis done."—"Away with that corset and sleeves."—"Will that do?"—"Yes, Madame, you are now in the fashion.—'Tis an easy matter you see.—To be *dressed* in the fashion, you have only to *undress*!"

Hadfield, on his removal from Newgate, expressed much reluctance to change his situation; dismal as was that of Newgate, he did not wish to exchange it for scenes of untried being; and to Mr Kirby's reasonings on the matter he coolly replied, "You talk very finely, Master Kirby—but mad as you think me to be, do not imagine that I am to be convinced by such *Newgatory* arguments."

"Several works of the *immortal* Shakespeare," says an Irish correspondent, "are to be *revived* at Drury lane this season."

The Emperor Paul wishes to take one of his daughters *from her husband*. How many men of fashion in England would wish to have such a father-in law.

Some time since, as an Irish Gentleman met with an acquaintance in town, he informed him, he was at a loss how to spend his evenings, and enquired what was the Play at Drury-lane Theatre?—"There is an excellent performance there this evening," said the other, "I assure you, for I have seen the Play-bill; and that is—*The Birth-Day*, and *Lodoiska*."—"Lead of Whiskey!" replied the Irish Gentleman, very hastily, "then, by J—s, I'll be there, for I have not tasted a drop of *whiskey* since I came from Dublin."—The other jocosely wished him a good day, and hoped he would *relish* it.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

THE WATERING PLACE.

FROM London driv'n by Phæbus' scorching ray,
The sick and healthy, wing their eager way.
The Youths of Fashion urge with sounding thong
Their well-bred steeds, who dash like wind along.
The *Margate Hey* each day is fully stow'd,
And *Boulton's Coaches* fill the *Brighton Road*.
Mister and Mistress Tape, a loving pair,
Now leave *Cheapside*, all in their *one-horse chair*,
Forgetting not their vehicle to cram
With bottl'd porter, chickens, cake, and ham.
In bran-new boots, and mounted on a hack,
On Ludgate-hill th' Apprentice turns his back;
Smacks his smart "*Whip*," and works his long spurr'd heel,
And damns the "*Vaiteers*"—cause—'tis so genteel.
The artful Gamester, as he onward plods,
Lays the deep plot, and calculates the odds.
The *Lady Abbess* shews her well-drawn plan,
And tells each *pupil* how to know her man.
At length appears the wish'd-for spot in view,
And all arrived, their different schemes pursue.
When Sol's bright beams first dance upon the wave,
Both high and low their limbs promiscuous lave.
Then at the libraries, the rattling dice
The old, the young, the rich, the poor, entice;
Gentle and simple own their itch for play,
And *roasting* proves the Order of the Day.
But *Blades of Spirit* scorn such narrow bounds,
And set the *Caster*—for a thousand pounds.

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Cry, "Seven's the Main! What odds that I don't nick?"

And bet cool hundreds on a card or trick;
Some pay devotion to the generous wine,
And others bow at love's seducing shrine.
Th' *asthmatic Cit*, sent out for *change of air*,

Finds in a coffee-room some easy chair,
Where, 'midst the joys of porter, punch, and smoke,

He tells, with shaking sides, the worn-out joke,

Whilst his *plump dame* displays her brawny fist—

In playing "*Cummerce*," or a game at "*Vist*;"

And *Miss and Master* join their dear *Mama*,
In spending guineas—earn'd by *poor Papa*.

Such is the scene, till Winter's chilly looks

Drive away *Ladies, Nobles, Pigeons, Rooks*;
And empty pockets force the *trading fop*
To quit *gentility*, and mind his shop!

SMOKER.

THE DIPPERS.

SINCE dipping's the fashion with old and with young,
Since all must dip Ocean's green billows among,
Attend, ye *fair dippers*, attend to my lay,
Nor by dipping too often drive prudence away.

Ye young wealthy *Nobles*, of dipping beware,
Nor dip into scenes where the wily can snare;
Yet dip in the streams, which all fountains surpass,
For the soul must expand when dipp'd deep in the glass!

F

Ye

Ye *Mixers*, forbear, when you dip the
pure ore,
And remember time passes—but turns
back no more!
And, while dipping amid the rich stream-
lets of gold,
Beware, lest your follies, in *youth*, should
be *old*!

Ye *Topers*, who dip in the nectar divine,
Of dipping be careful—for *truth* is in
wine;
And, 'tis said, that the brain of the wise
of the fool
Will always be shallow, when noddles are
full.

Ye *Poets*, ye *Satirists*, pause, while ye
think,
Nor dip your pens rashly in *Ridicule's* ink,
Lest your names down the river of *Lethe*
should glide,
And the dipper be sham'd, when by dip-
ping he *died*.

Ye *Gamesters*, who dip in the vortex so
strong,
And dip, without conscience, the *gudgeons*
among,
Beware, lest a *shark* in the current you
find,
Who will *dip you*, in turn, and avenge *all*
mankind.

UPS AND DOWNS!

SEE *Kate* the bewitching, in splendid
array,
The pride of the simple, the toast of the
gay;
She is haughty and fierce as the greatest
Bashaw,
Her smile is enchanting, her pleasure is
law.
She mocks humble merit, to genius un-
known,
While the praise of the servile and base is
her own;
But when fickle *Fortune* has ventur'd to
frown,
She is humble and gentle—for then she is
DOWN.

See bold *Mistress Staring*, with jewels
and lace,
Looks *Virtue* and *Modesty* full in the
face!
She talks of her pedigree, boasts of her
pelf—
And remembers all things, but her vain-
boasting self.

With a thousand strange fancies she scat-
ters her gold,
And at last she discovers that *Fame* is not
sold;
Since, by *Fortune set up*, she amazes the
town,
And the gazer remembers, how low she
was DOWN.

The *Gamester*, who rattles the dice-box
all night,
Who makes *Hazard* his trade, and *Picquet*
his delight;
With his curricule, dashing to *Brighton* re-
pairs,
And, while feasting; for others nor *caters*
nor *cares*;
Now *he's* UP, he is fit for the highest a
guest,
And his *cock* and his *valet* ne'er peacefully
rest:
Tho' should *Chance* in a whimsical mo-
ment e'er frown,
He'll be kick'd out of doors, and hence-
forward—*he* DOWN!

The *Dowager Dimple*, who once *was*
the *Queen*
Of the *Balls*, and the *Baths*, and the
Course, and the *Stein*;
Who adorn'd her fair form in the habit of
taste!
Who was toasted as *Venus*, and little more
chaste;
Now she strolls all the morning, neglect-
ed, forlorn,
Of *Puppies* the sport, and of *Matrons* the
scorn;
And her conduct is censur'd by *Nymphs*
of renown,
Who with smiles and grimaces—are run-
ning *her* DOWN!

There is fair *Lady Lovely*, with graces
and charms
Enough to set kingdoms and Kings up in
arms;
She is scouted and scorn'd, tho' not many
months since
She was thought a fit *Tut'ress* for *States-*
man or *Prince*—
She was *up*, as 'tis said, and so high she
was thrown,
That the *sun-shine* of fashion and taste
were her own:
But now the horizon is mark'd with a
frown,
And the cold glance of *Courtiers* pro-
claims—he is DOWN.

Then since 'tis the *ups* and the *downs*
that can give
The zest to all pleasures, which teach us
to live—

Let

Let those who are *up* be with modesty
blest,
And let those who are *down* learn in quiet
to rest;
Let the *fav'rites of Fortune* remember the
day
When they scarce had a dinner—or money
to pay—
And should Fate on the splendours of life
again frown,
They will laugh at the *highest*, tho' *THEY*
may be *DOWN!*
DERRY DOWN, DOWN.

Brighton.

AN EXTEMPORE IRREGULAR
ODE

On the DEATH of Mrs. MONTAGUE.

" — Cui pudor, et justitæ soror
" Incorrupta fides, nudaq; veritas
" Quando ullum invenient parem?
" Multis illa *NIGRIS* * flebilis occidit,
" Nulli flebilior quam—to ye, *Little*
Sweepers!† " *HOR.*

MOURN, hapless, sooty, little
Sweepers! mourn
Your banish'd feast and tinsell'd laurels
torn!

The swinging knell proclaims your hostess
down

To those blest realms to wicked wights
unknown:

No more your teeth, as purest ivory white,
Shall her old English beef and pudding
bite.

No more shall ye, with joy elate,
From yonder chimnies scream;
Ah me! what sad reverse of fate!
MAY now no MAY will seem.

No more the brush and shovel's sound
Shall urge your feet to beat the ground,
In measures light and airy;
Whilst some solicit those that pass
The tribute small of humble brass,
Of greater presents wary.

In the lov'd Square no festive boards are
spread,
Previously garnish'd with huge loaves of
bread,

To meet old England's boasted pride,
With smoking puddings by its side,
(That erst the board of ancient monarchs
grac'd,
But since, alas! for meagre cates dis-
plac'd;)

* The metropolitan corps of Chimney-
Sweepers, annually treated by Mrs. Mon-
tague in Portman-square.

† For "*tibi Virgili*," making similar
metre.

With flaggons of porter and nutty-brown
ale,
Fit for those of the dray, and that work
with the flail

Permit us, heav'nly Cherubim! to mourn
In solemn step around thy sculptur'd urn;
And deck its polish'd sides with many a
wreath,

Wont their sweet scents from votive plate
to breathe.

Though black our hands, our hearts are
pure as snow,
From which unceasing gratitude shall flow.
For you *thus* taught us, whilst you gave
us bread—

" Not to yourself, but God to give the
praise;

" For He alone the drooping soul can raise,
" If we his holy paths with steadfast virtue
tread."

Sept. 5, 1800.

WOWSKI.

LONDON'S SUMMER MORNING.

WHO has not wak'd to list the busy
sounds

Of SUMMER'S MORNING, in the sultry
smoke

Of noisy London? On the pavement hot
The sooty chimney-boy, with dingy face
And tatter'd cov'ring, shrilly bawls his
trade,

Rousing the sleepy housemaid. At the
door

The milk-pail rattles, and the tinkling
bell

Proclaims the du'tman's office, while the
street

Is lost in clouds impervious. Now begins
The din of hackney-coaches, waggons,
carts;

While tinmashers' shops, and noisy trunk-
makers,

Knife-grinders, coopers, squeaking cork-
cutters,

Fruit-barrows, and the hunger-giving cries
Of vegetable vendors, fill the air.

Now ev'ry shop displays its varied trade,
And the fresh sprinkled pavement cools
the feet

Of early walkers. At the private door
The ruddy housemaid twirls the busy mop

Annoying the smart 'prentice, or neat girl
Tripping with band-box, lightly. Now

the sun
Darts burning splendour on the glitt'ring
pane,

Save where the canvas-awning throws a
shade

On the gay merchandize. Now, spruce
and trim,

In shops (where beauty smiles with industry),
Sits the smart damsel, while the passenger
Peeps through the window, watching ev'ry chin.

Now pastry dainties catch the eyes minute
Of humming insects, while the limy snare
Waits to enthrall them. Now the lamp-
lighter

Mounts the tall ladder, nimbly vent'rous,
To trim the half-fill'd lamp; while at
his feet

The pot-boy yells discordant! all along
The sultry pavement, the old-cloathsman
cries

In tone monotonous, and side-long views
The area, for his traffic. Now the bag
Is slyly open'd, and the half-worn suit
(Sometimes the pilfer'd treasure of the base
Domestic spoiler), for one half its worth,
Sinks in the green abyss. The porter now
Bears his huge load along the burning way,
And the poor Poet wakes from busy
dreams

To paint the Summer Morning.

EPIGRAM.

ON READING OF THE EXECUTION OF
A MALEFACTOR WHOSE NAME WAS
VOWEL.

VOWEL! quoth NED, with sigh pro-
found,
The forfeit now is paid;
Thy num'rous crimes have justice found,
Tho' justice was delay'd.
"True" (says his friend) "but cease,
I pray—

Suppress at once your sigh,
Since, thank our stars, no one can say
'Tis either *U* or *I*."

Near the 'Change. W. BIRCH.

Lines on a Poor Author.

IN IMITATION OF MR. POPE'S ODE
ON SOLITUDE.

HUNGRY the wretch, and torn with
care,
With scatter'd papers strew'd around,
Who groaning breathes the garret air,
That whistles round.

Who lacks of gold, who wants e'en bread,
Whose bureau yields him no attire,
Whose roof 'gainst heat affords no shade,
Nor bath a fire.

Curs'd he whose wretchedness doth find
Hours, days, and years thus draw
away;

Whose starving body, worn out mind,
Doth curse the day.

No sleep by night, by day no ease,
Each pass'd alike in expectation,
Least growling duns should come to tease
His meditation.

Thus starves the man by fame unknown,
Unpitied thus the author sighs;
Deiv'n from the world, no friendly stone
Tells where he lies.

SOUBLERICUS.

INVITATION TO JOY.

(FROM THE GERMAN.)

SAY, who would mope in joyless plight,
While youth and spring bedeck the
scene,
And scorn the proffer'd gay delight,
With thankless heart and frowning
mien?
See Joy with becks and smiles appear,
While roses strew the devious way;
The feast of life she bids us share,
Where'er our pilgrim footsteps stray.

And still the grove is cool and green,
And clear the bubbling fountain flows,
Still shines the night's resplendent queen,
As erst in Paradise she rose:
The grapes their purple nectar pour,
To 'suage the heart that griefs oppress;
And still the lonely ev'ning bow'r
Invites and screens the stolen kiss.

Still PHILOMELA's melting strain,
Responsive to the dying gale,
Beguiles the bosom's throbbing pain,
And sweetly charms the list'ning vale;
Creation's scene expanded lies:
Blest scene! how wond'rous bright and
fair!

Till Death's cold hand shall close my eyes,
Let me the lavish'd bounties share!

EPITAPH.

CY git Bœc, qui tout sa vie
Eut tant d'atersion pour l'eau
Que a du sein des morts il vous crie,
Ne pleurez pas sur mon tombeau.

Here lies a Sot, who while upon the ground
Detested water, lest he should be drown'd;
Nor would he think he'd yet escap'd his
doom,

Should you let fall one tear upon his tomb

W. H. REID.